

Poetry Series

Larisa Biyuts
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

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

Larisa Biyuts(26 July)

Lara Biyuts (aka Lara Biuts, Larisa Biyuts) is a Smashwords author of 14 books of fiction, writer of the pot, collage maker for her book covers, translator, who signs her translations as Larisa Biyuts. Her novella A Handful of Blossoms is 2012 Rainbow Awards Honorable Mention. Her works are accepted for anthologies: Cat's Cradle Time Yarns (Time Yarns Anthologies) , Authors off the Shelf (Lazy Beagle Entertainment) , Of Words and Water 2014 (Words and Water group supporting WaterAid) , Hope Springs a Turtle, The Black Rose of Winter, and Greek Fire (Lost Tower Publications) . Her old tale and poems are featured on (2013) . Her poetry is on the monthly eJournal The Criterion (April,2014) . She is a Goodreads librarian.

A Virtual Life

Ashes and flowers; some poetry;
the frigid truth of autumn bonfires;
the sad magic; the magic sin;
the artificial paradise; the graphic laughter.
Daemons rule here. Their lips are aglow.
They kiss tulips in red wine.

Larisa Biyuts

Amative Triptych

I.

Like a grayish translucent cloud,
like unshed invisible rains,
purple mists of your murdered desires
cover the Vanity Land,
from above
from some grim, invisible heights,
the cloud oppresses your mind.
Resolutions in dust, your stultified vows -
like a grayish translucent cloud.
Will it shed rainwater someday
from above?
But your soul is badly attached
to desires, killed long ago,
and this deadly captivity feels
like some fetters, for body and mind,
worn by you as an act of penance,
like a grayish translucent cloud,
looming
threatening
from above.

II.

Heavenly shards in every puddle -
past summer fragments underfoot.
A pen-and-ink is overhead -
over the pearl and bluish amalgam,
trees celebrating widowhood
swaying their orphaned branches
to music made by wind and saxophone.
Dry leaves are shining brighter than inlay -
past summer fragments underfoot.
I step, as always, over them. And you?
Could you step over me? On the sly,
with a chill,
badly, sadly, the doubt
punches me
in the guts.

III.

Morning. Coffee for two. Empty apartment.

Empty. No air to breathe.

The present 'Without'

after the past and eternal 'With You.'

The ecstasy-with-you is always here.

Yours echoes mine.

It's ours - deep in us, it stirs,

and every exaltation like the first.

We'll never get accustomed to this wonder.

The salt over your skin. Unquenchable, hot,

I taste it, and the phantom of the feelings

and echo of the words are soaring

around. Now, alone, I gulp the air of the past.

My coffee's getting cool, and I am late.

Confound it.

Confound everything: I recollect.

Larisa Biyuts

Autumn Mood In October,2006

One more nameless autumn;
October betrays you again
now with the rain
now with a glimpse of the sunlight.
The autumn gives you away.
You are tired bloody.
Only the bared teeth of November come next.
It's an error...

While going through the blackthorns
and tearing your heart in to pieces you are looking for a road.
The yellow leaves as a wet perishable carpet underfoot.
The bitter rain. And a white bleak melancholy comes next,
as well as the black silence
with the icy flowers ringing in the wind...
But you are waiting for dawn,
when in the cold morning mist,
in the emerald freshness,
in the splashes of the sunlight
you'll be able to breathe again.

Larisa Biyuts

Autumn Poem Written In 2006

Take other train. Be like a wind.
Don't care about a ticket,
for the golden leaflet is in your hand,
and your past will catch you up
never again.

Larisa Biyuts

Caught In The Toils Of Autumn

Hours, days, weeks rustle after;
the amber blizzard rushes after,
throwing dead leaves onto my face.
Caught in the toils of autumn,
Vampire tastes this brandy wind.
The cedar scent. The lump in the throat.
It tastes like heady salt of your skin.
Elixirless again. Why?
It smells like myrrh of your skin.
One needs your heart tonight.

Larisa Biyuts

Decadence-1913

I felt someone come.
It's opaque sense of someone's presence.
I expect, you are reality?
Speak nothing
even though you are reality!
You can't say anything equal to the moment
when I felt your presence.
Maybe, you suppose I've heard you approaching?
But I've heard nothing of the kind.
My ear was full of music, I was full of music,
and now, suddenly I heard you.
If it were the eve of All Hallow's Day, but no...
and I am neither hungry nor abed.
Your name is Dio?
Yes? No! Don't answer.
Approach!

Larisa Biyuts

Imagery

To draw black glass,
to play the hubris and sublime,
to paint with chalk of words
the expanse over.
The moon over the cloud,
like a japonerie,
will strike upon night verse.
And through the broken glass,
ache overtakes.
The gambler's time has come.
The dark imagery.
Still pillars.
Towards Zero.
Amen.

Larisa Biyuts

Out Of The Life

'I fortun'd in an evil hour to come
to the City Larissa...'
(from THE GOLDEN ASS by Lucius Apuleius.
Tr. by William Adlington)

Quaint tapestry is glimpsing on the bottom
of my heraldic dreams. A vista
of suites, a palace, on the verge of matter
and spirit of a madman.
One dream among the dreams, dim but so life-like.
Next, there was a face, white, either male or not.
My ring on someone's finer.
Unknown grayish streets and courtyards.
Some narrow lanes and dusty vegetation.
Some barrel-vaulted rooms. The drab existence
that makes desire for a slumber
and shun the life as well as daydreams. New moon.
A fright and winged insights. My name is on his lips-
"I fortun'd in an evil hour to come..."-
his care and his dreams about me,
and the black-bordered pages, which he calls his
and uses for his writings, are blazoned by my dreams.
But Via Trinobantina was always
a pure vanity. In vain,
my spirit, stirred by thoughts of him, by his,
of meeting him in person and a talk. "We both desired
for this. Like you, I'm out of the life."
My kiss will burn his forehead. And the hour,
when he arrived in Larissa, remains...
...evil like he.

Larisa Biyuts

Play With Us

The play of hues beckoning outside.
The gloaming's purple, nearly sanguine-
the autumn covers aren't sanguine yet bold.
The yellow tinted vogue is kitschy:
red, ochre, green and topaz. Autumn,
blond,
plays boldly with the nature. Black is added
to our cachepots. Some azure to the sky.
Umbra and khaki: leaves like scrolls of annals
in our hands. The heady smells at dawn,
and airy cobwebs
in sunrays.
Ambergris of Kenzo and cinnamon□
unveiling someone's sins
on someone's scented wrists.
A moment more, and autumn,
blond,
will clothe us in the needles of tweed.

Larisa Biyuts

Primrose Path, In 2007

O white September with blue eyes,
you smell of coffee that I spilled
today at lunch. It was my agitation.
You and I are satisfied - today.
My feelings are unveiled,
admiring in my blood
with waves of endorphins, which nice.

O hot December with your power,
I've changed indeed.
To give myself to you
I've given up all hope.
So, that's enough. Forgive me. For I can't -
I hardly can survive without you,
just warming hands in someone's arms to spill
black coffee once again.

Stars are so distant. Months so close:
September and November.
Don't come in. For it's not time.
It's summer at my place - so, tear your calendar.
Never fear. Sit down for the road.
Forgive my rubbish - I have said much more.
Go now. For ever. Don't forget
the sun-flecks of the parting in the springtime -
part of my life. And you - you are my king.
For ever. Leave my hands, and -
greetings, o December!

Larisa Biyuts

Seasons

So, the sky is broken-
the melting splinters in branches of trees.
People crumble into the snow,
and the silence
like a way home over a chasm.

Now, the sun has melted-
like honey on your lips.
The birds drink the air singing.
and you kiss the sky-it's springtime!

Sunlight-to emerald; then-rubies on blue,
diamonds on black,
and golden straws within your hair.
Summer is with you!

Larisa Biyuts