

Poetry Series

Lidia Hristeva
- poems -

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Lidia Hristeva(17/11/1955)

I was born a sheep in the Chinese year of 1955 in the ancient city of Philipopolis, Bulgaria. Nowadays its name is Plovdiv. Thracians, Byzantines, Romans, Ottomans have all left their imprints in this beautiful charming place, raised on seven hills. Ancient history was much appealing to me since youth. I was a dynamic child, involved in all sorts of activities except creative writing. I have been working all my life as a paediatrician, serving the most beautiful and inspirational race on Earth —our children. I use “scribotherapy” to reflect on human existence and a life in parallel reality.

Walking in darkness
To meet your soul
And reconnect it
To your empty body
To glow

Lidia Hristeva

A Dream

I was dreaming of happiness...
It had wounded wings
And a smell of old age
Gathered in a handful solitude

It had a lavender colour
Was smiling, beautiful
Was extremely happy in the dream -
This happiness

It was pulsating fast
In the creases of the soul
When touching it with my lips
Was overflowing like a sea wave

Can I keep it?
I asked my destiny...
Then slowly took my awake
Longing for a happy happiness

It was a beautiful dream
I left the happiness there, wandering
I realised, I was alone, unhappy
The heart shed a tear

Some day I will have my eternal sleep
I will rest in Heaven incredibly happy
And happiness will always be in me -
Flawlessly beautiful

Translation from Bulgarian

Lidia Hristeva

Absolute Love

This absolute love,
That never existed,
But you fell in love,
Believing.

This absolute love
Enslaving your mind,
Enchaining your heart,
Is nothing,
But imaginary comfort
To your lonely being.

This absolute love,
Penetrating your world
Is nothing,
But a coping thought
Of self preservation
Conquering the boundaries
Of your daily soul beat
In the solitary life

Lidia Hristeva

Beauty

Extrinsic beauty hurts
Its adoration comes and goes
When departing from her
Your suffering glows

Intrinsic beauty laments
It's fragmented and patched
But on filling the soul dents
It lasts and never ends

Lidia Hristeva

Bliss

Accepting
Your sins with grace
Forgiving
The scorns of others
Is a bliss to your soul!
Embrace it!

Lidia Hristeva

Boomerang

When I am gone
I will not carry my regrets
My wasteful sorrows
Or existential frets

I will rage against the hateful mortals
And flood the Earth with tearful rivers
Of dejected memories
And weary soul shivers

Fury running through my dead veins
Will unravel the unjust world
Of hurled humiliation and disgrace
Harvesting my solitary space.

Lidia Hristeva

Brothers

My brother is quite solid
With a title and thick wallet

He has a loving wife and children
and a grandeur house with grandchildren

He is a man highly reputable
With a social status of executable

His life is a linear progression
Of success and heritage succession

I am a humble pianist musician
With no exceptional life mission

I live alone in single freedom
My people's audience, I need `em

My stage career is in regression
My music is solace of self-expression

I entertain wives, executives and children
My cat choirs are my grandchildren

In solitude I create poem after poem
Then put to them a tune of solemn

Brothers of sameness, of equal blood texture
But with different fate and reverence gesture

Life journey is a variety of colour
Its sacred meaning - difficult to discover

Everyone lives it on his own terms
With challenges, dreams, then reality returns

Brothers share love, each with his own merit
That our meek life destiny shall inherit

Dinosaurs - To Theo, 10 Year Old

My child wants to know
Why dinosaurs struck fear
Amongst the gracious human race
Whose arms and guns appear
Killing own species in disgrace

And who ruled this cruel world
Before religions were born
Why is humanity so inhuman
And dinosaurs were deadly torn,
Then vanished in the jungle scorn

These reptiles had to perfectly adapt
Roaming the fragile planet Earth
People in their diversity - still can't
But proclaim virtuous Gods' morals
Resting on their precious laurels

Dinosaurs died million years ago
How - is a great mystic mystery,
But my child sees surviving birds -
The spirit of the dinosaurs' re-births
In this insane broken world!

My plea -
To the humanity of the humankind -
Please, kindly answer my child.

Lidia Hristeva

Dreaming Love

Conquering love fear
Is solemnly impossible
When Trust is not devout
Freedom is so dear

Passion
Is the beginning of the end
Betrayal
The final end

Forgiveness
Is a Bible dimension
Humans are driven
By deception

After love comes love
For the fervent believer
The heart that doubts
Remains a poetic dreamer

Lidia Hristeva

Family Memories

FAMILY MEMORIES

I opened an old shoe box
Staring at sepia photos
Frozen sacred memories
Of beloved ones
I was born in dialectical times

Mum in a hospital garden
With a nursing bonnet and a coat
No, she is not the one
To sacrifice herself to others
She is my precious Mum

Dad as an army soldier
With a Red Cross on his arm
Away from family and home
What a bravery to fight a war
On the front line, not alone

Here is my gentle Grandpa
With eyes, piercing the soul
Never closed peacefully
His Stalinist murderer
proclaimed himself a hero

My Granny as a village wife
Bringing up six children
Grief struck her own life
With history not on her side
Six orphans she left behind

Family members snap
On a green spring meadow
Cheering, celebrating life
After past collective suffering
It is vital to survive

Places, people, beloved ones

A shoe box with sepia photos
All from years of the past
The endeared rest in Heaven
Their memory will eternally last

And here I am on a foreign island
Living a new democracy pattern
Expectations of social perfection
Of peace, justice and law order
Sadly a pandemic invaded the border

We walk the hills and slopes of life
From birth to its final destination
Through revolutions and human extinction
Life is gifted to us just once
Let's treasure its infinite light

Lidia Hristeva

First Love

Bleak memories of sacred youth
Garments of love
wrapping a naked soul
of immense desire.

A touch, a kiss, a hug
Burning first love fire.
Texture of iconic idles
Dream realm
Wings of life

Then with time
broken charisma,
A betrayal, a loss and death

A loving man he was
And beloved by someone else

After that sad perfidy
My loving heart walked away

Here is the erected stone
in his memory to stay

Lidia Hristeva

Freedom

See that tree?
It belonged to me
Like a child to a Mother
It's dead now
Belongs to
Mother Earth
And is for ever free

Lidia Hristeva

Horizons

The limpid horizons
Of their life higher than the grass

Is a reminder

Of your fate wrench
With a lower life in the trench

With noone to blame
We feel sad shame

God is everywhere!

Lidia Hristeva

Life And Death

Life comes to an end
On a dark empty day
And gets reborn
On a bright Godliness Day
In between all live days
Life is unwelcome Death

Lidia Hristeva

Life Twist

Life plays its twists
We are born to die
Dying, we owe nothing
Purgatory is a lie

The journey of this vile pain
Is too long to joy anticipation
To this earthly paradise
I am the infinite sacrifice

Lidia Hristeva

Living On The Psychaitric Ward - To N.G.

Living on a psychiatric ward
The obsolete realm
Of tender darkness and slimming hope
Creeping on a human slope

Through a wrecked ward window
A glimpse of spring blossom
Awakening beauty of life
Conquering a dying strife

Scattered games, loud music
Philosophy books on the pillow
Shadows of living beings
A sigh of weeping willow

Inside oneself - identity crisis
Pains of remorse, heaps of sorrow.
Scream for freedom, aching past dwellings
Then human cry, tormented mind of tomorrow

Shedding tears of solitude
Piercing the inner space
Crumbling "I" of gross magnitude
Silent numbness, losing self-grace

Restless search for sense, eternal quest
Sharks of glimmer hope
Fragmented seize of life zest
Allied with plain nothingness

Words of vicar's wisdom
Stitching patches of broken faith
Kind monastic Kingdom
Of prayerful love and pink wreath

Lidia Hristeva

Loneliness

Alone is not loneliness
Unloved is a lonely despair

With time
Life is boating
Towards ownness
Of your distant self
Of whom you are scared
And did not befriend

The hermit in you
Is defeated

Love incarnates your pain
That shattered your wholeness

Lidia Hristeva

Longing

Longing for love
With tribulations of pain
Dreams living on
Curled in disdain

Fractured mind
Shattered galaxy
Life one of a kind
How to live it now
With fallacy and grief?

Impossible for the honest heart

Lidia Hristeva

Losing Yourself

I was seeking a homeland,
But my homeland was your love of me
I was seeking freedom,
But my freedom was dependence on you
Was I really free?
I was seeking happiness
But I dismissed all the happiness
While loving you
And not myself and me
What am I seeking now?
After losing you
My freedom
My love of me
And the happiness in me
I have no homeland
Seeking a dream
Of Love, your Love again

Lidia Hristeva

Love And Life

With love unrequited
We disdain our inferiority
But nothing is stronger
Than a human heart of superiority

So was it
So be it
So will be

We live to love
We love to live
We live to die
We die to love

Lidia Hristeva

Mama

On my waking you subtly vanished
With a kind single reverence
Why are you leaving, Mum?
Unbearable for me severance

You tightly held my dreams
My credo in real life
Forgive my human sins
Come alive from nothingness

I wait for you every night
Feeling your Heavenly presence
I see your tearful shadow
In the burning candle light

I wait for you.....

Lidia Hristeva

Mourning

In a morning mist
You wake up with effusion of loss
That grips your being
Utter a prayer in disbelief
Abandoning pretence
Steering a feeling
Of faith immersion
That loss of one, but all
Is huge
Life inversion to bear
What is left of you is to be owned by others
Of that you don't care
The mist of the grey day
Is still in the fuming air

Lidia Hristeva

Music

Music my Love
The Avalon of my Kingdom
The celestial feeling of heart suspension
In debt of my freedom

Lidia Hristeva

My Only Love

Don't come back
I don't love you
Except
That I love you
More than myself
Don't blend the pain
With compassion
I don't love you
Except
That I need you
More than before
Don't fire memories
With enduring sparkle
I don't love you
Except
That I live a fire
Of love I used to know
Don't imprint your soul
Into my thoughtful heart
I don't love you
Except
That I dream you
Blinded ever after
Don't burn my life
Into aimless existence
I don't love you
Except
That I wholly exist
Just for you

Lidia Hristeva

Rain

Raining softly.
Impassioned raindrops
Filling your senses
Your eye-lids
Your tongue
Your body
Until sated
With pleasure
And get thirsty again
For more rain drops
On your lips

Lidia Hristeva

Sadness

There is this sadness
In your voice
In your eyes
In your smile
The more it magnifies
The less I understand
Why it disconnects
You from your inner self
But painfully connects
Past with present
Time is galloping
Seizing only emptiness
In the never changing heart

Lidia Hristeva

Seeking Happiness

Still seeking happiness
Is it what I was once?
Or my mind imagination?
Is it real?
Or Dr. Faustus creation?
Is it a mystery?
Or a heart salvation
From suffering
I used to know
Life is all but damnation
And happiness?
Hardly to know

Lidia Hristeva

Struggle

Darkness inside
Invisible for the outworld
Precludes your humble voice
To gain a human struggle
In a cruel world
with no freedom choice

Lidia Hristeva

Thank You

Thank you for still existing
Thank you for still being

Living on the edge with fear
For Death is the ultimate end
But not today, my dear.
Not today.

Life is our inner conflict
For some a gracious blessing
For others encumbrance, distressing

We ponder on suffering times past
And heal the soul wreck in times present
Unhappy mind obliterates our future

Times versus times

In between
Our survival journey with choices
Made by us
Or imposed by others

The circle of life, if born
Is incessant, unfathomable
Without love -unimaginable

We hope and hope and hope
Until vitality depletes us from strife
And dark thoughts come into life

We fall, then rise, then fall again
With consistency
And determination

But keep existing
Shredding ocean of tears
Embracing solitude
Overcoming reclusive fears

Of great multitude

Thank you for still being.

Thank you for staying alive.

Lidia Hristeva

The Child

"Why are people sad? "
Asked the five year old one
"And why do people die? "
"And where do they go after death? "
Let's ask Daddy - was Mum's reply.
"They are sad, if unloved."
"They die, if don't want to live."
"And go to another planet
Where there is happiness
And kind loving tenderness"
"Do they take their pets? "
The child's curiosity continued
"I don't think so", Mum whispered.
But their pets will be sad
And will die, if left alone"
She graciously suggested.
"Is that called unkindness? "
Child's soul was struggling
To understand people's mind .
And people struggled
To understand the child.
And God gave them wisdom
To preserve the inner child
Humans all abandoned as grown ups,
While living life of unkindness
Higher than the grasshopper
With deep faith in regress.

Lidia Hristeva

The Curse

Hope against hope
Lingering through Saint's halo
Until death to life's dismay
Finds its despaired way.

Makes no sense to anyone
Who radically accepts the self
But the suffering thorny mind
Has derailed sense to pain

In silence I heartedly pray
To this existing God of mine
To enlighten the tearing soul
And gift it bearable sense of life

No hope to carve your road
Nor paired love to carve mine
But together, close and afar
We'd dispel the curse of life

Lidia Hristeva

The Meaning

I live to love
While loving I exist

Through existence
I submit
My purpose of life
With no meaning

But through love
My meaning has a purpose
Which is
Love of life

Its journey - short or long
Is the struggle of living

Abandoned or loved
Sacrificed
Crucified
Glorified
Cursed
Destitute
Petrified

We live just once
And are all life destined

Lidia Hristeva

The Old Photo

Blank stare at an old photo
A mirror of an untold story
Of life momentum
Capturing a feeling

It gazes at you like a stranger
A shadow of your distant memory

Was it a happy one?
Or just a capable delusion?

It marvels century gaps
Of a whirlwind romance
Consigned to oblivion

Why still tactile?

We live to remember
And remember to forget
The crucifix of the story

The untold story

That wakes up your senses
Laments and vibrates
The strings of a stitched pain to halo numbness
Then recuperates in jubilation

Your eyes are smiling
Shining like sad porcelain
Your mind fibres are reborn
Memory glitch of happiness

Silent shared happiness
Belonging just to you and him

Lidia Hristeva

The Past Year

Fragments of the year past -
Bearing tight
Friends of sorrow
Others - sadly gone□

No time to borrow
The soul is at rest
In a crowned paradise nest

The remaining?

Perpetual worries
Life habitat
Self-indulgent pity
Alienated earthly journeys

Everything else
Has been an utter failure

The throes of passion
Eternally freed my past
And
Harboured the present
Echoing a dream
That is not mine

No demons to share
All is ever said
The soul is naked
Still viable, but sad.

To forgive is to abandon
All the story lies
The truth betrayal
That slowly dies

And day by day
The year has gone
With insomniac nights

Keeping the tunnel light

With discerning people
Coming into the Land of living
With dwellings on Love
That changes your being

May He sanctify
Our painful sins
Holding infinity hand in hand
Till the very end

The New Year is coming
With a beginning of gratitude
To Life itself with its oceans
Of Joy and grey Solitude.

Lidia Hristeva

The Piano

I tune my ear
To this quiet piano music
To its balming lyrics
Of life adoration
And loner's solitude of existence.

And pray to the Universe Almighty
Who destines the dance of life
And imprints the conscious of love
To heal the soul darkness
And the mind catharsis
Until harmony is attained

Lidia Hristeva

The Saddest Day In Life

The saddest day in life -
Is it when you die?
Or when life joy is dead?
Is it when you are unloved?
Or you are unable to ever love again?
Is it when your dream is unfulfilled?
Or when you no longer dream?
Is it when hope is all lost?
Or you lose yourself to hope?
The saddest day in life -
Is when you bury it all
While staying alive

Lidia Hristeva

The Tide Of Life

The tide of life
Drifts in and out
Like an ocean wave
On an angry day

Nothing is so dreadful
As the presence of your absence
Nothing is so precious
As the stillness of your love

The agony of this qualm
Baffles the tiring mind
With you around
I start living anew

Lidia Hristeva

The Weapon

The viral transcriptome
This murderous weapon
Attacks with no mercy
The hostile humankind
Once, people were kind

Fragile human beings
Breaking without a warning
"You lived long enough"
The ventilators declare
Doctors helpless, in despair

Smell of cold death
Invisible old souls
Distanced from Earth
Walking in Heaven
In peace for ever

Life stillness...and hope....
People encapsulated at home
Politicians with brave faces
Everyone in draconian fear
Determine to live, not to disappear

Science found no cure for love.
Humiliated, she burnt to ashes
Reminding the vulnerable heart:
Love once was there
Now, flat emptiness glare

Lidia Hristeva

The Wolf And The Sheep

All I can bring with me
Is solitude of a wolf
All I can take from you
Is solitude of a sheep
When together
We share a solitude
Then kill each other

Lidia Hristeva

Time - To I.G.

When time caresses
Old age with grace
And the river of memories
Embrace your solitude space

Listen to the LifeTides
Of sorrow and happiness
Of the being that is complete
Only in the arms of tenderness

The blades of that sad pain
Are past and unkind
Wrapped in forgiveness
And dignified mercy

The breeze of love
Is all that is divine
Your husband, now in Heaven
Wakens your spirit alive

Lidia Hristeva

To Mum

I am not there. I did not die

/anonymous, but commonly attributed to Mary Elizabeth Frye/

My life was you

My fate birth

My humanhood

My lone existence

My faith in good

Without you, spring is sad

It always will be

There is no death

You are still alive

Spring of a heart revive

You were my love song

My free summer dance

My winter dusky blues

You kept my spirit strong

Gave happiness a chance

You were the breath of my broken life

My affirmed wholesome survive

Lidia Hristeva

Two Worlds

TWO WORLDS

In my youth
Cast iron curtained my world
People divided in two -
A Leader and the crowd.

Daddy said:
"We live and die.
The system, too will die.
It'll crumble as a fat lie"

Innocence trusts
Daddy's prophesy and
Worships the Cyrillic alphabet,
Which gave me a fairy tale -
On Kingdoms of Holy Grail.

"God is one"
was the wisdom of Granny.
I challenged her:
Who is He?
Is He kind and funny?
"He is not a Leader.
Keeps our spirit alive
And unlike the system
exists with no borders.
You just obey His orders".

I raged.
Between fat lies and Holy orders
Where comes my happy soul?
The heart offers:
Let's take a nature stroll.
Weeping willows, angry green moon, sad flowers.
Beauty in abundance.
I craved my liberty.

Hundred years later.

I am nesting my life
In a free world of law and order
With prolific Leaders
of a toxic world's disorder.

My fragmented soul, still virgin
Asks my English neighbour:
Is your world united,
Strong, happy, undivided?
Silence, then a sigh:

"Not sure -
Mum survived the Holocaust,
Still a loving human being.
I wallow in comfort
With no barring curtains
With questionable life uncertain.

Am I happy?
Not sure.
Not sure.
Are we alive or dying? "

Two worlds of the mind.

Lidia Hristeva

Viral

We live in endorsed isolation
Through phantom mysophobia
For the homo sapiens
Love is an eclectic feeling
That softens his sociophobia

Viral fear becomes irrational
No live seed of human hatred
We try to indulge ourselves
Into vulnerable freedom and
Perseverance of the sacred

How long is a human life?
To bear timeless boundaries
Do we keep living in a coconut shell?
Craving for beauty in a dying world
Of elusive viral factories?

Are hominies disappearing?
With limited or no food supply
A hazardous virus is spreading
Freezing human spirit
Only free birds can fly

The nebula above is hellish
Engulfing star dust and viral suffering
People crumble to infinitesimal pieces
The grieving world is on their shoulders
That are hopelessly shuddering

How to stitch 'To my beloved one'
Or portrait 'In loving memory'
In the ancient dark clouds above
When the heart cannot ever depart
From that miracle boy Emery

Lidia Hristeva

Wish

I wish upon wish
To live and live long
As there is no end to life
As there is no end to living

I wish upon wish
To love and be loved timelessly
As there is no belonging in love
As there is no pain in loving

I wish upon wish
To feel happy and be happiness
As there is no sadness in sorrows
As there is no grieving in grief

I wish upon wish
Me to be you and you to be me
As there is us in one
As there is nothing else, but a world of two

Lidia Hristeva