

Poetry Series

**Marieta Maglas**  
**- poems -**

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## Marieta Maglas(19-05-1964)

Marieta Maglas was born in Romania and she graduated the University of Medicine in 1987.

The Oddville Press, Sybaritic Press, Prolific Press, Silver Birch Press, Arduus Publications, and some others published the poems of Marieta Maglas in anthologies like Near Kin: A Collection of Words and Art Inspired by Octavia Estelle Butler, edited by Marie Lecrivain in the USA, Three Line Poetry #25 and #39, edited by Glenn Lyvers in the USA, Nancy Drew Anthology: Writing & Art Featuring Everybody's Favorite Female Sleuth (Volume 15) Paperback – October 1,2016, edited by Melanie Villines in the USA, The Oddville Press Summer 2018, published by Mike Coombes in the USA, Tanka Journal, edited by Glenn Lyvers in the USA, The Aquillrelle Wall of Poetry, edited by Yossi Faybish in Belgium, A Divine Madness: An Anthology of Modern Love Poetry, edited by John Patrick Boutilier in the UK, ENCHANTED - Love Poems and Abstract Art, edited by Gabrielle de la Fair in Slovakia, and Intercontinental Anthology of Poetry on Universal Peace and Love, edited by Madan Gandhi in India.

The poems of Marieta Maglas have been also published in journals like Poeticdiversity, edited by Marie Lecrivain in the USA, I Am not a Silent Poet, edited by Reuben Woolley in Spain, and Our Poetry Corner, edited by Ron DuBour in the UK. Her book of poetry, Cubic Words, was published by Aquillrelle.

Moreover, Marieta Maglas is a member of "United Minds for Peace Society"-an international Society fighting for peace. Marieta is a member of some Poetry Societies as "The heart of the global poets, a workshop, and a publishing platform.", "Fraternity of Poets", "", "Kennyson Bookerville House", "Dark Side of the Moon", "Poetry by Barry Mowles", "Poems Plus by Melvina & Friends", "Mid-American Review", "Poets without borders" and many others.

### \*\*\* The Non-Existent Truth\*\*\*

The defined and the undefined truth,  
Endowed with knowledge or without knowledge,  
Sometimes real or unreal,  
Certainly including being and non-being,  
Accepting that being is true,  
Accepting the non-existence of being,  
When the absence of existence means the negation of being,  
Accepting that truth did not exist,  
And it would have been true that it did not exist, at the same time,  
Understanding that truth is eternal,  
Imagining the idea of a non-existing world,  
Before its own existence,  
Accepting the universal and the immortal truth,  
So interchangeable with the existence,  
While the universal never ceases of itself,  
Recognizing the truth always existing in an eternal intellect,  
While the created truth is not existing,  
Understanding the created truth as not existing,  
Remaining truth, when the true things have been destroyed,  
Or remaining truth, when all true things can be destroyed,  
Or remaining truth, when our minds cannot see the truth itself,  
Truth being, in a sense, always as a consequence of its act,  
Truth not being in the sense, because  
The sense does not know the truth it truly judges,  
Even it judges truly about things and about  
The existent and the non-existent truth...

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## \*\*\*\*\*cobalt Violet+++++

With white flowers of Hibiscus tiliaceus purau blooming in the morning, yet,  
With colors varying during the day until they fall from the tree at night,  
Those colors changing to yellow, pink, fuchsia, purple and finally violet.  
With blue, violet or brown mountains, depending on the light.

With endless lagoon having an incomparable luminosity and hues varying  
From jade green to turquoise tinged with violet, subjugating our eyes,  
With a very long string of islets, in the middle of the ocean lying  
And reef shores with red anemones, violet sea urchins and giant shells.

At noonday, with the lagoon flames of cobalt, Viridian and agate searing the  
sight.

With a glare of white light along the sands muting to an amethystine glimmer,  
And the cobalt changing to Murex, the Viridian to green-purple in the night.  
Keeping so vivid in the moonlight the hyacinthine hues of the peaks across the  
river.

With mauve coral reefs and rose, violet pearls, as the mystical realms  
Tahiti comes itself in the pearly light of a sunrise dawn for purifying  
With villages glowing against shadows of violet within the forest of palms,  
Shuddering for the gladness of the wind, through the water singing.

Hibiscus syriacus flower, cobalt violet Fischer and amethyst are certainly violet  
But a unique cobalt violet used Gauguin to paint Tahiti along with emerald green  
He watched the pure color with his professional eye, at dawn with ultra violet  
And his paintings are not only famous but more beautiful that I have ever seen.

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# \*\*\*\*\*in The Same Space (Concrete Poetry)

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^^^  
^^^  
^^^

(These two poems are conceived for making one poem, belonging to concrete poetry.

The shape is "two-in-one".It's my version.)

Nothing ever happens.....in the city.  
A man is beaten and robbed.....on the street,  
But passers go further.....nothing had happened,  
And marathon runners are silent.....beside the parking cars,  
So hard on themselves, .....in a race against time.  
Close-circuit cameras.....in subway stations  
Show the same video on..... the screens.  
The defensive walls used to enclose settlements.....are painted in the  
same colors.  
The air smells.....of fear, anxiety, and simplicity.  
The willow trees grow.....until they are looking so green.  
Nothing happens for a long time.....until it is all too late.  
Nothing ever happens.....if we don't make it happen.  
But it happened that  
We fell in love each other.....in the same space,  
And our love is growing.....every day.  
Our unconditional love  
Makes us a whole..... for true happiness,  
In a profound thinking,  
A sense of fulfillment.....gives a reason to live.

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## \*\*\*\*bleeding Words^^>>>>

To talk with you doesn't make any sense,  
When your bloody words can hurt me so much.  
An exciting show is your best defense,  
Slaughtered thoughts drop nakedly at the soul's touch.

The bleeding screams are sutured in my soul.  
In time, the silence of this torment grips  
Some domination for a selfish goal,  
While inconceivable are my truth's lips.

Why don't you give me a chance to leave you?  
I'm a prisoner in this drama of love.  
Between deformed walls, this jazz is a blue  
Stretch of the sky to reach the stars above.

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## \*\*\*cosmic Alarm\*\*\*

Land-mark aeons of  
uncertainty and imbalance, new  
prototypes for our souls and our minds,  
the flowers growing up through the stone cracks,  
the unconscious becoming conscious,  
the interconnectedness  
between the fragments of this cosmic convolution, where  
Jehovah explains the Wisdom of the simplicity in  
the mortal untapped depths of knowledge, the cowardice  
as an aboriginal universal human reality  
on the edge of the extinction while losing  
the strength to change the outcome,  
the synchronization of the nature with the existence,  
a new time of an unspeakable rigorousness,  
a human awakening,  
the highest and the deepest dimensions of being,  
Black Road or Xibalba Be,  
some energy shifts,  
the time in its scriptural Zero point,  
the exhaustive expulsion shooting highly,  
a nuclear bulge of the Milky Way,  
the awesome waves,  
Cosmic alarm clock ringing in the human psyche,  
a time of change  
leaving seeds for the future,  
the spiral evolution,  
being in-between two important seconds  
with our thoughts engendered by duality,  
teetering between the  
extremes of extinction and illumination...

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## \*\*\*human Sacrifices (Rituals)



They are mentioned in the Rig-Veda and in Soma Mandala,  
Which is a praise with some energizing qualities,  
An old ritual of drink and a treatment for asthma.  
Moreover, we find these sacrifices in the Persian cultures.

Ephedra Sinica containing ephedrine is a Soma plant  
Used as a drink in the Vedic and the Zoroastrian traditions.  
'The building up of the fireplace performed over-night'  
Is Atiratra Agnicayana, a ritual of the Vedic religion.

The Ayurveda Samhitas mantras are written in Brahmana.  
They describe the bird altars that some hard works require.  
With shapes like mahavedi, uttaravedi, dhishnya and drona  
In the Vedic religion, this altar has a sacrificial fire.

Adhvaradhishnya is another altar used for the sacrifice.  
Yajña is a bloody ritual derived from the Vedic times.  
They burn people in the fire for divineness to reach.  
The temple rites are Agamic rituals using some rhymes.

A division of the Hindu scripture is the Karma-Kanda.  
The famous Shrauta Brahmins maintain the ancient rituals.  
Some of them perform the Agnihotra and the Aupasana.  
The fire sacrifice is made twice daily, at dawn and at dusk.

Shakti means the cosmic existence and the divine power.  
She manifests through fertility and through embodiment.  
For the men, Shakti also means 'The Great Divine Mother'.  
The sacrifice is carried out with her, who's there present.

After her husband's death, Sati self-immolates on his pyre  
To guarantee the reunion in the afterlife. The Indians say  
That Sati is released from the cycle of rebirth through fire.  
These sacrifices for the religious reasons still exist today.

In Genesis, Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son to our Lord.  
He climbed with his son a mountain, and an altar he built.  
While putting his son on the altar, he used a knife without any word,

But God told him 'twas a faith test to be conscious of guilt.

Jephthah prayed to God; over the Ammonites the victory he inquired,  
While saying that the first person coming out without his demand  
To greet him for the triumph had to die for God as a burnt offer.  
"You shall be fuel for the fire, your blood shall flow throughout the land.  
You shall not be remembered, for I, the LORD, have spoken."-this is His  
command.

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## **\*\*appassionata\***

In his core, the piano holds  
the Beethoven's 'Appassionata'.  
The piano keys are virgin teeth  
ripping the melody  
into sounds:

'Allegro Assai,  
Andante con moto - attacca,  
Allegro, ma non troppo,  
Presto'.

We eat those sounds  
while making love continuously  
in that river of life  
flowing in cascades.

Sometimes, our feelings are orchids,  
and some other time, they are only  
possession and control  
of something,  
which epitomizes  
the conflict  
between the beauty and the danger....  
Suddenly,  
I need to say 'I love you',  
and I do not need to change the meaning of these words.

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## **\*\*do You Think....? \*\***

Do you think that our love's vibration  
And consonances will disappear into the oblivion?  
I think that the flight started where we've firstly met  
To give birth to our universe of meaning...  
Our meeting was like a fusion of stars,  
And the core of our new star was for poetry.  
Certainly, we needed to know each other.  
Our divine love  
Was the light, which glowed more than ever  
In the darkness of our sufferings...  
So, let not my short absence be death,  
And stay with me forever....  
Don't leave me,  
Just love me,  
And stay with me  
Forever...

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## **\*\*moonlight Sonata\*\***

The cold winter can not destroy the miraculous invincible seeds.  
The germination fundamentally changes them in the earth's maternity.  
It is a new life running time when the cold snow irreversible recedes,  
And a new spring embraces the deep mysteries of the magical fertility.

When the seeds germinate, they always throw out a few anchor roots.  
Those splintered cracks of deep roots trying to hide inside the soils.  
The tall trees need deep roots and branches to bloom and to bear fruit,  
While the whole land receives and nurtures the life it essentially contains.

When the divine spark leaps from the divine hand to the human hand,  
Making the human roots so deep as they can face the stormy time,  
Moreover, taking an ultimate shape in the law of the very green land,  
While life becomes a moonlight sonata, life which is always sublime.

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## **\*\*the Piano Chords\*\***

You play the piano chords  
In this sonata as well as  
In the music of Prokofiev,  
Emphatically catching the music's mood.  
Fingers seem to stick the keys,  
And the keys seem to direct the fingers,  
When the thumbs move under them.  
You both look like a single being,  
In together.  
The piano seemingly breaks the sounds.  
They penetrate my soul, while  
Searching for the necessary words.  
I understand the story of your feelings.

Dedicated to Richard Clayderman.

Marieta Maglas

## **\*between Visible And Invisible\***

Your reality controls my life  
with something, which binds  
my fleshly existence and my third eye,  
despite self and despite logic.

Your sharp-edged ideas scream.

Focused only on material things  
in self-assertion,  
your love

keeps me locked  
within whatsoever limits.

Your emotions and conations  
are the embodiments of these ideas.

Your love is enclosed within them.

They inhabit your life.

You are the follower  
of your own creed.

You need to be  
freed from your own illusion  
and from your own constraints.

I can see you  
between visible and invisible,  
ceaselessly aspiring to the universal Divinity  
and trying to reconcile your inner contradictions,  
absolutely saturating your feelings,  
your intuitive vision  
and your vibrational essence of thought.

I can see your realm of realism that is  
imprisoned in the identity of your thought.

I am the object of your senses  
and the essence of your beatitude,  
while you try to keep safe  
the meaning of the word.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## **\*existing Outside Myself\***

I am transformed  
from my ego into your ego.  
I am passive,  
while existing outside myself.  
My ego is also my non-ego.  
I am only a part of you,  
in so far,  
as I am a part of you as your sensuous being.  
I am your idea,  
taking on sensuousness,  
when nothing really is permanent.  
I am here for  
the realization of your aims,  
in Omniscience,  
in Omnipotence  
and in Omnipresence.

Marieta Maglas

# **\*i'M Your Blue Ocean**

Giving or not giving voice to the heretical words...

Understanding that the true love is a scarification.....

For being or not being....

True love inundating the conundrum  
Like that sacred river of longing,  
Sometimes flowing swiftly through landscapes  
Astounding the lurid heart.....

The sound of silence passing...  
Passions galvanizing the wounds and pain mares for enduring...

Trying to heal the injury...

Flying gulls beneath the lower bowl, touching the blue waters of the ocean.....  
Waves and sad memories dancing on the golden sand....  
Shying away from the horizon line....  
Vessels screaming and shouting their hearts out....  
Swimming across the ocean of red burning coals,  
Searching for that golden threshold.....

The color spectrum giving the necessary senses to the lights of absolution,  
When their senses turn inward.....

Gazing the mountain from the window pane...  
From the indoor side of that rain-rinsed windowpane.....  
Sitting on that mountain and gazing at the stars....  
Birds gliding across, like rainbow rising, spreading their wings, streaming..  
Those birds flying in a variety of ways, ranging from gliding to soaring to  
flapping....

The crystalline steeping slopes of the mountain multi-faces....  
Being decorated with climbing ropes, heavenly as seen from above....  
And the crystalline waters, steeping cliffs, hidden lakes and lush forests...

A sign of a divine love...

Understanding that love is like the Earth and the gravity,  
Inseparable.....

Groans and moans leading to mortuaries....

Life is like walking in the middle of the park,  
Embracing the crouch air,  
Or embracing change by resisting the defensive crouch.....  
And going deep into the human system, feeling like being born again....

The smile on the face painting an episode of the past,  
Engraving our hearts with golden debris,  
Like a golden pyramid, contracting pyramid.....  
Generating our consciousness and chasing away insanity....

Sounds of silence passing...

Being like a blue ocean...

Dedicated to Sulaiman Mohd Yusof

Marieta Maglas

## \*Michael Jackson's Tears\*

Virgin teeth  
Of the musical instrument  
Ripping the melody  
Into sounds  
Spiritual vibrations  
From the depth of the souls  
Self-absorbed

Emotional resonance  
In the air  
At the touch  
Between voices  
Secluded  
Seemingly fossilized  
Coiling into  
Our souls

Agony and ecstasy

Like making love

Seduction,  
Passion,  
Jealousy,  
Domination  
And possession  
Mesmerizing the music

Sounds enclosing  
Words  
Extreme sadness  
And extreme joy  
At the same time

Tears becoming cubes of light  
Wondering  
On their situation of their becoming

The resonating,  
Harmonizing effects  
Of the music and dance

Resonating with vibrations of air

Sublime change  
Of the speed,  
Strength,  
Rhythm  
Warmth flexibly

Words  
Becoming alive

Magic human voice  
Spreading wide by air  
And sparkling look  
Countless diamonds  
In the sunlight

Time losing all meaning  
Apotheosis

Marieta Maglas

## \*my Crying Jail

Sometimes, I'm over and often inside  
my crying jail,  
having two spiritual hands  
to encompass my corporate body  
belonging  
to that irreversible sadness.  
An inflexible realness  
forces my eyes  
to speak  
against that malignant silence  
situated upon your lower lip.  
Moreover, it forces my bleeding, curdling,  
inner scream to be  
an outer space song,  
when it is pushed through the fractured teeth  
into a totally weird reality,  
which is a shadow of  
an incomprehensible dream  
in inlaid hopes.  
This reality is slipping out,  
when I awake alone  
to nurture my love  
in my painful freedom.

Marieta Maglas

## \*Pacific Trash Vortex (Triple Tetractys)

The rules for writing a tetractys are as follows:

Line 1 is one syllable

Segment of speech usually consisting of a vowel with or without accompanying consonant sounds (e.g., a, I, out, too, cap, snap, check) . A syllabic consonant, like the final n sound in button and widen, also constitutes a syllable.

line 2 is two syllables; line 3 is three syllables; line 4 is four syllables; and line 5, is ten syllables.

The fourth and fifth lines may rhyme or rime, the most prominent of the literary artifices used in versification. Although it was used in ancient East Asian poetry, rhyme was practically unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans. But this is not mandatory.

Waste

Sea green

Wavering

In slimy traps

In woozy circles

Gushing at the deep water horizon

Melody still rooting in bluesy rock

Gloppy red icing

Crooked letters

Violet

Colored

Dream

Fish

Yellow

Flimsy boats

Lanky white man

Muzzy from the work

Cloudy indigo sky hanging round all.

Marieta Maglas

## \*queen Anne's Lace (Choka Poetry)

Queen Anne's lace starts to  
Curl inward her 'birds' nest', and  
To close upward her umbel.  
Her spines of love fruits  
Are snow-white. Her pink shyness  
Touches the lips of the sun.  
These lips are bees, and  
He drinks her nectar. His teeth  
Are caterpillars eating  
Her leaves of passion.  
Each white flower has two seeds  
To make him still desire her  
And her hairy stems  
After blooming in clusters.

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## **\*self-Forgetfulness\***

This gentle, smooth touch  
of the flower  
swallows the kiss  
of an angry buzzing bumblebee,  
which is fluffy and painted  
in a thousand colors.  
'Tis for leaving the pollen  
on his fingertip.  
He is inhaling this pollen  
to taste this daffodil,  
while sitting in that yellow field.  
He is dreaming of love  
until self-forgetfulness,  
while needing to wake up.  
The dew shines on the leaves,  
while the buzzing bumblebee  
is caressing the flower's breast  
to taste her milk.  
He is touching her long hair  
with his increasing beard.  
Her flavor  
is flooding his mouth  
while kissing  
and bearing all these....

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# ^^^blue Love^^^

Give me your love,  
When the blue rain is pouring down.  
Just open the window of Heaven for me.  
I can hear the rain whispering your name.  
I can hear the whispers of the white tree,  
And I can wait my falling rainbow.  
Just give me your blue love.  
I understand that you are mine.  
Now, when I have you, I'm alive.  
I stay near you, touching you  
And I want to stay this way forever.  
Just ask me to stay  
And I will never leave.  
This could be for eternity.  
Just ask me to stay  
Again and again,  
Just give me your love  
Again and again,  
Just wait the blue whispering rain  
Again and again,  
And let me wait my rainbow  
Again and again,  
Again and again,  
Again and again,  
Again and again,  
Again and again.

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## ^^»»Dancing Matachin««^^»»

Your love is a balm for my sorrow and pain,  
And the moon is hiding it like a cocoon.  
These feelings touch the blue of our deep, cold rain  
As close as the sea feels the white of the moon.

The moon watches the sea dancing matachin.  
The rain bestirs to touch the entirety  
Just to sate the wholeness, while being within  
A dust of kisses in its sobriety.

The nervous rain of summer screams over the trees,  
And tries to catch all the air heat in silence.  
It waits for the rainbow, and waits for the breeze.  
The trees breathe, and pay to God obeisance.

We dance our matachin, while being unchained.  
In oblivion, we unleash the summer.  
Sheepish lovers, from the dreams we're awakened.  
Our incomprehensible love has strange concatemers.

We recreate that splashing world of seconds,  
And, in the sea, we swim with the moon of white.  
Time dissipates illusions venting it in reprimands,  
Yet, touching the infinite, and keeping the feeling tight.

We're rhetoric lovers crown'd with unacceptability  
And living for that indecipherable moment in the sense.  
Impassible, even when relativity force loses its intensity,  
We try to revive our bleeding love and its spiritual incense.

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## ^^dramatic Fall (Tragicomedy Poetry) ^^

It is funny that  
I fall in love with you.  
But it is not so funny that  
I fall because  
I am in love with you,  
Because my fall is truly dramatic.  
A lot of people  
Do not know  
I can start so dramatically.  
Neither do I.  
Even comedy is something  
They all know I can do.  
Although when everything  
Becomes very funny,  
I can realize my disaster.

Marieta Maglas

# ^^passionate Tango^^

Unforgettable moments  
Sensations and thrills  
Seduction,  
Passion,  
Jealousy,  
Domination  
And possession  
Mesmerizing the music  
Synchronizing the steps  
Illusion and reality  
Seamlessly into a flowing  
The man mirroring  
And opposing the final steps  
On time - tiempo  
Slow - half tiempo  
Sultry, passionate and elegant,  
Sometimes  
Dramatic and intense  
Entering the visceral  
Non-intellectual experience  
Of the body  
Where there are no words.

Marieta Maglas

## + In Search Of The Perfect Chess Mate ++

Embedding new rules  
in a new arrangement  
and having a new strategy,  
the white king is driving  
the opposing one to the wrong corner  
for being controlled by the bishop.  
The white king is very rich.  
He takes seemingly worthless properties  
from his own people  
and turns them into his own properties  
while defending a system  
which has enslaved and still exploits.  
Thus, he gladly tries to see himself  
as a great hero while  
thinking how smart and clever he is  
when he can encounter the Dark Essence.  
His citizens become blind and very poor.

The black king has the power,  
he has respect for the private property  
and for the rights of the people  
to freely acquire and use this property.  
In his kingdom, there are people  
who are rich and people who are very rich.  
But the black king is blind...

The bishop gets greedy  
because his two cards are identical.  
Moreover, he may split the cards into two hands  
and his two hands  
can be played out independently.

He tries to hide because  
he is paid to do this....

He has a lot of knights, very good fighters,  
but they are fighting for nothing...

The white is still trying  
his perfect chess mate.....

I think that he is trying  
to force too much in the match...

But he can win because  
the chess is a sport  
which is really picking up momentum.....

You can see that the chess  
can become an easy game  
and the last thing to check,  
before you move up and down,  
is to see if you know its secrets  
or if you can highlight some key issues  
in the movement strategy  
because the movements  
do not adequately insert  
in the universal rules...

The movements are set in real places  
and, sometimes, include real events  
as well as imaginary ones  
like that twirling zone,  
which is capable of moving itself  
in a stealthy or a secret manner...

And you must have an infinity of ideas...  
When something can be dissolved,  
it can be reconstructed  
into new, complex formulas...

If you have the courage to play no-limit,  
you can play no-limit...

If you have no courage to play,  
then don't play...

Who cares?

In fact, it is the same

bleeding atmosphere for all  
and the same moribund Earth...

Marieta Maglas

## ++unknown Color+

I use the colors to recompose your image  
While enclosing to open the space alternatively  
With relevance and traceability....  
I'm like a painter seeking her own color,  
Or like a singer seeking her own voice,  
Or like a philosopher seeking her own self...  
Neither like, nor unlike a painting, is this color  
A new dream between ultraviolet and infrared?  
Neither like, nor unlike a song, is this color  
A pulse of an upbeat dance groove?  
Neither like, nor unlike a philosophical idea, is this color  
A fusion of the individualities between  
The human beings and The Lord?  
I see you in that color.  
'Tis like you place yourself directly in front of my sight,  
And there is only me to see you.  
You sit there, in the color without any name.  
You're my eternity.  
I defeat my dream as I defeat an illusion,  
And I receive the reality of light...  
I close my eyes, and I feel its warmth.  
I feel a shiver running up my spine,  
And I feel the healing rays enlightening my spirit.  
It's so peaceful and overgrown with trees  
Like seeing a beautiful picture of the woman  
And the nature being in harmony...

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## +10-10=0

If we combined  
The perfectly good and the perfectly evil,  
We would obtain the imperfection.  
If we took a piece of paradise  
And a piece of hell to gather them together,  
Our souls would become less beautiful,  
Because the truth would swallow the lie, and  
The absolute truth would become relative.  
If our love swallowed our hatred,  
We would love each other less than usual.  
If we formed an amphora,  
While trying to find the absolute truths  
In a new and perfect love for Him,  
We would need all our faith to remove  
All the lies and all our hatred from us.  
If our lies and our hatred  
Became two trenchant weapons,  
And if we chose Lucifer for hitting  
Our relative truths,  
They would mathematically fall to become  
Downright uncertainties.  
The wounded love would disappear from us,  
And we would turn into new salt stones  
As Lot's wife turned while seeing Sodom burning...  
If our truth was equal with our lie,  
And our love was equal with our hate,  
We would become absolutely nil persons,  
While dying slowly and while melting ourselves  
In nothingness,  
While the absolute truth and the absolute lie  
Are in no touch.  
The reason to save the self  
And to search for the purity,  
Is that their arguments are always perfect....

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## +flight+++

If the sacred kingfisher flies,  
It will frantically be flapping its wings to  
The sand of the sea

To make this deep curve be a kind of rainbow.

Its flight can be like a deep, steady wing that beats  
The air to fly higher and higher.  
In fact, its wings seemingly bite the air.  
So skilled at flying  
Is the sacred kingfisher  
And so naturally suited to the sky

That it can make this deep curve be a kind of rainbow.

From that deep curve comes its screams  
And the bleeding rain,  
While the bird is frantically flapping its wings  
To eat its silent prey,

And to become a broken winged bird,  
That cannot fly  
Any longer.

Marieta Maglas

## +forever His Eyes Can See.....++

Painting beautiful words and painting with words,  
Painting an ugly portrait with a hidden beauty,  
Portraiture means, sometimes, silent poetry,  
And other times, means a flower blossoming,  
A miracle and a privilege,  
Or beautiful words.  
With tears like drops of rain, with tears in the rain,  
Portraiture is an ice cube in the water of colors,  
Floating on the river of time....

Sweet thoughts of the portraitist are coming to light,  
Becoming creative and insightful realities...  
He's always angry with himself, but he's never hating himself,  
When he wants to be a witness, who testifies the truth.

He, sometimes, becomes frustrated, while he is living by his faith  
And his divine malignant fever means writing poems,  
Coming from his obsessions with the music.  
It is about that kind of music,  
Which is torturing his dreams throughout the night  
And makes the weight of his loneliness to creep inside.  
Behind his soul's door, always the loved souls  
Can hear his musical notes...  
His poetical lines are sometimes immense pools of light,  
In which the readers find new thoughts  
To see the eyes of the Father, in that spiritual paradise,  
Where all souls stand as equals,  
And where forever his eyes can see.....

Dedicated to our poet Eyan Desir

Marieta Maglas

## -+forever+++

You are my everything  
'Cause in everything I do  
It's always a part of you.  
And because I love you,  
You are my everything.

I'm doing everything for you.  
You're capable of making  
All my dreams come true.  
You can make them happening.  
You make my life complete.

I share all I have and am.  
I share all that is to come.  
You're the light inside my eyes.  
I want to keep you forever.  
I share all I am with you.

I want that everything around,  
Which doesn't belong to you,  
Not to belong to me, too...  
'Cause it has never been  
A part of everything I mean...

Baby, nothing exists forever,  
Let's build a world of love together.  
And when we will not be alive,  
Our feelings will survive  
One more day and the eternity.

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## +his Opinion+++

If his opinion was  
Accepted  
By the best thinkers,  
I would conclude  
That he might be right,  
And if those thinkers  
Considered his idea  
To be essential,  
I would accept that  
He might be the best,  
But I would never convey it  
With any absolute conviction,  
Because it might be dependent  
On the aesthetics of perception.

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## +letter To Jesus+

If I had met You  
from the beginning,  
maybe I would have never suffered  
a long defeat  
to become a ruin.  
I would have searched for a solution to change my life.  
Even so, no one could stop me reach the Light.  
So much I needed you, Jesus.  
I have climbed my inner mountain  
to be with You.  
I have no courage  
to abandon Your way.  
I don't want to fall again.  
I tried to have a positive attitude and  
to achieve a right mindset.  
I tried to be a new, wise person.  
I felt deeply inside that  
I could be fully awoken by You.  
I felt Your love,  
and I understood Your teachings.  
I understand that  
only through Your Divinity  
I can reach Heaven.  
This love, I feel inside for You,  
is a proof of Your existence.  
You are eternal.  
I want to survive  
For being with You.

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## +noetic Kiss +++

If you could love me  
Even for one second,  
You would understand  
The tale my thoughts could tell you...  
You would understand  
Why the dreams would never be  
Reproduced by the delusions,  
Those never ending dreams....  
By using some lost pieces of the broken stars,  
We could recreate a new amphora  
Of light in our souls,  
And we could swallow  
Its blue infinite,  
Just you and me and our thrill,  
That thrill being  
Like a butterfly with trembling wings  
On the cherry blossom petals of a flower,  
A butterfly swirling in the breeze  
With its untouched sensations  
Within its untouched world,  
Or like a noetic kiss in our sleep.

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## +so Deep+

I hope to meet you on my way,  
Cause you can change my bleeding life,  
And it will be a rainy day,  
That day when I'll become your wife..

When you will take me in your arms,  
I'll tell you what I really feel,  
And then, our hearts like big alarms  
Will hide the love wave of our thrill.

The drops of dawn will be again,  
Warm tears from your eyes during sleep.  
I'll hold you, and I'll feel your pain,  
With you, I'll be in love so deep.

While dreaming in our golden bed,  
Two hearts, 'til end entwined as one.  
His Hand will paint the sky in red  
Taking His color from the sun.

And when the green will grow in grain,  
I'll close the memories inside,  
The feeling pulsing in my vein,  
Our love song in the last sea tide.

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2010

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## A Palindrome Dectina (Acrostic)

Prince  
Had been  
In Val-d'Oise  
Louis King's first son.  
In medieval time  
Period, he married,  
Once crowned to be a king, that  
Elfin niece of Count of Flanders.  
Philip, as King, went on Third Crusade.  
Prince had been in Val-d'Oise Louis King's first son.

Prince had been in Val-d'Oise Louis King's first son.  
Philip, as King, went on Third Crusade.  
Elfin niece of Count of Flanders,  
Once crowned to be a king that  
Period, he married.  
In medieval time,  
Louis King's first son  
In Val-d'Oise  
Had been  
Prince.

In declining health, Louis VII had him (Philip) crowned and anointed at Rheims by the Archbishop William Whitehands on 1 November in 1179. He was married on 28 April 1180 to Isabelle of Hainaut, who brought the County of Artois as her dowry..Isabella was crowned Queen of France at Saint Denis on 28 May 1180.-  
wikipedia

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# A Bath Of Love

Freshly mown hay  
And lawn before mowing,  
Cuneiform signs  
Freshly to carve in stone,  
Words still unbroken,  
Bumping into each other,  
Clouds full of rain,  
Kissed sighs,  
Bath, water of love,  
Children again,  
Breast milk still,  
Sun and moon  
Falling into  
Ignorance,  
Water of life flowing  
Among the rough stones,  
Honey in a broken hive,  
Crystal slope angle  
Painfully to dig into  
Cuneiform signs,  
A need to come into being.

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# A Delicate Rainy Morning

If I felt that you had been here,  
it was because your angel would have touched me with his wing like a breeze,  
and  
you would have been here with him  
in an indestructible sensation.  
Maybe you thought if the angel had told me,  
I would have known,  
but he wouldn't have said anything.  
He would never tell me,  
but I've been waiting for you,  
to give me your love  
in rainy mornings  
with hopeless awakes...

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# A Fool's Game

In this fool's game that shouldn't begin,  
You play deep love without honest rules.  
If you think that you will always win,  
Well it's wrong, 'cause this game is for fools.

If you think that my style is easy,  
And you hunt me without honest rules,  
Well, my way to be is not sleazy,  
And it's good, 'cause this game is for fools.

If you think to catch me so slowly,  
And you dance this without honest rules,  
If you think that my life is lonely,  
Well it's wrong, but life is yet for fools.

In this morbid dance without feelings,  
Dance of wishes without honest rules,  
To think that love means mutual dealings  
It is as wrong as are your game fools.

If you think that you'll be a winner  
In this love fight without honest rules  
Well, love means not sex after dinner.  
You can loose, 'cause it's a game for fools.

If you think that you can get everything  
In this world of yours without right rules,  
If you think that I'm a stupid thing,  
Well it's wrong 'cause it's a game for fools.

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# A Gaoler Instead Of A Gaol Bird-Anagram Poem

If adorable as adore gloating  
Adorable, original, fatso aged;  
Good! A safe, adorable trailing,  
A dear goofball as originated.

Good! A fair stale load bearing  
Adorable of egalitarian dogs,  
Fool database or agile daring  
A feared aboriginal toad logs.

Alas! Good of aged libertarian;  
Alas! Fair, dogged elaboration;  
Ago glorified adorable Satan;  
So flailed garbage adoration;

Or a garbage, fool and idealist  
Of laggard ideas elaboration;  
A fool, adorable, daring ageist  
Bolder, ga-ga falsie adoration;

Good God! Ease fatal librarian,  
Fool ga-ga, idle, sad aberration;  
Good! A bold fears egalitarian  
Flag, adores ideal abrogation;

Good! Safe, adorable, liar, giant;  
Star, ga-ga ideal, fool debonair;  
As adored fair, boogie, gallant;  
Agile odor and sabotage flair.

The title is a line of the poem "Wages" by D.H. Lawrence. The poem is the anagram of the title.



# A Last Waltz

The words slipped  
From memories  
Searching a lost dream,  
That unrepeatable dream.  
The grief was coiled inward,  
Poisoning our love.

It was a dance,  
A last waltz.  
Our souls, still entwined,  
Tried to keep our bodies  
Alive.  
Our clay  
Erratically moved,  
In searching help.

A crying arose  
Between us.  
It was like  
The sonority  
Of crushing everything.  
I was only a woman,  
I understood everything.  
You were my man,  
But there was nothing  
Between us  
Anymore.

The unsaid words  
Pricked my tongue and palate,  
Remaining shackled inside.  
You looked at me.  
In your eyes  
I tried to see again  
Our November,  
But

I did not see anything,  
Maybe I could not see,  
Maybe you were opaque.  
I did not actually know.

I know nothing even now,  
As I did not know  
Even then,  
I only knew that I must leave.  
They told me to do this.  
They had the power.

I prayed all my life to Jesus  
For the light  
For the truth  
And for faith....

Written in 1983

Marieta Maglas

# A Little Soul

Your touch says more  
Than any word,  
And you have tears  
Of love  
In your eyes.  
I feel my life flowing inside me  
Like an insightful river.  
I try to understand our intimacy  
And our deep feelings.  
I try to protect you and  
To nurture your dreams.  
Your beautiful soul is like a secret garden,  
With little, sweet flowers  
Needing help to grow up  
And having friends like sun, wind and water...  
I hold you tightly,  
And I try to make you understand that  
You will always be my very wanted child,  
My light,  
My happiness  
And my hope....

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# A Massive Earthquake In Pakistan Has Resulted In The Birth Of A New Island

The southwestern Pakistan was stricken by a major earthquake, Which killed people, and collapsed so many buildings and houses. The forming of a small island in the Arabian Sea was not a fake. Men had to leave their homes together with their kids and spouses.

The quake that hit Pakistan's Baluchistan province had 7.8 magnitude. On the coast of Gwadar, many houses collapsed on the people inside. The island having a width around 100 feet and up to 20 feet altitude, Is a new rocky formation above the water rising like a sea tide.

Mud volcanoes have risen off that coast and disappeared again Within a few months being washed away by the currents in the Sea. The mystery of this volcano, which can meet the same fate, no one can explain. The Vikings Edda and the Bible, in searching for the truth, can form a key.

This quake was centered at a strange triple junction in the Earth's surface The Arabian tectonic plate being pushed its way beneath the Eurasian plate. The Indian plate rammed into both of them, the terrain was deformed to resurface.

This effect of the quake is more interesting than the changes in the atomic weight.

The tremors were even felt in northern part of India including its capital This quake being similar with that one moving parts of Chile 10 feet to the west. The story about another island temporarily rising from the Arabian Sea is also real.

The 'super typhoon' formed in the Pacific Ocean proves that the weather is stressed.

Usagi swept through the Luzon Strait separating the Philippines and Taiwan To bring torrential rains and high winds to the island while weakening slightly. It made landfall in China's Guangdong Province in the city of Shanwei, near Kowloon.

The rain continued inland over China triggering flooding, the life changing slightly.

The Batanes Islands, in the northern Philippines north of Luzon, took a direct hit. The rain has fallen in the northern Philippines, where the typhoon was named

Odette.

Japan is damaged by the quake and the tsunami, because it's time to start a split.

People of San Francisco wait for their turn thinking that the life is not finished, yet..

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# A New Birthday

I have heard the Robin Birds  
chirping and singing- a pray  
at the start of a new dawn- words  
and dreams for your birthday.

I have seen the snowdrops  
blooming in that sunrise,  
while slowly growing-

emotion in mighty minds.  
'Tis a new birthday to ring.  
Free waters and swelling winds  
do their planting in the spring.

'Tis another day- warm and great.  
Brings happiness without weight.  
'Placuit precari coeleste numen.'

Note: The English translation of 'Placuit precari coeleste numen' is: 'It pleased to pray the heavenly deity.'(The Metamorphoses by Publius Ovidius Naso)

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# A New Dawn

A voice of epiclesis is  
The dawn that floods the entire sky.  
This sound is a long blowing whizz  
That flows through infinity in High.

We search for The Lord in our vein  
To feel the sweet rays of afflatus,  
While He can deeply touch our pain  
To bring peace on our red hiatus.

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# A New Star Was Born

We needed  
our time to conceive a new nuance of life.  
At the limit between  
our finiteness and our infiniteness,  
a new star was born  
in the infinity of the spaceless  
universe.  
This star touched our eternal love with its rays.  
On the internal walls of our temple,  
God wrote two new names.  
We understood that we were forgiven.  
The silence and the serenity  
fulfilled our spiritual altar.  
In front of His eyes,  
our souls fell on their spiritual knees to pray.  
He gave us the power  
to stand up and to be awoken.

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# A New Time Was Born

I approached you, and the flash sound  
of your voice embraced me.  
'Twas somewhere, near the divine idea.  
I had not met you before, but when we  
united our voices to be together, in this way,  
I felt the eternity floating in the air,  
that kind of white eternity,  
in which everyone would want to stay.  
So many people crowded in between us  
that we seemed to be two points on a world map.  
So long was the distance in between us  
that we seemed to leave the idea of being together  
in order to go to different Poles.  
It was the time, when the sun was declining  
beneath the blue horizon in a ring of fire,  
when the moon rose, and when the coming night  
embraced the leaving day.  
It was our twilight.  
It was the time, when the stars began  
to appear on a new dark sky.  
I started to be afraid of losing you.  
I took the elapsed time,  
and I hang it on the 'Lyre' constellation.  
The existent seconds flowed into that space  
with a terrible rapidity.  
A new time was born,  
in which we became existent.  
I felt you wish to touch me. I felt the tenderness of your voice. Our feelings  
flowed into  
the 'Bird of Paradise' constellation.  
Suddenly, a ring of stars began to fall down.  
I did not know if it was a real rain of stars  
or a fireworks show, and I didn't know  
whether we could really embrace each other,  
but I felt that I was irreversibly transformed  
into another new woman.

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# A Non-Stop Bleeding Sculpture

With flesh of granofels  
And veins of quartz,  
Enlightening the glow of death,  
Bending the seconds  
At sharp angles,  
A non-stop bleeding sculpture  
Can create  
The metamorphosed existence  
Between real and unreal.

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## A Note On Existentialist Love

When love is sweet, the sweetness means its light.  
This light may keep the truth, when love is pure.  
'Tis quite so bitter, when it turns to fight.  
Lovers in war are rather immature.

One night of love may never be a dream  
Of the pure light; there, darkness never comes.  
A night of dream may swim in love upstream,  
While darkness in the light always succumbs.

When love is true, the purity may hold  
The lovers' dreams; they're never in the dark.  
The angels' Light eternity enfold.  
This Light of love may continue to spark.

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# A Philosophical Note On Life After Death

Death is a plunge into oblivion self.  
We don't disappear,  
We evolve to be extinct until death.  
Death only annihilates old sensations  
To replace them with something else.  
Life is a nonexistent death,  
And death is a non-existent life.  
'When I am, death is not,  
And when death is, I am not, '  
'I'm a new one', I would tell Epicurus.  
Gonzalez-Cruzzi declined the religious afterlife.  
It's not the after life, but it's the death.  
And maybe the death is another kind of life.  
In fact, it is eternal life.  
We become ephemeral, material while being inside of the matter.  
Expressions like 'I live my life,  
Life dies, let me live, let me die, I leave my death'  
Are true.  
We cross over into the light,  
Or into the darkness,  
Because the nothingness can rectify the existence.  
We're nothing in order to be something.  
Coming into life can be a reawakening of self.  
The real death is 'eternal night', as Swinburne defined it.  
It's a veil of negative existence.  
Nothingness can be anything positively existent,  
But blackness and emptiness  
Are spiritual black holes swallowing up  
Any loss of consciousness  
For the divisible selves of the essential core identity.  
'When I die I won't go to heaven or hell,  
There will just be nothingness'.  
Isaac Asimov liked this theory of zero.  
'That stuff which does not exist'  
It's, in fact, the existence of absolutely nothing.  
'This life is the only existence there is;  
Afterward, there is nothing.'  
Robert Nozick wrote.  
Zero is existent in self, but we don't know it

By being inside of it.  
Anthony Burgess wrote that if there is only darkness after death,  
Then that darkness is the ultimate reality,  
And that love of life is no preparation for it.  
Light is keeping the life,  
Darkness is keeping the death.  
Light never dies.  
It may be reborn from darkness  
And vice versus.  
But this rage may sound like madness.  
And Burgess was raging  
Against any arrival of nothingness.  
We are the witnesses of our own extinction,  
Of our pseudo-selves.  
Death is a divided self-experience  
And a connection between matter's pieces of consciousness.  
The 'nothingness' of unconsciousness  
May be a permanent death,  
Which cannot be experienced,  
After losing the ultimate reality.  
The permanent death is coincident with  
The end of the entire universe.  
God is alone between two Bing Bang periods.  
We are aspired in composing and decomposing.  
When someone dies people around continue to exist.  
Death and birth are 'functionally equivalent'  
To transformation.  
The Christian view of life after death has justice  
Being meted out to sinners  
And the righteous receiving the reward that they deserve.  
Eternal life means justice, purity, and love.  
Without God, we are nothing.

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# A Poem For A Widow

The movement of your life  
Was stuck in its death corner.  
'I love you', your eyes whispered.  
You gave me your last thought  
And all your future seconds.

I saw that the eternity had a suffering face.  
Now, I look in the mirror,  
And I cannot remember  
It has been the eternity's face,  
Or it has been mine  
After we stopped  
Any communication.

I am still in your death corner  
And in the memory of you.  
I still keep all your thoughts  
Not to despair,  
Those thoughts becoming suddenly so static  
In your absence.

This love  
Is digging deep dips

To kill me very slowly.

I kiss your memory.

I still feel our entwining  
As I feel an extension of a missing arm.

Now, I have only poetry  
Instead of any touch,

But my poem written for you is like a touch...

I kiss your soul through my poems.



# A Princess Of Romanian Folk Died

Romania is in mourning.  
A princess of Romanian folk died  
A few hours ago.  
There will be many trees on this land  
Without the forest  
And other cords of the guitars,  
And some kind of vibration, maybe more pleasant,  
But there will never be another Tatiana  
Impeccable Stepa, ineluctable Stepa, irresistible Stepa.  
Because she could let her love  
Trickle into our souls,  
Until all her songs on the altar of praise were laid,  
Until today, when our eyes are glittered  
From the reflection of our tears...  
Her extraordinary talent melted our hearts...

And step by step,  
Ab initio Stepa, ab ovo Stepa

She sang all her songs to us,  
But she was the most beautiful sound  
We have ever heard.  
And she could make us squeal with delight.  
The more beautiful we became just after hearing her songs.  
And if we learned to exist as part of Earth  
When only love could keep us together,  
It was because  
She lived to teach us how to live.

Pro tempore and in esse  
Tatiana Stepa died.

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# A Ray Of Sun

While drawing a circle,  
A ray of sun that slips on your sad face  
Is not only a ray, it is the light.  
Moreover, my feelings  
slipping in your soul  
Until your heart  
Begins to vibrate  
Mean all,  
Because they come from God.

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# A Sephirah Angel

The sounds made spiky, jagged  
angles. They were like deep water  
gushed up  
through three mouths. The woman  
slowly moved her head  
from side to side. She lost

her right sight, nor could she

recognize the chasm  
around. She tried to dance  
her legs while wearing a weary dress. Her  
blues partner was  
indistinguishable. She appeared  
to be in love with him,  
but in fact, she needed to feel  
changed by  
this healing power. She felt

his left hand gently caressing

her breasts

while talking about  
her wistfulness as about a solitary stone  
in the sea. A Sephirah Angel having

a white wing  
and a black one

approached to help her find  
the balance between life and death.  
This angel remained behind

the right edge of the window

on her bloodied wall. In the mirror  
of time, her white and black face  
skin cracked.

Her soul was  
old, though still pure  
while trying to  
crawl out from  
its hiding was the end

of the summer, and  
the arctic terns flew south  
to spend their  
next future  
on a pack of ice.

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# A Shining Star

A shining star in the sky,  
The light caressing our sorrows,  
A star so far,  
The darkness within us,  
A wish to live forever,  
The attempt to understand  
The savage beauty of innocent life,  
Being born to die  
Because of our sins,  
So ugly sometimes,  
Seeking our infinite,  
Clay and its memory,  
Bleeding wings,  
Beauty of God  
And His mercy  
Enlightening us.

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# A Spring Without Flowers

If you were a spring without flowers,  
probably then all my trees  
would be lethargic.

If you were a wind coiling without leaves,  
possibly all my trees would be already fallen,  
and if you were a sky without its sun,  
certainly no other tree could  
germinate to grow from seed.

And I would not be able to exist any longer,  
for I am the forest.

But in the snowy winter that would follow,  
and in the churches with empty bells,  
not ringing in the frost,  
God would be still existent.

But you were my springing spring,  
my whispering leafing wind  
and my sunny sky.

And, in the winter,  
in your absence,

I did not cease to love you while  
craving for the melted snow,  
craving for the blossomed trees,  
craving for the ringing bells...

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# A Star In Aether

Saying "aether",  
He sang for aether with an eternal voice.  
When I look to the sky,  
I see the sun, the stars and the moon,  
But in aether,  
I see a Sun never disappearing,  
And never stopping to shine.  
And I think that Luciano Pavarotti  
Is a star in aether.

Dedicated to Luciano Pavarotti.

Marieta Maglas

# A Sunset (Double Quintain, English And Sicilian)

]

While the red butterfly melts its wings  
Within the bright, red, poppy chain,  
The pink, gray cloud of the sunset rings.  
In the gray, pink sky, the light rays  
Are almost thrown in a bloody pain.

The leaving sun abandons the sky  
For some hours, and like the crickets crawl,  
The whispers of the leaves mean goodbye,  
While the coming night is a dark hole  
Looking at the moon with a black eye.

The sun and the moon find synergy.  
Light becomes gray regolith on the moon.  
With helium fusing energy,  
Night makes the moon look like a big balloon,  
Or like a swathe of a big cocoon.

Much more, as the thoughts swaddled in words,  
Or as those souls needing divine love,  
Are the feathers of the Holy Birds  
In that rain with drops of divine globes  
Falling down for sending love rewards.

Like the rain with drops of human spheres,  
Pouring up to Him, when they can hook,  
Are the falling souls that disappear.  
The reverse arch gets a killer look.  
Tries to provide fragrance of fear.

Their waves are liquid to drain inside  
Us, or to meet at infinity.  
They are like dark rays in the pure light.  
The Lights are arches of Trinity,  
While dressed in wind seems to be the night.

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## A Tattoo (Ekphrastic Poetry)

She's a black woman- in the light.  
Her white thoughts  
Are tattooed on her skin.

Marieta Maglas

# About Words Entwining Themselves Within

There are so many tears  
In this black void of your silence,  
'Cause you have been hurt so many times.  
There are so many painful memories  
In the gray shadow of those seconds,  
'Cause the world around you crumbled  
So many times, the world inside you.  
I am drinking the suffering from the cup of your soul  
Until the cup is empty  
While leaving a bit love at its bottom.  
This love looks like some coffee grounds.  
This love is sweet  
Like acacia seeds.  
I eat these seeds,  
Your love seeds.  
In this cup of your soul,  
Your suffering looks like a true, love song,  
'Tis transparent and clear.  
Your love is wet like a kiss.  
Your heart is a rhapsody  
Entwining with my sad heart.  
I miss you in so many ways, sometimes,  
When you are not, seemingly, near me.  
I want, and I miss that kiss.  
I kiss your absence,  
When I am not with you,  
But when we are together again,  
We feed our souls  
With love words  
Belonging to God.  
My words pass between your teeth  
To encounter those being yours,  
And to encounter the silence between them.  
Their taste is like honey.  
Our love is like honey.

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Marieta Maglas

# Adelaide By Maurice Ravel

Piano after

Crescendo speech of flowers,  
Doubts~patched up with love.

Marieta Maglas

## Advice ("radu"- In Czech Language)

'Sell me this day

Thy birthright.'

(Genesis 25: 31)

'And thou shalt take

Two onyx stones

And grave on them

The names

Of the children of Israel.'

(Exodus 28: 10)

Because

'A good name is better

Than precious ointment'

(Ecclesiastes 7: 1)

And the ' glory

Shall fly away like a bird'

(Hosea 9: 11)

"Then shalt thou

Understand righteousness,

And judgment, and equity;

Yea, every good path

When wisdom entereth

Into thine heart,

And knowledge

Is pleasant unto thy soul; "

(Proverbs 2: 9,10)

'Therefore thou shalt love

The LORD thy God,

And keep his charge,

And his statutes,

And his judgments,

And his commandments, alway.'

(Deuteronomy 11: 1)

"Let integrity and uprightness preserve me;

For I wait on thee.'

(Psalm 25: 21)

In Czech language:

,"Prodej mi dnes

Své prvorozenství“

(Genesis 25: 31)

“Vezmeš dva kameny karneoly

A vyryješ do nich jména

Synů; Izraele“

(Exodus 28: 10)

Dobré jméno je nad vyborný olej “

(Kazatel 7: 1)

„Sláva odlétne jako ptáček; e.“

(Ozeáš 9: 11)

Tehdy porozumíš spravedlnosti,

Právu a péči; ímosti, všemu,

Co zanechává dobré stopy.

Nebožnost; moudrost vejde

Do tvého srdce a poznání oblaží tvou duši.

(Péč; ísloví 2: 9,10)

Budeš milovat Hospodina, svého Boha,

Budeš dbát na to, co ti svěřil; péči; il,

Na jeho nařízení,

Práva a péči; ikázání po všechny dny.

(Deuteronomium 11: 1)

"Let a upřímnost nechaš; mne;

Pro pokoj; kám na tebe. "

Bezúhonnost a péči; ímost mš; chrání,

Svou nadš; ji skládám v tebe.

(Zalm 25: 21)

Marieta Maglas

# Algorithm Of A Tree (Sextuple Crystalline Poetry)

(A two line image poem, often with a title, in which euphony is the key factor.  
Each line may have 8 or 9 syllables to make a total of seventeen)

A free tree is never rooted,  
Infinite complete binary tree.

A finger tree has internal nodes and  
Each one in this tree has child nodes.

And their connection is a walk,  
Parents and children walking the tree.

Nodes without children are called leaves,  
While roots are leaves for the finger trees.

Very intelligent are the words tree,  
Trees-no one-to-one correspondence,

Adaptive merging operation,  
Implementing finger search trees.

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Marieta Maglas

# All For Naught (Haiku)

In a red, fire world,  
the life colors disappear.  
Colors go to naught.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# An Antique Beauty

This antique mirror doesn't feed  
my confidence. Its concave surface  
reveals some magic tricks  
due to a red reflection. Some hair curlers  
and irons are there to fancy  
some underclothing -  
your swimmers strap underwear  
and her bust body underwear slips.

'Tis a new style.

I feel anguish when I touch  
the push-pull-rotate door locks  
of the bathroom. The picture  
of an antique statue

is hidden in between

all those things. She enters

the mirror to kiss you

every time you gaze upon yourself

in the mirror  
and start shaving. Like a jelly candy  
seems to be her lipstick  
on that silver, but  
I don't want to taste it. Means bitterness for me

this fantasy of yours. These compressed  
shapes of smiling lips look like isoquants, or like  
indifference curves. I want  
to leave you.  
What do you think?

When I wash it, the water  
that drips from this mirror

looks like the crimson blood. Scary  
optical illusions split the reality  
into two variants through my woe  
to create a much looser  
and less direct relationship  
between us than ever. You

live for your comfort  
and versatility. You cannot change it.

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Marieta Maglas

# An Eye For An I

An all-seeing eye of cosmos opened  
within me, having an epistemic sense of  
power. The rain trickled down the oval-shaped  
wet window. 'Twasn't a blue eye, yet 'twas bluing.  
The blues of the stars  
were trickling  
out of their core. Over  
your tasting part of the tongue full of sensations,  
suffering words  
struck the silence between us. I could not  
comprehend their sense- their meaning  
sank in the sadness of the rain.  
The blues were absorbed by this rising dreariness.  
I couldn't see you. Nor could I  
achieve the tranquility of my mind. However,  
I might presume that God might see this.

Marieta Maglas

# An Impossible Math

In this trigonometric love equation  
You've been my arcsin,  
You're my special angle,  
Secretly placed  
In that unit circle of feelings.  
You may arrange my major arcs and diameters  
Inside of it  
Perfectly triangular,  
Love will always have  
The same ratio pi.

Our equation of love  
Is seemingly incompatible.  
It has philosophical numbers becoming  
Common geometric shapes  
Of love itself  
Like hidden spheres  
In triangles,  
But in real terms of graphing  
Our parallel lines of life  
Went on forever not crossing at any point  
Of this imperfect world.

Our love is, in fact,  
A complex system of equations  
With the same set of three unknowns  
Searching their own values  
It has a narrative statement.  
You're my C from those unknowns A, B and C.  
You're mister C,  
From c'telzing  
From caleptikide  
And from cataguerrillaism,  
In this beautiful madness of love.

You know, our love is getting old  
In concentric circles,

Those circles of time.  
Extrapolate it to infinity, sweetheart,  
You may be my semi-infinity  
Until the end of the time,  
That semi-infinity,  
In which I lose myself  
From time to time  
Each time coming  
From the same unique star  
As that already exists  
In an old Romanian novel,  
Which is called  
Lorelei.

MCN: C5A9C-K1A2A-5W9CX

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Marieta Maglas

## An Impossible Math (Ii)

In this trigonometric love equation,  
You're my arcsine having a special  
Angle of view, secretly placed in that  
Unit circle of feelings. You may arrange  
My vision's arcs and dream's diameters  
Inside of it perfectly triangular, love will  
Always have the same ratio pi. This pure  
Equation of love is seemingly incompatible,  
Because it keeps hopes in philosophical  
Numbers becoming common geometrically  
Shapes of love in self like hidden new  
Little hoops in those triangles searching  
For divine. Our parallel life lines are two  
Tangents to this circle of love sending  
Their tangential vibration going on forever,  
But not crossing at any point of this imperfect  
Not crossing at any point of this imperfect  
Round world of two, where you hang your dream.  
It's a secret place. I keep your dream safe in  
This beautiful madness of love. Your dream  
Becomes a mystery, you become a mystery  
Lover like an unknown belonging to any  
Equation. This way, you become my C.  
You're mister C  
From concupiscible,  
From caleptikide,  
From cataguerrillaism,  
And never from culpability,  
Never from culpability,  
Never from concubinage,  
And never from Charley.  
Our love is getting old in concentric circles,  
Those circles of time. We extrapolate it to  
Infinity. You are my semi-infinity, in which I  
Lose myself to be your unique star as that  
Already existent in a Romanian novel,  
Entitled "Lorelei".



## And If It's Love

And if it's love, and whispers touch the river's wave,  
And if it's hope, but the sun rays can hit your eye,  
As well as the diamond tips in ring words engrave,  
It's not for you to get your secrets very high,  
It is for you to hold me tight, this love to save.

But if it's woe, and flowing sighs may touch your heart,  
And if it's love, but gray clouds swoop across the sky,  
As well as sad ideas you may take apart,  
It's not for you to change your mind and start to cry,  
It is for you to keep love's dream as time goes by.

Marieta Maglas

# Angle Of View

This garden is invisible to me  
As a whole,  
When I'm inside of it  
To walk under its trees.  
All I can do  
Is to smell  
Its unique natural flowers,  
And to eat its fruits,  
But when I get out  
To look at it, at some distance  
On that hill,  
I can see it  
In its entire splendor  
In the early evening of a brilliant, orange-red  
Autumn.

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Marieta Maglas

# Angle Of View Ii

You can understand  
My inner reactions  
More clearly than me,  
Because  
You can see me as a whole.

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Marieta Maglas

# Another Dimension

Stay thirsty.  
Don't look for  
traditional water wells.  
Be open to what you can reach  
beyond the prayer horizon,  
a new rainbow.  
'Tis not about a rainbow of fears  
to spiral downward  
in a cave of sadness.  
'The Spirit of God was hovering  
over the waters.'  
It is about a world of true love,  
a Bodhisattvas dimension,  
a never crying one,  
but it exists through suffering.  
When you're thirsty,  
you can find  
what you have really needed  
since ever.  
You may find water.  
Then, you will be blessed  
with what you will have.  
'To you, it is given.'  
'Might be given to them that believe.'  
Stay thirsty.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Anthony And Cleopatra

If Anthony hadn't loved  
Cleopatra  
in that last second,  
maybe he would have  
survived  
and he would have won  
the war within him,  
but he had loved her

more than ever

exactly in that second  
that had driven him

toward awareness.

Therefore, he fell into death,  
whereupon Cleopatra  
should live.

She should have been  
his widow to suffer  
the consequences  
and to understand

what real love means,

because her affair of the heart  
was too pathetic  
to have control over

the destiny of history.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Antimatter (Neo Surrealist Poem)

A red bird has flown soaring in the great height of the purple sky. The thrilling scream was as a shrill cry on the soundtrack. The bird has disappeared into the sky,

and all it could be heard was the sound. That cold sound became fluid in the ears. A forked green lightning following a zigzagging pattern appeared from an antimatter space.

The eyes fixed wide-open up, and the mouths kept silent. A ship has left the dock to disappear in the mobile horizon. It seemingly disappeared and reappeared based on where

the eyes were looking; the eyes were not able to leave the dock. When the ship could not be seen, a prolonged blast could be heard. Finally, the ship disappeared in an antimatter space,

where cold could illuminate and beat the heat to burn everything as we beat the heat with icy cold neck wraps. The eyes fixed wide-open toward, and red screams grew from open mouths.

The sun lost its strength to become redder than it was before. In the twilight, its disk disappeared below the mobile horizon. Its power was in the spirit and the matter of the freezing cold.

□

The eyes were unable to see where the sun was going. In the soft and purple mist, they looked like little amethyst stones. The violet light slowed down in the water much more than the

red light refracted. The waves of alternating strength in electric and magnetic fields moved around the Earth in the tick of a clock. The mouths murmured, but the anti-sound made them all be quiet.

From an airplane in the sky, the eyes could see two rainbows with colors in opposite order forming a complete circle. The eyes could move up and down to see the red light that refracted out of

the droplets at steeper angles than the blue light. The mind could imagine another rainbow made of complementary light wavelengths such as green, blue, violet, red, orange, yellow-orange and yellow.

The sea shone brightly as a sky full of red and bluish comets having tails like trains carrying hydrogen cyanide. Strange, sharp and cutting words wounded the mouths stopping the thoughts to breathe.

Marieta Maglas

# Apocalypse

Volcanic aerosols tend to block the needed sunlight  
And contribute to short term cooling, but it's not perfect.  
Volcanoes emit carbon dioxide, which is not alright..  
It's a greenhouse gas, which has a warming effect.

Moreover, its level is already higher than usual  
And it determines to increase the global temperature.  
When temperatures become warmer, it's not normal,  
And carbon is released from the oceans., for sure.

The volume of this gas has increased, exceeding  
The thirty five percent in the last three hundred years.  
This increase is due to human being induced burning  
From fossil fuels, deforestation and industry, with no fears.

Carbon dioxide is an important greenhouse gas.  
The human caused an increase in its concentration  
And the atmosphere has strengthened the greenhouse  
Effect, contributing to global warming without salvation.

Carbon dioxide is also naturally exchanged between  
The air and life through the processes of photosynthesis.  
The respiration of organisms and levels of ozone have been  
Decreasing due to the buildup of human chlorofluorocarbons.

Scientists have noticed the development of severe large holes  
In the ozone layer very dramatically and it's not very strange  
That they have noticed the plate tectonics movements and volcanoes  
Eruption, the carbon cycle having an effect on the climate change.

The stages of Snowball Earth are an example of these imbalances.  
The effects snowball earth is characterized by areas of glaciation,  
Were they countered when volcanic activity and tectonic forces  
Allowed carbon dioxide to build up big further concentrations.

Tectonic plates, through the formation of volcanoes with their action  
Works with the carbon cycle, it is the tectonic forces which release

Carbon through degassing and entrap carbon during subduction.  
This relationship has occurred most in the break up and increase

The formation of continents having on climate the resulting effect.  
The breakup of Pangea left many small continents so scattered  
On the globe and the broken land became surrounded by the suspect  
Sources of moisture and carbon dioxide is taken by rainfall, so red,

Out of the air, making the erosion and weathering of continental rocks  
To occur at a faster rate, and this reduces the amount of carbon  
Dioxide in the air resulting in a fall of temperature, which blocks  
The atmosphere to warm, while the glaciation occurs in the polar zone.

White ice has a high albedo reflecting more solar energy, it's clear,  
Back into the space to create a positive feedback, which continues  
To reduce the global temperature and while cooling, the cold air  
Halts the growth of glaciation, creating deserts as residues.

The air is dry without rainfalls, so the carbon dioxide as a gas gun  
Is released through volcanoes in high quantities into the atmosphere.  
Carbon accumulates and begins to trap the infrared waves of the sun  
In the greenhouse effect by increasing the global temperature.

As the planet grows warmer, moisture from the sea ice freezes  
At a higher elevation due to the difference in isostasy and the water,  
That is left around the equator, absorbs solar energy and increases  
The global temperature, while the large amounts of carbon alter

The atmosphere that can combine with the water being evaporated into  
The air and form carbonic acid rain, which erodes and weathers  
The rock formation, and the bicarbonate, or other ions reach through  
The water the ocean to form the carbonate sediment and this matters.

Marieta Maglas

## Apprehension (Three Line Poetry)

Hurted grace of their faces,  
crimson dread in the eyes,  
lips needing to be kissed.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Arguments

You are like  
an unvanquished fortress.  
Your scathing accuracy  
scares me, sometimes.  
The words are burning  
in your mouth.  
They have an essence,  
an intrinsic value  
and a meaning  
to unleash my mind.  
The words you throw away  
are whipping up the ideas.  
They are ripping off their meaning,  
when this meaning is too logical.  
Your arguments  
become swords  
for cornering  
the forces of the reason  
and for releasing them to self,  
But when  
I hold you with my eyesight,  
you totally transform yourself  
apparently into another person,  
and you simply say,  
"I love you."  
'Tis a defense.

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Marieta Maglas

## Artificial Things (Sextuple Senryu)

Artificial breaths,  
Like mimicking feelings of  
Love with empty souls,

Artificial love,  
Like sex mimics of drugged, raped  
Girls, being in chains,

Artificial sex,  
Like mimicking life in the  
Dolls for making love,

Artificial life,  
Like raping dead women to  
Sate sadistic needs,

Artificial need,  
Like rape mimics during sex  
For excitation

And excitations,  
Like artificial breaths for  
Necrophiliacs.

Marieta Maglas

# Aurora Borealis

Green in the frozen snow,  
paralyzed as in a blind panic,  
as near death—  
divine eyes clouding over;

prerequisites for white  
to drift up and  
downstream  
the upcoming meltwater runoff—

pure spiritedness  
to counteract thirst  
in the quiescent seed of life.

Marieta Maglas

# Autumn And Rain

The rain drops make a weave like a spider web  
To keep hanging the whole sadness in the air.  
On cobbled streets, the people hear the sounds' ebb.  
The clouds are choleric dreams in the sun's glare.

Some pieces of shattered happiness are seen.  
The light still coils like a huge snake in the sky.  
Beckoning the stubborn sunbeams for the green,  
The whisper of the gale becomes a loud cry.

The rain stops placidly amid the noisy dreams.  
The nature's fears disappear in ignorance.  
New buds are waited on tree maternal limbs,  
But autumn's milky green is a remembrance.

Marieta Maglas

# Autumn's Grace

The autumn's dream may keep its dying grace  
With flecks of bleeding leaves, all dressed in yellow.  
The cold wind's scorch may wither the green space,  
When the sweet fruits a bit more need to mellow.

When autumn's tear on every leaf perceives  
The cold wind, which scorches the green so cruelly  
Till the shade of the bleeding yellow leaves  
The whole, wet world to meet its ground so coolly.

The autumn's red may silence the bird's voice,  
When the shivers of the tree the rain embrace.  
The nature hides having no other choice,  
When the winter slowly comes to show her face.

The rainbow appears as a belt of weaves,  
The rest of life begins to flow in the light.  
The wind dances on the shivering leaves.  
The lake's reflection steals the sun's delight.

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Marieta Maglas

# Be My Vision

I'm your dream bird,

Teach me the flight,

Teach me the infinite.

In your impassioned soul  
My love pulses.

I can understand your meanings.

Be my vision for a moment.

Marieta Maglas

## Beautiful Child (Tanka)

She knelt down to pray.  
Holy flashes in her eyes  
And dreams she can't find  
In this candle lighting time  
Make visible her sadness.

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# Between Cars

Dressed in red, she walks  
on the multicolored moon  
crossway of her dream.

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# Beyond The Time

Ships leaving the port,  
Disappearing,  
Being seemingly eaten  
By the mobile horizon,  
Slipping  
Into the crack  
Of the time mirror,  
That crack holding  
The roots of our existence,  
Adorning the solemnity  
Of death.

Marieta Maglas

# Bible, Franz Kafka And Mayan Popol Vuh

Drinking wine, because the  
Wine is for the spirit, eating  
Bread, because the bread  
Is in the flesh of the body,  
Needing to be alive, needing  
To be able to use the words,  
All the words belonging to  
God in the moment that "God  
Said, Let us make man in our  
Image, " as it is written in  
the Bible.

So, the Lord gave us the words,  
As a great gift. So, we are  
Drinking wine, and we are  
Eating bread to be with Him,  
Because without Him, our words  
May become silence. Moreover,  
We may be unable to use them,  
We may "turn into monkeys" as  
it is written in Mayan Popol Vuh.  
Who really knows how many kinds of species  
Talked? Why did the serpent talk with  
Eve? Did the serpent belong to a  
Talking specie? What Kafka really  
Wanted to say in his "Metamorphosis"?  
I understand that we can die all and  
We can be created again by Him,  
The Great Creator. The Darwin's theory  
Of evolution and Mayan theory of  
Involution may be false, but the  
power of God is true. All I really know  
Is that we need to be good people  
And really faithful to be existent.

Marieta Maglas

# Bioelectromagnetic Golden Temples

Holy words to drive off  
raised thoughts,  
to cut some meanings,  
to pour down all the depths,  
and to warm our winter within.  
Bloom of life  
to accompany old songs  
hidden in new hymns-  
human misery and degradation.  
Sufferings to rise up  
in the air of shrouded sanctums.  
Self-bright sun to descend from  
a symbiotic sky, every evening,  
to make everything be golden-  
the rivers, the rivers, the rivers.  
Hopes to be carried home,  
to be eaten like gold.  
Time to be broken,  
to be danced in its armour-  
by hurricanes, by eternity  
towards anarchy and chaos.

Marieta Maglas

# Bitter

She thinks her soul can be free,  
She's not a Little Bittern bird,  
She sightly imagines she will be.

Her deep blue eye embraces  
The unendurable bitterness.  
Forbidden love slightly traces

Some love lines on her face.  
She smokes her grievances  
Deeply infused into her grace.

In the castle of her freezing dreams,  
While being bidden for blue roses,  
She releases all her fused screams...

She veers to the logical extremes.

Marieta Maglas

# Bitter Sweet

(Dedicated to the unknown singer)

Your voice becomes the sound  
A bitter sweet one,  
The sound vibrates in self  
Bitter sweetly,  
Your guitar is tearing that sound  
And your fingers seem to say  
A story of their rescue  
A bitter sweet one,  
Being known only by them.  
Sometimes,  
Your voice beats the vibration of the guitar  
And the guitar grasps  
The vibration of the voice  
To convert it into tears,  
Giving birth to the melody.  
A bitter sweet one.  
The sound disappears  
Somewhere  
Toward the Saturn.  
The souls entwine.  
From the stellar symphony  
Something detaches and fall off  
Deep inside of us.  
Your voice becomes a signal  
Of life and death.  
The sound becomes the motion  
And vice versa.  
I listen to the inaudible symphony of your fingers,  
In touch.  
Something is born in us irreversibly  
And lasts until the end of the time.

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Marieta Maglas

# Black And White

A white bird is flying at day,  
Or a black bird is flying at night,  
Or a black bird is flying at day,  
Or a white bird is flying at night-  
Black and white, black over white.  
Oh, my Lord, so painful becomes  
This need of touch in his absence-  
White and black, white over black!  
Oh, my Lord, so painful becomes  
This absence of his touch!  
Black is penetrating white,  
And white is penetrating black,  
Never finding the gray.

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Marieta Maglas

# Bleeding Life (Increasing Hexaverse)

I'm

Condemned  
To live

In my fear,  
Out of dreams,  
For my death,

With tears and blood,  
With ache and joy,  
In agony  
And ecstasy.

Getting your hate on  
Sharing dark corners  
Of our subconscious,  
In cruelest games  
Fighting our feelings.

In your aggressive world  
Having a painful peace,  
In the absence of love,  
When my pain means your smile  
And my ache means your joy,  
For graves of enkindling.

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Marieta Maglas

# Blind Dancer

The blue, blind dancer slips on the floor,  
And enhances the movement itself in an icy dance.  
This woman is transformed  
Alternatively  
Into a blue bird  
And vice versa.  
More accurately,  
She becomes a bird woman  
For an absolute motion.  
From the depth of her soul,  
Divine lights  
Begin to overflow the space.  
Small crystal pieces belonging to her sad feeling  
Become roughly cube-shaped pieces of ice.  
They roll in the middle of nowhere.  
The blue sound is necessary to expound those words  
In a natural and ordinary sense...

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Marieta Maglas

# Blind Reality(Free Verse And Quintuple Etheree)

Hollow-eyed shades  
of human beings,

human beings  
cogitating on jazz music,

jazz penetrating the silence  
of the bleeding angels,

angels in a fight for  
the awakening of this blind reality,

wars,  
racism,  
asylums,  
prostitution,  
anxious women,  
terrorist attacks,  
public executions,  
illegal immigration,  
dengue fever, songs, low wages,  
Zika and Chikungunya viruses,

human cells combined with mammal fetus,  
monetization of the objects  
emblazoned clothes & precious stones,  
Islamist militancy,  
meteorite impacts,  
vegetation fires,  
crucifixions,  
kidnappings,  
sphinxes,  
crimes,

drugs,  
cocktails,  
birth defects,  
huge ocean waves,

ISIS strategies,  
sexual harassments,  
sales of stolen artifacts,  
multiple vortex tornadoes,  
quakes striking near the plate boundaries,  
children murdered in egregious crackdowns,

food securities for starving people,  
changes in refugee policies,  
landslides, Monsoon rains and flash floods,  
seasonal unemployment,  
nuclear disasters,  
smiling volcanoes,  
price increases,  
naked bodies,  
hairstyles,  
dreams,

cubes,  
glasses,  
gas stations,  
interim work,  
glacier calving,  
protests blocking the roads,  
new theatrical triumphs,  
ill kids not displaying symptoms,  
macroeconomic policies,  
silent strategies of democracies,

different drivers having  
different styles to run their cars,

cars blinking their headlights  
while their motors scream,

screaming trees and revolvers  
that shoot up walls to write lyrics,

lyrics of jazz penetrating the silence  
of the bleeding angels,

angels in a fight for  
the awakening of this new reality.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Blue Mirror

Multiplied blue mirror  
Of self,  
Revealing the freedom  
Of non-self  
In its metamorphosis,  
Is attaining Nibbana....

&lt;a href='

Marieta Maglas

# Blue Movement

I see my blue reflection  
In your eyes,  
And I feel the blue movement  
Of our fecundity  
Within,  
When it is raining outside  
With blue drops of tears,  
Those tears coming from God,  
So very blue,  
While He is staying  
In His bed of sadness...

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Marieta Maglas

# Bounded Reality (Shadorma Poetry)

Walls of words

Are her fading thoughts.

She's alone

As a bird

Singing in her narrow cage.

All she needs is love.

Her secrets

Spot her memories.

She still lives

In her house.

Her time smashed into pieces.

She's expendable

In her flesh.

For the street beggars,

Pawnbrokers

Are precious.

Now, they note her golden cage.

Her thoughts escaped them.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Brushing Sounds (Haiku)

Played picked fingerstyle.  
Dyed words for Stroop effect in  
unpolarized light.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Butterfly Baby Grand Piano (Tanka)

A butterfly lands  
on a pressed piano key.  
Makes the sound be like  
a vortex at the wing edge  
with a tremolo effect.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Cleopatra

Under the mask of gold,  
I see only venomous snakes  
Poisoning her name forever....

Marieta Maglas

## Clinical Death (Ottava Rima Poem)

Scrapin' along long bars, her cup of tea  
Was sweeter than honey and the honeycomb.  
There were gleams in her eyes and her esprit.  
A breeze was comin' from a funeral home.  
The Moon's hollow eyes climb'd the night to see  
The ashes of dead and the fire fill'd with foam.  
From dawns o' hope to sunsets o' despair,  
The leaves were shadows dancin' in the cold air.

Her rigid body was a glassy slight.  
Ne'er dying white lilies threw one off the scent.  
Tearin', roarin', she felt her soul in light,  
In sweet, comin' death with pitiful lament.  
Her soul had terrified wings for her flight.  
She was confin'd, lagg'd in fears by devil's night.  
She bestrode the abyss holdin' the pain.  
She could 'scape of whippin' memories in vain.

She felt a scent of garbage and perfume.  
The fog was in her eyes; she wheez'd in fear.  
She search'd the Heaven to dispel her gloom,  
But she couldn't o'erpass her last life frontier,  
More than real, o'er her new returnin' doom,  
She lost her happiness, but she felt her tear.  
She was aware of all she had to leave  
Through her hellish paradise startin' to reeve.

Marieta Maglas

# Concert On The Romanian Seaside

Vocal fold vibration,  
Simple harmonic motion,  
Nonlinear interaction of sound waves,  
Empathizing the rhythm  
Of the naked music  
And the embracing voice,

Words and thoughts  
Coming alive and vivid  
At the sound touch,  
Having its own sense of charm,  
Changing depths of enlightened awareness,  
Discovering the thrill  
Of seeing new interior structures,  
Protecting its innate purity  
For the song in itself,  
For those souls,  
Who are engulfed in desire  
And for his own vision,

His voice shimmering wings luminously,  
Pleasurably exalting,  
Those realms of the spirit just indelible,  
Those souls becoming vivified  
And exhilarated,

His songs  
Swirling space sounds,  
Carrying their meaning into the universe,

The saxophone sounds cascading  
Into the synth melodies,  
Billowing into the sea waves,  
Needing a dimension on? its own,

Silent spectators  
Immortalizing the split seconds  
With strong emotions,

Applause breaking the silence,  
Touching sights,  
Touching voices,  
Touching emotions,

Between ebb and flow,  
Michael Bolton singing,

Ascension silhouetted-Against  
The shivering waves—Ghosts,  
His songs-Haunting the moonlight,  
Creating twinkling feelings,  
Sky-searching the light.

Marieta Maglas

# Confession

I have a negative freedom.  
This kind of freedom isolates me, and  
weakens me all the time.  
The most important wounds are on my heel and in my soul.  
I broke my heel of soul  
in wrestling with my love for life.  
Maybe some gigantic forces are beyond my control.  
Today, because of my old injuries,  
I cannot go on with my life.  
The soul injury was much more serious than I was told.  
So, I'm abandoned to live in my suffering.  
I try to be a modern person; I try to be rooted  
in the complexity of the social forces,  
but my attitude is always a passive one.  
Although, I need to survive this battle,  
because it is my own battle.  
My world has collapsed.  
Do I really need freedom? Don't make me laugh.  
I began to think of my positive, new world  
and of the self-determination it entails.  
I am anchored in what I am, because of my right heel  
and because of my left wing of the soul.  
They don't let me hope.  
I spend my time doing whatever I have to do to survive.  
I pray for something real to come and to save me.  
'Twas raining last night and I had  
a wonderful dream.  
I was slipping into a happy world.  
God, I miss that dream so much!

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Marieta Maglas

# Cosmos

Cosmos is funny,  
because in this round movement,  
the stars seem to stay.

Marieta Maglas

# Coward

I'm in this form having  
walls and ceilings,  
well constructed.I'm

a thinking form.I'm  
the keeper of  
my own idea.I'm  
in this cave of  
my conscience.I'm  
in the solitude of  
self, where only  
forming forms of dreams  
coexist with me.I'm

in the shadow of  
my form.I'm the keeper  
of everything I am and  
everything I have, but

I cannot fight against  
this coward that lives  
inside of me, when I  
need to open this door  
of self in order to throw out  
everything is useless and  
to save the meaning of  
the things I have to keep.

Marieta Maglas

# Crazy Baboon Eats Flamingos (Fable)

Flamingos survive in the causticity of the volcanic lake.  
Their beaks skim tiny algae from the water's surface  
And watch out for predators like jackals to make  
Their mud-cone nest for holding the egg with their grace.

These birds have a style to dance in the light.  
After bending their necks, signaling with their wing,  
And running back and forth, they suddenly take flight  
To wheel around the lake as searching for something

Or as recalling the Phoenix myth; that immortal bird  
Was consumed by flames; then, rose from the ashes  
With such an instinct to live that I've never heard.  
It has long legs, pink feathers, and yellow eyes.

Its pinkish-white, red wings have two black feathers.  
It lives in Africa, as well as Iran, India, and Spain.  
From the marabou storks, the Egyptian vultures,  
The leopards, and the cheetahs, they run in vain.

Flying and living in the mangrove swamp or lagoon,  
They eat diatoms, seeds, crustaceans, and algae.  
Their chicks mean vocalizations under the moon.  
Caribbeans in vermilion and Chileans in pink don't dally.

The great flamingos pink colored overall, all day  
Are extremely gregarious and live in huge colonies.  
Known as social birds, they need so many tales to say  
About 'head-flagging, ' 'marching' and 'wing zealots.'

The Hamadryas baboon is a big type of monkey

Originated from Saudi Arabia and Yemen; a big child  
Is the brute preferring the rocky desert; when it's funky,  
It becomes an intelligent primate endangered in the wild.

With a fluffy coat, his pairs have a brown haired whilst.  
He is their maleness, silvery on his back and shoulders.  
Their faces and buttocks are colored and hairless.  
They eat meat, grass, insects, mammals, and lizards.

Dominating up to ten females, grooming, playing,  
Forming clans, then forming bands, then forming troops,  
Flocking to the lake for grabbing a meal, and staying,  
In summer seasons, to see the new flamingos groups.

Searching an individual that stands out of the crowd  
And lives on the edge of the flock; so individualistic  
Is this outsider living by his own standards; so proud,  
He ignores the hungry baboon, whose skill is not artistic.

Nature is so unbelievably close to the moral world,  
In which, we humans dwell with a lot of similarities.  
Being an individual socially and becoming hurled,  
He lives in a crowd to be strong in front of the enemies.

The rest comes down to character, and as I said before,  
A weaker character will certainly cease easily and soon  
Being like the flamingo on the edge, who is more  
Interested in running in front of the hungry baboon.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Cryptic Kiss

'I' is 'Me'

'We' comes out of the 'I'.

I don't know myself nearly  
as well as I think I do, but you know  
me better than anyone else.

I'm more than this  
kinesthetic intelligence of us  
trapped in this great chain of being that belongs to all of us,  
when it gets stuck bouncing around between  
this logic and this consciousness, which is  
so limited than, when too much  
is asked of it, it starts dropping things.

I'm more real than you,  
because you're still asleep  
in this world of waking reality.

I feel your cryptic kiss as  
a metaphysical manifestation of your wish fulfillment,  
or love. Maybe it is  
a simple magnetic passion, or  
only a slip of your tongue.  
I don't know, but I know  
that, in dreams, you kiss me. Then,  
you really kiss me.

I feel your emotional need for  
a happy life with a great sense of peace.

Your emotion has a feminine voice.  
You are the one.  
One, sometimes, means wholeness.  
'I' is 'Me'  
'We' comes out of the 'I'.

Marieta Maglas

## Cubic Words

There are hues of  
blue embracing those of red  
to vibrate in harmony.  
There is a sense  
of their movement above  
the limits.  
There is ceaselessly a feeling in the sense.  
The feelings can be objects.

Conceivably, the things have a beginning,  
because we believe it,  
and maybe  
there is neither beginning nor end.

In the spring rain,  
there are kissing statues.  
In the lulled lodgings  
emblazoned with  
shadows of shabby objects  
on the walls,  
there are lonely people  
meditating on their life.  
There is a measure of vulnerability  
For everything that is good

and for the starving birds  
in searching for seeds everywhere  
as for those cancerous youngsters  
having unimaginable pains,  
still yearning to be cured not till experience.  
In the coverings,  
there are riders of the history  
dressed in armor  
to enter the mind's imagination and  
all that is not the mind's imagination.

In the spring nights,  
there is a moon becoming a curtain  
for the great vaudeville

of the stars

formed from the other stars,  
no two alike,  
and being

like charming women  
wearing masks and  
wide necklines, nor  
like those ballerinas that like to costume  
in lactate white to suggest  
dandelions dancing to spread their seeds.

In the luxury shop windows,  
there are gems looking like flowers  
and flowers looking like gems.

In the Sisyphus dimension,  
there are tired eyelids in abeyance.  
Nothing bends from above, everything falls down.

There are emerald northern lights.

In a puddle of sun,  
There are emerald green, tattooed bodies  
Dancing the tango.

There are cubic dragons,  
and there are things that have been taken apart  
to be put, then, back together in a wrong order.

So, there is self-loathing,  
and there are feelings of worthlessness  
in a life spent earning filthy lucre.  
There are resentments to destroy the lives.  
There are the wrong things that fall apart and  
the wrong things that fall together with those that are right.  
There are words coming out in a wrong comprehension  
to be incorporated into bad memories.  
There are wrongly imagined riders of the history.  
Uprising dove feather and prying eyes

get at the meaning of the truths in the uprights (there are many truths left) .

But there will never be

blue trees  
and eternal corpses.

Marieta Maglas

# Curved Eyelash

I could feel the vibration of your screams in the air.  
'Twas in a curve of the time.  
Your sight was in touch with this vibration.

I could understand this vibrating touch.  
The curved time had a sense.

'Twas like a sigmoid curve.

The air was very much compressed to make a sound...

A twinkle in your eye was assailed  
to reach the ground  
while gliding rapidly along your very long, curved eyelash...

You would re-enter your own world, deep inside you,  
You would become the curve in itself  
to make love become an unstable point of equilibrium...

A gray cloud formed, when the air was heated by the sun.

A sphere of incumbency would engrave  
your insular thinking, nor your thinking  
would be able to keep the memory of

that second any more. That second of time  
could glide between my fingers

for a prayer.

The horizon of the sea  
was photoengraved with corals and shells...

The eye on the horizon received the wholeness for comprehensiveness....

This comprehensiveness could shiver the universe...

You would be awakened, and you would be able to be revived...



# Curved Light (Katuata Poetry)

To reach our Earth, the  
Electromagnetic light  
Circumvents all the planets.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Dance Of Love

I ride on your thighs, and I embrace you with my both hands  
The wind scraps our deep love dance off with the sudden gusts.  
Our swift flicks it several times, its tip just touching the wet sand.  
The sky is blue and leaves of our tree are covered with orange rust.

My hands move down your body before reaching your hips.  
The predation tremor is the early life dance of thrills flounder.  
Cradling my body in your arms, my lips are warm against your lips.  
Your thoughts make me shiver as my eyes wander endlessly over.

You take steps and make the turn into, and become a part of my dance.  
An explosion of dawn light and the stirrings of happiness herald.  
You take me to a loving place, take me higher, I fall into a trance.  
I keep the new world in the grain of green having eyes of emerald.

You keep close, love whispers in my ear, I fly to the heavens' high  
While touching me, you dance your lips in many orbital circles.  
It's a rip in the space time continuum, and I hear your love sigh.  
Love makes slain the sentinel, a deity surrounding our corpuscles.

Marieta Maglas

## Dance Of Love (Villanelle)

Bright feelings of love start to fall from the life tree,  
Memories are limbs of times coming from the past,  
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Sweet kisses feed my hunger of your bel esprit  
Rocketing us to heights in this basic contrast,  
Bright feelings of love start to fall from the life tree.

Come dance with me on this ring of thoughts to be free.  
The rays of dream shine through the pains of room to last,  
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Open your eyes in this new mystery to see  
These seconds, coming into a new sense, so fast,  
Bright feelings of love start to fall from the life tree.

Memories are flowers to make a potpourri.  
We are too small in this immensity so vast,  
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Tomorrow you will bounce your baby on your knee.  
In broken horizon, your bad dreams will be passed.  
Bright feelings of love start to fall from the life tree.  
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Marieta Maglas

## Dance Of Love Iv (Lyric Poem)

I look into your dark eyes and I see the light  
And the gleam of love so indestructible,  
I give you all I am and I hold you tight,  
Only with you, my dreams are achievable.

We are within our imperfect universe,  
'Cause so deep within we can have everything.  
I am at one with you, running in reverse.  
You are my desire, and you taste my heart string.

You penetrate me and you change me forever.  
You can take everything and give everything.  
It's madness when my feelings you devour.  
We eat each other, we feel like exploding.

It is a connection between soul and body.  
We dance the feelings, the tears and the passion.  
In the rhythm of the stars, we need love to embody,  
Dance intricately intertwines our vision.

We throw our body language in romance,  
Love is a star, losing its mass and ray.  
You push the limit to ecstasy and trance,  
We dance our dreams of being the same clay.

### Dance of Love (Version)

I look into your dark eyes to admire the light  
And the gleam of love; it's so indestructible,  
I give you all my being and I hold you tight.  
Only with you, my old dreams are achievable.

We are within our imperfect love universe,  
Because so deep within we can have everything.  
I am at one with you while running in reverse.

You are my desire and you can taste my heart string.

You penetrate me and you change me forever.  
You take everything from me; give me everything.  
It's quite a madness when my feelings you devour.  
We trust each other and we feel like exploding.

It is a connection between soul and body.  
We dance the feelings, all the tears, and the passion.  
In the stars' rhythm, we need our love to embody.  
Dance intricately intertwines our deep vision.

We throw our body language in a new romance,  
Love is a star that loses its mass and its ray.  
You slip the limit into ecstasy and trance,  
We dance our sweet dreams while becoming the same clay.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Dance Of Love(Iii)

I touch your body with my fingers,  
Then I embrace you with my hands.  
The wind of change is a love ringer,  
Or waves break along the sand.

Your wishes creep along my skin like  
Dancin' in time with sudden gusts.  
Our kisses grow, leaves no breath to strike,  
And fall from the human tree in rust.

So tender, your enclos'd universe  
Like a river flows inside my hips  
My dance o' thrills flounder in reverse  
Moves touchin' lips against the lips.

As cradling part of my fallin' dance  
A predation tremor you are  
In my secret place in a higher trance  
From my reality so far

An explosion of dawn doesn't mean  
A present happiness heralds  
'tis a new world in my grain o' green;  
Love in your eyes on emeralds.

You keep me really so close in pair  
And I fly to the heavens' high  
You run your fingers through my long hair,  
Our feelings are clouds in the sky

Dancin' lips in orbital circles  
A rip-roarin' rain means you kiss,  
Or a dawn for my last Crepuscule.  
More loving' you is all I miss.

Marieta Maglas

# Dancing Samba Touré

In a Saharan Samba Touré,  
a new, blue dance  
hits the hotness  
of the sand grain and impregnates  
the souls with love. There is no chance for God  
to be seen, but to be felt  
in a high- spirited way. The same tattooed sadness  
and its subconscious asceticism  
are released in the burning,  
hypnotic air. All the feelings can return  
to what they have been once ~  
cyclic evolution in perfectionism. Those free people  
being like bluebirds of happiness touch  
a sky dancing Takamba. Some shadows of the day  
fly in the moonlight  
to cool off. Old ghosts of memory  
are penetrated in their grain of thinking  
by the whole world's ancient spirituality~  
a need to survive.

Marieta Maglas

# Diana And Dianus

He descended from the moon  
to vow his chastity to her.  
After wandering everywhere,  
she comes to him  
and turns on the garden lights  
in an open air  
for his calves,  
for his elephants,  
and for those glaciers  
existing in her memories-  
the whitest of the whites and  
the blackest of the blacks.

She lives in a Woden forest  
fulfilled with oaks, wolves, and ravens,  
being hidden  
up in the mountain.  
His broad, Chi-Wara headdress fits closer  
to his mind  
and expresses nude colors,  
not seen-  
the whitest of the whites and  
the blackest of the blacks.

He wants to impregnate her,  
but he cannot protect  
her child's birth.  
In his resounding horn,  
some music is born,  
blood and honey  
for singing and dancing  
around her burning trees-  
the whitest of the whites and  
the blackest of the blacks.

In the moonlight,  
their love is a foamy fall

clouding the peak of her memories  
and crowning his conscience.  
He has a hidden face  
while stepping in and out the threshold  
of her home.  
It is the water of time for transition  
and for the duality of a future-past.  
They dance love for a change.  
Their movements are born  
for that metamorphosis  
in white, in black,  
between the sun and the moon,  
between heaven and hell,  
between ecstasy and agony,  
for eternal life.

Marieta Maglas

# Dimensionless

Time strikes the balance  
between day and night and intrudes  
into the dimensionless dreams.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Domination - Acrostic

Dream,  
Old King,  
Mastery,  
Interference,  
Nullification,  
A power to defeat,  
The exclusion of others,  
It means also transcendency,  
Or going beyond usual limits,  
New multiplayer strategy, world game.

Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Double Fibonacci Word Unit And Line Unit Palindrome Poem

Sing

To

Star rats

Drawn onward.

No devil lived on.

Blessed are they believe they are blessed.

Blessed are they believe they are blessed.

No devil lived on

Drawn onward

Star rats

To □

Sing.

Marieta Maglas

# Dreaming Honey

A bee dreamin' honey,

A bear dreamin' honey,

My dream was real, honey.

I was dreamin' the moon

In the honeymoon o' my dreams.

Marieta Maglas

# Duvet Day

It was a kid-glove orange, a

leaf, or a Dancy tangerine

falling from the tree. I didn't

see it. I was watching a dance

of anger on TV while learning

to swing in a way that left me

needing my forlorn hope. The

change did not occur. Outside,

a drunk driver wearing zipper-skin

orange driving gloves swerved

sharply and hit my old, gnarled

tree during imbuing my hearing

with sexual innuendo. He could

not escape his awkward accident.

Much later, I heard that he had

suffered from Saint Vitus's dance.

In time, no one was able to heal

the wounds of my soul. I wanted

this Duvet day to end quickly.

Marieta Maglas

## Earth- Under Tectonic Plates (Haiku)

Spaces in spaces,  
A ball with compartments,  
Disappeared worlds.

Marieta Maglas

# Earthquakes And Tsunami

Some scientists had located a missing geological piece, therefore,  
They found a puzzle of plate tectonics in the Southwest Pacific Ocean.  
East and West Antarctica had spread twenty-six million years before.  
The rift between them opened one hundred miles due to this motion.

The scientists had clearly described how the Pacific tectonic plate,  
The North American plate has moved at different points in time.  
As one plate moves, the adjoining one is affected and some adequate  
Theories explain the plate movement and the changes of the climate.

One plate affects the other one because the mantle was pieced  
In a plate jigsaw puzzle, named the 'global plate circuit' mystery.  
Zones around the Antarctic Ross Sea and the West rift were imbalanced,  
This fact has been a mystery for us about a quarter century.

Knowing about the plate motion around Antarctica is an important key  
To understand the motions between the Pacific and American plate,  
To understand better than before the East and West Antarctica geology  
And to determine the plate motions in California, until it's not too late.

The West Antarctic rift system is acting as a result of a movement  
Along the boundary between East and West, and the lack of information  
About the seafloor spreading and the plate motions is an advertisement  
Because we don't know what can modify this strong puzzle motion.

The inclusion of this East-West Antarctic motion in the global circuit explains  
The gap between Pacific and Australian plates, Adare region, which really  
Is the missing plate boundary in the Southwest Pacific, causing the main  
Motion and, with the Alpine Fault, modifying the plate motion history.

It affects the motion between spots in the Pacific and Indo-Atlantic Oceans.  
It explains the formation of the Transantarctic Mountains and the puzzling gap

Between the Australian and Pacific plates and it explains some notions  
About the deformation of the area, the Pacific Ocean is like a spinal tap.

The earthquake near Christchurch in New Zealand confirmed that a country,  
Already riddled with fault lines, has gained another one, which ran below  
New Zealand, causing many earthquakes each year and lying on the boundary  
Between Pacific and Australian plates, under the Australian Eastern plateau.

Pacific plate subducts below New Zealand's North Island and the Australian  
Plate subducts below the South Island, while between these two subductions  
Zones lies the Alpine fault, along with the mountainous spine of the South Island.

The quake was a result of a fault activity, in a new tectonic combination.

That fault appeared in September, shaking Darfield, someone tried to relate.  
Someone else said that a tsunami in the Atlantic Ocean is a rare event  
At the subduction zones in the Atlantic basin, along with the Caribbean Plate  
And the eastern edge of the Scotia Plate and the disaster can be prevented.

Japan tsunami occurred where the shards of the tectonic plates had met.  
Magma rose from inside, causing one plate to move and to slide straight  
The other and, jerking forward again, to trigger a new horrible quake set.  
They occurred because the Pacific plate moved under the Eurasian plate.

Marieta Maglas

# Eastern Bluestars

I look into your eyes and I see

Those wonderful Amsonia tabernaemontana.

One of your eyes is called trustworthiness,

And the other one is confidence.

I look into your eyes, and I swear that I feel your soul.

I look into your uplifting spirit, and I touch

The sunny sky and the soothing ocean

Of your sunny love and of your soothing melancholy.

I look into this melancholic love, and I understand

My dream of becoming-the woman of your dreams.

I see two little birds of Araucana Chilean

Trying to leave their blue eggs....

Marieta Maglas

# Echoing Shells

His shadow seemingly runs away;  
disappears into the blazing sand.

Wet rays hit the skin;  
change the meaning  
of the colors.

A new song cannot be heard;  
'tis not born yet.

Waves covering dead shells,  
lost steps, and destroyed castles  
echo with the inner silence.

Battleships are eaten imperceptibly  
by the horizon.

Gales remain to scream  
in the blue, while bringing  
ghosts to the shore.

'Tis a new time in the old one~  
always different.

Nature seems to be the same;  
suffering brings peace  
in an invisible way~  
in this need for love.

Marieta Maglas

# Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor (Rondeau Redoublé Poem) (Version)

So charmingly she was violet-eyed.  
As an actress, she was a movie star.  
As Isis, she has been really portrayed  
For the world, built by the triple pillar.

She found that her time work was amazing  
In &quot;aeternum&quot;, she searched for her own light.  
Wanting to be all, her voice was raising  
So charmingly; she was violet-eyed.

While filming National Velvet, her heart  
Vibrated like a string of a guitar.  
To Judaism, Liz wanted to convert.  
As an actress, she was a movie star.

In the dawn's light, she was full of finesse.  
An immaculatetalent she remained.  
Endowed with a genial consciousness,  
As Isis, she has been really portrayed.

She played in the Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.  
'Ab initio', she has been a star  
In Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf -  
The world, built by the family pillar.

As the best actress, she won an Oscar.  
In Butterfield, she was magnificent.  
She had A Place in the Sun as a star.  
Her name will always be significant-  
So charmingly...

Dedicated to Elizabeth Rosemond Taylor.



# Elizabethan Sonnet For Autumn

The raindrops fall as silky as the spiders' webs.  
The woe hangs down from some high vaults in the mid-air.  
On long, old streets, the souls are now at a low ebb.  
Some clouds have new choleric dreams in the sun's glare.

That piece of shattered happiness cannot be seen~  
A giant snake; the light will coil in the whole sky.  
Beckoning the stubborn sunbeams for the last green,  
The blind blow of the gale is a challenging cry.

The cold rain doesn't stop amid the fever dreams.  
Nature's dismay will disappear in ignorance.  
Young, slim buds can wait on tree maternal limbs,  
But the spring's milky grin remains a remembrance.

No piece of shattered happiness will be so near.  
In the frost, all the stubborn sunbeams disappear.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Emerald Green

Emerald green is the color of life and of the springtime,  
Conveying harmony, joie de vivre and most important, love  
Emerald green retains its lively vigor all the time  
In all nuances, like those wonderful green eyes that rove.

Sunlight dances across the Gulf of Mexico, a lovely place  
With emerald green waters and very hot white sand.  
Moreover, we see this green in a forest, a darker space,  
Or we can see it in the green grass in the Spring land,

A metallic green body with small yellow sweet stripes  
And emerald eyes have the Hine's emerald dragonfly.  
Nymphs hatch in marshes high in sedge meadows,  
When sheds its skin and emerges an adult fly.

A mineral emerald green contains the Romanesque murals.  
The old Masters used verdigris for them and copper green  
To make a deep brown, mixed it with sulfur-containing colors,  
Such as cadmium yellow, vermilion or blue-ultramarine.

The green we see in December represents the evergreen tree,  
A symbol of life continuing even in that dark day.  
We look to the pines and the rhododendrons and we agree  
That greenery will return to the world again someday.

The green chosen for the color scheme of Christmas night  
Is emerald green, that deep, pure, clear green inside  
That seems to shine with light, in the season of white  
When there isn't much natural green available outside.

A very ambitious plant is *hymenaea courbaril*, the tree named Amber  
It has the most attractive emerald-green heart shaped leaves.  
Like Orchid Trees, so pleasing to the eye with their alluring shimmer.

Lycopersicon esculentum has emerald green tomatoes with dark green stripes.

With this emerald green Van Gogh wanted to paint plastic correctly  
Maybe his eyes saw a special nuance, after cutting his ear  
He worked all prima, onto the canvas painting directly  
From his imagination and from reality, making the image believable.

Marieta Maglas

# Eschatological Regression

Right on the trellis of the house  
made of reeds, she hears  
the steps of the time. The woman feels the seeds  
of grievance growing  
in the immortality  
of her soul to kneels  
in the booming green  
like a screamin' child. The sun looks  
so wild in that phenomenal  
realm. As floods o' faith  
are the clouds that breeze to catch

the angels' wings. The man thinks he is

a believer of the rise. He ingests the existence  
of God as he ingests His words, nor does he feel  
their sweetness. The woman

is dressed in that honest submissiveness  
ripped  
by the freedom of her wills. A few

colored bumble bees touch  
the sunflowers' lips. A pulsing core  
has the full bloom of the sun to  
spread its seeds. Drops of a new divine  
love are falling down

over all souls. In the eye  
of the man, there is nothing of her nudity,  
which is not typical of a mother. She dances  
this love  
while tryin' not to break  
the inner things. Their thoughts are  
like the quartz crystal inside

an orgonite pyramid to awaken them. The naked hands

of the destiny become their boat. The man

paddles in the sea of life  
beyond the bounds of sense, while  
forcing himself to see  
the fundamental distinction  
between sensibility and understanding. The sky is like

a convex mirror or like a concave lens to  
diverge the light. The yellow

of the sun does not heat

the screamin' and growing green. There is  
a human reification needing  
an eschatological regression.

Marieta Maglas

# Eternity Of Silence

The wings were struggling  
On a leaden sky,  
Distorting the space and time  
Sinusoidally...

The eternity of silence,  
Was dividing my morbidity,  
It was separating the flight  
From the oblivion....

I needed to escape  
From the illusion, that absorbs everything  
And from the disillusionment, that digest all....

So, give me your warm hand.  
I know, it is a hand of a man.  
My fingers will touch you  
And I will kiss your silence.

You can give me the strength  
To continue  
The great symphony of life.

Marieta Maglas

# Ethic-Senryu

To use moral sense  
For the betterment of ourselves  
Is quite immoral.

Marieta Maglas

## Evil Earths (Horror Poetry)

Screaming voices shattering the inner mirror of love  
Clattering to nothingness, searching freedom in space,  
Bloody songs tightly warping their blue heaven above  
In the thin and chill air disappearing without a trace,

O'er sad whispers, wind whipping through the wounds  
In the symphony of demons' dreams as a veil disguise,  
Bloody voices needing to build up stomping grounds,  
Buried danger sprouting out to keep growing in size,

The salty tears of liquid souls forming watery waves,  
Beauties in the road waiting to face with their fear of death,  
Still screaming while drowning in the cold watery graves,  
Tearing the silence with their groan and bleeding breath.

Marieta Maglas

# Fall

The time of Fall  
leaves the hues of life  
in the chilly rain.  
Begins to breathe  
the windy sky  
and to winnow the truth  
from uncertainty.

Love springs in contrast  
for eternity.

Marieta Maglas

# Fascinating Truth

This fascinating truth comes out of  
your mouth to surround  
my feelings like the lights that touch  
the darkness in the underground -  
optical fiber sensors in the smart  
fields with heat, vibration,  
bending or squeezing.

This truth is a thing I know for sure, a thing  
I know I can live for.  
It makes me understand  
our relationship from the inside out. A new sun  
is in this secret world  
of our little garden situated  
in front of our cave temple,  
and I spend time fleshing  
out precisely what 'embodied' signifies.  
Optical fibers  
always pick up ground tremors.  
Even so,  
I am the only one trying to do  
something good  
around, but I am growing up in slavery  
on your love plantation,  
which is ruthless and  
has turbulent waters. The sun disappears  
there, nor its rays can heat the floods  
to make them disappear.

This truth is like a holm. It makes you rethink  
what you know about the Creation,  
and what love means,  
when you are still alive  
at the edge of your thinking

between certitude and denial,  
and when God is  
out of your vision. It is about overcoming  
the idea of what makes you be

so fearful. I fell in love  
with you the way you fall asleep: all at once

while standing  
as the sun stands  
in the sky

before the sunset. Clean and uncluttered,  
this truth belongs to a twilight time  
and makes you, sometimes, do  
absurd things.

We are inside this plasma,  
and plasma is inside  
everything. It is incandescent  
in the sun, and I am curious to know if  
you are able to stop orbit yourself around it  
even for a second.

No, you are not able to do  
this, but you are able  
to stop the truths be spoken.

All the absurd things are cool. Their spirits  
lose their oxygen ions  
to generate  
that matter in no pain. The spiritual  
things are in pulsing  
metamorphosis  
to break in pieces, or  
to turn back after  
a long, hard, but reversing process  
before becoming anachronistic.

Marieta Maglas

## Flamenco Dance (Mirrored Nonet)

A juerga with flamenco guitars,  
With fires blooming like red flowers,  
Corpses dancing in moonlight  
The dance of wounded souls,  
Vibrant red dresses  
White shirts like birds,  
Falling shawls,  
Dancers,  
Sky,

Claps,  
Cubic  
Movements of  
Color, music's  
Seeds, hands being wings  
Shadows on the white wall,  
From soul detaching passion's  
Lights, motion vibrating the string,  
Resonance for a new dimension.

Marieta Maglas

# Flight

A bird flying  
Is a flight in self.

Motion.

It is a movement  
In self and  
Inward.

It is a cry, too.

I hunt the sound.  
I shoot its wing.  
I feel that  
The air fractures.  
Immediately.  
The flight is fractured.

I still love you.  
For sure, for sure, I still love you.  
The feeling slips  
In the place,  
From where the white bird fell

From the moment  
To the eternity.

In that place,  
I thought  
To bear your name

It remains

As a red spot on the  
Blue sky,  
A spot, which could be white.

Forever.

Between eyelids,  
Only pain  
Can be crushed,  
Continuously,  
That pain taking another pain  
From the agony of death  
To death.

Between saints, only  
God has  
Perfect feelings.  
He has our feelings, too.

Imperfect.

We try  
To touch Him.

Marieta Maglas

# Flowers Of Light

Falling love balloons  
make them walk on the dusk clouds  
and swim on planets.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# For Jesus

Shadows of HIS footprints become our words  
And I love to enclose them all inside.

In time,

Shadows of HIS words become our thoughts

And I love to call them eternal,

Because The Lord said:

"Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth,

And teach thee what thou shalt say.'(Exodus 4: 12)

Shadows of His thoughts become our words

And His thoughts are incommensurable.

Shadows of our words become HIS footprints

Because.....

Yes

Because we will become land

And

Because we are a praying land,

Needing HIS footprints....

Marieta Maglas

## Force-Haiku

Forcing to blossom  
The sense of flower in seeds  
From the fragile ground.

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 11)

Khadjibey was controlled by the Ottoman Empire  
As a part of Yedisian in the Silistra Province.  
To build a fortress named New World was the Turks' desire.  
Carla said, " This meeting has been chosen by The Providence."

Carla concluded that Geraldine was an American,  
But Geraldine did not understand the confusion.  
She learned Spanish from the Jews, who were Spain citizens  
Coming to the Empire to avoid the conversion.

"My father lost a lot because of the plague and the disaster, "  
Said Miguel, "a half of my wealth has been gone in the warfare.  
We thought to immigrate to a new world which was moving faster  
Than this one in which we were living as those lost in the nightmare."

Cruz asked him, "Why didn't you try your chance for a new life? "  
"I wasn't strong enough, and my son died in this war made  
For the Spanish succession after the King Charles' death; my wife  
Still grieves for her unique child; our life cannot be repaid."

" In Gibraltar, the property that had been taken  
By force became a British one; we moved to Barcelona.  
The power balance mirrored those widows standing forsaken.  
Let's cheer this Grand Alliance! It's as the sun's light corona."

" The Anglo and the Dutch kings used the navy to open  
The Strait of Gibraltar needing the naval power  
In the Mediterranean zone." " Guess what was broken? "

Asked Bella, "I think it's about our transatlantic economy shower."

"By the Treaty of Constantinople, our Russian  
Forces had been withdrawn and Zaporozhia lost all  
The army protection, " said Ivan, "then, our discussion  
Was to sell our goods and to leave a life that apart could fall."

"In the Holy League, Russia joined Austria and Venice  
To drive the Turks and to sign a treaty with Poland, "said Cruz.  
"Those horses have never met the steppe, " said Ivan, " became a menace,  
"Leopold The First was helped by the Turks that Partition could refuse."

(Geraldine and Erica were talking on the deck.)

"His father had been a soldier that came home after many  
Years of serving the czar; he found that his wife had died and  
Ivan had lived with an aunt that spent money but didn't have any."  
For a few minutes, Geraldine was speechless and stunned.

"Erica, why did his mother die? " "She was the wife of a serf.  
She was a subjugated slave laboring for a lord."  
"Was she beaten? " asked Geraldine while dampening her scarf.  
"She had been raped before she took her own life with his sword."

"Who's sword? " "The lord's sword! He was drunk when he beat and raped her."  
"It was a matter whether she overcame the pressure  
Of the peasant village where this mother lived not to err.  
She died, but I'm sure she loved Ivan without measure."

His father took Ivan home and worked a part of that lord's land  
As a serf, barely leaving time to cultivate  
The land allotted to him while taking care of his child.  
Ivan didn't go to army but asked me to immigrate."

(Erica, Ivan's wife, ended the conversation while starting to cry.)

(to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 12)

(Arturo, Lucca, Miguel, Frederick, Marco, Cruz, Pedro and Ivan were playing cards and chess. Lucca, Cruz and Miguel started to smoke clay pipes.)

"Nice angled bowl with a coat of arms, " said Lucca. "Yes, " said Cruz  
While smoking and relaxing, "where did you buy them, Lucca? "  
"This one is made in Holland- a way to liberate your muse."  
"Give new life to a broken heart, " said Miguel, " It's like Sambuca, "

Laughed Lucca, " Ivan, how could you avoid the army as a serf? "  
"As a yeoman having my own land, I had an accident, "  
Cruz asked him, "Did you receive some support from a dwarf? "  
"I broke my left leg when I fell from my horse- a strange event."

"Interesting! " said Marco. "You became a rich merchant  
In the Ottoman Empire." "Yes, I sold my land, " smiled Ivan.  
"You could go to Moscow, " "I didn't want to be a servant.  
I was a middleman in the fur trade, " "Let's enliven

This game with some wine! " " These cards are unique, " said Pedro.  
"This rare pictorial pack is made in London, " said Marco.  
Lucca told Cruz, "If you need new cards, I'll give you pronto."  
"Give me the most immoral hand, " laughed Cruz, "come in, Fargo! "

(Fargo entered to bring the wine, which was served using glasses. Ibrahim brought dried fruits, nuts, biscuits and small cakes. The women had spent over an hour dressing for this meeting because it was customary for the women to change their entire outfit for any event on that ship. Rosa, Geraldine and Erica were doing some needlework. Carla, Chiara and Pedra were reading some

expensive books. Chiara chose to read a book written by Elena Piscopia, Carla was reading some philosophy by Mary Astell and Pedra liked the books written by Aphra Behn. Francesca started to paint and Bella was trying to play "Capriccio stravagante" by the Italian composer Carlo Farina using her violin.)

Francesca said, "The violin replaced the viol, "  
"The music written for it established its identity, "  
Said Rosa, "I like the opera 'L'Orfeo' and its tale."  
"Through polyphony, Monteverdi has supremacy."

Francesca continued, "Chiara, what are you reading? "  
"A book about Christ written by the monk Laspergio and late  
Translated by Elena Piscopia, a nun being  
The first woman that graduated with a doctorate."

Carla said, "Francesca, what are you painting in that blue? "  
"I'm not Caravaggio, still I paint a medusa, "  
Carla replied, "You used amazing hues, and it's sweet in view! "  
Chiara said, "It's an image of the port of Siracusa! "

(Francesca embraced Chiara.)

"It's so lovely to see you together; you are good friends, "  
Said Geraldine while finishing her work, "do you have children? "  
"I've married Arturo six years ago; now, our love ascends  
After his long widowhood; Francesca is his daughter."

Chiara took Geraldine's hand with a noble gesture.

She told her that Arturo lost a fortune three months ago,  
And this trip was offered by Lucca to change their life's texture.  
"Maybe Francesca painted to petrify the time's flow."

"Francesca is the sweetest child I've ever seen until now.  
She's adorable in this purity of her mind.  
She's shining like a star belonging to Ursa Major Plough,  
And I love Arturo even in affairs he is so blind."

(Arturo and Marco were the last passengers who left the room while talking.  
Arturo ended the conversation.)

" Russia is a force needing an expansion quite quickly  
But, unfortunately, her friends are not really her friends.  
Pushing Russia, who is an honest power, clearly  
Will turn the destiny of the whole world into dead ends."

(to be continued.....)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 13)

Carla was a beautiful woman liking to dress in green.  
Sometimes strong and other time weak, she needed to face the life.  
Inside her, there was a child hoping to push the life scene  
Into its own condition and the things into their right strife.

Her husband, Pedro, was very wise and precise -a strong man  
Needing to gain stability while turning back from New Spain  
To rebuild the life and to go forth on a new plan.  
Their children and parents waited for them to come home again.

(Geraldine and Carla were talking on the deck. Carla started to confess.)

"Her name is Beatrice and he loved her for a while needing  
To leave the family for a new meaning in this world.  
I loved him secretly while her scent I was breathing.  
I understood that I've lost him when our love became a sword.

I knew I was a mother in this combination of three,  
And, sometimes, I thought that Beatrice should never exist,  
And, other time, I wanted to leave everything to be free,  
Or to end my life because it was so hard to resist.

I've tried to talk with her and the situation to explain,  
But she laughed while telling me that Pedro is her lover.  
I understood her laugh and that my efforts were in vain.  
I was ill when we traveled to New Spain to recover."

“ Carla, the things are not always as they seem to be.  
You'll overpass this moment because you're a strong mother.  
You must take care because nothing goes well as long as he  
Doesn't assume the responsibility of a father.”

Bella and Miguel liked to live in their own world of two.  
They had a house in Barcelona, and they traveled to see  
The world; they stayed months in India to throw backward a new view.  
Marco and Rosa wanted their spirits to be free.

They were turning home after living three years in New Spain.  
Carla and Pedra traveled with their husbands who were twins.  
Rosa convinced them that in that place their strength is spent in vain.  
Life became a music coming from the water violins.

Carla said, "the education helps the women make  
Right choices in marriage." Bella replied, "What's a marriage?  
It's not only a consecration in a church, an awake,  
But it's a contract, an act no one can disparage."

Miguel said, "it's a transition from a moral conscience  
To a pure concept of consciousness." "You start to see it  
As itself, " replied Pedro, " to eat the bitter consequence."  
"It's tied to the moral identity when love is in a fit, "

Replied Bella. ' It has a Cartesian nature, "

Said Carla explaining why love comes after the wedding.  
"Then, the moral sensibility shapes it to our feature, "  
Replied I smiled, " tenderly in our bedding."

" The disparity in intelligence leads to misery, "  
Said Carla, "the marriage must be based on a lasting friendship  
Rather than on an attraction experiencing agony."  
Pedro said, " when love is distorted into a sword to rip."

Miguel said, " the marriage that is not consecrated  
In a church has the same legal validity."  
" The lovers may marry secretly, but it's complicated, "  
Said Carla, "and it's hard for the women of the nobility

To make an independent living." Pedro started to grin,  
" To secure a husband is an attitude having a great importance."  
"She's an object of thought, " said Miguel while touching Carla's skin.  
Pedro said, "it happens only when we seek love in abundance."

Carla said, " the women's career options beyond the mother  
Are none; they cannot have the same opportunity as the men."  
Pedro replied, " your impracticable thoughts make the father  
Leave the family." " He's not allowed to come back again."

Miguel said, "She's allowed to express her sexuality."  
Carla said, " it depends on how the woman perceives this thought."  
Bella started to play music to inspire some human morality  
While using the violin to imitate- the cats' sounds brought to naught.

(to be continued..)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Frederick And Geraldine (Part 1)

They wanted to sail on the sea of life.  
They built an ideal ship as in dreams.  
Frederick and Geraldine, his sweet wife  
Began sailing to explore new extremes.

Sometimes, he used to call her "Crystalline."  
On their ship, they carried good merchandise.  
And he taught her to scream in the wind,  
Creepy creeps with strong thoughts to harmonize.

He wore glasses, and his blue eyes were eyes  
Of loveliness, when she called him "Firstborn."  
He was as a child, but one wondrous wise,  
He had black tresses that were never shown.

From the watery green, their happiness  
Touched the abstracted infinite of the sky-  
The land was a thought- 'twas togetherness  
In that place where that much, no bird could fly.

She could do so many things in bad days,  
But if she stopped loving him, she would die.  
Being pregnant in that garden of praise,  
She received a heart emerald thereby.

'Twas a day to meet the ship of pirates  
In searching for treasures in the islands.  
She saw the danger through her man's iris.  
The pirates attacked them to take diamonds.

Frederick, the child, leaped inside her womb.  
His father and the crew started to fight.  
The pirates' ship went to the waters' tomb,  
And Holy tears were poured on them for light.

(to be continued)

Poem by Marieta Maglas



## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 10)

(Geraldine was walking on the deck while waiting nervously for Fredrick. Suddenly, he appeared while speaking quickly and gesturing.)

"I've waited for you all day long to come up with some fuel."

"I went to buy charcoal, water, and outdoor lamp oil.

At a crossroad, I've seen a stage driver who has been so cruel  
To whip his horses to run faster; the oil spilled on the soil.

He drove a stagecoach; my horse was frightened by the sound  
And my trolley overturned. I had to come back to buy  
Again three barrels of oil." "That oil spilled on the ground, "  
Said Geraldine, "the money has gone, and this is not a lie!

I don't ask you to tell me where you've really spent the money.  
It makes no sense to ask you for the truth. Is she beautiful?  
Did you have a good time? To wash laundry in public, honey,  
You may bring her here. This way, you can be dutiful."

"I love you, " screamed Frederick, " so, you think you're funny."

"Well, I may be funny although I'm never stupid."

He held her, "I sold some jewels. Take the money.

I could lie to you, but you're the one. I'm down with Cupid."

"Do you remember that man having a ring with a skull? "

"You've met him in Constantinople, " "I've met him here, too.

He was in that stagecoach liking this way his horses to cull.

He laughed saying, "I'm a captain in search for my crew." "

"Frederick, I want to return home at Khadjibey.  
Do you remember when we've met in the port and you  
Gave me an emerald cut on a gold ring shining at the ray? "  
"I've asked you to marry me, " "I love you; you know it's true."

"Then why do you want to turn back home? " "You know I'm scared."  
" This is our chance. If we turn back in that unknown trading port  
For slave markets, I will not survive; I'm not prepared  
To ask the sanjak bey some protection and a lot of support.

I am an Italian and I've seen so many things.  
I saw the terrible fate of those becoming galley-slaves,  
The women enslaved being sexually abused, in sufferings,  
But someone living in Khadjibey is a plow and a scythe. "

" Is this artwork painted by Paolo de Matteis or not? "  
Asked Francesca while coming to them. "What are you doing here? "  
"We really like to admire that splendid island a lot."  
"Shall we offer them a string instruments' concert, Chiara dear? "

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 14)

(Chiara and Geraldine were on the deck. Chiara started to talk with Geraldine.)

"I need to understand my life when I look back and see  
That happiness is my reason to push some things far away.  
This ship is like a small Eden balancing on the sea.  
When I lose hope, I hope that it will come back another day."

"God is above all and when the waters are quite blue,  
He sends the sun to shine at the end of every storm.  
I'm far from home, but there was nothing in my life I wouldn't do."  
The crests had a glassy aspect and some clouds started to form.

In the Ottoman Empire, Athens was a run-down village.  
The Ottoman landlord made the free Greek peasant serfdom.  
To live near the Acropolis, he lost the privilege.  
In Piraeus, the wind was like a harp blown at random.

Miguel was walking on deck wanting Pedro to meet  
To propose him to go to visit the Acropolis,  
Then, to eat fresh fish and to exercise their dancing feet.  
He thought that the ship looked like a sailing necropolis.

The Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens  
Was amazing, although the flourish in Athens became,  
During the Ottoman Empire, something that should never happen.  
But, in terms of philosophy, it didn't lose its fame.

Carla was bathing in her cabin and asked the maid to bring  
A pot of boiling water from the kitchen because  
The water cooled down. When she exited, the door started to ding.  
Maybe the maid was in haste or it was a hidden cause.

Passing by, Miguel saw Carla exiting the bathroom.  
When he saw her silhouette through the diaphanous air  
Against the flames' glow, something magical happened to him.  
He looked at her, and then, he sensed the true depths of his despair.

He admired her neck and the outline of her body  
And the flawless perfection of her skin; he went away,  
When he heard the maid's steps; Carla's breasts were pure and soggy,  
And she moved her arms and her legs as she did ballet.

(After a while, he returned to walk around. After she had finished her bath, Carla  
opened the window to allow the fresh air to enter the room. Carla saw Miguel  
standing on the deck. He turned to her and said, "Hello! ")

Carla asked him, "Is this evening a future starry night or not? "  
"So starry-eyed, my love for you is nothing but a shine.  
And, in my dreams, you come to love me much more than a lot.  
I close my eyes to feel your love and you're almost divine."

(Carla told him that she did not know this poem. He said that this poem was just  
composed by him. Then, he invited her to come together with Pedro to visit the  
Acropolis.)

Carla, after exiting the Periclean Parthenon,  
Tripped on the Karrha limestone step and almost fell when Miguel  
Helped her up while embracing her, "It's a phenomenon."  
He put his ear over her heart, " I hear a fast tinkling bell."

Behind them, Bella and Pedro were talking about physique.  
She said that she couldn't get pregnant, so they traveled to  
India, a treatment through yoga and herbs to seek.  
"Miguel suffers! " 'It's important to make your own dreams come true."

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 15)

"Let's share our cups of coffee to make a spiritual bridge between friends, "  
Said Naimah." Let's share a few moments of some good-hearted cheer, "  
Said Frederick." "Love can die, but a friendship never ends."  
"Love is endless, " "I'm a widow harrowed with grief and fear, "

"I've lost my wife, and now I must take care of my unique son."  
"Where do you go? " "I'm going to Morocco, firstly,  
And then, I'm going to Egypt." "I think this trip can't be easily done."  
"I have a brother who can help me because I'm worthy."

"So, you left your home, " "I couldn't pay the taxes for my land.  
Then, I abandoned my village and I fled to the town,  
While many people did it like me; I had to understand  
That the agriculture shrank; the food prices put me down."

"The price of the Turkish silver fell and that of gold increased.  
Your raw goods became cheap for the European traders  
Who could buy very large amounts of stock trades from the east  
To be developed and exported back; the friends turned to haters."

"Their products were cheaper than yours while having a better quality  
To undermine your local businesses and your craft guilds."  
" They worked to introduce new methods in their factories."  
"It's due to our government, which this kind of bridges builds.

I've found a job in the lowest town's level as a servant.  
At school, my son understood the education was his only outlet.

While dealing with the angry people, I felt lost in this current."  
"You should understand this situation from the outset."

(He talked with Frederick about Maya, his sister.)

A strange man having icy eyes embarked for Lisbon at noon.  
He wore an amulet around his neck on its leather string.  
He brought three dogs while whistling the air of an unknown tune.  
From around, his cruel face looked like wanting tears to wring.

This strange man wore a black suit, a black hat, and a black cloak  
Having equal pleats over the shoulders; his face was shrouded  
In mystery; he started to walk as he wanted to provoke  
Fear; he searched for an employee because his room was crowded

With some unusual things and he didn't have space for the dogs.  
He wanted a face-to-face meeting with the captain.  
He looked at Frederick while saying, "Tell your rats and hogs  
That my room must be clean; they must work for that clean to happen."

He sat down at a nearby table and decided  
It was the time to pay Frederick for the travel.  
He said, "this is the best way to make you be excited."  
He gave Frederick five rubies, which were as thick as any gravel.

(Frederick started to talk with this stranger man, who decided to confess.)

'In the third century, Corfu was invaded and conquered  
By the pirates from Illyria; later, they were driven out  
By the autonomic Romans; though it was kinda awkward,

I've found an old treasure map; I've bought that land; I'm a scout."

Geraldine knew that Frederick did not want to betray her  
Because he wanted to be the father of her child.  
She wanted his burden not to be more than he could bear.  
She was afraid that losing control could make her feel be beguiled.

Frederick wanted his son to be the captain of a ship  
And to go together with her to do some business in Italy.  
He had lost a lover before being with his wife in the time slip.  
While talking, they didn't lie to each other prettily.

(The carrack was sailing to Syracuse.)

Frederick was the master and Brisbon was his mate.  
He has always told Brisbon what it was to be done.  
Brisbon commanded the sailors and he was really great.  
When he screamed, "Steer, trim, sail, " to their duty they had to run.

Sam and Sulim were steersmen while Gian and Aldo were men-corners.  
Suaram, Cosma, and Dino were gunners while Ismail  
Was carpenter; Fargo was a swabber and boatswain while Hector  
Was a cooper; Abseil was a quartermaster; to sail

Gino, Nico, and John hoisted the sails and got the tacks aboard  
While hauling the bowlines and steering the ship when needed.  
Ibrahim cooked, furled the sails, slung the yards and washed the board.  
Maya was a cook, or a quack when the rules were not heeded.

Aldo screamed, "Sulim, I see a land on the horizon! "  
"Impossible, you must see only the sea until Syracuse."  
"The compass had a big variation for no reason, "  
Said Freddy, "we're in a wrong place; I need a valid excuse! "

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 16)

(Carla and Miguel were talking while walking on the deck.)

Carla said, " his infidelity devastated me.  
The worse thing that could happen had already occurred.  
"Is there a time for you in his life? " " 'Twas never meant to be."  
Miguel said, "you should ask him perfection." "He said I'm absurd.

Every time he left the house I was wondering to know  
Where he was going." " He couldn't drive in two lanes at once."  
" He was intimate with her; I've heard and I felt it so."  
" He tried to deal with feelings in the darkness like a dunce.

He had absolutely no respect for his own marriage."  
" To save my family was quite a humiliating  
Decision." "It was love, which he tended to discourage."  
"Are you faithful? " "Yes, I am. It's an asphyxiating

Situation, sometimes, but the life must go on; we face it.  
I had some dalliances, which were platonic lunch dates  
With some beautiful and thinking women for the well of wit.  
I've found my fidelity borders while meeting my mates."

"Were you sure you weren't an adulterer-in-waiting?  
You risked betraying the commitment to be faithful to God."  
"God didn't give my wife a child; I think He heard her praying."  
" The slushy infidelity comes when the thoughts go abroad

As an event of the heart; I didn't trust Pedro again."  
" You must be trustworthy although you fall toward resentment  
For Pedro. Be faithful to God! You know it's not in vain."  
„I felt rejected, " " You couldn't betray this commitment.

Our thoughts can undermine those covenants we've made in the church."  
"Any marital crisis can bring out the worst of us."  
"God has a family plan; He doesn't leave us in the lurch."  
"There is the suffering of the children I don't want to discuss."

" Maybe recalling the early good days can construct  
An explanation of what happened." "It's about perfection."  
" While living without His divine grace, people self-destruct."  
" Pedro is unhappy while living in anger, and passion."

„Bella wants quietness in a closed relationship with God."  
" We must be sinless and pure to reach the perfection."  
" She's pleasing to God while causing my grief; she's totally flawed.  
Her body's sacrifice leads me to a wrong direction."

" Making mistakes leads people to fall and to rule over sin.  
They think that they are redeemed from all the iniquity,  
But they are wrong until their hearts are purified within  
To listen for God's voice talking about dignity."

(Carla stopped to look for a few seconds into his eyes. She understood the cause

of her sufferance.)

"God told Abram to walk before Him and to be perfect, "  
Said Miguel. "It's important to kill the vice in the members."  
" The imperfect people like to be complete; they vigor to defend."  
"Pedro thinks our perfection ends in the fire's embers-

Call me when you may be perfect and complete in the God's will-  
He uses to say." "Tell him how to realize repentance."  
"He pretends he cannot overcome the sins; they always kill."  
" This repentance wins when we do it with persistence."

" He denies this freedom from sin as a possibility  
To live on the earth; when we think we have no sin, we deceive  
Ourselves." "The conscience is the heart of the responsibility."  
"There is a perfect Adam above the head of Eve."

(While hearing a strange noise, they were frightened. They turned and saw some  
tongues of flame coming from the kitchen. Fargo came in haste to invite Carla to  
get into the boat and to go on together with him to the shore. Carla saw the  
women coming close to that boat. Miguel helped her while Fargo helped  
Geraldine escape. The men approached the fire to begin fighting it.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 17)

Fortunately, there were five modern toilets having  
Lavatory flushing cisterns like those invented by  
Sir Harrington in one thousand five hundred ninety-six, being  
Built near the kitchen because the air in this room was dry.

This cook-room was constructed in a place where it was deemed safe  
To have a cooking fire; it had a good layer of lime  
With an air space to insulate the brickwork from the unsafe  
Adjacent timber; the brick walls were expensive at that time.

The room had two brick fireplaces and boiling was the method  
Of cooking while three coppers with lids were set in the brickwork.  
With some funnels passing through the deck head, they were connected  
To protect the kitchen full of steam by providing a perk,

Firing on the upper deck could mean a shot going into  
The rigging; the sailors and the passengers took the pumps  
To extinguish this fire, doing all they had to do.  
The pumps made of leather were assembled from the dumps

And coupled every fifty feet with brass fittings; their length  
Was about twenty-three meters; this sucking warm engine  
Was made by John Lofting in 1690; its strength  
Was pumped by a team of men working to relieve the tension.

The fire was small, but it could extend to the cabin cruisers,  
Which were nearby; while the men were working hard to escape

The danger, the strange man was one of the fast movers  
And deliberately entered the gun room; Cruz saw his shape

Entering and descended the stairs in a hurry  
To stop him; he entered the gun room and took a gun.  
The stranger turned to Cruz and shut him, but his eyes got blurry,  
When the room was suddenly filled with the rays of the sun.

(Cruz shut this man in the face. Both of them fell down. The women were in a boat and Fargo made efforts to bring them to the shore.)

A big wave hit the boat, causing Geraldine to go  
Overboard; she fell off the boat into the water.  
Fargo jumped into the sea to save her and started to swim below  
The water; she screamed for help; the waves rose up to scatter.

She could not remember how she had fallen; her head and arms  
Were barely visible above the waves; Fargo swam  
Toward her scream and brought her aboard, " you're safe from harms."  
She vomited, "I want to be far away from where I am."

Meanwhile, Bella lost her balance, and within a split second,  
She fell off the boat and tried in vain to hold onto  
Chiara's hands while asking for help, but her fate beckoned  
When a giant jellyfish stung her arm on back to 'fronto'.

Chiara saw her treading the water and moving her head,  
But she lost the sight of her after a few seconds "She's gone, '  
Said Chiara; after saving Geraldine, Fargo said "she's not dead, "He turned  
around the boat, "Look, that jellyfish is coming on! "

(Fargo jumped into the sea to rescue Bella. He brought her aboard, but she had been underwater much more than she could resist. His resuscitation efforts were unsuccessful. All along the ragged shore, there were a lot of stones under the water. They got down out of the boat and walked in the water while bringing the boat to the shore. Meanwhile, ten pirates, after swimming in the water, climbed on the carrack to kill everyone on the board. Fortunately, they didn't see the boat.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 18)

(Fargo put the body of Bella in a mantle and took her on his shoulders. He left Chiara, Francesca, Rosa and Pedra ashore and went together with Geraldine, Maya, Carla, Erica and Naimah's son to find a village. The name of Naimah's son was Surak.)

It looked like a long beach with a rocky shore and a hidden  
Cove; they turned right walking along the sandy beach; at the far  
End of the beach, they saw a galley, but it was forbidden  
To follow the path leading to the shore, "I'll ask where we are, " "

Said Fargo, while looking through a telescope, "What do you see? "  
"There's one man standing on the deck; he's the companion  
Of that pirate following us and traveling for free."  
"How do you know this thing? " "I worked for him in the devil's canyon.

The flag has a boom skull, " "Let's go, " said Geraldine, "The pirates  
Are coming from this ship, " said Fargo, "I must set it on fire."  
While sneaking to that deck, he killed one by one the pilots  
And the third sailor; he thought, " Frederick is caught in a snare."

Fargo took the little treasure from that ship and those two maps  
Showing the place from where the treasure had been taken  
And the island where they intended to hide it; perhaps  
It was a known place, which has been visited and forsaken.

He did not set the ship on fire because he was afraid  
That its flames could be seen by the pirates; he did not sink it,

'Cause they could dive to the sea's bottom to find the treasure's shade.  
To make them think that one of them betrayed was in a fit.

Fargo took one of their boats and returned to the shore.  
Then, they continued to go while avoiding the main path.  
They stopped walking to look at the seagulls starting to soar.  
They entered an old olive grove shining in the daylight bath.

Following their narrow route to the right, they found a fragrant  
Grove of tall eucalyptus trees; they saw the shepherds' trail,  
Which was cobbled and flanked by some stonewalls, " Our life became vagrant, "  
Said Carla; Erica replied, " my strength begins to fail."

" Look at these flowers of asphodel! They are beautiful, "  
Said Maya; Erica replied, " these dark cypress trees are  
An inviting resting place; " you must be powerful, "  
Said Fargo, " because to find a village, we have to go far."

At the top of this rocky land, they turned left and entered  
A small, agricultural zone that was planted with  
Cereals and had some plots of chickpeas in its center.  
Some goats were drinking water from a reservoir, "It's a myth, "

Said Surak; they drank water together with the goats  
And washed their faces; after crossing the road, they saw  
The church tower of the village near the plots of the oats.  
They bought an old stone manor house when the night started to draw.

(Fargo went to find a priest for the funeral of Bella. He came back with a promise for the next day. They started to eat in silence.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 19)

(Chiara, Francesca, Rosa, and Pedra remained on the beach.)

Chiara and Pedra decided to take a look along  
The coast to search for some food; Francesca and Rosa carried  
The boat across the beach to hide it, 'How can you be so strong? "  
Asked Rosa; "I listened to Chiara when I got married.

We depleted a fortune and Lucca was very rich."  
"So, this strength of yours comes from your tristesse, " replied Rosa.  
"My inner emptiness became only affection, " 'She's a witch, "  
'She's a good soul, but inside her, she keeps some thorns of mimosa."

They had to undergo that difficult time and to  
Organize their lunch; Rosa stopped to sip some drops of water  
From the canteen she carried, " it's entirely up to you  
To leave him now, ' "My father is ill; I'm his unique daughter."

They were tired after the grim events of the previous  
Hours; meanwhile, Chiara and Pedra were sifting through the salty  
Air of the beach; Chiara said, " I don't trust Fargo, he's devious."  
"We have no other chance, " replied Pedra. "His logic is faulty, "

Continued Chiara, "they should remain here with us."  
Pedra stayed for a few minutes being caught by the sparkle  
Of the broken waves; she said, "we have something to discuss.

Don't you think that your ideas are too matriarchal? "

They enjoyed the salty stink of the seaweeds and the clicking  
Of the living shells that they had tossed together for the meal.  
While eating, they cut off the mollusks from their sticking  
Shells; dozens of gulls were wheeling over the waves. "Pleasant peal, "

Said Francesca, " the chance of meeting another person while  
Staying here is very slim." " I really grasp the scale of our  
Surroundings, " said Chiara while giving her seaweeds with a smile.  
Rosa said, " eat some kumquats, figs, and pears; you need power."

(Rosa brought some fruits to complete the meal.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 2)

Mary was a carrack around two hundred in size  
Having a cargo space and five masts with lateen sails.  
The men climbed to the top of the mast to front the skies.  
Loaded the cargo and prepared it for heavy gales.

This ship had the main mast with a square sail for speed  
And triangular sails for maneuverability.  
Being eager to eat, to drink and to smoke their weed,  
To load brocade and silk, they got the ability.

They had to purchase these goods from China to Lisbon,  
Where they could exchange it for some Portuguese silver.  
The crates were quite heavy, and Frederick asked Brisbon  
To hire men, 'cause "at the time, the goods they must deliver."

Brisbon hired sailors from Istanbul for the crew.  
They carried the crates, one by one, into the cargo.  
Sulim came and said that the gangway was damaged, too.  
"What else? ""Three crates of goods and Abseil' hands, " said Fargo.

"We have to get to Gibraltar before September  
In order to be able to pass through the mousetrap.  
There is a strong current, which can be our ship's dismember.  
It flows in the opposite direction. Here's the map! "

Sam said, "captain, how fast are the currents through this strait? "  
"The water at the surface flows between 2 - 4 knots.  
The Autumn current can make us strain as through Hell's Gate.  
Losing knots in speed, we can die; life is in my thoughts."

" The merchant wants to leave and doesn't know what to do, "  
Said Sam. Frederick and two men went into port to seek  
Someone, who could repair the gangway and someone who  
Could treat Abseil' hands, because to sail he was too weak.

Geraldine was in the kitchen to prepare some food  
For the seamen. "Where do you go? " She asked Frederick.  
"A man's job! You're too jealous. I don't mean to be rude."  
"At noon, they drink." She laughed. "My time is always metric."

Frederick descended quickly into the boat with  
Sulim and Suaram. They went ashore and went up  
In northeastern outskirts of the town, where the fifth  
House was an unfinished jewel under the sky's cup.

After two hours, they brought a few craftsmen the gangway  
To repair. Finally, all the goods were brought on deck.  
When the men started to eat, 'twas the end of the day.  
" The water swallows the sun; it's time for the dreams' trek."

Said Sam, while eating bread. "And darkness engulfs the day."  
On the deck, the lanterns' light made the place enchanting.  
They ate in silence. The water sprayed wet pearls away.  
Frederick said, "Now, the timeless our sleep is granting."

(to be continued....)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 20)

The pirates opened the door and when they entered the gun room,  
They saw that their employer was dead; some feelings of joy surged through  
Those pirates when they saw the guns. "His death, how could he presume? "  
They took the pistols while saying, "Let's go to what we have to do! "

Their chief had dark blue eyes and a grotesque smile; he touched the walls,  
"There is an entrance through this wall leading to the cargo."  
Each one came out and hunkered like any scorpion that sprawls.  
They heard the sailors talking about someone called Fargo.

They were working hard to extinguish the fire, so desperate  
They were that they could do anything; the pirates' chief  
Stood in waiting for his comrades; he used a temperate  
Language, "look, they're coming with the boat; it's my fixed belief

That a strong thought is needed before plunging into the fight  
With a force which always makes everything be worse; the pirates coming  
With a boat looked like peasants; they asked to embark in spite  
Of the situation that they were not in a port and while thinking

To go to Syracuse; Miguel stood stock-still while he thought  
Of what all these meant, "they are not what they seem to be, '  
Said Pedro. "Maybe they are, " replied Miguel. "We are caught  
Up into something." "We need help anyway, " "It's strange for me."

"What's your name? " Pedro asked one of them when they embarked.  
"I'm Zackery, " answered that man. "What an unusual name! "

They walked along the deck and climbed the stairs to meet the captain.  
"Where's our chief? " Asked someone while helping extinguish the last flame.

"Here I am, " said someone having a ring with a boom skull.  
His guns were aimed at the crew and at the passengers.  
"Let's start, " he said while contemplating the flight of a seagull.  
"Don't talk each other, because we can kill all the messengers.

The pirates started a dangerous assault with their guns  
While hitting and slapping the victims; "wake up, captain, I came  
Here while bearing glad tidings- now, God takes to High His beloved ones."  
Freddy replied, "In the end, I'll be the winner because your fight is in vain."

Some pirates were gazing at the shrinking victims while  
Genuflecting them and stabbing the air; they immobilized  
Them while holding their heads between their arms and chests in a grand style.  
Others wrapped each victim's hair around the neck, " mobilized

Is now my army for the war of the life, " said their chief  
While ordering some of them to keep the victims under  
Surveillance, " he continued, "let them share some thoughts of grief.  
Where's he? " "He's in the gun room -not breathing; he had fallen asunder."

Nobody was paying much attention to the details,  
But Ibrahim was looking at them from a safe corner.  
"We're heavy drinkers; let's find some wine until our scam fails."  
"Do you mean our chief knows? " "He dealt with his devil, the warner."

"One of them killed our employer; we must kill them all, " said another one.  
A silence fell between the captains as they started to stare  
Openly into each other's eyes. 'Where are the women? "  
"I don't know, " said Freddy. "Let's search the shore, they can be there."

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 21)

After bringing to the ship the women they had found  
On the shore, the pirates asked about the rest of the women.  
Rosa said, "they disappeared in the water splashing around  
And died from drowning in the sea; now, maybe they're in Heaven."

Then, they asked about Fargo and Chiara said that he  
Had been sent to search for water. They took a boat to go  
To the shore, but they found no one, " somewhere he could flee."  
Three men stayed on the shore and others searched for Fargo.

While dominating the new world, Spain used its ships to cart  
Great riches from there; Marco and Rosa chose to come back  
This way wanting to hide their gold until selling it at a mart.  
From somewhere, those armed robbers have followed them in their track.

They wanted to steal their gold, the ship's cargo, the oil,  
And that fuel being bought from the Empire's wells to sell them  
At the Lisbon's black market; to acquire wealth, they did not toil.  
There was no law to condemn them, but they could condemn.

They took Marco and used four cords to tie his hands and his legs  
Onto four stakes, they had fixed in the deck at a distance.  
His body was pendent in the air; being punched by his dreads,  
He was thrashed by them with sticks to end his last resistance.

When Marco prayed for God to save him from the suffering,  
Another pirate took the cat; and, when Marco received  
Two dozens to faint, he felt pulled apart without rupturing  
When he was taken down, he could not stand; he was deceived.

Then, he took two dozens once more; his flesh was hanging in strips.  
They used also the cat of nine tails to whip him so badly.  
He was a Jewish and "Deuteronomy" came on his lips.  
With salt on wounds, he couldn't believe they could hate so madly.

(Marco died.)

They beat Rosa with the butt of their guns to say if there was  
More hidden gold; after Marco's death, one of the pirates  
Married Rosa; he kissed her, "I'll be rich- please no applause, "  
He said laughing; his love was too brutal for her iris.

In bed, she was immobilized by her fear; when they  
Exited out from the cabin, he said, " I've lain with my bitch."  
These words petrified her; she knelt while starting to pray.  
When she finished, he killed her saying, "Now, I'm very rich."

A pirate came back saying, " "he didn't return to the beach."  
"Maybe he was bitten by a snake, " "Tomorrow morning,  
At dawn, take these dogs along on searches; watch them in reach  
Of the steps of Fargo until the dogs give you a warning."

Lucca said, „I'm an Italian diplomat." One pirate  
Laughed and told him that they were hired by that strange man; served  
Another government, " your death will be a twist of fate."  
"Let me live! " "You're asking for something which you do not deserve."

"I can pay for my life, " "No deal- gives us those documents."  
The pirates stuck some candles around the mizzenmast and they  
Surrounded it having swords in their hands, "twist your arguments."  
Lucca had to enter this circle, "now, we sing and you play."

Lucca was forced to run while another pirate used  
Bella's violin to play a merry Jig and while each  
Pirate cut him with his weapon; he screamed and they were amused.  
They kept him dancing until he confessed while starting to preach.

After that, one of them took some boiling water to pour it  
Into Lucca's ears; the pirates tortured him to reveal  
Where the scrap of his wealth and his documents might be concealed.  
They hung Lucca by his feet and submerged him as a fish meal.

(Then, he collapsed. In the sea, he was left for dying.)

Then, they murdered Gino, Nico, and Dino by tying  
Cannonballs to their feet and by pushing them overboard.  
Other victims were locked in wrist and leg irons being  
Held on the ship's deck; they stopped when they saw the moon they adored.

(They needed to rest because the night was coming.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 22)

The pirates were dressed partly to look as the seamen.  
They wore baggy breeches, stockings, hairy hats with initials,  
Thigh-length shirts; but also waistcoats and sashes wore these men.  
The sash was draped over one shoulder to carry the pistols.

The color of their clothes was chosen to match the color  
Of the sea lessening the chances of being seen by  
Their enemies; this kind of uniforms looked much duller  
Than the sea color; the prisoners started to learn to die.

They understood that they could suffer of starvation.  
Each one received a quarter cup of dried bread crumbs and two pints  
Of water all day long; while thinking that there is no salvation,  
The pirates were drinking rum and dancing their strong knee joints.

When they were gambling for handfuls of gold and precious stones,  
They were singing songs about mermaids or beautiful women,  
And about some past victories to allay the victims' moans.  
Two pirates came with liquor sharing it equally when

Others came with a lot of money and jewelry found  
On the ship to divide them equally to all, except  
Their captain and his quartermaster, who took a big mound.  
They started to renew the oath they had always kept.

Then, they exclaimed 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, '  
While hoisting two flags, one red, and the other one having  
A skull and two crossbones. "Don't you need a pinch of dignity? "  
Frederick screamed, "you will end in jail! " "Sure, " said one of them laughing.

'' The nations control only small zones of the seas, so

There are no laws when we're sailing on the wild waters."  
One of them said, "Look, man, we are necessary; don't you know  
That we're guards to stop you when with weapons you cross the borders? "

Freddy replied, "you know it's a stupid lie; " one pirate  
Pulled out one of his fingernails with a plier. " I will  
Make you walk the plank, " he told Frederick, "It's your cruel fate."  
"Captain, to sell the slaves at good prices, you have the skill! "

While living in the misery, the prisoners had to face  
A grinding nightmare; Freddy wanted to give them some moral  
Support but he wasn't allowed to talk with them; in disgrace  
They received small amounts of food; Miguel whispered, " Don't quarrel! "

Arturo has died because he couldn't take the stress  
While thinking that Francesca must follow Lucca in death.  
One pirate grabbed Francesca's hand while needing to possess.  
With a hellish smile, he approached her to smell her honeyed breath.

He told her, " Look, I'm a good guy; I give you time to think."  
Francesca fainted. He left her telling all the pirates  
" No one may touch her.; tomorrow, she will marry me at the dawn's pink."  
They heard a huge sound and they realized they are in dire straits.

(After buying a house in Prinylas, Geraldine, Maya, Carla, Erica, Surak, and Fargo  
spent their night in silence. In the morning, Fargo and Maya went to bring the  
priest and everything was necessary for the funerals. Fargo told Geraldine that  
he had left the piracy in order to live a normal life. He said that he was afraid  
that much worse than the prisoners' death was to find them in Prinylas. He  
wanted to do everything he had to do very quickly.)

After Bella's funerals, Fargo told Geraldine,  
'I must convince the army to go there to put them down.  
I'll buy a galley for Frederick on which my name will shine.  
I take a part of the treasure to go to Corfu Town.'

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 23)

Situated in the green Corfu and having thousands  
Of olive trees and flower-strewn countryside, Prinylas is  
A nice, Adriatic-style village; its square and narrow paths,  
Mansions and alleys are far away from the rifle bullets' whiz.

Its wealthy inhabitants had built it in a picturesque  
Position at an altitude of two hundred and seventy  
Meters above the cove of Agios Georgios, but picaresque  
Adventures happened there; even so, the people have steadily

Prospered from one thousand and two hundred A.C. when  
'Twas a Byzantine seat; in the Agios Nikolaos church,  
People had the same name; they were regarded as of the same kin.  
Fargo bought a Venetian house after a quick search.

'Twas situated on a panoramic hill; Geraldine  
Was in front of the house and looked at the landscape of olive  
And citrus groves; she told Carla, "astonishing view!" „Divine, "  
Carla replied, "Did you hear some sounds last night?" "It's hard to live

In a new place, "replied Geraldine, "It was like someone  
Was walking in the house." 'Do you think they've found us?" „I don't know.  
Let's search together. If someone was here, he was alone."  
Fargo said, "I must be in Corfu Town in two hours. Let's go

To buy a horse; we must move quickly; any lost minute  
Means losing a life on the ship; I know them very well."  
"Don't force your horse to run too fast, "he said, „I know its limit."  
They followed the winding road to the ringing church bell

And to a cobbled street; down from the hill, some stone-built houses  
Were arranged in a wide arc around the small valley.  
Immediately after that, they entered the square; the horses  
Were beautiful; the women cut through a new alley,

To go to the church; he started to negotiate a horse  
"Look at that mansion, " said Carla, 'it's enclosed in carved stone walls."  
A short winding hillside track took them to the Lord's House.  
Geraldine said, "I'm Muslim, ' ' Bewildering are the God's calls, "

Carla continued, 'I'm catholic', „like Frederick, '  
Said Geraldine, 'look, it is written-Agios Nikolaos, "  
While entering, she used a face cover for her mouth and cheeks.  
„It's the name of the Saint Nicholas; is this marble? ' To rouse

Some Christian feelings in Geraldine, Carla made an effort.  
'It's constructed in the 14th century- a Holy jewel."  
"Do you want to buy this horse or not? " said the merchant. „What sort  
Is this horse? " " An Arabian one- look at him, he's not a fool.'

"I want to be sure that this one fits my personality.  
What is his average speed? " "It can run eight miles per hour."  
" I buy him, " he told Carla, "let's go to our new reality.'  
Fargo left the village; Geraldine said, " he has power."

(Fargo took the money, the precious stones, and the documents. He went to  
Corfu Town. Geraldine and Carla returned their new temporary home.)

They lived in a two-story house having eighty meters  
Of stone walls; the former owner used it to store his olive  
Oil; it had not been inhabited for ten months; wood heaters  
Guarded the entrance leading to the ground floor- a space to live.

In a corner, it was a rest of oil equipment.  
The entry had two transition points at the openings to  
The hallways. Carla said, „stone and wood- it's all so different, "  
"The stone colors pick up the tones in the wood to make these two

Materials look good, " said Erica; at the ground floor  
They saw two halls, a dining room, a living room having  
A seating with red cushions, the stairs, and the terrace's door.  
Maya called them from the upper floor having an entrance facing

West; from there, they could see the view of the street; this floor  
Consisted of ten bedrooms, two wood stoves, two indoor stoves,  
A kitchen, and storage rooms; Geraldine said, "Before  
Eating, let's drink tea, " "A neighbor told me that this house

Is a haunted one and this is why the owner sold it, '  
Said Erica, 'These ghosts can affect anybody in  
Prinylas, ' said Maya, ' you can't convince them the house to quit.  
People practice exorcism here.' „Look at that place we have been! "

(Carla turned the index finger of her right hand towards the window overlooking  
the sea.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 24)

„There are spiritual healers getting in touch with those spirits  
To ask them why they are present, ' said Erica. „Usually,  
When you call them, they come to tell you some secrets.  
Some sad lovers that passed away can't leave this world peacefully."

„They can be demons, too, ' said Maya. „We must talk with the priest, '  
Said Geraldine. „Let's search in the storage room, ' she continued,  
„We'll find something, and we'll face this truth together, at least."  
"I hear the steps of someone walking away from this window, "

Said Carla." Maybe it's the rain tapping on the sill, "  
Replied Geraldine. Surak opened the window and said,  
'It doesn't rain; in the soft wind, I hear only the birds' trill."  
"But I've found some books in a big box for safe keeping instead."

(Maya and Erica went to buy fresh fish from one of the many fisheries existent in that village.)

Fargo entered the Spianada, the largest square  
In the Balkans, which was created by the Venetians.  
The sound of the sea waves was like a stir in the air.  
The peaks of the Old Fortress looked like swords of the Titans.

He passed the lighthouse tower and entered the underground  
Tunnels that linked the Fortress with the main parts of the town.  
Then, he entered the New Fortress, and when he looked around,  
He saw the gates, the sea shore, and the land that sloped down.

(The port has been an important naval base since the Roman period.  
Considerably, Corfu was called the Gibraltar of the Adriatic. He bought a galley.)

The Ionian Islands belonged to the Republic  
Of Venice; they were slowly conquered, one by one, in time.  
Corfu voluntarily became a colony; its public  
Gardens made the Islands' governor reside on that sublime

Territory; its economy was based on exporting  
Raisins, olive oil and wine, whereas the Venetian lira  
Was the currency of the islands; while incorporating  
The culture of Venice, these people used a plethora

Of Italian words, because this language was official.  
Venice had garrison soldiers, scattered in island forts  
With muskets and bayonets made of the iron material.  
The impromptu recruits and mercenaries were hired in the ports.

(Fargo started to talk with the infantry captain and with the lowborn ship's  
captain.)

" It's hard to eradicate the piracy from the world."  
"Because of money, the soldiers are recruited as needed."  
"Only with the convoy protection, the sail with the ships is furled.  
When it is no longer required, their claims are unheeded."

"The Muslim pirates attack the Christian ships to enslave."  
"I've heard there are Jewish pirates, too, " "Because of Inquisition, "  
"The corsairs are dangerous, " " Our ships hardly can face on this wave."  
The Christian navies are weak; don't have enough ammunition."

"The Muslim opponents are fast; you need a large convoy.  
You will be convoyed by us until you enter Italy-  
After fighting the pirates." "On our ship, there is an envoy."  
"To let you sail, they wanted some protection money."

"Europe pays its duty to protect its own action,  
But accepts the growth of piracy in Indian waters."  
"The piracy is bad in theory, but usefully practiced-  
A cheap way to expand their economic and naval powers."

"The governments don't want to eradicate the piracy."  
"The anti-pirate campaigns are only documented."  
"These pirates mean business behind the wall of privacy.  
In bars and brothels for crews, the money is strongly augmented."

"This eradication needs a revision to the law."  
" Only in the Spanish colonies, they are executed, "  
"Spain has a court of officers, " " This is a Britain law, new."  
"In return for the pardon, these pirates are persuaded."

(The captain gave Fargo two galliots, each one having 80 oarsmen and 60 soldiers.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas



## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 25)

(Geraldine, Carla and Erica found a letter, which they thought it was an important document belonging to someone living miles away. It was clear that a person entrusted the written paper to a messenger after putting a wax seal on it. The seal was placed on this document in such a manner that it was impossible to read it without first breaking the seal, which was very dry and brittle.)

Carla said, " Let's read and bring to life the stories behind  
These manuscripts, " "Let's find who was the owner and who handled  
These books and papers." "Some memories come back into my mind, "  
"I love to read; it's so dark in here, let's light a candle, "

Said Erica; they saw scribbled notes written on the margins  
Of the books and the changing ownership of some manuscripts.  
"An Arab medicinal work for Jewish use, that's for certain."  
"Is it? " " It's translated into Hebrew; I think it's fabulous, "

(... Replied Carla.)

Geraldine opened a book saying, " This is a Persian  
Medicinal work translated into Turkish; it must be  
More interesting; they treat using a different version."  
"This copy of the book written by José Vicente.

(..Said Carla,)

Has a lot of geographical and astronomical

Information; you can learn to measure the distance;  
It contains the main cities, oceans, " "It's phenomenal! "  
"Mapmakers, " " it's like a trip to another existence! "

(..Exclaimed Erica,)

"It shows which stars are visible or not, the solar cycles  
And it is illustrated with tables, diagrams, and maps."  
"Is this a Holy Book? I'm not good in perusing these titles."  
"Yes, it's written by Francisco Javier, a nice one, perhaps, "

(Geraldine replied to Erica, knowing that she was a Russian not knowing too much Latin. Geraldine continued...)

"It's about a convent established in Mexico City  
For any daughter of a conquistador who lacked dowry.  
"Look, Aonio Paleario! I think it's such a pity  
To contradict the Catholic dogma; this language is flowery, "

(...Said Carla.)

"It's a copy of a rare book. Does this contradiction mean  
The trouble with the Inquisition in these Reformation times?  
"He had the most influential protectors I've ever seen."  
But his protectors died; there are notes between the lines, "

(Carla answered to Erica. Carla continued...)

'The Spanish Inquisition is run by the civil  
Authorities of Kings after centuries of Muslim  
Domination; the execution became official  
For the Muslim piracy to turn it down to very dim.'

(Geraldine intervened in the conversation...)

'Spain had asked the Papacy to set up the Inquisition,  
But the Papacy refused. Then, Spain threatened Rome  
With not coming to give aid against the Muslim opposition.  
Their armies sacked Rome and made southern Italy be their home.

The Pope set up the inquisition only for Christians.  
Over time, the torture was not to be done more than once,  
Was not to threaten life; there were Spanish transgressions  
By the lawyers who oversaw this system from hence.'

(Then, Erica told them.....)

"In England, the person convicted of public begging  
Has a limb chopped off; a Catholic priest in England  
Teaching school is executed." "There're penalties for bringing  
A false witness against someone; England's laws also bind Ireland, "

(....Replied Carla. Erica continued....)

"There is a secret collaboration between London and  
Tsar Peter of Russia." " He is known as Peter the Great."

"There are notes on a book; while travelling to Europe, he shunned  
The persons knowing him, " "He wanted to change his country's fate."

(Carla expressed her point of view regarding what Erica said. Erica continued...)

"He studied new developments in shipbuilding; he lived  
In Deptford, at the home of John Evelyn, a writer."

"This letter is from England and I'm a bit surprised  
'Cause this letter should be brought to a Russian." "A fighter

Was this messenger." "Maybe this man is the ghost we feel."  
"Did King William help Peter? " "He increased trade with Russia."  
"Peter loved a peasant and, wanting his love to conceal,  
He made her be his domestic serf." I've heard she's from Prussia."

"She's from Lithuania; her name is Catherine; he married  
Her secretly, " "But he's married, " " He divorced his first wife."  
" He worked as a carpenter; his interests were varied."  
" Friend with Marquis of Carmarthen, he started a new life."

(Geraldine tried to open the letter a little without breaking its seal. " I think it is  
written 'Catherine' or 'Carmarthen.' " "Impossible, " replied Carla, "It would be  
much more important than any other one and it wouldn't be lost here. Give it to  
me.")

(Erica said,)

" King William gave Tsar Peter the ship Royal Transport  
As a gift; the ship's designer was Marquis of Carmarthen.  
As King Augustus of Poland, King William showed him support.  
" This messenger traveled many miles to take his ship again."

(Erica told them that she feels like she's about to faint. Carla ran down the stairs  
to bring vinegar and water and Geraldine hurried to open the window.  
Meanwhile, Erica took a document from the box and hid it under her dress.)

(..to be continued.)

Poem by Marieta Maglas)

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 26)

(Erica went into her room to rest. Geraldine and Carla started to read the journal they had found in the box.)

He left England with a ship and sailed east until he reached  
Portugal; then, he took a stagecoach and traveled to Venice.  
He was in danger of highwaymen who couldn't be impeached.  
His coach had a high speed, 'cause those men could become a menace.

He had made a gold deposit at a goldsmith, who gave him  
Some receipts to exchange them with money at the British bank.  
Then, he traveled through Europe choosing those pathways which were dim.  
There, he missed London and its air being restless and dank.

He achieved knowledge of the Europe major languages.  
He was seemingly traveling at his own expense,  
Covered, by his own account; in fact, he carried messages,  
And any of his messages had an important sense.

He traveled as merchant bringing drugs, rare books, and some  
Exotic commodities like pine nuts, pistachios, and coffee  
From the Royal Exchange instead of waiting a false peace to come.  
In London, his luxury shops looked like covered in toffee.

(In her room, Erica started to read the document written in the Russian  
language. It was one of the most fragrant, pleasant smell papers she ever had in  
her hands. The person owning that document was a Russian one living in  
London.)

This document was also a letter from the Surveyor  
Of the Royal Exchange, to an Indian official asking

Some help to buy some new shops in India; the payer  
Could reveal the understanding of the retail shopping.

(Geraldine continued to read from his journal written in the Russian language.)

The man described the luxury life of the British elite,  
His grand house, which had been built in the rich west of London,  
And his horse-drawn carriage used for rides on the main street.  
He wanted lead pipes for his house as any rich Londoner.

(Erica continued to read the document.)

That paper had an annexed one about the gold needed  
To help a noble lady forced to spend the rest of her life  
As a penniless nun; her words about freedom were needed.  
Imprisoned as a nun, she was, in fact, an abandoned wife.

The gold was brought with a ship that should anchor in that place.  
Ivan was the liaison with that man and had to take that gold  
To pay the lady's freedom; tears appeared upon Erica's face.  
Ivan caused the deviation from the ship's course as he was told.

He didn't know that the carrack had been hunted by some pirates.  
Erica realized that the merchant had died, but she  
Did not know whether the gold had been stolen or not, those bandits  
Were still around having the linked letter; she fell down on her knees

To pray for her life; she understood that the ex-husband

Of that lady could torture them to death for having plotted  
Against him; she prayed while needing to be many thousand  
Miles away and while looking at the hill with olives dotted.

(Erica burned the document.)

(Geraldine became meditative and told Carla,)

"These treatises generate some ideas of magnificence  
And splendor; the luxury is realized with the skilled  
Workers and the specialized knowledge, " "the extravagance  
Of these books is declined by the wars, where the life is killed, "

(Replied Carla. She continued,)

" These wars bring the decline of retailing, the stagnation  
Of building, and the disappearance of a real  
Art market, " "They use all the methods to fight for their nation  
On the waters to protect the land; their strife is a squeal, "

(Replied Geraldine. Maya entered the room to invite them to dinner. She said  
that she had seen someone having two dogs and walking around. Suddenly,  
Geraldine said, " I think I give birth to my child now. I have a sharp pain. I'm so  
afraid! ")

(..To be continued.)

Poem by Marieta Maglas)

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 27)

(The captain of the pirates and one of them were in the cabin of that stranger having dogs while talking about him.)

"In Athens, he hired us to help him take the gold, " said the captain.  
"How could he take it as long as the messenger was alive? "  
The captain laughed, " Maybe he has waited an accident to happen.  
He caught the ship; before the sunset wanted there to arrive."

"He had nice dogs! " " Yes, the dogs would help him find the messenger  
To kill him and to take the documents; he understood this  
While he was hiding to hear those men talking, " "He was an avenger."  
"He didn't know the messenger, but he knew the gold's bliss."

"He heard that a ship carrying five hundred and twenty bars  
Having one kilo of gold each one would have to anchor  
Near the Prinylas' shore, " said the captain while lightning two cigars.  
The other one started to smoke, " I've satisfied my hanker."

"The messenger should wait that ship to take the gold after  
Presenting the documents; then, he should go to help a nun."  
"Those men should meet again to make arrangements thereafter.  
One of them is on this ship; he goes silent until all is done."

The stranger heard only a part of the dialog between  
Ivan and the messenger's servant, who had been sent to Athens  
To meet him; then, this stranger hired the pirates- around sixteen.

" Follow me; I must embark on that ship to watch what happens, "

(...He had told the pirates after killing the servant of the messenger; then, he intended to kill Ivan.)

He didn't know that Ivan should give the map to the messenger  
To see the description of the road to the monastery,  
The sketch and some details; Ivan didn't sense the danger.  
The servant had to go to meet someone else; "Let's be merry, "

(...Said Ivan. They should meet again after three hours to go together to the messenger. The stranger did not know this secret.)

The meeting never took place 'cause the connection man had been killed.  
Fortunately, he had told Ivan where this village was placed.  
Ivan had caused that square sail's damage but his heart hadn't been stilled.  
Freddy needed time in Athens when with this problem he was faced.

This way, Ivan forced Freddy to stay longer than he intended  
To be in Athens; Ivan needed time to bring the map  
To the destination; because the servant's life had ended  
And the repair had been made quickly, Ivan fell into the trap.

(Ivan didn't have time to understand why the servant had died. He was prompted to divert the ship to the known place of Corfu, in order to land ashore. Then, Ivan would search for the messenger.)

The stranger was the one who paid attention to all those  
Movements on that ship in order to grab the gold while thinking  
That the pirate ship was behind him; he couldn't suppose  
That the pirates had run ashore while using fast horses settling

In Prinylas before the Frederick's arrival; they  
Killed the messenger and captured the vessel containing  
The gold bars; they also killed all those sailors; on that day,  
They attacked the carrack to find out who had lost that meeting.

The pirates wanted to kill that man, whereof the stranger  
Had told them, and to remove the traces leading to the gold.  
For this reason, they were willing to put them all in danger,  
But the fire caused by Ivan their eyes started to behold.

(Ivan wanted to give Erica a chance to take the map and go ashore to search the messenger. The captain of the pirates took all the documents, the treasure and the seal belonging to the stranger and jumped overboard into a boat, apparently and inexplicably abandoning his companions. After an hour, the army began to fight with the pirates' crew.)

(..To be continued.)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 28)

Ivan thought that the stranger followed him; why should he?  
If the stranger had been a Russian one, it would have been  
Perfectly obvious for him where the meeting had to be  
Placed, but maybe this stranger had accidentally heard them when

They had talked; in this case, the stranger didn't know their secret,  
But the surveillance was the only way to find out.  
This was why this stranger embarked on their ship; apart,  
The real surveillants were chameleons, beyond this doubt.

One of those pirates searching for secrets had a red birthmark  
On his face; to follow Fargo, they were walking for some hours.  
They started a talk while one of their dogs began to bark  
"To identify a trail, look at the footprints, those flowers

Can make the dogs lose the scent trail; " " each flower might have  
A different scent, telling the dog it has been visited  
By some insects; here, their path is divided into two halves."  
"Someone left them, and another one is dead or invalid."

" That person returned; look, he moved frequently between crowded  
And empty places: this makes him conspicuous, " " It's a man."  
"Someone else followed them, " "I don't see well, the sun is clouded, "  
" I don't trust this lady, Chiara, " ' I understood her plan."

"She paid our chief, Quintus, to kill Lucca, " "He was lucky  
To be hired by two persons to do his job on the same ship."  
"Quintus made his intentions very clear; he is plucky  
Man; " one of them touched a footprint with his finger tip.

" Quintus's intention was to loot and to arrive before  
Frederick besides Syracuse to wait and hit the carrack."  
"Quintus will kill Marco after trying to find out whether  
He's their man or not, " "They have fallen under our attack."

" Chiara paid Quintus to kill Francesca, " " Look at the village! "  
"This must be the messenger's house; it is midnight; let's enter  
To find the documents like in the midst of a pillage, "  
" All are like babies in a deep sleep, " "I long for adventure! "

(They found the documents, but they didn't take them because they needed to  
hunt the connection-person. They exited the house.)

" Let's tell Quintus that these gold bars came from London to go  
To a Russian rich lady living as a nun, " "One  
Woman used Fargo to be here, but she didn't let him know."  
"Now, he cannot return back to us; his future is done."

"When one of us leaves our crew, he becomes a stupid man  
In the arms of any woman, " "Which one do you think is  
Involved in the gold's story? " "I don't know, but I know the plan."

"They are four; we'll find soon, " "Round in my head, these events whizz."

(The pirates killed the messenger on the beach, but they did not know where he had lived.

The messenger knew the person who had to give him the gold, and therefore, had no documents on him.

The person bringing the gold traveled while providing maximum security, but secretly he was afraid of the pirates.)

Meanwhile, Quintus did not know where the gold had come from  
Nor where the messenger was living, and therefore, he killed  
Marco; then, after the returning of his people, he sent them  
To tell all the pirates that the onslaught should be stopped.

Erica knew about the village and influenced  
Fargo to go in that direction; Ivan had told her  
The name of the village and where the messenger's house was placed,  
But she didn't know the information that man could confer.

Chiara wanted Lucca to die because he was the sole  
Heir of an immense fortune after the death of his parents.  
She also wanted Francesca's death, but she lost control  
Thinking that she lost the asset in the light of those events.

(..To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 29)

The pirate quartermaster, Maro, saw two galliots  
Coming towards the carrack; the first one had ten cannons.  
To start the maneuver on the carrack, he asked his pilots.  
They were attacked by a volley of fire; maniac in action,

Maro caught up with this army and replied with another  
Volley of fire, but he had to retire the carrack.  
Then, the army came alongside it and fought in a smother.  
This assault was preceded by some flurries of the bullet attacks.

Using the muskets and some small arms designed for superior  
Accuracy, the army could leap from ship to ship;  
Once the ships had met, the battle had been waged; ulterior,  
They used long polearms and swords which were kept on their hips.

The first galliot approached and used the bowsprit,  
A protrusion which was angled upward from the bow,  
To charge the flank of the carrack; some pirates wanted to quit.  
The bowsprit penetrated the breeze upper the low

Waist of the opened deck, in the middle; it could be used  
As a connection between the ships; a part of the army  
Fiercely attacked the pirates making them be confused.  
The ships collided; raw in front of the enemy,

The hidden soldiers started to shoot; they held the fire  
At a close range; this ship was narrow for the artillery,  
But into saving some honest lives they had to inquire.  
These guns were placed on the centerline by the military.

The pirates turned to the opposite direction, but they were  
Attacked by the second galliot equipped in the same way.  
The bandits could barely put up a resistance; their deaths were near.  
The fight had lasted until it was all done in their play.

The first galliot caught the carrack with the help of  
The other one; Maro ordered one of his crew to cut  
A small hole in the carrack to make this ship sink thereof  
And to hurry the soldiers to save the hostages, but

They would need to know if there was a way to swim to the shore.  
They abandoned quickly the carrack; the result of the fight  
Was the victory of the army, stopping the devil's roar.  
They took three pirates captive; three escaped in the waters' night.

The governor had the loyalty of a gentleman  
While keeping his word in front of Frederick and while  
Dedicating himself to protecting any merchant  
And any passenger; they disembarked on that emerald isle.

(Frederick, Pedro, Naimah, Miguel, Cruz, Ivan, Pedra, Chiara, Francesca and the  
remained crew went to Prinylas. Cruz was injured but still alive. At least, while  
having tears in his eyes, Frederick embraced his junior who looked exactly like  
him. The child smiled and touched his father's face with his little hand. Geraldine  
embraced Frederick and kissed him while crying.)

The governor had built frigates and galliots to maintain  
Safety on the coast and to guard them against the invasions.  
Then, he sent them to capture the pirate ships hoping to gain  
Peace, wealth and a good fortune for the future generations.

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 3)

Sulim said, "the moon rises in the sky like a child."  
"The jeweler is going to come tomorrow to  
Bring me jewels for those wanting their life to be styled.  
Although I can't sell them, I want all her dreams to come true, "

Frederick said. She replied, "I can't wait to choose them."  
"They are expensive, and it's hard to find customers, "  
Sam said, " increase the price when two eyes light on a gem."  
"I have to deal with the coast-men, who are expert smugglers."

" 'Twas another world, when jewelry meant a business.  
I had to wear a lapel clip to be fully dressed."  
Sam said, "to the jewelry theft, I'm an eye-witness."  
"To protect this ship from pirates, I'll do my best."

He kissed her, " you're the most important jewel for me."  
She touched her womb, "this fetus is very important."  
"And I hope he will become what I want him to be.  
I know he feels me, even his feeling is quite dormant."

(After a few seconds of thinking, Frederick continued to talk with her.)

"Are you sure that we will have a boy? " "I am absolutely sure.  
Moreover, he will be like his father." The man held her  
Into his arms, " I'm strong enough this fate to endure.  
Will he be as beautiful as me? " He played with her hair.

Dreamy and meditative, Geraldine told him,  
"He's already a sailor in my womb." He laughed.  
"Son, I want you to hit her a little in a gym, "  
She exclaimed, "he moved." "He's maestro at this craft."

(Early in the morning, Frederick and Geraldine woke up. They used to sleep in the same bed, although she was pregnant. She had to prepare the breakfast for the sailors, and he had to go to the nautical bridge to take back the control of the ship.)

"You'll stay in Lisbon for a few years because the child  
Must grow up enough to be taken with us on the ship."  
"I do not let you roaming through the freedom and the wild."  
"I don't go, I stay with you, " he whispered lip to lip.

"Are you afraid of losing me? He asked tenderly.  
"I'm afraid that something bad is going to happen."  
"With five belly dancers around, fashioned slenderly? "  
"Imagine this! You're going to be a real captain! "

He laughed. She gave him a pat on the back with her cushion.  
"Do you see those five lateen sails? They dance in the storm."  
He wanted to make love with her, but she kept on pushing.  
He immobilized her screaming "Love me to keep me warm! "

(Ismail knocked at the door and told Frederick that the jeweler was on the ship.)

(to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 30)

(In Prinylas, in a bedroom, Ivan and Erica were talking while lying on their bed.)

(Erica said,)

I love you and I have proven it to you so many times.  
Maybe it would be healthy if we would remain simple  
Peasants to work in the fields; I miss this life sometimes.  
You're my man and I listen to you, " she drew her wimple.

(Ivan said,)

"Sometimes, you're exhausted, " " I'm afraid of getting sick, "  
"All the time, I need to protect you; it's hard for you to live  
On your own, " " you make a lot of money; you want them quick, "  
"I'm like my aunt, but I also find a nice way to give;

(Ivan continued...)

I like to build a wealth, not just to spend them for my needs, "  
"This is why you sold everything you had in Russia and  
Started a business elsewhere; you followed your instinct leads;  
You don't think positively when you don't have the needed funds, "

(Erica replied. Ivan asked her...)

"Do you suggest this is the reason why my Turkish store burned?  
I've told you that after I had returned from Russia, someone  
Threatened me near the border and took my fur I had earned.  
It could be the nun's ex-husband, " "It could be anyone, "

(...suggested Erica. Ivan replied..)

"It could be another fur trader; anyway, there is  
A disruption in the business conditions; Naimah has  
The same opinion; I started doing business,  
'Cause I wanted a big family, but my life became a haze, "

(Erica was a great observer.)

"Because you started to get into some risky affairs, "  
"Are you talking about the gold? " "Yes, " "I needed new  
Relationships; all remained to this nun for her future years  
Was this gold, which had been deposited to the bank, " "It's true, "

(....concluded Erica. Ivan continued...)

" She met me and gave me the map and the document  
That empowered me to accompany the messenger  
To Russia after traveling across the continent.  
I would receive twelve kilos of gold for this adventure.

She had sent an act to one of her friends living in England  
Authorizing him to take the gold out from the bank  
And to pay a messenger to bring it home, " " I understand.  
"She wrote about some security conditions, " "That ship sank,

(Erica continued...)

But maybe the sailors had been killed before sinking."

"I have to tell you a secret, " " Why do we go to Portugal? "

"Because I fear of that person who fired my shop after taking  
My fur; with the remaining money I opened this life portal-

I bought our trip; I couldn't turn back to talk to the nun.

I should meet the messenger; " "Why have you created problems? "

"Because Frederick didn't keep his word; he preferred to run.

He had promised me to stay two weeks in Athens before I embarked."

(Erica asked him...)

"Why did he change his mind? " "Because of what had happened in  
Selanik; He concluded that he had been chased by the pirates.

I needed time to go to give the map, " Ivan said with a grin.

" To wait for me to come back, you would stay there in silence."

(Erica should stay on the ship to wait for Ivan. She said...)

"Maybe that pirate followed us and killed the messenger.

Let's think positively, " " He took the gold; we need protection.

Moreover, the nun told me that she hadn't informed her

Ex-husband about the gold because of losing his affection.

This woman wants to donate her gold in exchange for freedom.  
The map is vital to her as the commission is to me."  
" The messenger came with his servant in this garden of Eden.  
Why didn't they take the ship? " "To watch it sailing on the sea! "

(...exclaimed Ivan and continued...)

If something had happened to the gold, he would have asked  
The authorities to investigate the missing, " " At least,  
He should verify this transport in the port of Constanta.  
Imagine how some poisoned thoughts could spoil the hope's feast! "

(... exclaimed Erica. Ivan asked...)

" Where do you know this from? " " I've read his journal, " " I must go  
To tell the governor everything I know and to ask him  
To help me, " "This nun is very important to you; although  
You don't say it, you do it; means not making money on a whim."

" I understood the idea of freedom in life,  
Especially for a woman; I wanted to fight against  
An old, Russian mentality; started with an inner strife  
While hoping to find some ways to achieve true happiness."

(Ivan continued....)

" Don't forget that I overcame my own human condition.  
"I think it is also about the faith that spurred you; read  
Some chapters aloud for me before sleeping; your diction  
Is nice, " "Hope it's not philosophical; don't turn in the bed! "

('Just a little, " replied Erica and fell asleep.)

(..To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 31)

(Chiara was talking to Francesca in their shared bedroom.)

Chiara said,

"I like to watch you painting while playing the piano.  
We're both passionate about painting and music. I think this  
Is why we like each other; " " you can sing the high soprano."  
"We shared this love of Arturo; as he died, so passed our bliss."

Francesca replied,

" What did you say about sharing? I was only his daughter.  
"I loved him enormously; I wished to give birth to his  
Girl; " "Your dream was like the image of a star in the water,  
Because he wanted a boy, and you should be some kind of wiz

To give birth to his boy; " "All my valuable books about  
New discoveries and religion burned on that carrack."  
"I'm sorry to hear that; I liked them; there is beyond all doubt  
That our spiritual Eden is secured from the devil's attack.

Francesca continued,

I've thought of the book you had read as I've thought of a visual  
Art form; that monk and that nun were in contact only by

Knowing God to get an equilibrium; that biblical  
Space was like a ship never sinking, where the people didn't die."

Chiara replied,

"I've tried to understand God; we must be pure to meet Him."  
"They are educated through prayers to love God and to  
Maintain their virginity; I thought that love was for a whim,  
When it was based on attraction, not for a marriage; " "It's true."

" Love must be rational to develop over time while  
Finding fulfillment in being a mother; " " These mothers  
Are devoted givers; there's a lot of bliss in their smile."  
"A husband must love his wife very much; " " Closer than brothers,

The man and the woman in togetherness must live,  
But no love can save you if you do not want to be saved.  
I think you run into the art's world your mother's death to forgive."  
"If my dad had really loved her, she would not have died."

" Your thinking is totally wrong; your father was not  
Orpheus to save her from her inferno of life.  
She didn't accept her human condition; he loved her allot.  
You're like your mother while denying everything in this strife

With your fate; Lucca made a mistake when he married you."  
" Indeed, I did not feel free. Maybe it is because I was

Forced to marry him while my sufferings were painted new.  
Why was Lucca talking with Ivan? " " I tell you why, it was because

Chiara continued,

Ivan was released from the position of a serf."  
"Lucca wanted to know the mindset of the exploited class."  
"As a diplomat, while walking down the end of the Athens wharf,  
Lucca studied Ivan to know if he was cruel or crass.

Chiara continued,

As a wealthy man with a political power,  
A decision-making capacity and some business skills  
To avoid some complications he had a desire."  
" He had charming manners and talked concisely about rents and bills."

Chiara replied,

" All his life he had worked to increase his wealth and to make  
A career in diplomacy; this is why he was forty  
Years old when he asked you to be his wife; he wanted to take  
Care of us; he paid your father's remaining debt payments

And this trip while wanting the stability of our family.  
And how did you reward him while rejecting him  
Or being cold as an ice when not doin' what comes naturally."

"Chiara, he needed a positive image; " " your tears are dim."

Francesca continued,

" He took time to know his new family away from any  
Social obligations; " "your father needed a groom like him."  
"Why? " " Because he had lived with his memories, much and many.  
Der Eyck's instrument is not new; his memory was slim.

He took refuge in the game world of the cards and destroyed  
His property; " " But those who played with him were your friends; why  
Didn't you save him? " "I couldn't do anything; to avoid  
This misfortune was impossible; your love will set awry

If I tell you a secret I hide for fear of hurting you."  
Chiara's eyes gave Francesca a real scare, " I know he was ill."  
"Your father didn't love you as you thought; " "How can this be true?  
"He didn't care of you while passionately playing cards till

Chiara continued,

He lost his fortune and wanted to commit the suicide.  
Do you realize that we could live as poor women  
While lacking any support and having nightmares inside?  
I've told your father about Lucca; he sent me to you then.

Lucca was the son of my friend and she told me her little  
Secret; I thought Lucca would help consolidate the debt  
Of your father with a loan, but his intention was a riddle.  
I had to convince you to marry this man; a roulette

Was your entire father's life; all I could do was to listen  
To my husband; the gold was more important to him than  
You have ever been; " "Before the neighbors could find what was missin'  
I had to marry; but when my father was rich, he had

Many relationships, he could borrow from one of his friends."  
"Dear, his relations have deteriorated because he was  
No longer a reliable man; " " friendship never ends.  
Why did Lucca want to marry me? " "He trusted my word; applause! "

(Francesca started to cry. She had a conscience. Chiara was her benefactress.)

(...To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 32)

(Chiara continued,)

"It was based on this friendship I had with his mother.  
I had done some business to multiply the wealth I had.  
I had an illegitimate little son and rather  
Than letting him be poor, I would make money, good or bad."

(Francesca was surprised to find this terrible secret and questioned Chiara,)

" Did my father know about this child? " " Of course he knew about him."  
"What's his name? " " His name is Gregorio." "Where is his father? "  
" I fell in love with a nobleman as a maid, " her eyes grew dim,  
"In his parents' house, I'd gotten pregnant; then, he asked his brother

(Chiara continued,)

To talk with their parents about our marriage, but they  
Immediately arranged his marriage with a noble girl,  
And I was fired; they hoped that my sighs would pass away  
While giving me some land and money; my mind was in a whirl.

(Chiara continued,)

A wealthy farmer wanted to marry me, but I took  
The money, and I ran to the town, " "What have you done there? "  
"I've worked as a laundrywoman. One day, in a wayside nook,  
I've met a band of actors; I was hired to play and, my dear,

(Chiara continued,)

On another day, another nobleman asked me to be  
His wife; I've married him, but I've lost him shortly after  
The marriage; then, one thing remained above my fame and me.  
"The money! " "The suffering! " Then, she said, "Oh, my dear daughter! "

(Chiara embraced Francesca because Francesca started to cry.)

(Francesca said,)

"You were unlucky! You were more unfortunate than me.  
"Why? " " For thou hast known some happiness and thou lost it."  
"I've tried to convince your father not to play; he didn't see  
Love; that you were his whole family, he should admit."

(Francesca replied,)

"He was aware of the relationships in the society,  
But he was hardly able to understand the women."  
"He understood them, but he didn't believe them, in reality."  
" Lucca had a positive influence on him; then,

(Francesca continued,)

Lucca tried to help him change his life while being so busy."

"He was shocked when he was threatened by the pirates; " "He was  
Very resigned; " "While lacking his pipe that made me dizzy."  
" He was powerful, and he joked when he was nervous because

(Francesca continued,)

He wanted to be untouchable; he loved the things  
Of value, which were rare and authentic; while appreciating  
The arts he didn't want to be sensitized; " "when the heart sings,  
Love sensitizes it; eccentric while depreciating

(Chiara continued,)

The limitations, he wanted to be your partner in life."  
"He had known that this trip carried a high risk, but he needed  
This danger to control me; " " he protected you as a wife.  
He was willing to pay for his life while being mistreated

(Chiara continued,)

And while thinking that the pirates wanted wealth; did you see  
How did Quintus disappear? " " No! I appreciate that Lucca  
Has not betrayed the state secrets; in death, he started to be  
A hero needing the strength to block the sun as Garuda."

(Chiara said,)

"My first husband had been Italian, but your father  
Has been Spanish and I was proud when he asked me to be  
His wife; " Francesca hugged her, " I consider you a mother.  
Rosa said that you're a witch, but you're like an angel to me."

(Chiara said,)

"Rosa was able to play to the extreme for her happiness  
While putting her victims in the other extreme; " "I think  
You have a wrong impression about her; " " her rose of success  
Withered quickly; her death was creepy upon her existence's brink.

(Francesca began to cry. Chiara said.)

"Rosa didn't help me when Bella fell into the water.  
I didn't know that Bella could not swim. When that jellyfish  
Attacked her, she clenched her hand so hard that I couldn't help her  
Any longer" " Rosa helped me; if I could have one great wish

(Francesca continued,)

I would love to be instead of Bella; when Fargo and  
Geraldine boarded the boat, you unbalanced and pushed me.  
If Rosa hadn't kept me tight, I would have been in  
Bella's place; " Chiara exclaimed, " So lucky how could you be?

(Chiara continued,)

How did you feel it? " "What do you mean? " "When you've painted that  
Jellyfish; " " Yeah, it was like a premonition; maybe  
We had to listen to Fargo; it wasn't good, " "What? "  
"To be exposed ashore; the pirates could see us; " " you know me! "

(Chiara said that she hadn't known about the pirates' existence.)

(...to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 33)

(Chiara kissed Francesca's forehead. She said,)

"Who would have hurt a pure, innocent soul as yours? " "You're more  
Sensible than me; you're not like those women, who are  
Apparently introverted because of hiding some core,  
Dirty secrets; " "the power of a mother's love no one can mar."

(Francesca said,)

"I love you; thank you for accepting to be my mother.  
Do you think Fargo is trustworthy? " " He didn't intend  
To save Bella; more than this, I've talked with your father.  
He said that Fargo's attitude proved that he was the pirates' friend.

(Chiara continued,)

It wasn't good to take with him some women to go into  
An unknown zone without having the possibility to  
Protect them; " " you've searched for anything appearing in view  
While walking along the shore; " "I did what I had to do."

(Francesca said,)

"I enjoyed painting while Bella was playing the violin.  
Those sounds inspired me; I would have liked to have a sister  
Like her; how old was her child when he died? " "That's where mares begin.

In an epidemic measles, this child was ill and left her.

(Chiara continued,)

They fled the war and have spent time in England; Bella  
Didn't want to be saved; she couldn't have another child.  
She lost hope after using the Hindu powers of chela."  
"On the shore, you helped me fight depression when you smiled."

(Chiara said,)

Remaining on the shore was the only salvation.  
If the fire had been extinguished, our husbands would have  
Found us; " " I can't forget those moments of desperation.  
Yet you have not betrayed Fargo' s secret; " " I believe in Yahve.

(Chiara continued,)

This was why I wanted to protect those accompanying  
Him; I give you as much love as I have! " "I like this contrast  
Between who you are and who you're suggesting you are; being  
In this contrast is my desire; " " hope is engraved in the fights I've passed."

(Francesca said,)

I loved my father too much because I had no other  
Parent; I was afraid of losing him and I sacrificed

A lot; I would have been different if I had had a brother.  
He married you to release me and gave me this advice

(Francesca continued,)

To start a new life; I think he wanted me to be happy,  
But I couldn't be; I've missed my mother so much that I wanted  
To die for the purpose of being with her; " "you feel so crappy,  
But we're brought to death by this life which by Almighty is granted."

(Chiara continued,)

Much sooner than we imagine, that final hour comes to us.  
It can be excruciating, but we must accept this fate.  
We're puppets in front of it acting as we know everything, thus  
We know nothing; you were afraid of this sudden poorness, a gate

(Chiara continued,)

That could make you be catapulted to a lower social  
Class, where you should marry a commoner; it was another  
Motivation to accept this marriage that was crucial."  
"I was glad to know that my father loved you; there came the sequel.

(Francesca continued,)

I didn't want him to suffer; " " you pulled the boat while

Considering my age and the helplessness of Pedra."

"I wanted to be sure that the boat is well hidden; smile!

Our life is like this slow balance of the moon called Libra."

(Chiara embraced Francesca tightly while not understanding what was happening to herself.)

(Chiara said,)

"Let's sleep; it's late; before turning the lamp, check the documents

And lock the box of the values; tomorrow we go shopping

In Corfu Town before talking with the governor

To help us go home securely; " he needs arguments."

(Chiara also told Francesca how much to set aside for expenses explaining that she wanted the rest of the riches and the documents to be transported in some conditions of the maximum security. Chiara opened her medallion to show Francesca the portrait of Gregorio. A new thought sprouted in her mind.)

(...to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 34)

(Geraldine was talking with Frederick.  
Geraldine said,)

"I think you need a new community to live; our marriage  
Is, somehow, atypical; " " you're a paradox; you're afraid  
Of the unknown, but these extremes are all you cherish."  
"Life on this ship is an extreme, where we cry to God for aid."

Frederick said,

"I know the suffering you had endured after losing your  
Father hindered your life, but if you want to start overcoming  
Your fears, it's helpful to understand that this love can cure  
Your woe; " "I need a family and this happiness becoming

Geraldine continued,

A part of my life; I want everything to be well done,  
And therefore, to avoid the complications. You know me  
Well as a husband and you're more responsible than anyone  
I've met in my life; " "You need harmony, which helps you be

Frederick continued,

Dynamic enough to maintain a cheerful atmosphere

Around me even in extreme situations; you have  
An instinct, a sense of premonition and, my dear,  
Our child will be dreamy and pensive as you; Yahveh

Frederick continued,

Blessed this marriage; sometimes, it's hard to live with your irony  
When you argue and try to influence my final decisions  
While exploiting my weaknesses and my love; it's funny  
That I'm heedless and confused by my own new illusions.

Frederick continued,

You pay attention very closely to everything that  
Happens around us; " "I think we were a little unlucky  
Because we've started this business with a few money, but  
We ensured the protection of life though our ship broke down quickly.

Geraldine continued,

I appreciate that you value the life and pay for  
The healing of the employees instead of replacing them.  
You are sensitive and good and this is why I love you more.  
The child reacts when you're near him; he plays a transparent game.

Geraldine continued,

You succeed precisely due to your dignity; your friends

Do not betray you, but help you a lot; " "I like the teamwork  
Made of experienced friends, because friendship never ends.  
I didn't experience sailing, but this issue I could burke."

Geraldine said,

"I think we couldn't avoid this implacable destiny."  
"You must cease to believe in predictions and premonitions  
And start to accept the consequence and its brevity  
That follows from your reasoning when you want high positions."

Frederick replied. Geraldine said,

"I start to get angry when someone is lying to me,  
But, generally, I'm very much like Maya; " "You're quite  
Skeptical while needing compelling arguments; to be  
Like she means to accept yourself as you are without a fight.

Frederick continued,

You're dramatic and seductive because of your jealousy,  
Which is unbearable because of your prejudices  
That hurt me; " "I let my regret embrace your melancholy.  
I flee from danger and complications; " "I'm not a Judas.

Replied Frederick.

You don't have the courage to change your life and you want me to  
Make an effort to change the destiny of our family.  
When you have to cope with bad situations, you prefer to go  
Back to the life you had lived though it had meant agony.

Frederick continued,

You could be a victim of an abuse or of a forced marriage.  
As a wife, you should respect some unwritten laws that were  
Primitive and barbaric when your man looked to discourage.  
You need this match, but you don't know the vintage it can confer."

(...to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 35)

(Frederick was talking with Geraldine.  
Frederick said,)

"My love for you will last forever; " "Our love must be strong  
In this crowded emptiness of the wars around us.  
You're a dreamer; " "I want to secure your life from wrong  
And to do everything possible to make you be happy; thus,

(Frederick continued,)

I'll be sure that our child will grow up to discover his skills  
And talents; " "He will be a successful man like you.  
You're a good trader, but you take risks because you like these thrills."  
"I want to make money to buy a galley for my crew.

(Frederick continued,)

Spending less money than we make is essential to our  
Financial security; " " We have the responsibility  
To provide what is necessary for our life to grow in power."  
"To buy too many gowns and shoes you have an ability.

(Frederick continued,)

You've made this carrack be a luxury one before  
Looking like a wreck; " " I wanted rich passengers to embark  
On our ship; this way we could earn money; " "My dear, it's war,  
But there is absolutely nothing wrong with this spark

(Frederick continued,)

Of interest as long as you don't go overboard.  
Keep this unnecessary spending to a minimum.  
This employee holding multiple jobs is all we can afford.  
I've spent all my money on this carrack, causing pandemonium."

(Geraldine said,)

"For example, Maya is an excellent cooker and a healer  
At the same time; " my love for you is passionate and true.  
I've married you without your parents' consent; I was a reeler  
While not knowing if I could have a future together with you,

(Frederick continued,)

But I wanted this family; " " You were well aware  
Of the ships' condition and progress, but you weren't conscious  
Of the importance of a fire on this wooden ship; in despair,  
You've spent the money for food and fuel without my consent.

(Geraldine continued,)

That money had been given by the passengers to embark.  
Now, everything is gone; all remained is almost nothing."  
"I had to merchandise and resist the attacks; " "A strong remark!  
I remember that you sold some jewelry to buy something."

(Frederick replied,)

"I remember that I've tried to face your jealousy  
Because I love you very much; I remember that I was  
In danger and I had to go on and face our destiny  
As nothing was happening; our hope is stuck underneath its claws

(Frederick continued,)

And I don't remember if you took time out to support me  
During any rather difficult day; you think like a slave  
Lacking responsibility while you want to be  
An Italian woman; " " I open my heart to crave

(Geraldine continued,)

That these slaves lack the ability to run their own lives  
And are therefore happy with a system where their lives are run  
By others; " " glad to know they're happy as husbands and wives.  
There will be no slave to row on this ship under the sun."

(Geraldine said,)

"Some of your sailors used much more freedom than I did, "  
"They were punished for what they did wrong; " " This latest mistake  
Could lead us to death; " "I was caught in a trap, God forbid! "  
"You had no sailing experience; some dreamers must be awake.

(Geraldine continued,)

You trusted people too much and verified them too little.  
"These pirates fight for a freedom that does not exist  
While using all kinds of scams, while their life is a riddle,  
While not being honest, and while hunting in the devil's mist.

(Frederick continued,)

The fight for an alleged brotherhood, equality,  
And freedom promoted by these pirates is different  
From any honest fight because they don't have dignity.  
They destroy its ideal sense while being indifferent."

(Geraldine said,)

"Why do you say this? " " Some pirates accused me of supporting  
A repressive policy against slavery while providing  
Some groups with weapons and they still didn't stop annoying  
Me because they wanted to know my secrets; my suffering

(Frederick continued,)

Fellows couldn't benefit from moral support; " "Tell me,  
Some people like the aunt of Ivan could live better than  
It was permissible; she had to pay bills; she wasn't free."  
"She didn't want to be enslaved, beaten and raped by her man.

(Frederick continued,)

It seemed that this situation had been abnormal for her  
Until she turned the idea upside down; she couldn't deal  
With all her problems besides running away from the star  
Of the poor voices; " " so contrary to her ideal

(Geraldine continued,)

Was the reality of Ivan's mother that she was  
Ashamed to continue her life, although she loved Ivan  
Very much; her dignity was destroyed; I suffer because  
I left my mother to marry you; no friendship is better than

(Geraldine continued,)

The relationship between a mother and her daughter.  
This is why I appreciate the friendship between  
Francesca and Chiara; " " these things don't seem to matter  
When Chiara is not sincere; what happened could have been foreseen."

(Geraldine said,)

" I think that Chiara tries to compensate the absence  
Of the missing mother; both Chiara and Carla are strong  
Women and I've learned a lot from them, because, in silence,  
They suffered for saving their husbands they wanted to belong

(Geraldine continued,)

While protecting their children. My family must be as strong  
As my parents taught me to be; " "the women always say  
They suffer in a marriage while being humble all lifelong,  
But they want to prove that, without them, their men may go astray."

(Fargo knocked at the door and gave them a letter, which was sent by the  
governor to inform them that the missing gold had been found.)

(...to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 36)

(The Governor has obtained the approval from England to allow Ivan to bring officially the gold to the Russian nun. Pedro and Carla started to talk in their bedroom.)

(Pedro said,)

"Your concern for life and health means more than the pleasure to have  
Expensive jewelry; " "Can you explain the new conclusion  
About our family future to me? " " Well, when glaciers calve,  
They become slowly icebergs- nothing else but pure delusion.

(Pedro continued,)

Beatrice knows me better than you; with you I live  
A lifetime of conservative thinking; " "make me understand  
Your relationship with her, when you love and forgive.  
Being catholic, you must give up your sins, at the Lord's Command."

(...said Carla. Pedro was seemingly not listening to her. He said,)

"I've visited New Spain to understand its reality.  
I get back home to make the change; " "It seems that the Indian  
People have changed your thinking; I predict a fatality.  
It's just a different culture to be trapped in our oblivion."

(Pedro said,)

"Life, in its essence, is guided by the same principles."

"You could learn from the Turks as well as you have learned from  
The Indians to keep your thinking invincible  
At least, the Turks are civilized; I think their time will come."

(Pedro replied,)

"The civilization is created; the Indians keep  
Their unspoiled ideas far away from the vices of  
The society; Turks always need their wonders on the deep  
And some unique ideas coming from above

(Pedro continued,)

To change something in the evolutionary sense.  
Though you have been in New Spain you couldn't concretely  
Differentiate the old world from the new world and, thence  
You couldn't understand Geraldine's origin; discretely

(Pedro continued,)

You cannot understand the fundamental meaning

Of the life change; this is the cause of our separation.  
"I feel abandoned in our family; while educating  
Our children you leave them to come back with a new conception.

(Carla continued,)

You're an individualist to fight against me; your fight  
Is fierce and I feel like I'm thwarted and defeated  
Until losing balance, until the devils mock my sight,  
And until I can no longer resist while I need to be needed.

(Carla continued,)

That's why I got sick; " " Beatrice is, in fact, my life partner,  
But I have to divide my time between her and our children.  
It seems that my responsibility as a father  
Made me turn back home and visit New Spain, which is bewildering."

(Replied Pedro. Carla stopped talking for a few minutes, then she continued,)

"Bella said that no one can separate that oath that was made  
In the Church and reinforced by a lifelong contract.  
Miguel said that the marriage purpose is to get the highest grade  
Of awareness to infer the consciousness abstract

(Carla continued,)

Meaning and to have a high moral identity.  
The evolution of the moral conscience leads to developing  
The moral identity, but we may call it, for brevity,  
A concept of consciousness in the communion of feelings."

(Pedro said,)

"It seems that we have passed this moment, and therefore I want  
To change, but in a different way from Descartes, who tried  
To reconcile, using a dualistic way to get in sync,  
The idealism with the materialism when they collide.

(Pedro continued,)

You have a dual concept of love and an internal  
Contradiction between the spiritual love and the body  
Sensibility; the pulse of your thinking depends on  
Your soul moods; it should be vice versa; you love nobody."

(...to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 37)

(Carla continued to talk with Pedro in their bedroom. Carla said,)

"I thought that our communion will change me in better, "

"What changes can you make in your thoughts and actions? This subject Sickness  
me, " "Beatrice is like you and I'm gonna let her  
Marry you; I intend to divorce; I feel like a reject.

(Carla continued,)

It's wise to end our loveless marriage, " " our home will change because  
You choose to change it; you have a kind of self-confidence,  
Which is not good while I feel your strong attraction to me,  
And your possessiveness hurts me; do you see the consequence? "

(Concluded Pedro. She replied,)

"Sometimes, you're too passive and melancholic, " "I'm depressed.  
You created an air of mystery; you keep your secrets  
Bottled up inside and hidden from me; " "I do my best."  
"You don't take responsibility though you have regrets.

(Pedro continued,)

You are patient, and you take yourself too seriously."

"The first thing Beatrice wanted to do was to make  
Our tension go along with our life; she loves you dangerously.  
I had to overcome the conflicts hoping that you would awake.

(Carla continued,)

I did all my best while trying to balance everything  
We've got to live a happy family life, " "you cannot  
Maintain your emotional balance, " " well, love is all or nothing."  
To achieve stability, in all your charm I have been caught, "

(Pedro replied. Carla said,)

"The woman must have equal chances as the man has  
To communicate with God; much more, she needs some education  
To understand the experience of her man, whereas  
The man must understand his wife; " " you dance over separation.

(Pedro continued,)

The result is a lack of harmony in our relationship  
Affecting our communication and leading to this  
Moral misery; I could see what happened on the ship  
Between you and Miguel, " "what happened? " " Does he know how to kiss? "

(Carla replied,)

"Bella's relationship with God was too intimate and quite  
Strange motivating Miguel to have platonic relationships  
With other women." He smiled, " you're unfit to be his mate.  
Bella was a decent wife not needing lovers on the ships.

(Pedro continued,)

The bride of Christ is a believer of the Christian Church.  
Miguel suffered because she couldn't give birth to another  
Child; he's your victim, and you must be ashamed at the smirch  
Of flirting with other men in front of me; you're a mother!

(Pedro continued,)

She advised me to stop being ignorant, but I've told her that  
For me, it was very important to make my personal  
Dreams come true; " " those cures weakened her to fall down like a brat."  
"While playing the violin, she felt so emotional."

(Carla replied,)

"Her arms were sensitized, and she felt the deep touch  
Of the Medusa while being scared because she couldn't swim."  
"They didn't feel the danger though they loved each other so much, "  
"Maybe she wanted her own death, " "she was so graceful and slim."

(...to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas



## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 38)

(Pedro said,)

When we cross this line between friendship and hostility,  
We need a lot of attraction to save our marriage  
And to compensate for what's lost; a betrayal facility,  
Thus, is created; " " Miguel says that something to disparage

(Carla continued,)

Is the contradiction between spouses, which can be useful  
When your partner becomes a thought of your consciousness  
Evolving in meditation; our passion of love is truthful,  
When we understand the things that are discrepant or less

(Carla continued,)

Familiar; Miguel suggests that the idea about  
The perfection can be continued in another marriage,  
Which can be performed after the divorce; " " Bella said that, no doubt,  
These tensions being teased by some sex led to zero and disparage.

(Replied Pedro. He continued,)

Miguel and Bella needed each other's opinion  
Without expressing any certain aspect of their  
Divergent thinking; Miguel could hold dominion

Over your heart because you were vulnerable and too fair.

(Pedro added,)

You took care of your beauty to maintain this attraction,  
In our relationship, but your beauty caught his attention,  
Because Bella didn't give him too much satisfaction."  
"Her love was based on sense and sensibility rather than

(Carla continued,)

Reason and emotion; " "you've made an effort to have a precise  
Grace; you use flowers for your body bath while poetry can clean  
Your soul; you eat less and move more than others; so, take this advice  
And be natural like Eve; you know what I mean."

(Replied Pedro. Carla replied,)

"I wanted to prevent this tragic end- the infidelity.  
Miguel told me that we had never been together as soulmates  
While you had thought that my ideas had meant the absurdity  
Of the perfectionism; " " you pushed me to the betrayal gates

(Pedro continued,)

In order to separate me from Beatrice; every time

I left home, you were wondering if I would do this or not."  
"Our marriage was approved by God; from children we hear His chime,  
And your relationship with Beatrice will come to naught.

(Carla continued,)

Miguel was better than you because he chose a platonic  
Way to betray his wife; I've just been humiliated  
While negotiating my love with Beatrice; so chronic  
Were her manners to discourage me, but I've communicated

(Carla continued,)

With you against odds; Miguel had been in search for other  
Soulmates; Then, he could admire Bella; God didn't give them  
Kids but they didn't divorce 'cause she wanted to be a mother.  
In an impure marriage, there's a betrayal I can't condemn."

(Pedro said,)

" The sin is the occasion for grace while bringing repentance, "  
" The sin can only diminish this hope to comprehend  
Our Lord while we can return to the position of acceptance  
Through the pure procreation; without name or end

(Carla continued,)

Is the suffering of our children, and they are innocent;  
I lost the idea of perfection while you were living  
In sin; the darkness led you to self-destruction; now, ignorant  
While living in anger and passion, you need His forgiving.

(Carla continued,)

Being like Bella, I have chosen the human sacrifice."  
"This perfectionism is an illusion and, in reality,  
We die all; we are all sinners to give up the paradise.  
On Earth, to find the original perfection is a fantasy.

(Pedro continued,)

We can't be rescued. I prefer the peace of my mind  
To this fight for salvation; I prefer an ephemeral,  
Pleasant life instead of it; " I understand that you're still blind.  
That's why I have a deep relationship with Christ, in general.

(Carla continued,)

I'm forced to accompany you in an aimless journey-  
A vagrancy; you forced me to accept this new reality  
That would change my destiny; the devil is your attorney."  
" A need for a sinful freedom lies in your normality.

(Pedro continued,)

You end up ignoring the devil in front of death.  
Don't forget that you stay in a haunted house; " "I'm searching  
For some viable solutions and for the heaven's breath."  
To be a mother is a reality; I'm fighting

(Carla continued,)

To save my family; " "your moral awareness leads  
To unhappiness and anger; " "you provoke me to fight  
To keep you while using sarcasm to banish all my needs."  
"This method keeps my rivals at bay; " " you insult me despite

(Carla continued,)

My faithfulness; you use this jealousy to make me love you  
Unconditionally; " " Christianity can't bring the man  
To the initial Eden; so, love me as I am, though  
I'm not your Adam, Eve! " "Pedro, I am your woman! "

(He embraced her and started to make love with her after so many years.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 39)

(Cruz and Pedra were talking in the bedroom. Cruz had started to recover and his wound began to heal.)

(Pedra said,)

" Pedro uses the morality to achieve his immoral,  
Hidden goals, but you provoke the people to become  
Immoral, considering them to be hypocrites; " "don't quarrel!  
Criticism is something you cannot avoid; they're just scum.

(Cruz continued,)

You're the one who breaks any spiritual barrier  
To overcome some secret limitations; you like  
This concept of master-slave morality; you're a harrier.  
I'm an old man, and I don't like that, sometimes, you're ready to strike.

(Cruz continued,)

Carla is your antipode; " "Do I spy? Did you question Ivan  
About passing such a barrier between two powerful  
Countries to do business? " "Their run just means survivin'.  
I admit that I'm very curious; " "You think it's wonderful! "

(Cruz said while smiling,)

"I want to change everything around and do not know how."  
"If you were not so morose and introverted, maybe  
You would succeed; " "I'm not an orator, but I'm still alive now.  
I speak too briefly and concisely, but I love you, baby."

(Pedra replied,)

" You're a very good observer and you think objectively."  
"I consider that you've found my way of being in the world  
And this is why our marriage works so well; you're effectively  
My friend; our life didn't fall apart when the lies were hurled."

(Pedra said,)

"We have an organized family, and even when  
We are not together, we are a team; " " I understand  
That you have learned from the power of Aphra Behn's pen,  
But, when you are with me, your ideas lose command."

(Pedra replied,)

" Maya appreciates my knowledge about botany  
And history; " " She's a lonely woman, an unlucky one.  
Between some passengers, she created a dichotomy."  
"Did you ask her some odd questions as you had done with Ivan? "

(Cruz replied,)

"Maya is a war survivor and she learns to overcome  
The poverty; " "she's an introvert but friendly and humane.  
Although old, she works well and fast while needing to become  
A talented cook; she's healthy for her age; doesn't live in vain."

(Cruz said,)

"She needs to manage her anxiety by trying to control  
Her reality; she views this ability as a matter  
Of survival; " " she appeals to the evil powers for her goal.  
To make this force be an energy field she uses the water.

(Pedra continued,)

She's a widow and her brother, Naimah, is rather clumsy.  
He's not strong enough to overcome the difficulties in life."  
"How to keep fear under control she likes to study  
And she's a kind of quack using plants to cure this inner strife."

(Pedra replied,)

"She had fled war and chose the water as the primordial  
Element instead of accepting the fire; then, those forces  
Followed her to set this ship on fire 'cause that danger was mortal.  
She thinks that these elements feed on her chakras sources."

(Cruz replied,)

"The water quenches the fire, and when the water is dangerous,  
There is no escape; " "Carla told me that Maya talked to her dead.  
She's afraid of exorcisms; " "she cannot endanger us."  
"To bring Maya to Allah, Geraldine has a wise head."

(Cruz replied,)

" Geraldine has been pregnant while needing help; she seems to be  
A fighter, but in reality, she's peaceful, frail and helpless.  
You are a totally different person; " "no loss is known in me.  
To help Surak after abandoning her kids was useless."

(Cruz replied,)

" Maybe her children are strong, but her nephew needs help."  
" Maybe she needs purity to get her protective energy  
While entering the unknown; " "stop turning my brain to kelp!  
It's intuition. If I wasn't in that gun-room, we would die."

(Cruz began to tell her about the person who had saved him from death.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas



## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 4)

That ship used to carry passengers and some cargo.  
'Twas cozy and elegant for the ladies' travel.  
The outdoor spaces and the suites were cleaned by Fargo.  
Its furniture and artworks were dreams to unravel.

They had tobacco, Indian spices, and old wine,  
Making sure that the passengers wouldn't miss anything.  
Searching for food and water, when the stars started to shine,  
Freddy hired Maya because she knew to do everything.

Maya was an old woman having black eyes and white hair,  
And she had a deep, long scar above her upper lip.  
The crew got ready to leave the port, feeling despair  
In waiting for the last passengers to board the ship.

"She will prepare the meals as a woman of the sea.  
She will help you give birth to the child when the time will come.□  
Why do I sometimes feel like someone is watching me?  
He always appears in my way; those moments I'm numb.

He's a tall and a lean man dodging out of my way.  
He has three daggers and a gold ring with a boom skull."  
"Sulim said something about a sea wolf, " "What did you say? "  
"Ask Sam to follow him, and to put him in a lull."

"It's dangerous to follow him, " "Now, where is his ship? "  
"Near wild shores or isolated places, well hidden.  
Due to my accident, I left the army swords that rip."  
"I left my home for you, ' cause this love was forbidden."

(She started to cry while thinking that her father died because she left the home without his approval to marry Frederick. While crying, she fell asleep. Frederick fell asleep, too, while being worried about their future.)

(to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 40)

(Pedra said,)

You've found strength in the face of death; it would be better  
If you gave up playing cards and smoking pipe that could affect  
Your health; " "I've learned from my friends; I need them to get up setter!  
The leverage of our vast economic power I can't neglect."

(Pedra replied,)

"Is it about those secret goals, which drive some unethical  
Billing practices? " Cruz began to kiss her while laughing,  
" I'm not capable of doing this; by the way, you're sensual."  
If you were that kind of man, I would not marry you, darling."

(Cruz embraced her tightly saying, "I've never betrayed you. I love you too  
much. Don't be jealous.")

(He continued,)

" I like the fact that after making love, you become silent  
While reading; " " I enjoy this; when I'm around people, I suffer  
The problem of not being heard; then, reading becomes a talent.  
I need to curl up next to you and read this book 'til it's over.

(Pedra continued,)

I love you; you were lucky that the bullet penetrated

The left shoulder and not an important part of your body."  
" I passed out and woke up in pains; I felt I was terminated.  
The stranger fell over me and covered me with blood; some bloody

(Cruz continued,)

Guys took the guns and left the room; Ibrahim crept up to me  
Washed my wound and bandaged it; he gave me some cold teas to drink.  
He told me that Maya had taught him to make tea; let this be  
A divination unto death, in which I could sink.

(Cruz continued,)

After Marco's death, at night, I dragged myself to a secret room.  
Ibrahim took care not to leave any trace of our presence.  
After making the effort, I fainted again; a feeling of doom  
Persisted inside me; I wanted to protect my essence.

(Pedra replied,)

"I've heard that, on the ship, the people were caught and tied."  
"Ibrahim escaped; the secret room was next to the food store.  
It was situated under the stairs as a perfect hideout.  
I entered there while using a movable wall; " "It had no door! "

(Cruz continued,)

"This room and the food pantry had two ventilation pipes,  
Which were united inside and open outside to create  
The mirage that only the pantry was aired; usually, the ships  
Don't have their secret rooms; " "Well, this subject is a worth debate.

(Pedra continued,)

This room was very intelligently built; when they entered  
In a hurry to take the weapons, they didn't see these details.  
You're lucky to be alive; " " on this subject my mind is centered."  
"About sailing and ships, you haven't read enough secret tales."

(The third night, the sailors were talking in their bedroom. Brisbon told Sam,)

"You combine the religious practice of meditation  
With the verse; " "The Lord's servant must not be quarrelsome; " " not all  
Conflicts are quarrels; " " this idea requires some confrontation."  
Fargo said, "Sam, do you compose poetry? " " My muse is small."

(Answered Sam. Brisbon asked him,)

"Those songs are created by you? " Sam answered, " some of them are  
Composed by me; Sulim likes music; he's a man of strength."  
" I'm only a listener of your songs beneath the polar star."

Brisbon tried to divert this discussion by talking at length

About the command of that carrack; "Sulim, you helped me a lot."  
"Geraldine oversaw the crew's work when I was at the helm, "  
Said Sulim; " Freddy was near me and confidence was all I've got, "  
Replied Sam; "when in the unknown the carrack sought to whelm,

(Brisbon continued,)

Sam paid attention to the sea at the helm while being  
Dedicated and loyal; " Sam said, " Freddy is honest,  
Enterprising, dynamic and thrifty; his way of seeing  
Means stimulation; " "Do you remember when he promised

(Sulim continued,)

To hire us to work on his galley, someday? He gave us  
The freedom to work as true sailors; life on other ships  
Was much more difficult; " Fargo said, " he refused my offer; thus,  
I hire my own crew; " Gian laughed, " It's better to take fishing trips."

(Brisbon said,)

"The governor gave our Frederick a new carrack, a small  
Property and money to help him recover his damages.  
His wife is a distant cousin of Geraldine; above all,  
They don't have children; " Fargo narrowed down his challenges.

(Aldo told Fargo,)

" If I had money to buy a ship, I would not work for others."

Fargo replied, " Firstly, I had to learn to work as a sailor

And to live my life on board; all of you are like my brothers."

" To be at a helm is different; aren't you terrified of failure? "

(...Sam asked Fargo.)

(..to be continued..)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 41)

(Fargo was sad. He said,)

"I was a helmsman some time ago; " Gian asked him, "what happened? "  
"It's a long story; I'm an honest man; Geraldine trusts me  
With her confidences; I had saved the women who had trusted  
Me, except Bella who died before I could save her; she

(Fargo continued,)

Died in the peace of the Lord; " Hector said, "God's will for us is good."  
Abseil said, " Maybe I wouldn't have been able to use my hands  
Without your help; you're a good man, but you're little understood."  
"When I wasn't able to do the good things, I've made some good plans."

(Ismail said,)

"We can do small things with great love; you hated the pirates.  
Sometimes, being too passionate can be a bad thing; the lack  
Of control is filled with passion; I see rightly in your iris."  
"When I was on the shore, I saw a ship and my hope came back.

(Fargo continued,)

I had to swim and ask for help; I've found three drunken men,

Who were sleeping on the deck; I've entered the captain's cabin  
And I've found some documents demonstrating that they robbed ten  
Ship passengers; I've heard about robbing on the galleon."

(John said,)

" And how did you deduce that the ship belonged to the pirates? "  
Fargo answered, " I've found the papers and the treasure  
That belong to me; " Brisbon said, "Show me these documents! "  
" A letter is sent to Fargo Escalante, Cantabria, for sure,

(Fargo continued,)

By Francisco Cerda along with some jewelry and money-  
A payment for a service; I had waited for it to solve  
My financial problems; then, I took a job; " "It's mighty funny, "  
Said John; " My fortune is in my house because I fight to evolve."

(Suaram asked Fargo,)

Why did you get a job to work on a carrack while knowing  
To survive on a galley so well? " " As a sailor on  
A carrack, I could do difficult navigation during  
The storms; " "Freddy used to tell me sailing stories at the dawn, "

(..said Sam, Brisbon replied,)

"He trusted me while sending me in the ports to hire the sailors.  
Then, I've controlled the work of the crew on the ship; " Sulim replied,  
"He needs all our help; " Gian said, " while sailing, we will be failures  
If we don't communicate each other; it is not in pride

(Gian continued,)

To learn how to correct the mistakes; when the ship is broken,  
We sink; " John said, " we were hired to do many jobs because  
Freddy didn't have enough money; " "when the fire was smokin',  
He lost everything; the fatigue struck us with its claws, "

(Replied Sam. Suaram said,)

"We have been too exhausted to fight for life; we could all die."  
"Gino, Nico, and Dino died; I could become invalid, "  
Said Abseil; Sam replied, " you're saved, 'cause God is above the sky! "  
"Who pays us when we can't work? " Asked Gian; his frowning face was pallid.

(Cosma replied,)

" When you don't work, you're starving to death; " Ismail said,  
"Fargo had been persevering until he found a safe place.  
He's a fighter and an example to us all; he's our head."  
"He should check the kitchen equipment; for me, he's in disgrace, "

(Said John; Fargo fell asleep and couldn't hear them. Hector said,)

"He rescued the women while asking God for forgiveness.  
He used too many details while describing his adventures  
And achievements; he has the sleeping pirate as a witness,  
When he says that the documents belong to him; " " these letters

Said Gian and continued,)

Could belong to any person called Fargo; " " they used  
The stranger's dogs to find him; I think it's about money, "  
Said Sulim, " He brought two galleons and soldiers; I'm confused.  
He's a powerful man having some secrets; " "Don't be funny!

(Replied John, but he became meditative and continued,)

The women love Fargo; " "he should inform the authorities  
About the documents, " said Gian; Sam replied, "I think he did it  
And he received their protection; " " he has secret priorities, "  
Said John, " it's not easy to be honest, but I have to admit

(John continued,)

That I do anything for money except stealing; "  
Sam said, " It's pleasant to live in piracy and sad to be  
A victim of it, 'cause it means the loss of any feeling."  
"I am human as long as no human loss is known in me, "

(Concluded John.)

(The next day, Geraldine and Frederick tried to convince Fargo to tell the  
authorities that he had been a pirate, but Fargo said that he had played only a

game to take back the treasure, which had been stolen by the pirates.)

(...to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 5)

The ship had left the port two hours before Geraldine  
Said, "I feel that I'll never turn back here again! "  
She passed through the waiting line formed to use the latrine.  
Suddenly, she heard a thunder in that rush of rain.

They had insufficient fuel, but enough food to last  
Until their arrival in Çanakkale; the kitchen  
Was quite large and Maya started to cook very fast.  
"Maya, what smells so good? " She said, " the last fried chicken."

Ibrahim was seventeen years old, and he helped them  
Prepare the breakfast for the passengers; he entered  
To bring a basket of coal and jet. "It looks like a gem."  
He took a coal into his hand to see if it was splintered.

"It is increasingly difficult to sleep at night, "  
Geraldine said; the ship was sailing forward slowly.  
The waves were small, and a galleon came into their sight.  
It had the color of those waters being shoaly.

'Twas a commercial one sailing in the same direction.  
A gust of wind ruffled her hair and snatched her blue bow.  
The splashing waves with the rain drops were in the connection.  
That ship was sailing fast, but none of their sailors knew how.

Maya took the kettle of water coming to a boil;  
Prepared some bread with butter and some cheese for the people-  
Twenty passengers and fifteen sailors freed from toil.  
The bells that rang were like those being in a steeple.

There was a bang as the ship might have been hit by a reef.  
Sam had looked up and had said that the square sail  
Deteriorated slightly in the wind; then, the chief

Asked Sam to repair it."There are two techniques that never fail."

"Do you see that ship in the distance, on the horizon? "

"It must be a Spanish galleon bringing cocaine

Laced with some wine, " said Brisbon whose face was wrinkled and wizen.

"They sail across the Pacific Ocean from New Spain."

"They're longer, lower and narrower, with a square tuck stern

And have snouts projecting forward from the bows below

The forecastle level." They forced their eyes to discern

The sun rising and making the water have a golden glow.

" These galleons are fast and very maneuverable.

They enable the seamen to sail closer to the wind, "

Said Fargo."Old ship's problems are innumerable."

Freddy said, " a thought of buying a new ship is in my mind."

(...to be continued.)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 6)

Mary had nine cannons to defend against the pirates.  
The passengers lived in large cabins having low ceilings.  
This carrack was steered by Sam, the best between pilots.  
Three decks and the crew's quarters made it look as a building.

Their quarters and the captain's house were on the upper deck.  
With a long boat and a shallop, this carrack was safe.  
The kitchen was near the cabins; the food they could check.  
The food didn't push people against the restraints to chafe.

This vessel had hatches to be used between the floors.  
On the lower deck, near the cargo, 'twas the gun room.  
There, they stored some guns and powder hidden behind the locked doors.  
Their scent was blurred by the salt and by the ladies' perfume.

The waves and the missing light made this deck cold and damp  
For flour, biscuits, dried meats, and vegetables, water and beer.  
The seamen entered in that place using a small lamp.  
One by one, Sam and Sulim were moving the rudder to steer.

The capstan used to heave up the anchor placed at the bow.  
The binnacle stood directly in front of the wheel.  
Through the compass, to have a night vision it could allow.  
The magnetic deviation they could see and feel.

The sailors used the hourglass to measure their duty time  
An astrolabe helped them see the position of the stars.  
Their chip board measured the speed during the stormy clime.  
The Cross staff was skillful to see those ships of the wars.

"Give me the quadrant to see the dawn star's altitude! "  
Freddy told Sam, "Why did you choose to buy a carrack? "  
"Provisions for long sails, but I can't say with certitude.  
It's stable in heavy seas and helpful during attacks."

'Did you hear about der Eyck? ' Continued Frederick.  
"His instrument for longitudes and latitudes is new, "  
Said Arturo, a Spanish passenger, " it's not a trick."  
"I'll buy the Plantius' version for me and for my crew."

(to be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 7)

Chiara, Arturo's wife, approached them together with  
Lucca and Francesca, the other Italian pair  
Saying, "Is Quare's invention real? I think it is a myth."  
" His barometer measures the pressure of the air."

Chiara wore a red big gown, with lace trimming the low,  
A green velvet mantel, which was lined with some ermine,  
Square neckline and sleeves, which were gathered at the elbow.  
She spoke well Italian, Spanish, and German.

Italians wanted to disembark at Syracuse.  
Bella and Miguel traveled to Barcelona home.  
To find a new home, Naimah and his son had an excuse.  
Out of their Turkey's limit, through the storms, they would roam.

Tia, Athan, Megan, and Karsten would disembark  
At Selanik, an Ottoman province, where Ahmed  
The Third was reigning while his war was a fire in the dark.  
They were Greeks being born during the reign of Mehmed.

Marco and Rosa, Cruz and Pedra, Pedro and Carla  
Were Portuguese pairs coming home from America.  
They had bought from the Pueblo Indians some ollas.  
They gave one to the Russian pair, Ivan, and Erica.

Ivan said, "Tell me something about these Indians."  
Carla said, "Their belief means dualism; they eat corn.  
Some of them became Catholic due to the Spanish civilians.  
They think they emerged from the underwater space to be born."

Carla wore a black cap, having a veil, and a green gown  
Patterned with acorns and flowers, and her sleeves were caught  
With jeweled clasps on the lace at the elbow; her eyes were brown.  
"The water is fresh in the ollas; I like their color a lot."

She asked Ivan " Now, where do you go? " "We left the war."  
"Ahmed and Peter the First! " replied Cruz, " tell me something,  
How could you reach Constantinople after coming from a far "   
Zone? ""I do trade with them, but this war destroyed everything."

"Did you lose everything you had? " Marco asked Ivan.  
"To make business in Turkey, I sold all my Russian goods."  
Erica tried this conversation to enliven,  
"In Portugal, we'll search for a job in cities and hoods."

Marco wore a banyan with a patterned lining; his cuffs  
Were embroidered in gold; his justacorps and stockings  
Over his breeches were red like Rosa's shoes and muffs.  
All of them wore periwigs and talked a lot while walking.

(to be continued)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 8)

(Geraldine, Maya, and Pedra were talking in the kitchen while drinking some Jasmine Yin Zhen tea.)

"Between Bosphorus and Dardanelles, the waters are calm, "  
Geraldine Said, "I love the life and the sea while being on this ship."  
Maya said, " Let me see the meaning of the lines in your palm! "  
"I worked a lot; I can't feel my hands when something I grip."

Maya insisted, " Let me rub your hands with Gilead' balm! "  
"I can't stand the hustle and the bustle of some big cities.  
Will you predict my future after reading my palm?  
"You'll be surrounded by death coming from the waves' ditties."

"What is this balm? " " It's an extract from the bakha shrubs."  
"Where did you find this shrub? " "This extract is brought from Chios,  
Where this tree grows near the sea; I use it to make balm and drugs.  
It's good for the stomach and prevents the skin infections.

I used it also to make bread tsoureki." "It's sweet, " Pedra said,  
"You must know that this tree excited the cupidity of many invaders-  
The groves of Jericho." Maya touched her, "Are you afraid? "  
"It's a place where to fight Titus, Joshua, and the Crusaders

Emerged, " Pedra took a long look at her, "Do you have children? "  
"I have two boys who live in the southern part of the Ottoman Empire.  
My husband died." "Why did you come here? " "I'm a poor woman.  
Now, it's a war; I want to work here, not to walk through the fire."

(Maya left the kitchen. On the deck, Marco, Rosa, and Cruz stopped for a few minutes their walk to admire the Marmara Sea while approaching Çanakkale.)

"Anybody who wants to pass through the Dardanelles  
Must pay a tax. So, we must sit at the anchor in waiting  
For an opening of this small Port of Çanakkale, "  
Said Cruz. " About buying fuel, the seamen are still debating, "

Said Marco." This city is placed on two continents."  
" The shape of the strait is akin to that of a river."  
" Its history started with Troy. The tidal currents  
Make this time of wait at Anchorage a deceiver."

"The Dardanelles is the most dangerous waterway, "  
Said Rosa, " Maya and Naimah are talking fiercely."  
Cruz said, "They've seemed not to know each other until today."  
"What happened, Maya? " "He can't stop speaking viciously."

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine (Part 9)

"It's a fuel crisis, because of the lack of supply, "  
Said Athan, 'many mines exploit lead, copper, and iron."  
"They are smelted with charcoal, which only some people may buy, "  
Said Karsten, " some people have the powers of the lions."

" There are heavy demands for the forests to build castles,  
Cathedrals, houses, ships, mills, and machinery, " said Cruz.  
"The fuel for glass and brewing industries is on hassles, "  
Said Pedro, " this drill of the coal deposits has an excuse.

I've heard the steam engine has a low efficiency."  
Tia said, "overland, the costs of the transport are very high.  
The English iron industries still lose their proficiency."  
Megan said, " this revolution adds up to one big lie."

"I've heard that, in Selanik, the Jews control the commerce, "  
Said Marco."Greeks, Turks, Armenians, or Jews, " said Athan,  
"They can equally thrive the economy of Selanik,  
Whether they read the Bible, the Torah or the Quran."

Tia wore a fine golden silk brocade jacket having  
A metallic gold floral lattice design and shape,  
A petticoat of ribbed silk embroidered with silk yarn forming  
Loops; its front fastened with clasps, tightened in back with cotton tape.

Karsten's navy blue, collar, cuffs, and skirts were embroidered  
With cream silk 'point Beauvais' garlands of pearls and flowers.  
Athan's vest of silk moiré and coat were pumpkin colored.  
'Twas embroidered with silver thread and silver sequins.

Tia and Athan were in need of loans for short terms  
While intending to bridge the time gap between the pay  
Of the taxes and the take of the sums from the owners of some firms.  
They traveled to find those wealthy Muslims that loaned money.

"People can't pay heavy taxes and accrue deficits."  
"They must pay these sums even their finances are low."  
"All these payments are done for the Empire's benefits."  
"In this condition, Selanik is a place left to go."

"To prevent people from leaving, the Empire minimized  
Their losses while enacting a kaskamot that obligated them  
To pay and to leave behind them a guarantor." "It's civilized! "  
"If the women and the orphans can't pay, the Muslims don't condemn

Them, " "There're allowances for the persons donating or loaning sums  
And for the philanthropic acts like the payment for the abject poor."  
"They take from any owner or any visitor that comes,  
From birth, from death and from the sacrifice passing their temple door."

"Gabella is a tax levied on the purchase of a basic test  
Kosher for foodstuffs like wine, meat, and cheese."

"The rich men pay instead of the poor people to prevent their arrest."

"There're some taxes for those goods that are brought over the seas."

"Here, the new public buildings are built using an eclectic style  
To project the European face of this Empire.

"Our monasteries are the centers of learning for a while."

"The head of the Orthodox Christians is like a Vizier."

(Tia, Athan, Megan, and Karsten disembarked at Selanik while Frederick and  
some sail men went to buy fuel.)

(To be continued...)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Frederick And Geraldine (Story Poem)

In that magic evening we have met  
Silently seeing in a movie that  
On a big ship some were under threat.  
They saw the sky light up and a pat.

So slowly the ship began to sink.  
Despaired, in the water they fell.  
And when its image began to shrink,  
They were in a boat, it was like hell.

They could swim even across the moon,  
In despair, needing to survive.  
They reached the shore of the black lagoon,  
They realized that they were alive.

She breathed new air like a survivor,  
She became a stranger at night.  
When her man, the ship's driver,  
Died in the water of her sight.

There was about a great wolf seaman,  
And their love story reaching their dream,  
A sailor's song about a freeman,  
A story with treasure and sea bream.

There was like another life for me,  
When Geraldine sneaks up on the tide  
Was calling Frederick, couldn't he  
Know he left her with a child inside.

That movie, when have met our eyes,  
All things separated me from you,  
Another era, love, life, other skies,  
Same souls, different masks in outward view.

Marieta Maglas

## Frederick And Geraldine -Epilogue

Frederick took command of his new ship and crew.  
Now, he's very rich; He lives in Rome together with  
His mother, with Geraldine and with their children, a few-  
Freddy Jr, Rosa, Marco, Arturo, and Lucca-the fifth.

Chiara Gregorio and Francesca have almost a happy  
Family; since then, Francesca has never kissed anyone  
And she has lost her whole inherited wealth; she is unhappy.  
Chiara, in turn, enriched very quickly; she loves someone

Else, now; she's the fiancée of a noble, old man from Milan.  
She became a famous business leader; Ivan and Erica  
Established in Portugal and started to sell goods from Japan-  
A small business; From time to time, they visit America.

Erica gave birth to two children, but one of them has died  
From smallpox; Miguel lives in the same city in which Carla,  
Pedro, Cruz, and Pedra live; he didn't have another bride.  
He visits them often; he still dreams to be a rich farmer.

He has no experience in this domain, but it doesn't matter.  
He's convinced that he will be able to accomplish his dream,  
Someday; He doesn't have Freddy's courage to choose the water.  
He still mentions Bella as a widower- this love is supreme.

Maya lives in the house, given by Fargo, together  
With Surak and Naimah; Fargo lives in Rome; Frederick's crew  
Has divided and some started to work for Fargo, but never  
Freddy and Fargo have separated; together, they still need foam

Sand and oceans to be safe; Geraldine's mother could not cope  
With life in Rome, but she comes to visit them annually  
From November to April because she cannot sit and mope.

She helps them while saying that the troubles always come naturally.

In April, she must return home because she has a lot of lands.  
She has employees, but she likes to control everything  
Because, without her, the serfs make the lands like shining sands.  
In July, her grandchildren come to visit her, but she misses something-

The presence of Lucca, who remains with Geraldine because  
He's still too young to travel; they visit the governor,  
Who organizes unforgettable parties to honor their presence.  
Fargo refuses the invitations in a delicate manner.

He's the only one who doesn't come because he's busy all the time.  
He has found an uncle near Calabria and often goes  
To visit him; nobody has ever heard anything, in this rhyme,  
About Quintus; I've heard he's in New Spain, but nobody really knows.

(...said the narrator.)

Poem by Marieta Maglas

The title of the next volume is: Frederick and Quintus

Coming soon....

Marieta Maglas

## French Doctors In Spring (Bop Poetry)

The nurses can drive a coach  
and horses through the doctor's life~  
smack-talk, crackbrained,  
thwack, thwack, thwack,  
a chorus of boos  
and time for strife.

The nurses are not witches,  
Do not have magical powers.

The witches can belittle  
the medical skills. They can  
fire broadside after broadside.  
Catcalls are to be shouted  
subsequent to delivering brickbats.  
Their secret depth ~ a jest.  
In summer, they love  
to lie on some beaches' breasts.

The nurses are not witches,  
Do not have magical powers.

Therefore, they are abandoned  
by their doctors, but this attitude  
cannot panic them. They continue  
to play their well-known network  
games and to flutter dropping invoices~  
painted in red and black.

The nurses are not witches,  
Do not have magical powers.

The mimic show of the patients  
is a sell-out. The nurses receive  
new flower rewards. The witches  
can play song games like  
"Ring-a-ring o' roses, a pocket full of posies."

Well, there is a coming spring  
in everyone, in everything, and  
in all the senses.

The nurses are not witches,  
Do not have magical powers.

Poem by Marieta Maglas, France,2020

Marieta Maglas

# Game

In the game of seasons,  
if you had been the fall,  
I would have been the spring  
to inspire you with the fragrance of my roses.

In the game of this universe,  
if you had been the sun,  
I would have been the rising moon  
to embrace you from time  
to time.

In the game of the earth,  
if you had been the mountain,  
I would have been the valley  
to hear all the blues of your river.

In the game of thoughts,  
if you had been an abstract idea,  
I would have been your value of judgment  
to keep safe the great wisdom's treasure.

In the game of feelings,  
if you had been my love,  
I would have been your lost hemisphere  
to search for you and only for you.  
I wouldn't stop this game.

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Marieta Maglas

# God Breaks The Chains (Sestina Poetry)

Alas, when nothing ever goes my way  
I try to keep my goals within my sight.  
I hope that they can lead to joy someday,  
While overpass this metaphoric night.  
Among those crazy things leading to doom,  
I am quite melancholic in the gloom.

My life may be infected with the gloom,  
When darkness spreads its wicked wings on the way.  
In waiting for the approach of next doom,  
I am the girl in search for nature's sight.  
When jagged rocks pinch and stick me overnight,  
I search that something lifting me someday.

My faith grows stronger, and I hope someday  
That winds of change will enlighten the gloom.  
Faith, love, and truth will be like stars at night,  
Life will be as bright as the Milky Way,  
As long as rightness will be brought to sight,  
And lie will be a sticky bomb of doom.

I utter an impending sense of doom  
Like poison killing everything someday  
Or wet flowers shaking at the wind's sight.  
We end with hope, and we begin in gloom,  
While we're changing our lives along the way.  
We're making sense of all from day to night.

As fears are left unspoken in the night,  
We feel this ending as the latest doom.  
Sad minds still try to find a living way,  
Hoping that they will save themselves someday.  
They make important changes in the gloom.  
Religious leaders teach Christian sight,

When wisdom is the synonym of sight,  
And blind guides are to lead the blinds at night.  
Some begin with the hope to end in gloom,  
Between those sinful acts leading to doom,

Praying to God to save their souls someday.  
Against all odds, they try to find their way.

At Siloam, the blind received his sight.  
In working faith, the blind could leave his night  
God breaks the chains, we need to leave the gloom.

Marieta Maglas

# Gothic Romance

Dream and dance, dream and dance  
As tango through the turquoise tide.  
Dream, dream, flying at the flower's glance  
As tango through the turquoise tide,  
Keeping bumblebees in trance.  
Mountain brooks in sunshine glance,  
Glance and trickle their path to hide.  
Love me, sweetheart, stay with me in this Gothic romance.

Romance me and stay, romance me and stay.  
Do you hear the whistle's wonderful song?  
Stay, stay, this night we may search the milky way.  
Do you hear the whistle's wonderful song?  
Wonderfully weird whistling demands the light of the day.  
So let the tears go and they will flow away,  
And stay with me, when love may be so strong.  
Just stay with me, sweetheart, love me in this Gothic romance.

Marieta Maglas

## Graffiti Candles-Haiku

Graffiti candles,  
Secretly, al fresco light  
Mirroring the ghosts.

Marieta Maglas

# Haiku For Sun

sunset of lifetime  
red apple in sunken sea  
sunniest nude beach

Marieta Maglas

# Haiku For Vania's Painting

At the sea's wave touch,  
words of love need convergence~  
ride at a slow trot.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Heaven's Strings (Jintishi Poetry)

This time around...psst...white fir  
is Christmas tree, song of faith.  
Doesn't grow, but dies in blades.  
On this tree, Christ bore our sins.  
Now, "in Him we live and move".  
This fir keeps the wood silence,  
While our songs are in the Light  
To reach the heavens above.

Marieta Maglas

# Help Me

I love David, but he lives so far away from me. In fact, he lives in his own world and I know that he doesn't know me. I saw his picture in a book. I know I'm not existent for `im, but I love `im so much. He's

existent for me. I want to meet `im to make this love become real, but I read all his books and I know that I have no chance. Even so, I still want to do this. I must hide my intentions, firstly. Yes, I know what I have to do.

I'll send `im a letter writing that I want to meet `im for a different reason. I'll lie. He will believe me. It `ll be an ideal lie. Slowly, I can become his ideal woman. In time, I hope that he'll fall in love with me. Apparently, the feelings of

love will come from `im, and I'll be that person needing time to think about this. My thoughts will ne'er be an open book for `im, because my little lie can fail. I can play this game all my life ne'er letting `im discover the naked truth. I can hide

my consciousness. It is easy for me to do this, but I don't know if I can lie about myself all life. Probably, I'll become an old woman lying herself to survive. I don't know how many years I can keep my consciousness in this sad ontological duality

Between being myself and being someone else in his eyes, at the same time. I know that it ain't good what I'm doing, but I'm desperately in love with `im. I remember that Descartes wrote that "we perceive ideas as objects". Even I'm so

desperately in love with `im, I cannot accept this love to become the object of my lie. Moreover, I cannot deny myself, even I love my writer so much. My mother told me once that she thinks that love belongs only to human beings. She said

that love is God becoming feelings inside of us. I remember that I replied that love is in itself, because even God loves us. I told her about Cusanus, who wrote that 'the world is not God but is not anything other than God'. "Much more than love, God

is truth, she said, because He is "the fullness of being".&quot; Yes", I said, "He is uncreated and creates, He gives being out o' nothing after negating His antithetical nothingness". I was so happy in that moment being with God and waiting for a miracle to happen. Now,

those beautiful words seemingly lost their meaning for me. I can see myself in the future, a very sad woman. I don't want my consciousness to become a negation. I'm afraid o' this, while being aware that my love is dying in self. If I wouldn't have Eckhart in my mind,

probably I'd have more courage. I love David and I'm so unhappy!

Marieta Maglas

# Her Burqa

piercing the veil of her tears  
a burqa  
the secret of her smile  
hidden  
the yellow of the sun growing  
in her eyes of night  
in search of  
her black sun  
blindness  
busted being her dream  
dreaming about something busted  
her soul  
and her watch  
for icy dreams  
penetrating the eye of mind  
a talking blindness  
yellowing her secret  
growing  
in flames  
happiness  
as a smiling sun  
or flaming curves  
gestures imitating curve words  
flamboyant gestures  
folks  
flaming talk  
piercing the veil of her tears

Marieta Maglas

# His Smile

He can answer my questions using a smile  
To smilingly express his own thoughts.  
He thinks his ideas are very important,  
But he cannot analyze himself.

Since the material object of the metaphysics  
Is all beings,  
He has his own metaphysical ideas.  
He created his own metaphysical framework  
For the self.

He tried to awaken me regarding the dreams of life,  
But it wasn't necessary to be awakened at all  
While having identical answers,  
With different depths  
In meaning  
For the same questions of love.

He became my image in  
That spiritual mirror,  
Which was his mask.

He made me want to make my own mask.  
He used his image to help me  
Design my mask accurately.  
Thus, I become his image  
In my own mask mirror.

In this surrealistic love,  
He is still able to answer my questions  
Using a smile.

Marieta Maglas

# Honey

a dream  
in a bee  
becoming honey

the best cure for loneliness  
is to eat it  
with honey  
moon

Marieta Maglas

# Hunting Poetry-Haiku

Hunting poetry,  
Testing the strength of the words  
In the wood of thoughts.

Marieta Maglas

# I Love The Way You Love Me

I love the way you love me,  
This fight inside for being ourselves,  
This search for God  
And inner self inside,  
This need  
In losing control,  
This agony and this ecstasy  
Belonging to the same second.  
I love to be you  
When you lose control  
For being mine.  
I love to make you mine  
In your awareness.  
I love this ecstasy and agony  
Of the same second.  
I love the way you love me,  
When you say that you love me.

Marieta Maglas

# I Need A Virtue

It's true for me if I believe it.  
I may believe it, but it may be wrong.  
It might be a lie.  
So, I may believe something wrong  
I can refuse to believe it, but it can be right.  
There's no right or wrong,  
Or there is no truth for me.  
Anyway, I must believe in something.  
So, I need a virtue.  
I need the truth.  
Now, all I know is that I have a need.  
Can anyone tell me  
Because I need to know,  
'Can a virtue be taught? '

□

Marieta Maglas

# I Think To Play The Numbers

I think to play the numbers  
with the true, deep meaning of their words.  
For example, 4 is a hieroglyph  
and means 'breathing out of mouth'.  
I would say 44  
instead of "Nice to meet you";.  
The probability of meeting you  
remains only  
a hypothesis, but  
I can meditate meanwhile-  
you are a wish, a dream, and a hope for me.  
I do not know your secrets as  
I do not know the Tsimshian language,  
but I know that  
this time of understanding is round,  
round as a ring, round as a Tondo,  
but never perfect.  
The moon is the length of time  
while changing our mood,  
always from east to west,  
and from what is already  
to what is not yet,  
but never synchronizing with  
the apparent movement of the sun.  
The moon really orbits while  
time is such a work of the mind.  
It flows only in our  
mathematical consciousness.  
You are still there, in my dream  
craving for true existence  
in a need of that uncountable eternity.  
This is why I love you.  
The time depends on each point of view.  
So many things happen at the same time,  
but we do not see it because  
we need synchronism.  
I need them for a meeting.  
So, I've started to play the numbers.



# I Wait The Ocean Waves To Wash My Soul (Spenserian Sonnet)

My heart races touching your deep Spirit's kiss,  
My tear's curb crumbles greening my shrink cry.  
The softness of your voice soothes my abyss.  
My soul torn apart wondering to know why.

Wrong thoughts and so cruel wait my tears and cry  
The terrors of love just give them a black yard  
And my loneliness makes my sad soul to dye  
When to sink my reality it's very hard.

I wait my hope which will never come to guard  
This hope hunger squeezes tighter my soul's knee.  
I'm clinging to the past which is like a shard  
That part which is still alive inside of me.

Much more confused on how to think or feel,  
I talk, I dream and I am your balance wheel.

Marieta Maglas

# I Want To Kiss Your Silence

In moonlight, the bamboo clean whispers  
Become shadows.

The time is blooming in your yard.  
A crushed red is your love's threshold,  
And I want to kiss your silence,  
Because it's a beautiful and peaceful one.

Your stone heart fulfilled with emotions  
Strings my feelings  
And winds I love string into  
Concatenation.

Glued are your clouds of wishes  
To my sad sky.

I am here as a shoreline  
Of your blue wet thoughts  
To satisfy their meaning.

I am kneeling with outstretch words  
In obedience.  
I am asking my Lord to forgive me.

I am climbing the steep cliff of my pain  
To reach His love.

Marieta Maglas

# I Would Kiss You

We are now two strangers passing  
On the same street.  
I think that this happens because  
My shadow still needs yours  
Like darkness needs the light.  
It's very much unlike  
That indelible need of your blue love  
For my sorrow.  
I forgot myself there,  
Searching for your vanished thoughts  
About hope.  
So, every time I meet you,  
I'm able to understand your silence.  
Oh, that silence of yours  
Is a magic window to your inner world!  
Your eyes still linger in my mind,  
Although yesterday will be burned in our tomorrow.  
I enter through our love memory into nowhere.  
It's an empty space  
Between us  
In-between, more exactly.  
Your eyes say you still love me.  
You have composed successfully  
This unavoidable reality....  
I would kiss you.

Marieta Maglas

# I Would Love You

Between these dandelions  
Slowly blooming  
I would love you, I would love you

With the taste of flower within our souls  
And the mystery of the earth within dandelions  
I would love you, I would love you

Until the petals will wither up  
With the mystery of our love within their yellow  
I would love you, I would love you

Until the field will become completely white  
And the wind will scatter seeds  
I would love you, I would love you

Until I would feel your being  
Until you would feel my being  
I would love you, I would love you

And even until our temples will become white  
And even until everything will get old inside of us  
I would love you, I would love you

Until the light, that floods everywhere  
Would vibrate the truth within to understand  
That the bloom is unique and unrepeatable.

I would love you, I would love you

Marieta Maglas

# Idol

Being a sinner,  
When life belongs to our Lord,  
Try to reach Heaven!

Marieta Maglas

# I'M Glad That You Understand

I'm glad that you understand my situation  
'Cause that idea was an aberration  
It gives me no mental satisfaction.  
To do this I don't feel any elation.

That person needs a little adulation  
And I definitely accept my resignation,  
When writing words without any sensation  
Means there is no implication.

I can ignore that and try to be successful,  
But I cannot be forever disrespectful,  
'Cause all my life I tried to live so carefully,  
I want my acts to be completed misdoubtful.

I understand that your life is truthful  
And your feelings are very trustful,  
Your lines are not at all unskillful,  
Your feelings make me completely blissful.

Marieta Maglas

# I'm No Longer Blind (Quatern Poetry)

(A Quatern is a sixteen line French form composed of four quatrains. It is similar to the Kyrielle and the Retourne. It has a refrain that is in a different place in each quatrain. The first line of stanza one is the second line of stanza two, third line of stanza three, and fourth line of stanza four. A quatern has eight syllables per line. It does not have to be iambic or follow a set rhyme scheme. Line 1 line 2 line 3 line 4 line 5 line 6 (line 1) line 7 line 8 line 9 line 10 line 11 (line 1) line 12 line 13 line 14 line 15 line 16 (line 1)

Dear Lord, please have mercy on me,  
You're always near my painful soul,  
You are my focus and my goal,  
In the falling rain, I'm your tree.

Help me, because I'm a sinner.  
Dear Lord, please have mercy on me.  
'Cause I'm Your humble devotee,  
Asking Christ to come for dinner.

Thou shed light on this pain of mine.  
I'm no longer blind I can see.  
Dear Lord, please have mercy on me.  
Your words through me will always shine.

Save me by Your grace, set me free.  
Keep my way, truth and life in Christ.  
And so I'll know that Thou exist.  
Dear Lord, please have mercy on me.

Marieta Maglas

# Immeasurable Dream

Your dream is existent.  
It is a galactic spin;  
it is electric, rhythmic,  
resonant, and lunar,  
a red Skywalker.  
You're never present  
in this dream of yours?  
a complex analysis of  
your image in the mirror.

This kind of images  
never looks like you.

Tathagata waits for us as long as  
we want to be there.  
Maybe Tathagata is only  
an illusion coming to be.

Your dream is a square  
for heart sacrifices-  
fundamentalism, principles,  
harmonic convergence,  
paradigm, and philosophy.

You should not be  
that soul yearning to quench your thirst  
with something, you cannot have.  
It makes me think  
of a river.  
Generates a loud, low scream  
when you need it to be existent.

Who can imagine that  
the blue color of the sky  
is not a real, true one?

Hope is like landing on Gliese.  
It is not the moon  
reflecting  
on the river.  
Thinking while living long  
and while longing for freedom,  
you are resentful toward  
everything that  
shouldn't make you be resentful.

Like the moon  
hiding the same half from view,  
it is this suffering in togetherness;  
swamps the disillusion.  
Yet, it remains unchanged.

Why is everything the way it is?

I don't know whether or not  
we are existent  
because Someone wants us to be existent,  
but maybe we need firstly a reason  
to be existent-  
the first cosmic truth.

The mind thinks of that eternity  
that doesn't have chains.  
We all have the right to think  
whatever we want.

Eternity is not equal to the Tathagata.  
It looks so real out of it.  
It cries out of nothingness.  
In the womb of the Tathagata,  
grows its embryonic essence.

All the bluebirds  
fly freely in the serene sky.

The more we understand God,  
the more He reveals Himself.

We thirst for those heights  
with a will of being children.

Marieta Maglas

## In A Love Dawn

Thou came to me at that dawn  
Having such beautiful blue eyes.  
The love I felt was just a mirage.  
Thou looked like a blonde angel,  
But thy sadness was very human.  
I heard that sadness and the loss.  
Thy name was the name of a king.  
The light of a candle began to shine  
Inside the room of our woeful souls.  
There, His loving eyes met our tears.  
The pulsation coming from that star  
And the beat of our hearts became  
One in the intoning voices of love.

Marieta Maglas

# In My Absence

You will understand the sense of  
love, and cold raindrops will fall  
down from an eye of the sky.

The words will resound through  
this abstruse darkness of the  
sadness will be flooded.

Marieta Maglas

# In My Surreal Dream (Riddle Neo-Modernist Poem)

Irreversibly, the yellow of the sun slips into

the leaves. Placidly, they fall from the Jabuticaba trees to the black

ground. Imperceptibly, I'm falling

asleep near you. There is cold, cold, and

a new autumn enters into my surreal space.

As long as

the trees are yellow, the life is insecure.

Undoubtedly, my roundland of love is

riddled with y,

there is a riddle of

hailstones in this autumnal scent of flowers to break

everything around. Unflappably, I am stronger than steel, when

I have a will to survive. You're still there

behind the waterfall that spreads fear. Panicked, the night

falls when the moon pulses light.

There are shadows in the darkness, and I

cannot find the way out.

Where am I? Where am I?

Marieta Maglas

# Insensible Baboons Hunt Delicate Flamingos

Flamingos survive in the causticity of the volcanic lakes.  
Their beaks skim tiny algae from the water's surface  
And watch out for predators like jackals to make  
Their mud-cone nest and to hold the eggs in that space.

These birds are graceful while dancing in the light.  
Bend long necks and make gestures with the wings.  
Run back and forth, then, swiftly take a flight  
And wheel around the lakes as searching for new things.

They recall the myth of the Phoenix, that immortal bird  
That disappeared in the flames to rise from the ashes.  
This way, from a predecessor, the life is transferred  
In a new shape flaming against the light of the eyes.

A sky of pinkish-white wings, a rain of black feathers  
Mean their flies in searching for Africa, Iran, or Spain.  
They hide from marabou storks and Egyptian vultures.  
Against leopards and Cheetahs, they complain.

Living in the mangrove swamp or in the lagoon,  
They eat diatoms, seeds, crustaceans, and algae.  
Their vocalizations come as jazz songs under the moon.  
Caribbeans and Chileans rear chicks in the river valleys.

Splendid flamingos like ambrosia in the light of the day  
Are extremely gregarious while living in high colonies.  
Known as social birds, so many tales they want to say  
About 'head-flagging' and about 'wing zealots' policies.

The Hamadryas baboon is a bizarre type of monkey  
Originating from Saudi Arabia and Yemen; this big child  
Is a brute preferring the rocky desert; when it is funky,

It becomes an intelligent primate endangered in the wild.

Fluffy coats are his sexy, brown-haired females whilst  
He tries to be a husband and silvery are his shoulders.  
Makes his order with his face wrinkled and hairless  
During eating meat, or grass, or insects, or lizards.

Dominates up to ten females for order while playing,  
Forming clans, settling bands, then holding troops.  
Flocks to the lake, wanting to grab a meal after hunting,  
In the summer, one of the new flamingos' groups.

Searches for an individual that stands out from the crowd  
And resides on the edge of the flock, quite individualistic.  
Any outsider living by his own standards, standing proud,  
Pays no attention to the baboon's skills, never artistic.

Nature is so surprisingly close to the moral world,  
In which, the humans dwell with a lot of similarities.  
As an individual, this flamingo becomes socially hurled  
While hiding in a colony to protect from the enemies.

In connection with them, over these characters, we pore.  
Any weak person can certainly cease easily, and so on.  
Ends to be like the flamingo on the adage that more  
Than any other fellow runs from the hungry baboon.

Marieta Maglas

# Intoxicating My Being

I was hiding from a light growing brighter and brighter  
On a day when the sun rose earlier without any warning,  
Intoxicating my being  
You were seemingly still sleeping,  
But I felt your wish growing brighter and brighter  
In that moment when you turned suddenly to me  
Wearisomely to kiss me, without any warning,  
Until your kisses intoxicated my being.  
So closed to you I felt just to hear  
Your inner cry.  
I saw love growing brighter and brighter  
In your eyes and your heart began to beat faster without any warning.  
A part of me you became  
To synthesize my dreams.  
I opened my crystal memories to breathe you  
In forgiveness and love.  
Your warm love  
Was a geyser  
In the middle of my glaciation.  
You could satisfy my painful concatenation.  
Our future was seemingly laying in the ashes of my dying loneliness.

Marieta Maglas

# Invisible Kiss\*

You may touch me.

I can wait something to happen.

In fact, I know that nothing will happen,

Even we love each other so much.

You may want to kiss me again,

While you are touching me,

After so many years.

I can wait something to happen,

But, I'm afraid that

This invisible kiss is all we deserve,

Nothing else.

Maybe we need to make love

Crazily,

Or maybe we don't need anything.

Certainly, we need to eat together.

We can eat this long wait

Instead of making love,

When everything seems to go crazy.

Marieta Maglas

# Irises, A Painting By Vincent Van Gogh (Ekphrastic Poetry)

There is an explosion of green life in the light,  
This life extrapolates all its emerald green.  
This life needs its eternity to be as tight  
And as deep as needed her own son an ice queen.

And all the colors of the rainbow may be seen  
In different amounts to the different shades.  
Blue irises are placed in a complex world of green.  
Into the flower bed, these flowers are like spades.

They need to reassure, as Pantone may suggest,  
This world of mystery, which no longer exists.  
With pale neutral yellow tongs, they're in great request,  
With neutral yellow thoughts, they please the Queen of White.

Alongside darker colors, neutral things sustain  
The balance of thoughts serving as background to pray.  
The warm cadmium yellow may accidentally drain  
The bad spirits and irises keep them away.

Van Gogh used such a small amount of indigo,  
While this indigo conveys truthfulness and trust,  
But his emerald green was like a piccolo,  
And through this emerald, his world could readjust.

Using the bright head against the rich blue background,  
Van Gogh sent messages writing with his colors.  
In an ochre's religious fight, he lost his ear's sound  
To purify this world, where the thought discolors.

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Marieta Maglas

# Jealousy

I understand that your unresisting jealousy,  
Which can never occur with pure ecstasy, ,  
Can provides an excuse for you, and she  
Can be more tempted by sexual infidelity.

So, the honest feeling of love you may express,  
Which begins the sentence with this word: noblesse,  
Exists, 'cause you are born with natural finesse,  
But this kind of relationship just cannot progress.

You need to find your lost passion again,  
With love and kisses to irrigate again her vein.  
To love without any constraint is so humane,  
When tenderly her feelings she can regain.

You think that a new floor can start your dance,  
When the intimacy of partner dance can enhance  
Deep love again and the whole ecstasy by chance,  
Which can bring back the glory days and old trance.

The jealousy is sometimes like a yellow loosestrife,  
'Cause yellow it's by its nature having its scent of life.  
Love treats suspicions and cruelties which are so rife,  
When more than she loves him a man can love his wife.

- Dedicated to our dear Romeo Della Valle

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel -The Sleeping Beauty (Part 12- The Treasure)

(Frederick and Matthew entered the forest. They decided to find all Surah's secrets.)

For Frederick and Matthew, the time of following Surah and Clayton Without getting caught started. Wanting their arrows to straighten, They stopped into the wood. They found some pieces of soapstone. While making the grooves, they looked for the witch in the zone.

'She's not here, ' said Matthew, ' let's go to evaluate the mining claim.'  
'She's hiding, because her everything, now, is a waiting game.'  
On horseback and having hunting dogs as companions, they ventured Deeply into that forest. 'Surah is angry, because, she is censured.'

The disciplinary controllers of manners and mores had great powers In her degradation as a noble from her proper class. In the tower's Prison must stay those affecting the moral welfare of the kingdom.'  
'Excommunication is usually used against those acting without wisdom.'

As they made their way close to the mountain's crest, they observed A cave tucked behind a waterfall. 'So well these fossils are preserved! '  
Said Matthew after entering the cave, and finding two big rooms.  
'I think these two chambers were destined to serve as tombs.

For sure, we're not the first humans who visited this part of the cave....'  
'If a rock fractures, and collapses now, can we call ourselves brave?  
Frederick smiled, 'It's great to be brave, while you're still alive.  
We must find all the secrets of this cave; thus, we must contrive.'

While exploring the cave, they realized they couldn't find the way out it.  
'You cannot find the way out because this passage is not brightly lit.'  
They searched for an exit until their lighting was almost spent,  
But the dogs led them to the lake knowing to track by scent.

'Move slowly, keep your eyes open, and stop moving things,  
Before you hear what else might move...."I need some water wings!  
Here is a boat! ' 'Look on the walls, huge lamps hang on them!  
'We can see now! " Look at the ceiling! ' 'I found a Rubin gem! '

'It's strange that the cave is situated in-between a lake and a waterfall.  
Must be a treasure, or maybe a clue hidden in this cave. Check the wall! '

'I found a steel door. It's rusted shut, and it will not open for me.'  
'You're going to need to oil the hinges. Take oil from the lamp. It's free! '

Frederick climbed up the stairs of the tower to get into a room.  
He saw Jezebel laid on her bed while sleeping as waiting for her groom.  
He understood, in that moment, Surah's cruel, dangerous game.  
She sold her soul to the demon and sacrificed her family for fame.

'Frederick, come here to see something you have never seen before! '  
'We found a treasure that Surah needed to hide because of that war! '  
In a space between walls were hidden thousands of pieces of gold.  
They found a treasure-filled tunnel. 'Her suffering was well consoled! '

(Meanwhile, the archbishop was talking with Clara and Sarah.)  
'Mary is ill, and she thinks that she will die soon', Sarah told him.  
'We must pray for her life', ' Day by day, her recovery chances slim.'  
'Surah, her sister, how is she? Does she look for a good way of life?  
'She believes in a good way to die. Her life is a dirty strife.'

'It's hard to bring back a guilty person to another good sense  
Of her spiritual condition. All she is doing is to act in self-defense.'  
'Surah's punishment should allow other evil-doers to be deterred.  
She was persistent in her criminal course, 'and his words weren't slurred.

(The archbishop continued to tell them his opinion.)

'There must be a just proportion between the penalty and the crime  
Like excommunication and deprivation of spiritual goods for a long time.'  
In addition to seeking the return of its properties and assets, the church  
Must find its lost documents and values. It needs new rights of search.'

To be continued..tomorrow

Marieta Maglas

# Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 1- The Castle)

She stopped to sit softly on a jutting rock near the lake.  
In that fine damp mist, she felt the need to take a break.  
Then, she pulled back her sleeves of scales having to kneel  
To sculpture in a clay-like that one used on a potter's wheel.

She kept altering and shaping it into a beautiful male head.  
The lines of his face proved that the man was unreal or dead.  
Then, she pulled her sleeves back down and started to walk.  
Her aunt, a witch, approached the sculpture wanting to talk.

Come here, aunt Surah', said Jezebel. 'What do you think? '  
Surah unbuttoned her neck telling her, 'My dear, I need a drink! '  
'Is this sculpture your deep secret? ' Surah smiled as a feline.  
' He's the man of my dreams, and his face I will never reline.'  
(Jezebel started to sing)

'I still can hear his very sad low wail,  
In a sleeping forest being of no avail,  
In searching for his bride he can fail,  
His bride is caught in the time's gale.

When a castle he sees in the sun's rays  
Keeping two decades of sleeping days,  
The beauty sleep leaves him in a daze.  
'Come and take your bride', the oak says.'  
(Surah became nervous.)

'My dear, it's a very strange dream, believe me.'  
Said Surah, looking as tired as being after a hard pull.  
'Tell me, sweet child, in this dream can you see  
Something about using a drop spindle to spin wool? '

'No, never! By the way, that means a drop spindle? '  
'You must promise me to keep your mouth shut,  
Or the demons in the forest a dead fire may kindle.'  
'I'll keep the secret, or the tip of my tongue you may cut.'

(Jezebel started to dance singing another song this time.)  
Come and dance with me between the daffodils.  
I can hear the strong wind coming from the hills,  
And never let die inside you your inner child.'

'Sometimes, this princess wants to be really wild! '

(Surah got close to Jezebel having a book in her hands.)

'This book is a precious treasure', Surah said.

'It always cries loudly in order twice to bake its meaning,

And we must be strong when these words we read.

This book explains the whole history of queening.'

(Surah opened the book in the chapter: Spindle)

To begin spinning on a bottom whorl drop spindle,

You must attach a leader by tying a piece of yarn.

The best wool's colors are black, white, or brindle.

Moreover, wool dresses may be difficult to darn.

You must take the yarn over the side of the whorl.

You must loop it around the shaft underneath and back.

Over the side of the whorl, it looks like a hairy natural curl.

By the way, there's a spindle in the tower having a crack.'

(The castle where Jezebel lived)

The castle was in the forest, on a high mountain.

In the approach to the front door, there was a natural fountain.

The castle had a ditch and a bridge, allowing people to cross.

It had a first gallery having the marble slabs nice cut across.

The gallery was situated between the great and the little tower.

The towers had thick walls being protected from the wind power.

The south-west side of the castle had a perfect hexagonal shape.

The northeast side had prisons, from where no one could escape.

There were four stories formed around the hexagon on all sides.

There was an interior courtyard for the people wanting to turn aside.

In the center of this courtyard, there was a well and a natural cave.

In the cave, there was an underground lake, fossils, and an old grave.

In the mountain stone, there was a subway leading to the great tower,

Which was a secret place having nothing alive inside it, even no single flower.

Banqueting House was a hall having a colored fireplace of marble,

Where the king and the queen entertained their guests, stories to garble.

The stained glass in the windows could share the sounds of many balls,

And many secret meetings took place behind those enigmatic walls.

At the top of the stairs leading from the wall, there was a passageway

Guiding into Dining Room having painted ceiling light over its walls' gray.

King's Hall had the throne in front of a screen with arched openings.

It had an oak chair and a footstool for guests to sit when they were coming.

It also contained some royal portraits, expensive furniture, and tapestries.

Here, the aristocracy came to enjoy their feast, and to share formalities.

Having walls covered in rich fabrics, a big Lobby was used

To entertain guests with sweets, while the jesters made them be amused.

After the meal, the Great Hall was a huge space for singing and dancing.

It had monumental stone arcades in the light were really glancing.

Behind the arcades, there were the staircases leading to the upper rooms.

Those rooms were used by the guests to rest and to dress in their costumes.

They had wooden roofs, and tall windows that were looking out upon the garden,

A domed pergola, shrubs, gateways, pavilions, and a forest of a pine marten.

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 10- The Coronation)

(Frederick returned to his castle becoming a lonely man.)

Frederick was laid on the bed, seeing that beast in his room.  
'It does no harm', he thought. It was tall in the evening gloom.  
He was hearing the bells ringing while trying to understand  
Why in front of God, this love and marriage were banned.

He fell asleep dreaming that while his stallion was grazing  
In the green grass, his wife, Jezebel, was lying in the meadow,  
The castle disappeared, while the time changed the life by rising,  
And in the mirror's fate, that cruel reality remained only a shadow.

A life sound replacing the silence, which with a throaty grumble reigned  
Touched Jezebel, and he embraced her, while she was sleeping there.  
He saw that those two red icing eyes were keeping her enchained.  
He woke her up with a kiss, and her sighs disappeared in the air.

She saw him, and said, ' it's like I wake up from a long twilight sleep.'  
The surroundings assault me with his new I'm really sensing.'  
He smiled, 'Sometimes, the memory of these kinds of dreams I keep.'  
'It's a beast here envisioning me, and making the string's bad fate sing.'

(The ceremony of John's coronation as a regent.)

The festive procession included the bodyguard, the table knaves,  
The royal servants, the aristocrats, the dignitaries, and fighting braves.  
The aristocrats carried a tabletop, on which the king's dress and jewels  
Were laid out, and the councilors followed them according to the rules.

The insignia was carried by the dignitaries and displayed for the public,  
Though, they wanted the kingdom temporarily to become a republic.  
They carried the scepter, the golden cross, the golden eagle, the crown,  
And the sword to the altar, while using words that end with a frown.

The archbishop and two of his suffragans accompanied the new king  
Being followed by the bishops, abbots, and clergy, who started to sing.

The procession entered the church, and the cardinal led John to a chair  
In front of the altar in order to hear the sermon, the epistle, and the prayer.

After the obligations of doing justice to clergy, widows, and orphans,  
The king bound himself to demand nothing from his people or from persons  
Visiting the kingdom that contradicted the divine and human rightness.  
The new king promises to abolish the evil laws for the moral lightness.

The archbishop appealed to John to lead a good government, to care  
For peace, and to protect the church. John said, 'Before God, I swear'.  
He put his hands on a Bible, and the archbishop anointed his hands.  
John said, 'I'll ask my dignitaries to collect from people their demands.'

The crown and the sword were on the altar to be used for consecration  
The king was ready for the reception of the insignia during the coronation.  
After sanctification, John retired to a room to be dressed in his royal attire.  
Returning to the church, he listened to the main sermons and the choir.

Kneeling before the altar, from the archbishop he received the sword  
With words that resemble a pertinent prayer addressed to The Lord.  
Drawing the sword from its sheath, he swung it in the four directions.  
During the coronation, the still kneeling king asked for God's protection.

The royal councilors helped to place the crown on their king's head.  
The magnates symbolically extended their hands towards it, and said,  
'The king receives the scepter and the orb! ' The archbishop handed him.  
At last, the king read loudly the Gospel, and the choir sang a hymn.

The crown devolved on a minor being too young his duties to execute.  
Requiring her protectorate, to govern in John's name she was resolute.  
Surah secured the throne for John to avoid the future succession struggle.  
The handle of the political turmoil and the intrigues she had to juggle.

Surah schemed to gain power and to rule the country in John's name  
Thus, she defeated the neighboring countries being hungry for fame.  
The subdued states could not regain their independence again.  
This way, the neighboring kings became vassals during John's reign.

John's quick, easily wounded temper led him to make rash decisions.  
Even so, the death of all the successors became Surah's sinner visions.  
She made him feel slighted when people didn't jump to his commands.  
He lacked the patience for dealing with his administration's demands.

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 11- The Queen)

She started to reorganize the kingdom, to give it access to the sea,  
To modernize the economy, and all the army officers had a college degree.  
That superpower had one weakness: she was stronger than her king.  
She reorganized the political administration by creating a diplomacy ring.  
She used the high trees belonging to their forests to build many ships.  
She opened gold mines by using slaves being beaten with hard whips.  
Reforming the toll system, she rose the taxes to pay for the army wars,  
And created the overseas colonies to have many ports on the seashores.  
She dissolved the parliament not wanting to consult with them.  
A lot of protests took place in the main cities her behavior to condemn.  
The archbishop retired because she reduced the ecclesiastical rights.  
The new archbishop was trustful to her and made new religious rites.  
This way, Surah held completely the religious and the political power.  
To advocate her prerogatives, a new Doctor Fox she started to empower.  
Surah created a new high society at John's court to control his life.  
The old nobility lost the independence, which was a major cause of strife.  
Surah met John and asked him to give her a part of his kingdom.  
John gave her a big province, which it became her new sub-kingdom.  
She recruited and trained a new secret army, being ready to strike him  
Clearly knowing that his chances of winning this battle are pretty slim.

John knew he was too young to be a ruler and allied with Frederick.

To make friends the vassals for this battle with Surah, they were quick.

When her army was subdued, she really saw the fire of God as sacred.

She had to face His army and to see how her own men were massacred.

There always had been poverty, but at that time, after seven years, there were many vagabonds on the streets. Frieda was preparing the dinner waiting for Pauline to come. Eda, their friend, helped her. Eda worked as a servant for a rich person. Her husband was a digger. Pauline entered the house in a rush being very upset and saying,

'A jerk stole my bag.'Eda said, 'Hoboes have no license to beg.'

'I tried to catch him, but he ran so fast.' 'You should shake your leg'

'People like him are tied to a cart, and whipped till they are bloodied',

Said Pauline, 'they're forced to return to their homes being so muddied.'

'By law, the vagabonds can be made slaves for ten years', said Frieda.

' If they ran away during this time they're made slaves for life', said Eda.

'Some people have to rely on poor relief', said Pauline. 'Others thrive.

After having money they're forced to pay a tax to keep hoboes alive',

Said Eda.'The overseers can provide work for any able-bodied vagrant.

If he refuses to work he's whipped, but he waits to be caught in flagrant',

Said Frieda. 'The pauper's child goes to the employer to be an apprentice',

Said Eda.'For many poor people, drinking gin is their only preference.'

Pauline said, 'I would like to eat roast beef cooked with pea.'

'My dear, meat is a luxury. We have bread, butter, potatoes and tea',

Said Frieda.'By the way, where's Surah now? "She's John's vassal

As a landless queen.'Pauline smiled.' She lives in her old castle.'

(Mary, Clara, and Sarah, another nun, were preparing their dinner. On the table, they found corn, carrots some cheese, a little bread, a bottle of milk and six eggs.)

Mary said, 'Monastery churches were converted to parish churches.

Buildings having monastic cells were left to ruin for social searches.'

'In order to hide, we must build new monasteries in the mountain valleys',

Sarah said.' Teaching poor people, others live near towns having alleys',

Said Clara.'They live humble lives needing silence to devote themselves

To the worship of God, to copy out manuscripts placed on their shelves,

To baptize the people, to farm their lands, and for tending their sheep',

Said Mary.'She restricted pilgrims from coming there to pray and to sleep',

Said Clara.'Many suppressed monasteries were hardly hit to surrender.

To confiscate the lands', said Mary, 'Surah also convicted any defender.'

'You're right. Those, who agreed to surrender were given pensions for life',

Said Clara, 'The transfer of the lands to the Crown was Surah's greatest strife.

Some monasteries were transformed into workhouses for poor people

Having no income. Throwing out the bell, she built a room in every steeple',

Said Sarah.'Surah deterred poor people from asking the state for help.

In houses, they wore uniforms being angry while hearing the dog's yelp.

Husbands, wives, and children still live separately, while breaking the stone.

Many children are looking like having a syndrome of the hungry bone',

Said Mary.'What is she doing now? 'Clara asked.'John pushed her out the door',

Said Sarah, 'She tastes the peace while recovering from her last war! '

(In his castle, Frederick, John, and Matthew, who was Frederick's counselor, were waiting for the dinner.

John was 19 years old, not a minor any longer. On the table, there were green beans, asparagus, grapefruits, cheese, bread, avocado, and eggs.)

John said, 'my mother didn't let her have a very close relationship with us,

But help was there when I needed it most, and aunt Surah loved me, thus.'

Frederick said, 'Then, why did she declare war? It's strange.'

'In just one year', said Matthew, 'it's amazing how many things can change.'

'She taught you everything, this way, you tried to undermine her power',

Said, Frederick. 'She threatened to destroy me, but I could never cower',

Said John, 'her counselors built a wall between myself and my people.'

Matthew smiled', she was that sound coming from a mysterious steeple'

'Each king ceded to be a part of his land in exchange for his vassalage,

And she didn't like it', said John.'She couldn't add controls to backstage'.

Matthew said, ' You took their territories on the coast to expand the naval power.

You traced the traitors, who were her people to imprison them in the tower.'

' She had governed your kingdom while limiting your power and influence',

Said Frederick, ' and while advising you to use some diplomatic prudence.'

John said, 'then, she used her corsairs to attack my merchant ships.'

Matthew said, 'we must trace her, and cope with missing information slips.'

To be continued...tomorrow

Marieta Maglas

# Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 2-The Dinner)

(The royal hunters were coming home.)

The deserted forest remained on the top of the mountain  
Left by the hunters. They were resting near a natural fountain.  
Vipers frightening could see boars, and deer being dead,  
But also the king, laughing, drinking water, and washing his head.

Keeping the balance of their galloping horses, the hunters could see  
The stony marble statues of the castle, guarding it with their esprit.  
Basking in their glory, the hunters sang the winner's song with grace.  
Fluttering their flags, they rejoiced to review their home place.

(Jezebel left the cave and entered the house for the dinner.)

Entering the house, Jezebel called John while climbing the stairs.  
The early return of their parents could catch them almost unawares.  
They tried to refresh very well in order to go down for the dinner.  
Making her way downstairs, she wanted to know if she was still a sinner.

Mary was also her aunt and a nun. She taught Jezebel many prayers.  
She entered the room, kissed her, and took a seat on one of the chairs.  
She greeted her royal parents, and her twelve years old brother, John.  
Soon after the familiar dinner had finished, her brother began to yawn.

(Mary, Jezebel, and John, the twelve years old, son of the royal pair, were  
waiting for Richard, and Anne to return in order to have their family dinner.)

John is a dreamer', said Mary. 'Sometimes, the dream is an illusion.'  
'This life can be an illusion', replied Anne, the queen. 'It's easy to see'.  
Richard said, 'Anne, the life can be a chain because of a dream of confusion'.  
Mary smiled concluding, 'From Hell, sin, bondage, slavery, God has set us free.'

' Sometimes, I recognize I'm a dream catcher', said the king. 'Well, I can't  
Make really be mine any of those ideal dreams, though for Heaven I got a grant.'  
'The deep forest knows to hide the beauty when the wild monsters can smile.  
Forest can make things be very hard to be found when very narrow is its aisle.'

'I am here to witness the present, and to be sure that you forgot the past',  
Mary continued. 'I want to save Jezebel in her strong struggle to the last.

I'm happy to understand her fate, and to find out that a miracle has seen heaven.'

'What do you really mean, my dear aunt? Look at the clock, it's already eleven.'

'Yes, it's too late for you, dear Jezebel. It's time for you to go to sleep! '

'I'm going to bed exactly like those sad things that, in the night, creep.

Not any longer I play hide or jump on my bed, though once I really liked this.

I really feel, and then I stand back up because I have grown up. That time I miss.'

Anne said, 'I use to walk in the garden and to smell the orchid flowers.

Sometimes, I stop for a few minutes to admire those beautiful two towers,

But even so, I can't avert my thoughts from the disaster of my destiny's path.

Before starting to ease my new suffering, I have to ease my old wrath.'

The queen remembered that she avoided inviting her sister to Jezebel's

Christening, but Surah came up with a few curse words to the ring of bells.

She said, 'When she will be sixteen, she will injure herself with a spindle, and die! '

'Please God, don't let this happen', said Mary while holding her hands up high.

'I remember that I prayed for Surah to become a good person,

But I received nothing from God. Surah's life has continued to worsen.'

"When she will hurt herself, she will fall into a deep sleep instead of dying".

Using these words, Surah changed her curse. Meanwhile, my queen was crying.'

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 3- Surah And Her Victims)

'My dear sister, Mary, our sister Surah this kingdom wants to rule.  
Every time she talks to Richard, Surah tries to treat him like a fool.'  
'Anne, the old castle in the forest has become the demons' home.  
There is darkness around her when the woods she wants to roam.'

Surah was living in her old castle, in a dense forest being hidden.  
It was a sinister place used for satanic activities, the light is forbidden.  
It had a demonic altar, and a horrible stench was emanating from that place.  
Some scent came from the decaying victims, which disappeared without a trace.

The castle was keeping strange noises such as gasps, sobs, and screams.  
A humongous spider web had been stretched across the way of wood's dreams.  
The castle was draped in a sticky awful mess from its entrance to the towers.  
Nothing could live in that place, and its garden had only thistles as flowers.

The castle was very different in its style needing a complete renovation.

She learned about some ancient herbal medicines in that place of damnation.

There was only one servant, who was keeping always on his face a glower.

His main duty was to read a book in order to keep safe the crystal's power.

Surah entered the castle having an ecstatic conclusion about her stride.

'How are you, sweetheart? You must know all the wonders of my inside! '

Clayton told her, 'Because goodness, and badness always can intertwine,

Inside twisted, happiness, and sorrow are always both equally divine.'

'I see my everlasting alter ego in the mirror of fate being transfigured.

Should I ever become this demon? ', ' I see that your image is disfigured.'

'This demon, who resides inside of me, also in John, will place his seeds.'

'How can you be so cruel? In this moment, my heart solemnly bleeds.'

'Father is dead, the mother is quite alive, the girl may meet her end.'

She laughed, 'I'm well prepared to help them because they need a friend.'

'Do you mean that they will die? Shall I really become so scared? '

'No, my dear, they will have a long sleep, and their doors will be barred.

Now, look at the processes, through which the alchemical content

Passes from the time it is placed here until it can have a new major scent.'

Solid becomes liquid through the filtration of the partially dissolved suspension

Being converted into a vaporous state with the aid of the heat, and the tension.

Distillation, separation, and rectification can disunite this new substance

For the fascination. Do you think she's really in want of this sustenance?

After converting this substance into a powder by the action of heat, I will add

Some different ingredients into a new mass by blending them.' 'You are mad! '

'Not at all. It works. Then, I will wait for purification through putrefaction,

For inhibition, fermentation, fixation, multiplication, and for a new projection.

When my potion will be ready, I will go to the castle to give it to Jezebel to drink.

This potion will have a red color and a good taste. What do you think? '

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 4-Frederick And Jezebel)

On the altar, a Jezebel doll had needles, which were stuck in her head.  
Near her, there was a paper, on which it was written, 'nor alive, nor dead.'  
'I will teach my John to hate, and I will teach him my sweet macabre dance.  
He will take refuge in darkness, or another way, he may have no other chance.'

(Frederick, the king of a neighboring kingdom, was coming to visit King Richard and his family.

Frederick and Jezebel were painting in the garden.)

Portraits are so delicate, and I always try to get an idea about the sitter.  
They are made by using colors and harmony of lights, which must glitter.  
The models try to give me something. My portraits don't have a signature.  
Being a king, to sign the portraits makes me feel a little insecure.'

' Frederick, tell me about your kingdom. It must be beautiful there.'  
'It has only lowlands and a little sea, where you can breathe a salty air.  
You'll see my kingdom when at the High School you will come to learn.'  
He embraced her to look closely into her eyes, but she made a quick turn.

' I will paint you, and you will paint me', said Jezebel while avoiding a fall.  
'Your drawing's good, but your jump from pencil to paint still hits a wall.'  
'One evening, I went with my parents to have a dinner with an artist friend.  
I appreciated that his paintings were as good as he tried to pretend.'

'When I paint, I can feel the wind grazing against my fingers.  
I draw always birds because they are more than talented singers.  
I use colors to make their songs be a part of my painting, and it's true  
That I have also made a sculpture looking perfect for you.'

'It's interesting, thinking that we've never met before. Is this man real? '  
'Not at all, his face is only in my mind. This sculptured man is an ideal.'  
'I see your parents coming here. We must go to get ready for the party.  
In this garden with beautiful statues, the matter seems to be so hearty! '

Anne took Jezebel by the arm. 'What do you think, is he a lovely man or not? '  
'Why do you ask me? I'm ashamed to tell you. Well, I think I like him a lot!  
He has such beautiful blue eyes, and his painting portrait looks so real,

But the lover of my heart still lives in my dreams. He's my fate and my ideal.'

'Frederick is thirty years old, and he is still searching for his young bride.  
You're fifteen years old, and you can be his queen, but you're Miss Pride! '  
'I'm thirty-five. Your father is forty. We're old, and we get older day by day.  
You must marry to have a new life. I pray for you to be a queen, someday.'

(Mary was living in a monastery.)

The monastery was surrounded by the fortifications that preserved it.  
Having high doors, the outer walls were thick, because the land could permit.  
The nuns welcomed the Word in faith, and mainly adored the Holy in silence.  
No one could visit this extensive monastery without having a good guidance.

Their life was unfolding within this monastery, which had rooted many lives.  
Nuns concentrated on God, while they were learning that, 'eternal love survives'.  
They fostered the purity of their heart to open it out upon the Holy Creation.  
There, the nuns learned the pains of piety, the apprehension, and the privation.

They shared in the misery all the hopes of people thinking of the mankind.  
Above all, God was present everywhere at liturgy, at work, and in their mind.  
The monastery had twenty-two acres on this land beside the blue sea,  
And nourished their life. While glorifying God, they were really free.

The tools of the monastery and the sacred vessels were part of the altar.  
The prayers were continuously connected by reading a golden psalter.  
In that school of love, they learned to love God and to give themselves.  
The monastery had a library with many rare books placed on its shelves.

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 5- The Secret Chamber)

(Mary was talking to Clara about Surah and her curse.)

I have no courage to act anymore and for nothing the time I spend.

Having no hope, I decided to follow the path of the fate almost to the end.'

'You know that beyond it, there's oblivion and death. Thus, you have to fight! '

'I can't change Surah to what I would like her to be, but you're right.'

'My dear Mary, I have an unbeatable plan, because the time is short.

On her birthday, when Frederick will come back with his wedding escort,

You will go to the castle to ask Jezebel to come here one day to stay.

Remember, there is no hunger when in the deep forest there is no prey.'

'But, my dear Clara, Anne is so scared, she will never accept in that day

To keep Jezebel far away from her, though she will feel safe here staying to pray.'

'The curse has the effect all day long, only that day, so we can be home at night.'

'The next day, they will marry. In the darkness, with demons, I will be able to fight.'

(Surah was searching some poisoning and medicinal herbs on the wild slopes of the mountain. Clayton was walking around.)

Surah stopped to rest on a crest, and she felt something as a raindrop.

She smelled a cool air emerging from the crevice of a rocky outcrop.

She realized that a great cave could be existent in that natural wonder.

She heard a rumbling sound, and she thought that it was a thunder.

She saw the waterfall, which was hiding behind it the entrance of a cave.

The cave was too low for her to enter, and to do this she wasn't so brave.

She asked Clayton to crawl inside, but he noticed that the entire entrance

Was blocked with rocks and vegetation, and to enter they had no chance.

'No person ventured here to remove the underbrush and the rubbish.

I heard that a wild beast lives in this zone having the teeth very pinkish.'

Returning the next day with ten village people, they entered spelunkers.

With the aid of lights, they slowly became the beast legend's debunkers.

They renewed their visits daily, proceeding a little farther each time.

They unlocked the entrance and entered a little room, which was sublime.

It was followed by a narrow passage, which was leading to a secret chamber.

'I'm tired', said Surah, ' because reaching this crest was a real clamber'.

They started to break an amount of rock off by using tools before

They penetrated the distance to enter the passage. They heard a boar.

'We are inside', said Clayton. 'After a half of an hour, we will need a pause.'

The passage was interrupted by a chamber. There, they saw some jaws.

It was a king chamber having white walls and a height of forty feet.

'I'm exhausted enough', said Surah.' I'm thirsty, and I have nowhere to sit.'

'The walls have white travertine deposits of flagstone and brimstone.'

Surah slipped and fell down on the floor. She let out a long, deep moan.

Fossils of sea lilies, shellfish and snails could be seen in the limestones;

The slightly acidic groundwater slowly dissolved the bedrock to make cones.

Along joints, fractures and bedding planes forming passages and rooms,

They walked on a floor sounding like broken crockery and creating booms.

To be continued.....tomorrow

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 6-The Cave)

'Beautiful stalagmites and stalactites! ' Clayton, this cave has breath! '  
Do you feel the air? ' The air movements are strong and prevent our death,  
But they can extinguish the lamp.' To lead the way, he unrolled many feet  
Of rope to mark their exit in case of being disoriented in this huge 'suite'.

They named the other one Queen's Chamber because it was small.  
It was a dim room, twenty feet high having a nice circular white wall.  
After an amount of stooping, crawling, scooting, and squirming, while  
Passing through damp trail ways over pits and breakdowns of the aisle,

Through tight keyholes, they reached a lake of water. Then, they have  
Transported wood, to build a boat, and to explore the other part of the cave.  
On the other side of the lake, they saw a room looking like a stone quarry.  
After that, they recognized the finished stone house in its greatest glory.

They saw that the refreshments were served, consisting of tea, coffee,  
And dressing, but the people weren't inside, yet. Surah took a toffee  
And two of the numerous huge lamps hanging on the right cave's wall.  
They heard a strong music and many loud voices coming from the ball.

' Imagine this, Clayton; we were bending, crawling to pass through  
So many tight spaces in order to find that this cave is my sister's clue.'  
'It's one single cave having two parts, which are separated by the lake.'  
'Let's go home! ' said Surah maliciously smiling. 'Anne is a real snake! '

(Of course, Queen Anne was not a snake. The old castle was built around the  
cave and those two chambers were used to protect the kings and the queens all  
over the time. The legend of the beast was used to protect the other entrance to  
the cave during many wars taking place at the time.)

They were floating back until they reached the shore of the other side.  
She dropped two lamps in the water and left the boat being in a hurry to hide.  
They blocked the entrance of the passage, and their lamp started to tingle.  
Clayton bumped a paddle against the wall to pass, but it sounded like a jingle.

They opened the metal door, and then they climbed up the tower's stairs  
To get into the secret room. There, they saw two beds, a table, and three chairs.  
On the table, there was a golden little spindle being full of golden thread.

'They use this gilded altar to pray for Jezebel', said Surah turning her head.

To be continued.....

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 7-Pauline And Frieda)

Climbing down these secret stairs is a hell', said Clayton. 'Don't talk! They can hear us. It has two sets of stairs. I think when they wanted to lock This part of the tower, they made the secret passage ', said Surah. 'I'll take care Of the drank that poppy seed tea. Now, they must feel the flare.'

Clayton threw them into the abyss, one by one. Then, he used a big rock To block the entrance of the cave.' Clayton, do you hear that screaming hawk? ' Frederick stopped dancing with Jezebel and asked her to go with him to the terrace.

He professed his love for her saying that she might be a young pretty heiress.

'Did you talk with my father? " Yes, Jezebel, your father intends to give you A half of his kingdom in order to make you be my bride. "Is it true? ' 'I hear a weird noise coming from the cave." Yes, indeed. "Let's take a look! ' He extended his hand, 'I hear a rock moving behind those walls forming a nook! '

(It happened in the moment when Clayton finished locking the passage.)

'It has already caused waves in the lake. We must stop a real ravage! '

'Two lamps are missing. They're lost in the water. My father must know.'

'That's nothing', said Richard, ' the beast could give its nose a loud blow.

Ha, ha, you're really scared! It's a tiny crack, which in time can expand.

Come to drink ', said Richard touching Frederick's shoulder with his right hand.

'Fred is beautiful', said Surah looking at a picture, which was hung on her wall.

'I can't believe he's really here again after all this time, in the royal dancing hall.'

(Pauline and Frieda were two widows of those ten workers dying in the abyss.)

The poor homes were cold, damp, and dark within their walls.

The children used to play in the mud without having toys or dolls.

The windows were very small openings with some wooden shutters.

The men used to get drunk and to fight each other using small cutters.

The people ate, slept, and spent their time together in two rooms

Having thatched roofs and being as easy to destroy as were their tombs.

The homes of the rich people were more elaborate than the others.

They had paved floors being decorated with tiles in many colors.

Tapestries were hung on the walls, providing an extra layer of warmth. In a simple home, there was no chimney. There was only a stone hearth. Some vegetables such as cabbages, or onions were known as potherbs. They grew as much food as their families needed by using gardens and yards.

Pauline said 'It hurts me constantly until I know what really happened',  
Frieda replied, 'Because of the clouds, that day, the sky could be blackened'.  
'But John was familiar with the trail, having hiked it many times before',  
'Maybe they ran being afraid of that beast, a bear, or a very big boar.'

'John was a husky, healthy man, and he was not afraid of anything.'  
'What can I say, Pauline? They are not at home, they are really missing.'  
Pauline said crying, ' On this mountain, so many have disappeared! '  
'They disappeared near the cascade, and have never reappeared.'

(After a year, it was the springtime again. The people living in the castle were preparing the wedding.)

The sun shone, and the pink flowers bloomed at the wedding, in spring.  
The guests were expected to come to the wedded pair, having gifts to bring,  
Without a great change in the life at the castle, there would be stagnancy,  
Due to her destiny, Jezebel would never be able to come out of her infancy.

To be continued.....tomorrow

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 8- The Tower)

The castle kitchens had big fireplaces, where the oxen and the meat  
Were roasted on spits. The cookies were baking, roasting by using the heat.  
The pantries were hung with birds, swans, pigeons, rabbits, mutton, ducks,  
Venison and wild boar. Suddenly, the spring life became a luminous flux.

Everywhere on the tables, there were berries, nuts, and other fruits.  
In the rooms, there were pottery, glass, fabrics, jackets, dress coats,  
Sweaters, bodices, pants, petticoats, silk, music, joy, pewter utensils,  
Jewelry, purses, shoes, hats, ties, powders and eyebrow pencils.

'The guests will arrive and the food is not ready, yet', whispered Pauline.  
'You can hurry a little', said Frieda, 'Guess, who's coming! ' 'The queen! '  
Anne tasted all the fresh food and drinks and found them well prepared.  
'After you finish, open the windows, because the rooms are not aired.'

Queen hurried away, leaving behind a whiff of perfume and stress.  
'Do you see her through the window? 'What a splendid wedding dress! '  
'Jezebel is beautiful. I heard that the marriage can change the doom.'  
'Yes, the bad fortune of the bride can bring a bad fate for the groom.'

.....

(At the monastery, Clara and Mary were preparing their luggage to go to the  
wedding.)

'I'm talking about this false teaching, which left me confused', said Mary.  
'No one is sinless perfect', said Clara, 'we're God's children. Be wary! '  
'She hates her sisters; she walks in the darkness, while being so blind.'  
'But God is Light, and the prayers have the power to change her mind.'

'She's not truly in fellowship with God, because she can't love her sister,  
But I can't compare her with Surah, who is a real incurable blister.'  
'Surah hates her sisters, she's a murderer, and doesn't need eternal life.  
She's an ignorant, she needs power, and she lives only her life of strife.'

'Is it true that whatever we ask, we receive from Him, because we fight  
To keep His commandments, while doing what is pleasing in His sight? '  
'It's true.' ', I asked Him to save my niece, but I didn't receive any response.'  
'You must teach Surah how to love, and she will destroy her magic scone.'

(It was three o'clock in the morning, and Surah entered the passage of the cave. She entered the castle, and climbed up the stairs to be in the room of the tower. There, she put two goblets on the table containing a beverage used to induce a coma.

After that, she came down from the tower to enter the Jezebel's room.)

'How is my sweet niece, who will be a bride? ' 'I'm a little scared.'

'Every bride is scared knowing that her feelings in bed must be shared.'

'How was your first moment in bed? ' 'Well, I started with a little kiss; I gave it to the loveliness I was wallowing in. I felt the radiance of bliss. (Surah smiled being a little tender while looking at her niece.)

'Let me show you my wedding gift. Let's go into the tower to see it.'

'This is a joke! ' Surah took her hand. 'I have the key.' 'Does this key fit? My mom can hear us, and you know that you're not allowed to enter here.' 'She cannot wake up early in this morning. Did you forget that I'm a seer? '

(Surah and Jezebel climbed up the stairs of the tower. They entered the room of the tower. Jezebel sat on a chair to marvel at the beauty of the altar and at the golden spindle. Surah took out a medallion from her pocket and put it into the Jezebel's hands. The medallion had two miniature portraits. One of them was the portrait of Frederick, and the other one was the portrait of a very beautiful woman.)

'I want you to know that this portrait belonged to his former dead fiancée. He had abandoned her for another one. His love was only a flight of fancy.'

'Give me something to drink, my dear aunt, I really don't feel quite well! '

'Sure', said Surah giving her to drink the beverage having an interesting smell.

To be continued...

Marieta Maglas

# Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty (Part 9-The Golden Fleece)

(Jezebel drank the entire beverage.)

'It's good to feel better', said Jezebel, 'What is that? ' 'It's a golden spindle.'  
She took it. 'Pay attention to the candle flame, which the room can kindle.'  
She began to spin the golden fleece as she had learned from that book.  
She fainted after stabbing herself with the spindle, and to have a look

Surah approached her for a minute. 'She was his mother, I wanted to say! '  
After that, she opened the window. 'I need fresh air to start this new day! '  
She heard the demon laughing while climbing down the last two stairs.  
'Do you see that bird flying into the open window? ' 'Let's go upstairs! '

Jezebel switched to a persistent vegetative state, in which breathing,  
Digesting and eliminating foods continued, although she was unwitting.  
A nun will feed her using a feeding tube and will take care of her body.  
She will wash Jezebel, and she will dress her in clothes made of shoddy.

Frieda and Pauline entered the tower room and found her sleeping;  
They heard strange sounds, and they thought that she was weeping.  
She slowly breathed, so they tried to arouse her. It was a strange smell.  
'Her eyes don't open, her body is flaccid, ' said Frieda, and she started to yell.

Hearing the screams, the royal pair climbed up the stairs in a hurry.  
"What happened? " Anne was shocked. "Your Majesty, it's a major worry! '  
When Anne saw her, she had a whirling sensation and a tendency to fall.  
A soft, ivory pallor shone in her face, she started to lean against the wall.

When the king saw her pallor, he took the goblet and gave her to drink.  
Thinking that it's wine, he drank the rest of the potion, 'The goblets stink! '  
He looked at Pauline, but losing his consciousness, he fell on the floor.  
At that time, Mary arrived and remained speechless in front of the door.

'What happened? ' 'They are ill. Look, the royal doctor is coming! '  
The doctor examined them saying, 'I'm afraid they are succumbing! '  
'It's very hard to keep them alive. I must invite here a great master.  
I gave them medicine, but their condition will not improve any faster.'

Fred was riding his horse through the woods together with his guests.  
He sang being accompanied by the male birds singing near their nests.  
He was so happy thinking of those village people also coming to the castle.  
He imagined his bride wearing her wedding gown, and being certainly gracile.

Jezebel fell into a coma from a drug overdose containing morphine.  
It was extracted from Marijuana imported from Asia when she was fifteen.  
She couldn't respond to outside stimuli such as sounds, or temperature.  
Many doctors came to treat Jezebel, and to study this illness structure.

Princess Jezebel started to dream resting on many time's wings.  
She found a new Frederick in a forgotten world with seasonal swings.  
In reality, she remained a beautiful rosebud in the tower's room.  
She was as unaware and as sad as a departure of a flower's bloom.

The monastery, which was sleeping in the daylight sun  
Could hide both the demons and the prayers of a crying nun.  
In time, that realm was forgotten and caressed by pearls of rain,  
The life could go on, while the girl was sleeping in her doom's chain.

To be continued...tomorrow

Marieta Maglas

## Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty(Part 13- The Explosion)

(Frederick entered the room. He told them that he found a treasure in the castle's cave.)

'I found the rarest treasure of all today. What can I do with that gold?  
'Surah hid it.' Mary said, ' hence, some mining activities are uncontrolled.'  
'The finders and the landowners are entitled to these valuables, '  
The cleric said, ' hence, it may help John to adjust the budget balances.'  
(Mary wanted to tell Frederick the truth about Surah.)

'Surah is an alchemist, and she loves to do this with fierce intensity.  
Her studies about substances, their composition, their density,  
About purification by dissolution and by crystallization are rife.  
She hopes to discover, someday, the formula for the elixir of life.'

'Summa Perfectionis and the emerald tables of Hermes', said  
The cleric, 'this alchemy explains why her statues have lizards on the head.'  
'Maybe she gave Jezebel a strange substance to drink, ' Frederick  
Said. 'Go to her castle to search this substance, dear. I am so sick.'

(It was Mary, who told Frederick to go to Surah's castle to find the antidote.  
Frederick and Matthew went to the castle.)

The turrets of the castle crumbled under the slow pressure of time,  
Their glory has disappeared because of poverty and cold clime.  
The falling wall stones, the ill-paved courtyards, the dusty moat,  
The sagging floors, the worm-eaten wainscot had a blue note.

The faded tapestries within, all tell a gloomy tale of fallen grandeur.  
The alchemy chamber in the remaining tower showed Surah was poor.  
She spent the hours of her life in poring over the ancient tomes.  
The occult studies made Surah first focus her attention on gnomes.

Her belief in all the dark power was firm and deep-seated.  
With burning small peasant children, the demon she greeted.  
Many times, she was busy over a violently boiling cauldron,  
Where many substances spewed out their thick concoction.

She searched a spell to release her life from its terrible burden.  
She used to work only when the alchemy room began to darken.  
She should never wed, she might, thus, end the curse with herself.  
She kept cobwebs and bats. Strange things were on her shelf.

Frederick entered that room and saw her manuscripts and studies  
In the field of alchemy. She had bottles, their colors being so muddy.  
He opened those books, where it was written how to prepare  
Elixirs from herbs, gems, and metals while using a devilish prayer.

The books instructed in the casting of spells, invocations, rites,  
Talismans, amulets, and sigils. He found how she spent her nights.  
On the altar, a doll-representing Jezebel had needles in her head.  
There was a paper, where it was written, 'nor alive, nor dead.'

Near it, he found Kratom leaves and bottles-containing naloxone.  
He took the bottles because he understood what Surah had done.  
While feeding the horses, Matthew was waiting near the castle.  
Clayton was in a stable, but working there became such a hassle.

He thought that something happened when tools dropped on the floor.  
A bottle dropped over another one when Frederick closed the door.  
An explosion was heard in the castle, which sounded like a sonic boom.  
Surah was in a hurry to see what happened into the alchemy room.

Another explosion was heard being more loudly than the first one.  
Surah gazed at her reflected face in the mirror instead of run.  
Huge deformations of her new face formed a monstrous being.  
An illusion shifted her identity. Believing is not always seeing.

She had sensations of otherness when her new face appeared  
To be a stranger looking at her, beyond the mirror, then disappeared.  
A monster was watching her, and smiling with an enigmatic expression.  
Clayton embraced her while crying, 'My dear, you have an obsession! '

Frederick told Matthew, 'I took the potion, let's straddle the horses.'  
'The castle is burning. To get out of this wood, we need strong forces.'  
'My horse sped up. 'What does he feel in front of the fire and crack?  
'He's fearful because he feels trapped. Don't pull him back! '

'Being scared, his reaction is flight and run away from the fire wallop.  
'You're scared, and instinctively you urge him to go into a gallop.'

'The horses are not thinking. It's all out of the instinct to survive.  
You can help your horse when you know how to ride and to drive.'

(They rode their horses to the castle of Jezebel.)

They entered the castle and climbed up the stairway to Jezebel.

'I came here in a hurry to save you, and my way to you was a hell.

Drink the potion, and wake up. I wonder how you feel in my arms.

I'm in love with you and still so deeply captivated by your charms.

(Jezebel had opened her eyes for the first time since being asleep. 'I know that you love me!' She told Frederick.)

(Clayton had managed to extinguish the fire. After that, he held his precious Surah in his arms while crying. Her face was burned by acid during the explosion.)

'Nothing happened to your face. You're the same beautiful woman.'

'Why my face is in pain?' 'It's because of the heat. Lie on the divan.

Let me take off your clothes, and flush your skin with cold water.'

'You're so gentle, Clayton. In your arms, I feel safe like a little daughter'.

'I lost the potion I prepared for Richard. He's my last chance.

It was destroyed by the explosion. I feel like I am in a trance.'

'I gave you morphine for treating your pain. He wouldn't help you.

Richard is like John, and you cannot change their point of view.'

(Clayton loved her because he thought she was vulnerable and incapable to adopt the situations. Her soul was very fragile, even she masked this so well. She wanted to be more than she could be in life, and this was the reason her ways weren't always the best-chosen ways. He hoped someday his love would change her. He wanted to save her life. Surah closed her eyes and fell asleep.)

To be continued...

Marieta Maglas

# Jezebel-The Sleeping Beauty(Part 14-The Epilog)

(Richard and Anne opened their eyes.)

It was an emotional moment John never dared dream would happen.  
He embraced his father, who was wearing a royal fur mantle of lapin.  
'I feel like a little kid.' They broke down in tears, in each other's arms.  
'Those wall clocks worked to jolt you out of dreamland with big alarms.'

The happiness in the family was clear in their massive smiles,  
But the queen said, ' I'm as tired as walking five hundred miles.'  
They described how this meeting has made them be complete.  
Frederick left them for an intimacy talk liking to be discreet.

'I can't get out of bed'; said Anne, 'I have a weird sensation in my legs.'  
Freda came into the room saying, 'I cooked for you bacon and eggs.'  
'I can't eat with these shaky, weak arms, and I have a stomach pain.'  
'Taking care of your needs is so hard, ' 'From meat, I must abstain.'

Jezebel came into the room, 'my dear mother, how do you feel? '  
'My eyes are blurry, and I can't see you. 'To pray for you I kneel.'  
'I feel so light-headed, foggy, and faint. I'm thirsty, and I want to sleep, '  
Said, Richard. 'I hear you, my dear father, and I began to weep.'

(After four months, in the castle, people were ready again for the wedding.)

The Archbishop was committed to keeping the wedding confidential.  
Thus, the religious ceremony and the dinner were quintessential.  
'If I could stop that misfortune happening to her, ' the groom taught.  
'As soon as a baby will come into the family, things will change a lot! '

(Mary recovered and came to the wedding. She embraced the bride. After that,  
he talked with Anne.)

'I should recognize there were some moments when I felt like giving up.  
I spiraled down in a whirlpool of sadness, and life was a death cup.  
I felt back behind a was nowhere to run, and no reason to move.  
Then, I was forced to do things I would normally fiercely disapprove.

Beneath its charming, the evilness manipulates and destroys people

For its amusement, but its history is reddened in Surah's steeple  
I lost my hope that the world, this imperfect place, can be good someday,  
But I felt better than before when I heard you're well, and I began to pray.'

(Anne replied to Mary.)

I think the feeling of disappointment that started in Surah's mind,  
And slipped down to her soul was the result of being spiritually blind.  
The knowledge that she had been wrong seeped into her bone,  
And it wasn't a world to collapse, but a woman to become a stone.

(After two years, Pauline was talking with Freda and Eda, while preparing the dinner.)

'In the cave, there are skeletons of people who died under strange  
Circumstances and the entrance of this grotto had to suffer a change.'  
'Once, a friend of mine heard some cries of some bat creatures.  
They can snatch kids. 'An expression of fear crossed Eda's features.

'Their bodies are black, though their wings are dark brown or red.  
Their lower jaws contain serrated teeth. They're big, people said.'  
'It's only a demon having red lights on the eyes making them glow.  
It becomes active when the dandelion flowers the seeds start to blow.'

'I heard that a creature as no other one was painted on the wall.  
In fact, it was a huge bat creature. Bats still exist, but they're small.'  
'Did you hear that Surah died? She had burned scars all over the body.  
In the burning castle, she wore a dress, which was cheap and shoddy.'

(Frederick was talking with Jezebel.)

Jezebel sat softly on a jutting rock near the old cave's lake.  
In that fine damp mist, as usual, she wanted to take a break.  
Frederick came to see her, carrying his little son in his arms,  
'I'm in love with you and still deeply captivated by your charms.'

' The castle has an open natural entrance and a bridge over the lake.'  
'I gave the poor people a half of the treasure for your father's sake.  
Clayton came to hand Anne the blamed castle's keys telling her  
That Surah died in his arms. Clayton said, " I loved her, but we were

Two lonely people in search of a lost happiness. It seems that it was

Not helpful. Now, I go to live in a monastic community because  
I want to know the stages of becoming a monk. It has been a while  
Since I took the time to find out about God. 'He went out with a smile.

(Pauline and Freda were in the kitchen of the royal castle. Pauline looked out the  
window and saw Clayton leaving the castle.)

'I've always thought that Clayton was a mysterious figure as a crow.'  
'He has always loved Surah. He's not able to live without her, now.'  
'But where is doctor Fox? ' 'Who's this doctor? ' 'Nobody exactly knows.'  
'Freda, it is said that the secrets lose all their power if they expose.'

The end

Marieta Maglas

# Joe's Music

Bright-blue reflector movements  
in the musical magnificence  
cover the melting color of the sky.  
Darkness creates a space of eating.  
No silence.

White lyrics root in our soul spaces  
allowing the vascular happiness  
to 'hold on' the feelings as in chains,  
and as in the rhythm of time.  
No sadness.

The feelings swell, and branch  
in the flowing sounds.  
They enrich the soul.  
While sparkling, the sounds  
spring out from the feelings  
into the sereneness.  
No falling down.

The souls reach their state of grace  
at the 'human touch'.  
White words mean his seducing voice.  
The voice makes angles,  
dances the spring of minds,  
and feeds the 'soul time'.  
The grace dwells 'out of the blue'  
as the first scream of the earth.  
The 'human touch' 'feels like forever'  
the seducing voice.  
No emptiness.

The angles change at the 'edge of a dream'.  
The inside of hearing blows bluely the words.  
The dream is born into this decomposable  
silence due to the saxophone compositions.  
The silence is a canvas  
for a red art of nakedness.

No other angle.

From a forgotten corner,  
the 'moon dew' comes  
To get applause.  
No other Joe Cocker.

Marieta Maglas

## Julio Iglesias -Dedication

Perhaps we are "parte de tus sueños" (part of your dreams)  
And something is calling for you,  
But, certainly, you are one of everyone's dreams  
And that beautiful melancholy of yours  
Is a source of sounds deeply touching, inspiring, magical,  
For life" and for " El Amor" (love)  
Remaining inside all of us.  
A divine vibration is healing the deep wounds  
In a dance of sung irresistible words,  
Which may recreate your image  
In our minds and souls,  
Especially, when we want to "Passar Di Mano" (pass a hand) feeling.  
Wind, apparently, dissolved the melodious words  
In the rustle of leaves, in the sound of rain applause,  
In those "Momenti " (moments) of "Me olvid de vivir" (I forgot to live)  
And in the rain drops falling on the leaves  
And falling over our faces to mix with our tears,  
When you start to sing "Por el amor de una mujer" (the love for a woman)  
Wanting to tell her "Abrazame"(embrace me)  
Your dreams become sad pieces of quasars,  
To disappear in the cosmic symphony  
And in a dazzling play of colors.  
Our bodies begin to move harmoniously,  
The fairy moonlight gives a shine to our eyes.  
We begin to hear a crescendo sound in the instruments,  
Apparently without limits,  
For "Baila Morena" and for " Boleros".  
Finally,  
The loneliness is hiding in your own shadow,  
Allowing the silence to speak.

Marieta Maglas

# Kiss Between Souls

We share  
Our sadness.  
I drink your tear.  
You drink mine.  
I drink you.  
You drink me.  
It's like a tender kiss  
Between souls.

Marieta Maglas

# Kiss My Soul

If that morning would be my ideal incredible readiness,  
In a forgotten time of the tellurium and most desirable land,  
Your certain love would come to utter my vivid happiness-  
Kissing closed eyelids, caressing them with your tender hand.

We would wait for the mercy of our dearest Lord Christ Jesus,  
Who quintessentially has freed us from our sins by his blood,  
Purifying incessantly our souls by our obedience to the truth,  
Greeting one another so deeply with the kiss of our love.

I would still be sleepy and I would be like a squatting deer.  
The Twilight unequivocal zone would be in its dim lighting resilience  
Always tossing in between these two worlds of virtual and real,  
While His love would fulfill fascinatingly our benevolent radiance.

Your soul would penetrate totally my soul with your embrace.  
The intangible feelings would turn into tangible unequivocal shivers.  
The old world changing in the new world of whispers would yield place  
To be enlightened by our divinity that these new love discovered.

Waking up with our ideas as enclosed beneath the souls entwined,  
Metamorphosing both of us and melting our inexpressible sorrow,  
We would awake for forgiveness while our souls would be absolved.  
I would know how deep is your love. I would have hope for tomorrow.

When our Shining Sunbird into the horizon would fly and disappear  
And the sun would rise by reflecting a thousand colors in the water,  
By pervading a realm from our Empyrean dreams to dry the tear,  
I would understand that if you're no longer alive, it does not matter.

Marieta Maglas

# Kyrielle For Some Sad Victims Of Racism

When those victims of racism are cruelly abused,  
Their faces look so sad and they don't know they are used.  
A fear of things makes them inept to protect their space.  
Sometimes, they die in search for another dwelling place.

The crisis and the wars made these people immigrants.  
Discriminated, blacks and whites look so innocent.  
Their Stolen Generation grows and lives in disgrace.  
Sometimes, they die in search for another dwelling place.

They need equality and peace in this world to live  
And they pray to have the mercy and love our Lord can give.  
To protest in the streets, they run their life steeplechase.  
Sometimes, they die in search for another dwelling place.

Marieta Maglas

# Kyrielle Sonnet For George Sand And Frédéric Chopin

Searching for their love ideal  
To plant there a dawn so real,  
God gave them hope to go ahead  
And palm flowers for their dream bed.

In their naked room without windows,  
Not touched by the innuendos,  
Music was their way to be wed  
And palm flowers had their dream bed,

The cradle of their nascent thought  
Could cut their main Gordian knot-  
Baptism of freedom in the head.  
Then, palm flowers had their dream bed.

Searching for their love ideal  
And palm flowers for their dream bed.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Latina Time

This game is the way in which slaughter becomes an end in itself.

Acta est fabula plaudite  
The play has been performed; applaud!

Surely, less obvious ways exist  
The Darkness seeks to manipulate us into its service.

Actus non facit reum nisi mens sit rea.  
The act is not guilty unless the mind is also guilty.

Once all of them have won a very special princess prize,  
the game is over....  
and they will never buy another one.....

Alis grave nil.  
Nothing is heavy to those who have wings

And maybe we cannot understand what's going on,  
but we can understand that the players  
skillfully hide behind the walls....  
They think....

Cessante ratione legis cessat ipsa lex.  
When the reason for the law ceases, the law itself ceases.

We seek escape from reality, we undermine our self-esteem.  
Maybe we are unable to see them, but we need to talk about this.  
And maybe they do not trust us when we tell them to come to us if they need  
to talk....  
....about those who become their victims.....

Sed ipse Spiritus postulat pro nobis, gemitibus inenarrabilibus.  
But the same Spirit intercedes incessantly for us, with inexpressible groans.



# Let's Make Love Tonight

Let's make love tonight  
Until our bodies will transcend their shapes  
To become one single corpse.  
Let's make this love to be tonight  
Our eternal emotion of dreams  
And not just a fleeting dream.  
And if we accomplish  
Our abyss inside,  
We will be like two butterflies  
Released from their cocoons  
And we will awake  
In our novel world of seconds,  
Were we will subsist for being eternal..

Marieta Maglas

# Life (Fibonacci)

When

A

Comet

Collides with

A piece of hot star

Each hot hydrogen combines with

Two frozen atoms of oxygen making this piece

Watery; the comet disintegrates to allow

Life to exist - bacterias

Found in meteors

That come from

Cosmos,

In

Time.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Light

Red corals and blue algae,  
Wet sadnesses and swimming love  
Need their own light.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

light  
light light light light light light light light light light  
light light light light light light light light light light  
light light light light light light light light light





love

Marieta Maglas

# Listening Trade Martin Singing "for Your Love"

The melody danced the velvet words,  
But the passionate wind  
Embraced them all  
To keep them vivid  
And to make them be  
More beautiful than ever.  
Those special words  
Made me understand that  
Trade's melody danced his feelings  
On notes,  
And the light pushed them all  
Into the sacred place  
Of creation.  
'Twas like an expansion of space  
Or like  
A new dimension.  
The sound drops  
Encountered their eternity.  
Suddenly, I realized that  
I needed to understand him.  
I realized  
That Trade Martin was really there  
To sing for us  
While living  
In his incommensurable dimension.  
The sounds were passing through the rightness  
Of his soul  
To embrace his poetic words, and  
Wholly to express his thinking.

Marieta Maglas

# Losing Steps

This is an illusion of time-shrinking  
With empty time intervals.....

I can feel the cosmic pulse of life shrinking in a reverse spiral.

I try to forget myself, I try to dig deeper and deeper into Nothingness..  
But your lost steps bring me back.

I find myself in your arms, in your bed, inside of you.

It seems to be evening, but no, the immortal mobile horizons  
Immolate themselves

In the hardened surface of the shrinking blob of quartz of the sand..

We are trying to rely their shape on our sense of sight,  
Our sense of sight, that seeing-eye, crept into our vision.

Our mental vision, rooted in our mind,  
Our physical vision, rooted in our astral nature.

We are trying to make them real,  
But we understand that the shape can be cropped only inside of us.  
We understand that the dream itself is lost, even it is nevertheless  
Still our dream,

It is lost toward the still hot quartz of the soul,  
Like an imaginary horizon line of the eye  
Or like the bird's eye view,

Completely off the image....

In the offing.

And we let the time to go on.....

Because

Time is an a priori form of inner sense,  
It makes possible the cognition of objects qua appearances,

As our friend Kant said.

Marieta Maglas

# Love And Butterflies

In their cocoons, mates are  
the little butterflies with growing  
wings while dreaming  
of the sky, dreaming  
the flowers.

They need to leave their white  
colored balls, because they are  
going to find  
the clouds  
of their dreams.

In the morning,  
the butterflies rise up to the sky  
from the cocoons.

In the evening,  
The soul mates rise up to The Lord  
after leaving their  
temples.

They reach the clouds of Love,  
the divine reason  
over the human limits.

This rain keeps falling  
in both senses.  
There is about falling up, my love.

Marieta Maglas

# Love And Maternity (Complex Poem, Senryu And Ekphrastic Poetry)

Blue eyes for love rose  
hands to keep the rising dreams  
of maternity.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Love And Passion

Imperceptible, surviving with no time and space  
Or maybe surviving at another thrilling dimension  
Love has its distinct meanings and its grace  
For melting cloud slashed sunset, in sweet detention

Always wondering about the uncertainty of life  
Passion is like going to the window to yell  
Carrying oxygenated blood, leading always to strife  
It needs the scorpion because they are friends in hell.

Creating a spiritual awakening, without loving intent  
Against love which transcends all logic and time.  
Engulfed in flames, burning red hot mental torment  
Blue ocean and thirst for the truth lasting a lifetime

Like a Caribbean Dream, settlement of Rainbow Bay  
Is the perfect love transcending logic being so strong  
That no malfeasance act nor hate can destroy it one day  
It bespeaks no selfishness, it can endure for long..

Marieta Maglas

# Love Equilibrium

Equilibrium needs the ending state of instability,  
Because this potential energy is in dependability  
It's like the unifying state of contraries in a war dance  
Or a contradictory state of abstraction; a trance.

Our thinking may need, too, its abstract instability,  
When emotional instability may generate creativity  
For the metastable states and the feelings' wisdom,  
For the development of the main thinking system.

Link between pure sex and happiness is an illusion,  
It's swimming in waters of wild fancy and confusion.  
When our love equilibrium needs moments of instability  
Inside of me, pieces of you are in deep dependability.

Marieta Maglas

# Lying

In the sunny green of the day,  
the naked tree limbs are waiting  
for their flowers as much as  
her breasts are waiting for  
their milk.

With the sun in her hair,  
she stays in beauty-  
the greenish fecundity  
of the earth....

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Making A Child

Making a child  
For giving love a dual name.

For saving its own sense.

For completing our life with an overwhelming sense  
Of happiness and lightness...

Let's make this child  
By bringing him into existence,

Slowly,

With our kisses and light glancing touches,  
Until we can feel him inside shivering,  
In both of us.

Let's give him his own body,  
This most common clay which belongs to us,  
Let's give him the freedom to be born.

At that special moment

Of losing control  
And fusion of souls,

When the happiness  
Seems to be so much  
The magical sensation  
Of being in touch with God.

Marieta Maglas

# Math And Love

We need this trigonometric time

and this idiosyncratic

angle of view, stealthily

pinpointed in that circle

of sewing feelings. You

must have been transforming

their arc sine

so many times to have triggered

their zero values.

Love has always the same ratio pi.

You're a pirate, not a lover.

It was told you, but

you haven't given up ever since.

Even so, love is still

my reality & keeps hope

in the philosophical number 2.

2 is not a number,

but a fundamental notion of a pair.

Too despaired to lose it, you make an effort  
to save this  
treasure called love  
when you search  
for the Divine.

And this is worth much more to you  
than what you really need to feel.

Our parallel lines of life are  
tangents to this

circle of wills that  
sends some secant  
vibrations. The idea of never meeting is,  
however, infinite in nature. Your thinking  
becomes a mystery.

You are my mysterious, unknown lover  
being a part of any  
equation.

This way, you become mister Y.

You're mister Y from

'yacking',

'yelling', and

'for yourself',

but you cannot be mister C from,

'carry on',

from 'conscientious',

and from 'credible'.

Our existence is getting old

in new concentric circles.

We try to extrapolate it to infinity. You may be

my semi-infinity, but.....

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Melding Demon

Red flowers rising  
as hot as the fallen moon  
meld the frozen sky.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Memories

Our love is mixed with algae...  
It is tasted with salt.  
It is the first fruit of a great struggle for our freedom...  
Our love,  
Sometimes like a spring breeze....  
Sometimes like a hurricane....

We can see the green waves crashing  
And cooling the sand....

Between this old hot sand and the new salty waves  
We can feel our perfect love,  
We can see its ripples  
And its shifting designs, left behind by the tide  
And sculpted by our steps.....

We can feel our angel,  
That angel with injured wings,  
We can hear him, still screaming,  
We can see him in a sphere of air,  
So well hidden.

Or maybe we are enclosed  
In our sphere of reality,  
Seemingly a dodecahedral geodesic sphere....

As though being hidden in psychological twilight.....

However,  
We can hear the sound  
That sound just like a screaming echo....

Marieta Maglas

# Metamorphose (Ekphrastic Poetry)

Nude men and women  
come to see the Eyes of God,  
and they are baptized.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Metamorphosis

The idea staying on  
its edge of dream  
like the winter  
melting on its  
edge of spring,  
so serendipitously  
to give birth to  
the reality.

Marieta Maglas

# Mirror

Human values

Mirrored images

Engrossed in self

Magic imago,

Mirrored minds

Engrossed in self

No moral code,

Minded mirrors

Engrossed in self

Imago of banked souls,

Awakened souls

Engrossed in self

No nourishment,

Graffiti walls

Magic in the mirror

Engrossing secret codes,

Erosion of values

Image deterioration,

Anarchy consuming

Human values.

Marieta Maglas

# Missing Internet

In the frozen air  
of Amiens ~ mysteries  
and blooming flowers.

Marieta Maglas

# Monsters (Senryu)

At dawn of dawning,  
the memories' monsters are  
bleeding blue shadows.

Marieta Maglas

# Moving Hieroglyphs

You compose that sonata as you are eager  
to analyze the exquisite crush  
of some ideas. I listen to you  
while admiring 'The Sky'  
painted with scissors by Henri Matisse. Those white  
birds flying look like  
moving hieroglyphs. So different  
seems to be this new Sunday

dawn in our old secreting sun! The woven web  
of some golden rays  
forms intricate, catching spirals  
of life. Your piano composition

is about a few rising dreams and falling angels, while this unique rocking  
time

is slowly whitening  
your a chair  
looking like those that are found in the cut and curl salons,  
there are forgotten  
two Mizutani shears.  
Our salon  
is not destined for cut and curl, but for the meeting  
between many artists only.

The house has spiral stairs leading to an exit to  
the Lonely Street. We don't  
celebrate the Sundays, but I think  
'tis good  
to celebrate them, because, on these days,  
people think to give their best  
to The Lord. The notes  
of your sonata are as those vanishing steps,

that I hear, sometimes, in our corridor,  
when the silence stops to guard the door  
of your secret room. 'Tis Sunday again,

but it's raining with tears from  
the eyes of the clouds. Nonetheless, the artists  
don't want to miss  
listening to you play the piano. The music  
is like a daybreak,  
or like an undiscovered  
hieroglyph.

Marieta Maglas

# Much More Than Love

Much more than green looks the sea in your twinkling eye,  
Much more than salty are your eyes in the sea transgress,  
Much more than green are leaves floating on waves to die,  
In green waves, green eyes searched the beauty of loneliness.

Much more than you means your love in my eyes of keen,  
Much more than love means the grain of your sad saltiest tear,  
Much more than sadness means the beauty of your green,  
Much more than the green means your whole life for me, my dear.

Dedicated to Alfred Lord Tennyson.

Marieta Maglas

# Much More Than You

Much more than green looks the sea in your sad eye,  
Much more than salty are your eyes on its waves,  
Much more than green waves are leaves floating on high  
In waves, green eyes searched the beauty of the caves.

Much more than you means love in my eyes of keen,  
Much more than love means the green of your sad tear,  
Much more than sadness means the beauty of green,  
Much more than the green means your life for me, my dear.

Marieta Maglas

# My Blue Rain

Let my blue sad rain hold your green of life,  
And save it in the unique flower bud.  
We need so much, my love, to be alive,  
More than the dying bodies need their blood.

So we keep deep in our hearts the caves,  
Those love caves, which are reflected as a gleam  
In our Elysian dreams like souls in their graves,  
Those colored dreams being engrossed by scream.

The light of our eyes is shadowed by the gray,  
Those clouds of suffering, clouds of awakening.  
Our souls need to rejoice, while we need to pray.  
Our blissfulness is only love uplifting.

When our springs and winters are entwined and crowned,  
White snow hides the glow of the exploding green.  
That green can grow from the seeds down in the ground,  
When life is pronged up by the process of gene.

A curve of silence like a cascade of screams,  
Or globs of foams filling the unwanted void,  
In the nature makes the rainbow sparkly gleams  
Will these divine greens of nature be destroyed?

Marieta Maglas

# My Copper Colored Love

In your eyes  
My love has copper-colored reflections.  
It means autumn in my heart.  
Will it be  
As a leaf  
Falling in  
The shadow of the trunk  
To wait for its freezing numbness?

Marieta Maglas

# My Dream

I am emotionally frustrated by my innocent hope,  
In which I dream  
To become a good person in this bad reality.  
I prefer to take no more effort  
To accomplish this hilarious goal,  
Rather than expecting it would not be an illusion,  
Although I intend to bring a new light  
To any common crying reality.  
I want to believe I have put in this work  
All my sincerity,  
But others may think that I am an innocent person.  
This is why all I can get is my sadness.  
I am unhappy.  
I concluded that this crying reality will never change.

Marieta Maglas

# My Fears

Sometimes, I am fearful to follow my own creeds,  
And I have fears that I may cease to be a happier person,  
Not because I fear to hope,  
But because it's very hard to achieve some goals.  
I am fearful, when I see  
People are substituting hope for a reason  
Tending towards a pessimistic point of view.  
I am more fearful than ever, when  
I see people fearing to think.  
I have a preference to have certitudes.  
That's why I fear I cannot be existent without hope,  
Nor hope can be existent without fear  
While cutting through complex certitudes  
In a period of doubt and questioning.  
I am not very well prepared to face on this,  
But I will never be an ignorant,  
I will never use lies to achieve my goals,  
I will never fear to ask people around,  
And to help people in trouble,  
And I will always feel safe while thinking that  
My hope is to be with the Lord, someday.

Marieta Maglas

## My Love For You (Alexandrine Poetry)

Your love for me a little more than nothing means,  
When love as sense of self may be, than mine, less strong.  
The thrill of love may keep its paint on withered greens.  
A night of dreams is like a sad and jerking song.

Your silence dances meaning's words on face's frown,  
My eyes of winter watch the stream of light on high,  
Emotions are a flow of words, while stripping down  
Their sense of love to sound like a sad "good bye".

With red unfolded kisses thrilling white delight,  
The moon replaces missing sun with all around.  
It makes me dance my will in dreams' abstract on height.  
It makes me feel the love again and heals my wound.

Marieta Maglas

# My Two Seasons

Glacial braids paralyze the silver trim  
Bearing that frost coming seemingly  
From the North Star.  
Ceremonial clouds unwind the light  
Of the very frigid sun.  
The gelid wind creeps up its spine.  
The lifeless forest highlands its somberness.  
The dusky frozen autumn  
Like a decrescent moon in the eclipse  
Suffers the ignominy of being left behind.  
In the faintly confused history,  
The nature can wait the winter to come  
Dressed in her refulgent white  
For restoring her sovereignty  
Like a queen with a blue heart and icy tears.

Poem by Marieta Maglas



# My Unique Tango Of Love

Your words kill my reality  
and divide it into  
forgotten fragments

of life - memories. I am in  
your arms and I am  
slowly taking your shape until we become

a whole.

I really lose myself inside you. 'Tis night  
and it is nothing  
but a dream. Love

melts everything in both of us. I want

my metamorphose  
to be irreversible. And words,

only those words  
that accompany the act of love,

transform  
the reality  
completely and totally  
into a different one -  
a world of two. The seconds

are lost. Become eternal  
for the perpetuation

of the moment.

You have been for me  
a forgotten deity on earth- the man. If love  
still exists,  
it means that  
you are still... that man. No, you're not

a stone god

and yet you are,

and I love you,

and you're not yourself,

and yet you are.

You are aspiring me.

You are aspiring me

until I become only

love inside you. Between black and white

in the morning,

at dawn,

between night and day,

from black over white

to white over black,

I am

your breath

because you continuously breathe me,

while I

while I.....

What do you think I'm doing all day long?

I'm waiting for you to come again

to me

because of your promise....

Marieta Maglas

# Natural Things -Haiku

In this common world,  
Draw new virtues from above  
For natural things

Marieta Maglas

## Natural Thrill (Alexandrine Poetry)

The sun can rise again, the moon bitterly sleeps.  
Nor friend nor foe tonight, the day merrily calls.  
The trees, the grass, the lakes, their lip tenderly keeps  
The moonlight kiss, when night in dreams carefully falls.

The stars still dance all dreams with grace in their light twist.  
In trees, the wind may swing the true changeable greens  
To shake and wake the flower buds' murmuring mist,  
When love as sense of self for him turpitude means.

Marieta Maglas

# Need

I lose myself in a love dream.  
I lose myself in love.  
I lose control.  
I dream my love,  
You're always in my dream,  
My perfect man,  
I'm with you,  
I lose control.  
I'm a dreamer.  
You're unreal.  
You're my dream lover.  
Our love is in its unreal self.  
I step forward into my Divine Essence  
One "I" is searching for the other 'I'  
To form the unconditioned absolute Being.  
I wake up.  
It's, in fact, a spiritual awakening.  
I'm your Eve,  
You're my Adam,  
And I understand that I will never find you,  
As I will never find the lost Eden.

Marieta Maglas

# Nevermore

Unspoken words are the first in your voice sheen,  
And missing love is a place in your heart green.  
I scream, when my tearing soul becomes dim.  
We're no more inside of our universe rim.

You're no more my blessing along the life shore,  
And I heard the raven says, 'Nevermore! '  
Broken idols in midnight taper will weep.  
Love with rusty traces of tears will sleep.

I'll keep all silence in the absence of words  
Killing time in the dewy wings of hate swords.  
I eat my waking dreams and close my deepest wound  
As sky eats its clouds and earth closes grave ground.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

sad  
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Marieta Maglas

# New Aryan Bird Of Prey

Extraterrestrial humans have traveled through a warp,  
Galactic gate to this world wanting to engage with us.  
They sought treaties with our United Diplomatic Corp.  
'Mayan descendants coming from Nibiru', wrote the press.

' In 5000 BC, that earth map had big continents.  
During the time Of Moses, strange Mycenaeans appeared  
Having an alphabet for hieroglyphic documents,  
While an alien space from Atlantis, for sure, disappeared.'

'Thutmose had a place of the ear for Amun unique god.  
For 2000 years, human societies have been like tides  
In revolutions of states continuing to maraud.'  
'Our telepathic thoughts keep all your historic asides.'

'That Atlantic civilization described by Plato  
Disappeared in water together with its continent.  
The Aegean islands formed by Santorini volcano  
Have been subject to that historical change consequent.'

'Some underground bases with space gates to other planets  
In Egypt, Siberia, Germany, China, and States  
Can be built by us."This is not foretold by our prophets.'  
'The strands of DNA are the same, thus we can be mates.'

'Anunnaki are described on Sumerian tablets.  
They crossed the asteroid belt having shipped to reach us.  
The Earth slave laborers looked like being chained black rabbits.  
Human rights can be is nothing to discuss.'

'The origins of the Illyrians remained unclear.  
Unlike Dorians, they disappeared into Slavic zones.'  
'It's all hooked up with the Illuminati, and it's clear  
That with this pass, Nibiru cracks its planetary stones.'

'There's too many of you here when you are teleported.'  
'This unseen infrared planet is ours, though you see us.'  
'Vatican knows this, and to keep the secrets they ordered.'  
'You need the knowledge to survive."This thing we do not discuss.'

'We belong to this dual-binary solar system.  
In the Oort Cloud, there is a large low-mass aborted star  
Making our planet orbits be elliptical. Listen  
To the interplanetary plasma that breaks so far! '

'Odd records around these times of comets and disasters  
Lead to the disintegration of civilization.  
This old world sows confusion due to our last massacres.  
Many birds, animals and people die from starvation.'

'We're not those lizards or those giants from your Vedic myth.  
We represent the Federation of Living Planets.'  
'For us, to celebrate Life with Peace means a Holy gift.  
You are near our thermonuclear reactor blankets.'

'Your refusal leads to intergalactic incidents.  
Our friends traveled through a spatial wormhole to be with us.  
Does the Six Day War support 'elongated' imminence? '  
'In front of St Thomas Aquinas, we stop to discuss.'

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# New Zealand

An earthquake struck New Zealand's city of Christchurch on Tuesday  
Burying vehicles under debris and collapsing buildings into the streets.  
Police announced a curfew and the city was shut down on Wednesday,  
Rescuers scrambled to reach beneath the rubble the residents.

The quake devastated the spire of the Cathedral, and was a real tale.  
The buildings had collapsed, and the people were trapped inside.  
All around the city, this powerful earthquake strangely bent some rails,  
Moreover, it toppled the tall buildings and seventy five people died.

The earthquake combination of distance and depth was so deadly,  
Streets were strewn with concrete, and people were stuck in towers.  
Firefighters climbed ladders to pluck people from roofs to safety.  
Buildings have gone because aftershocks hit the city within two hours.

Pre-World War buildings were damaged by the quake on September,  
People wandered through streets strewn with debris and concrete.  
The further damage was caused by a strong aftershock in December.  
Now there is a real carnage with bodies littering the streets..

The women went into premature labor, and the city was in agony.  
The airport was shut down, in ruins the people began to groan,  
Every child has been walking home trying to find the lost family.  
The city was suffering cuts to the water supply and the phone.

A thirty million tone block of ice sheared off a glacier of New Zealand  
After the earthquake had devastated the city groping it into Dark.  
The iceberg crashed into a lake had rocked the South Island  
Ripping off the Tasman Glacier at Aoraki Mount Cook National Park.

Marieta Maglas

# Night Cafe-Van Gogh (Ekphrastic Poetry)

Van Gogh wanted to mix a material rainbow of colors  
From primary red, yellow and blue in the sense of the divine.  
In the Holy Light, the love theme of the flower clock discolors.  
The empty glasses on the tables lack the Holy wine.

The ideal round tables assume their infinite regress,  
While huddling down in a stupor the lonely men around.  
Their eyes do not see the sense of life and true noblesse.  
From a corner view, silent colors search for the sound.

Tables for awakening, for life and for the fate's game.  
In life, a complete circled awareness needs time.  
In many forms, the epitome of the stableness is the same.  
It keeps a purple silence for the painted mother of thyme.

This irreconcilable demon -woman hung on the left wall  
Needs that freedom engraved on the emerald green door.  
The watch on her hand shows the time for a masked ball.  
Destined never to meet are the parallel lines on the floor.

Love is for completing the time as pink is for the emerald green.  
In the mirror, this nuance of green reflects the sadness of life.  
Against the red, pink and white, in games, the cue tip can win,  
Because all the main complementary colors are at strife.

The white coat of the waiter is a symbol in the glow of the lamp.  
The perspective looks somewhat downward toward the floor.  
Extending to new dimensions, Eve sits or she just up to vamp.  
The flowers wither and life disappears after an endless war.

Poem by Marieta Maaglas

Marieta Maglas

# Night Vision Over A Living Planet

The air is very heavy,  
Hard and sharp,  
Because of the interplanetary forces.  
A rolling stones rain is falling down,  
While a huge planet is completely covering the sun,  
Making everything around be swallowed  
By a great darkness.  
Only sharp bright lights pierce the sky  
From time to time  
To trigger big fires.  
"The stone which the builders disallowed,  
The same is made the head of the corner, "  
A terrible freezing wind  
Is following the darkness,  
That kind of freezing wind  
Killing or biting everything is alive.  
Time stops running,  
And nothing can move about that living planet,  
Because of the interplanetary forces.  
People, who live on the sea shores  
May hear calming the waters of darkness  
To sweep everything around.  
There is no electric current at all,  
And the stars cannot be seen,  
Because they hide behind thick clouds.  
Erupting volcanoes that have not erupted  
Since a very long time  
Are covered by fire.  
A strange swing can be felt  
By everyone,  
When everything begins to move again.  
The gravity is felt differently on the both sides  
Of that living planet.  
Huge waves of water meet volcanic lava  
To make everything around disappear completely.  
There are lost zones and escape zones.  
The position of the living planet's axis changes  
Reversing the sense of rotation.  
The sunset becomes the sunrise,

And vice versa.  
The monster planet leaves its position between  
The sun and the living planet  
To let the comet pass.  
A heavy rain with very big drops  
Begins to fall down.  
After that, the sun powerfully rises again.  
So many people and animals die,  
That there is no one to bury them all.  
The survivors take refuge in the mountains  
Running in the woods.  
The passing of this celestial body  
Triggers an extraordinary earthquake.  
Some mountains crack and fall.  
The trees are falling to the ground.  
The people are running, but they don't know  
Where to run  
Attempting to escape the wrath of God.  
They don't know where they are.  
They even don't know if they are at one  
Of the Poles,  
Or at the Equator.  
They don't know if their planet's land is the same or not.  
They cannot take any train, or plain, or car.  
Their houses are destroyed.  
They have nothing to eat, they need water.  
They are hungry and thirsty.  
They are exhausted,  
But, moreover, they need to survive.

Marieta Maglas

# No More Night

You gave me your love,  
while that night was pouring down.  
I thought it was in Eden, or in dreams.  
I could hear the rain whispering your name.  
Someone had bled somewhere-  
wounds to be sutured.  
They weren't lips.  
I had learned everything about lips.  
I heard the whispers of the White Tree of Gondor.  
You kissed me for  
kissing, kissing, kissing.  
You gave me your blue love,  
and I understood that you were mine.  
I had you, and I could be myself  
(lips- kisses within) .  
Someone had bled somewhere-  
wounded lips and  
sutures-  
lips, kisses within.  
I stand near you, touching you  
and I wanted to stay that way forever.  
You didn't ask me to stay  
never to leave-  
walls, walls, walls.  
'Twas for eternity  
our love.  
You couldn't ask me to stay  
again and again.  
You gave me your love  
again and again.  
I waited for the blue rain to whisper  
again and again,  
You didn't let me wait for my rainbow  
again and again,  
again and again,  
again and again,  
again and again,  
again and again.  
Once more,

'twas the night.  
No more,  
'twas no more night.  
You gave me your love.

Marieta Maglas

# Nonexistent Pharaoh

You're my nonexistent  
Mu's pharaoh losing  
your powers inside of  
me in that place, where  
I can keep the secrets  
of your life. I'm your sphinx  
forgotten on the bottom  
of a very blue ocean.  
In your blue eyes,  
I may read the answers  
to my questions about love.  
I understand your pyramid  
of dreams.

Marieta Maglas

# Not A Tattoo

Red dancing with White  
And the curved body  
Search for the same equilibrium.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Not This Song - Never (Quatern Poetry)

In the night, the song waves start to disappear  
Like white trees, when there is no one their fall to hear.  
Earth's shadow hides the moon, a harp without strings.  
Lasting love shines on crazy engagement rings.

What does love mean, when the elves come life to cheer?  
In the night, the song waves start to disappear,  
And in the moonlight your feelings become blue.  
The flowers cry for our time with tears of dew.

Bud butterflies become whispers in our dreams  
To complete our entwining in the life's streams.  
In the night, the song waves start to disappear  
On the moon, a double-meaning pamphleteer.

The green knows that through the darkness shines the light.  
Love has a sense when the saints pray for the height.  
And life blooms, when the God's angels hurry near.  
In the night, the song waves start to disappear.

Marieta Maglas

# Nurses In Winter

White as snow, this hospital  
still waits for doctors.  
Feeling out of touch,  
the nurses dance low

and button the jackets of the snowmen ~  
gold and silver coins  
in their right hands,  
broomsticks in the others.

Weave between dirty strands  
new hallucinogenic nights  
with lives that are in crisis,  
ill-fated weights.

Every weep-poor-will feels like hibernating.  
Carry cars as conch shells  
make yellow, black, and white spirals  
to receive some hot news.

All ends up, getting the worst of it.  
No chance at all.  
Coils towards a faraway,  
hidden dimension.

Jintishi poem written by Marieta Maglas, France, 2019

Marieta Maglas

# Odd Sensation

I heard your steps. I had a feeling  
that red leaves knocked to the  
ground while falling from an imaginary  
tree. I simply knew that they became  
frightened in the fall. I had the feeling that

I heard your steps, I had that odd  
sensation that you were still alive.  
But, in the next moment, I was sure  
that I didn't really hear any step.  
I saw my Ligustrum vulgare losing  
its leaves. I saw myself in the mirror.

I couldn't hear your I knew was  
that I loved you. All I could hear was  
the fall of the in the next  
moment, I felt your kiss on my incurable  
and irreversible wound.

I heard the church bell ringing.

Marieta Maglas

# Of Blue And White Cords-Anagram Poem

Two-faced, lush, dire nob.  
Dear witch fouled snob  
The wonderful, acid sob  
Chief rat wounded slob

Touch! Refined, sad blow  
Deft and slouchier bow  
Found cries deathblow  
Bounced hardiest flow

Of blundered chaos wit  
Boldfaced whores unit  
Self-wounded, cobra hit  
Wonderful codes habit

Forbidden law touches  
Fund bloodier watches  
In awful odder botches,  
Foul and bored witches

Wiser and foul botched.  
Hatred if slow bounced  
Arch-foe bout swindled  
A witch of so blundered

My poem is the anagram of the ver, the title is a line of the poem  
"Blue and White" by Mary Elizabeth Coleridge (1861-1907)

Marieta Maglas

# Old Song

If love had sung inside  
of us, maybe we would  
have heard it. You know,  
my darling, that love never  
sings, never, until it is required.  
Even if it had sung inside  
of us like an old flamenco  
tango, we would still have  
learned to dance its sorrow.  
You know so well that to dance  
and to go on is all we can do.

Marieta Maglas

# One For My Baby

His single-mindedness has been gone.  
Became contradictory.  
Relinquished to fight with  
his chimera.

Now, he denudes, takes off his self.  
Dismembers.  
His lulls have to give shape  
to his own abyss, as well as to open  
the portal of enlightenment he does  
not have without  
identifying the image of his emptiness.  
All his convictions are to be cut off.  
Nor he is not inaudible while having to summarize  
his own epic - a life being  
not even wrong,  
nor any sigh can be heard.

She is like no one else.

In the casino, the piano swallows all the heavy notes  
instead of him, while  
dropping them one by one into an  
imperceptible mouth  
until the culmination.

A quarter is lost.  
She is forgotten.  
She is no more  
his mirror.  
Her age is wrapped in wistfulness.

His robotic carrion needs  
life for raising the balance of his moneys-  
nickel rocking rocks to change the destinies.

He has never hoped to be a better one,  
but he forced himself to become a true story  
of life.

The entire life,  
he has been a poetic dreamer  
locked inside his oppressive subconscious.

He has never stopped questioning himself  
about the world around him  
while he was afraid to live.  
Ceaselessly he has balanced his beliefs as he would  
like to bend some sounds  
for no more sadness about the true stories of life.

Now, she is no more his tomorrow,  
albeit he is still in love with her  
while trying to be  
a compassionate one.

Marieta Maglas

# One Plus One Equals One

Me and you  
And this blissfulness,  
Called dream love,  
Realizing that  
One plus one  
Equals one  
As a forever truth,  
Realizing that  
One plus one  
Equals me and you  
As a forever truth,  
When the sounds become feelings  
And the feelings become sounds  
In this dualism of love  
Very similar to  
The particle-wave  
Dualism of light,  
When the unique bliss  
Means me and you...

Marieta Maglas

## Oscar Wilde In Prison (Pantoum)

In prison, Wilde learned to live from Verlaine and Kropotkin

Once reaching the ultimate achievement of wisdom.

But understanding Christ, he was overwhelmed with chagrin.

Enduring humility, he saw the Holy Kingdom.

Once reaching the ultimate achievement of wisdom,

Oscar found that unknowable was the soul of the man.

Enduring humility, he saw the Holy Kingdom.

Writing to Bosie, inside him "De Profundis" began.

Oscar found that unknowable was the soul of the man-

"Whatever happens to oneself happens to another."

Writing to Bosie, inside him "De Profundis" began.

The pillory replaced the pedestal of the lover.

"Whatever happens to oneself happens to another, "

But understanding Christ, he was overwhelmed with chagrin.

The pillory replaced the pedestal of the lover.

In prison, Wilde learned to live from Verlaine and Kropotkin.



# Our Last Dance

(Dedicated to Thorsten)

I see you crying  
While looking through your  
Transparent face mask,  
And while reconceptualizing  
Your mimicry as a spatial captation.

The red liquid that trickles down  
Has a solid foam to pack our feelings.  
The cup spills out the wine  
Into a heart shape.

I want to turn back in our time  
And to die there.  
I need His infinite,  
I want, once again, to dissolve in it.

At the tables being around us,  
People are seemingly not thinking.  
They look like being reflected  
Into broken mirrors,  
On the walls.  
They become increasingly complacent...

I bring the cup up to my lips and I drink  
The wine, which is very cool.

I drink it all until  
It is nonexistent  
'Tis a cup of sorrow.  
It scrapes my esophagus.

The transparent liquid makes  
The truth be visible.  
'Tis our untold truth.

I want to lift up my spirit.  
I am still forcing myself to dance

Our last dance  
In that chaotic rhythm of the last seconds..  
Yes, I want you to embrace me..

But the bar is full of hot human mouths  
Covering the windows with a film of condensed steam  
And with a film of anarchic noises.  
Those mouths freeze instantly my wish...  
Some tears are dripping down your mask.

I stand up straight for once  
And I leave the moment

Definitively and  
Speechless..

I chose an opposite direction  
To enter my part of world,  
That world having no sense without your love.  
I do not look back.  
I know that you watch me,  
And I know that this love  
Is my life.

Marieta Maglas

## Our Life-Haiku

Eat not to dullness,  
Drink not to elevation,  
Think innocently

Marieta Maglas

# Our Prophecy

Don't lose your own hope at sixty.  
You'll reach your next nice destiny.  
One thing you'll never really know,  
How it could be with me in a real show.

Don't bother to make a future plan,  
To change what is already done.  
It's nothing to lose and I can explain,  
That you will be so tired working in vain.

Maybe I know you from another life,  
But I wanted to be another man's wife.  
Why I did this and how it could be,  
I know 'cause I met my own prophecy.

Don't lose your hope; you'll be happy someday.  
The world is yours and you have nothing to pay.  
If you get crazy, when I'm talking about love,  
Maybe something is coming to you from above.

But don't be sad 'cause you can get everything  
In this world of yours, except one little thing,  
But you need a heart and to be good to get it.  
It's too much to pay, so better forget it.

So don't lose your hope at your own sixty.  
It's time to reach your next alive destiny.  
One thing you'll certainly never know,  
How it could be with me in your reality show.

Marieta Maglas

# Ourslidingexistence

I think it is the shadow of a sound.  
It seems to be so real.  
I was in the prison of my mind.  
I think I hear the rude raindrops  
Shrieking on the asphalt.  
It seems to be only the eaves drip,  
Or maybe there is the clatter of  
Hoof-clipped stones  
And the scrape of gravel down.  
I saw a light, I think it is a thunder light.  
It seems to be only an electrical explosion.  
I open the window, and I see everything unclear outside.  
I think it is the smoke from a burning building.  
It seems to be only fog in the air.  
I think your hair smells like imperial lily flowers.  
It seems that the lily blooms  
So beautifully in the vase when steeped  
In front of our window.  
I was in the prison of my mind,  
In our sliding existence.

Marieta Maglas

# Painting

I'm drawing a circle,  
Which is concentrically diminishing,  
With each gliding of the pencil on the paper,  
Until it becomes a spiral.

I'm drawing the line of your oval eyes,  
Which is concentrically diminishing,  
With each winking of yours,  
Until it becomes only the memory of your sight.

I'm drawing the line of your elliptical lips,  
This beauty of your lips,  
Which is dwindling concentrically  
With each whisper  
Until it becomes only the memory of your word.

I'm drawing your great feeling,  
As a noble heart,  
Which is eccentrically enlarging,  
Until I can touch you  
To become one soul.

Marieta Maglas

# Pantoum For Coronavirus

Transparent windows in the light,  
Trees losing their offspring and leaves,  
Aged men and women in the sight,  
Tales that coronavirus weaves,

Woodland losing its broods and leaves~  
Static life as in a fast train,  
Fears that the new virus weaves,  
The breaths in the torrential rain,

Steady life as in a night train,  
The hues' reverse into the past,  
Stones in the sharp, pouring rain,  
Stressed winds and waves seeming so vast,

Blue poppies and birds fixing the sky,  
Aged, wrinkled couples in the sight,  
Starved infants and angels to fly,  
Pellucid windows in the light.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Pantoum For The Dancing Cranes

Exciting, jumping, bowing, and voicing  
In jerky sequence, their deep possession,  
And in the meadow, their high rejoicing  
Reflect a sense of controlled aggression.

In jerky sequence, their deep possession  
Engendering hope for a free future,  
Reflects a sense of controlled aggression.  
Their enthusiastic song sounds super.

Engendering hope for a free future  
They have elegant and dramatic leaps.  
Their enthusiastic song sounds super.  
In wing-flapping dances, they play for keeps.

They have elegant and dramatic leaps.  
They form pairs of a courtship ritual,  
In wing-flapping dances, they play for keeps.  
Paired for life, their love is perpetual.

They form pairs of a courtship ritual  
Bowing and bobbing for fidelity.  
Paired for life, their love is perpetual.  
Their ballet shows grace and sincerity.

Bowing and bobbing for fidelity,  
Red-crowned, they try to dance in the snow.  
Their ballet shows grace and sincerity.  
In the light, their movement is sweet and slow.

Red-crowned, they try to dance in the snow.  
They are 'birds of happiness' in Japan.  
In the light, their movement is sweet and slow.  
In China, this dance is done by the man.

They are 'birds of happiness' in Japan.  
Exciting, jumping, bowing, and voicing.  
In China, this dance is done by the man.  
And in the meadow, they are rejoicing.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Parallel Colors

In the fall, at dawn,  
mauve trees and pink clouds rising  
on the dyed river.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Penetration

The mountain peak is penetrating the sky,  
That lead sky, hidden behind the indigo clouds,  
Tapping with its shade the rain shower,  
Which beats the world of emaciated feelings,  
Those feelings keeping the encroached souls  
In a mesh of life without hope  
And in a framework of themselves.

The sky is penetrating the mountain  
In its valley's green depth  
To the place, where  
The life's last illusion flows  
In the middle of the chasms,  
Where the running water galvanizes  
The gold silence,  
Weary wandering seemingly to nowhere,  
Trying to vanquish its metamorphosis  
In the time sight  
And on the time ear.

The echoes of its sound  
Are penetrating a new spring in its own,  
When the absence of the old one  
Means not forgetfulness.  
Unlocking the ubiquitous meanders,  
Making the rain to shine.  
The cold gray stones  
With their arms and their breasts  
Are freaking the pick of their thoughts,  
The strength of their iron veins  
And their paradoxical conundrum  
Like a voice, which is still alive,  
Or like a mysterious touch.

Marieta Maglas

# Perfection

The sadness of perfection  
slips out of the unconscious.  
Becomes deep atonal overtones  
when the angular lines of the fingers  
tickle the white  
of the pounded keys  
and mangle the last love story  
on the black of the piano.  
Notwithstanding the evidence,  
this feeling remains  
the same metaphysical  
state of imperfection  
while searching for  
consciousness and holiness  
in asceticism.

Marieta Maglas

# Play Divinely My Tarnished Piano

Your fingers could play these old keyboards  
On this tarnished piano,  
Which is our love.

They would crack always the same sound.  
Your green nailed sight of this whip crack  
Would be a very sweet music,

Strongly keeping  
Our reality not to disappear.  
You're still my love

Although, sometimes,  
I may forget the notion.  
You and your very wished piano

Were against my will.  
You know I will never be there,  
Although once, long time ago,

I swore to be there.  
The sheer pain may bring,

Sometimes,  
This love again  
Into my will

To strengthen each other in this sorrow.  
Well, it's a way to keep you safe in my heart.  
So many years,

Your green eyes saw another sky,  
While you were trying to be  
Full of adaptability.

You quenched your thirst  
For freedom.  
It seems that freedom without love

Is possible,  
But love without freedom  
Is impossible.

Marieta Maglas

# Poem For A Victim Woman

Your life with him was a real horrendous  
prolongation of a sad wishful thinking  
waiting to spew out his whole stupendous  
spiral of love, and much more, waiting

to carve his icy bloody memory on some  
wave-washed wet shores of your mind. All  
had transpired as a sad part of this numb  
reality has truly died. That invisible wall

Between you both had been merely built on  
hip-thrusts, until finally, you awoke alone  
as after a horrid dream instead of love.  
With a bloodshot eye and a fatigued bone,

You understood your anxieties and confusions.  
The wind of change waved down your moldy  
dreams. You lost your hope, being under delusions,  
even you could survive as well as a golden oldie.

You've been told that nothing good may happen  
after a crude awakening in your deep life abyss.  
His sense of life meant only power and rapine,  
And reality still contorts and deforms your bliss.

"What could have been" remains a never ending  
effort to be yourself again. You still hope to survive  
within your lackluster woman structure, pretending  
that your unique dream of pure love is still alive.

Marieta Maglas

## Poem For Oscar Wilde

Against the British philistinism, Oscar Wilde contrived,  
And loved the saints approaching the perfection of God.  
In prison, through the poet St. Francis his soul revived.  
Of a poetic life, by Isaacson, he was deprived.

To Bosie, he addressed a letter wanting Christ to laud.  
Against the British philistinism, Oscar Wilde contrived.  
To hear that Alfred published his letters, he was surprised.  
Crying like Marsyas, with pauper friends he made a squad.

In prison, through the poet St. Francis his soul revived.  
Douglas denounced him; from the church, his ideas derived.  
While addressing sonnets, his manner to accuse was odd.  
Against the British philistinism, Oscar Wilde contrived.

Walking in his dreams with Jesus, at Emmaus he arrived.  
To live in humility and Light, Oscar gave the nod.  
In prison, through the poet St. Francis his soul revived.  
After detention, this " Lord of Language" three years survived,

But for "De Profundis", it was a right time to applaud.

Against the British philistinism, Oscar Wilde contrived.

In prison, through the poet St. Francis his soul revived.

Marieta Maglas

# Poems For "happy Days" By Samuel Beckett

1

Winnie is still a woman  
in her 50s  
needing cleaning rituals  
because she cannot  
sleep. In fact, she prays  
only for her well  
because Willie sleeps  
continuously  
and he cannot sin  
while dreaming. Winnie is,  
in fact, a character  
needing stars  
like Brooke Adams  
in order to  
come into life. Winnie needs  
this play much more than  
anyone else. The characters  
played in the theatres  
may be real or imagined,  
but the actors  
make them all be reals  
in the minds  
of the audience.

Winnie is buried  
in the scorched earth,  
but she doesn't lose  
her hope while

continuing to pray. No,  
her prayers are not  
simple at all,

she is prepared  
to become a holy reciter  
especially when  
the bells ring  
for everything

that can rise  
and don't rise, but sinks.

Maybe an interminable sleeping is a gift,  
or maybe it is not.

Why do the people need to think?

A chirping may mean a disembodied head.  
Willie is a sleeper  
having as the unique goal in life  
the satisfaction  
and he really has nothing  
to be thankful for.

Tony Shalhoub played  
the role of Willie when  
he created an image  
in front of the face  
to roll it down  
into the abyss  
of the play  
and when Brooke said,  
"this is a happy day! "  
\*\*\*

2

Winnie thinks she has enough.  
She is thankful  
to God  
for the bottle of the red medicine  
from which she starts  
to drink. A bottle of medicine  
is not a revolver  
to shoot a man  
in the head,  
but it can still be  
a weapon.  
Maybe she wants  
an ending,  
not to be cured

and maybe that red  
substance trickling  
from Willie's head  
is not real blood,  
but medicine.

Willie wills to think and to express his ideas. In the still air, he is involved in reading.

It is the time when the priests die strangely while their sermons mean necessity.

Unfortunately,  
people can receive  
only news belonging  
to headlines.

The actors use  
art,  
gestures,  
and speeches  
to explain  
the "senselessness"  
of this new human  
condition.

\*\*\*

3

Winnie cannot win  
the prize of purity  
while being blocked in between  
genuine things.

It seems that Winnie  
is not really  
willing to hear Willie  
talking, she doesn't even need  
a priest.

She is happy,  
but she is afraid

either of missing  
any communication  
in the absence of Willie  
either of her metamorphosis  
through enlightening.

The return to his own hole is a crawl,  
not at work,  
and maybe a laugh.

"Happy Days" determined  
Tony and Brooke  
to complete  
a long journey  
from Los Angeles's Theater  
at Boston Court  
to The Flea Theater  
in Lower Manhattan.

Winnie doesn't have to search for her inner hole.  
She has a parasol above her head standing on the verge of burning.

Maybe she needs a holy thinking,  
but she has questions only for her man.  
Maybe she doesn't  
really need any advice.

It is written in the Bible  
that the man must work  
hard for being forgiven  
by The Almighty,  
but never during sleep.

This kind of sleep can be a haven to wake up in Heaven.

Winnie thinks to sing  
while using failing words,  
those words that are emptied  
of meaning  
while singing

until becoming a possession.

When is a word considered lost?

Winnie needs some  
repeated readings  
until losing  
all meanings in an irrational world  
of words.

\*\*\*

4

Maybe ' The Merry Widow'  
by Franz Lehár  
is not only a waltz duet  
from operetta,  
but also a hypothetical goal,  
and, for sure,  
Winnie wills to dance  
until the end.

Brook has a godly grace while playing this part of the act.  
Winnie sees no reason  
to sing or to pray  
any longer  
in this inhabited emptiness  
where God is not  
present,  
but Willie is still  
a dreamer

in searching for a job  
while not being capable  
of crawling.

Using lipsticks and a hat,  
Brooke keeps up with the cheeriest fashion.

Maybe it is Winnie who wants a background for her tolerant smile.

Willie has a will to crawl  
while his wife is covered up

to her neck  
in the mound,

and while they start  
to sing  
"I Love You So";.

They have nothing to undress in the middle  
of the night.

Why do so many people  
think that all they need is  
money to be happy?

Marieta Maglas

## Point Of View (Double Haiku)

Felled trees and flowers,  
fresh green and wet wood window-  
colors wait to die.

Felled trees without green,  
wet nature through the window,  
and flowers lose roots.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Polytheistic Communism

The cross is not preferred.  
The preferred choice is Christ,  
even they couldn't get any benefit of salvation  
without suffering.  
On this cross, Christ died without any help,  
with his own strength.  
Nobody dared to baptize  
in the name of a cross.  
Many wise philosophers  
have been engaged in conversations  
on the eternal,  
although they have been aware of their failures.  
God did not accept  
anything regarding the wisdom of this world,  
in which the politics, in general,  
or the polytheistic Arianism,  
masked by an atheistic communism,  
can become a philosophy of life,  
an existentialist way  
to understand the ephemeral,  
especially during this time,  
in which Anunnaki and their deities  
cannot come back to Earth.

Marieta Maglas

# Power- Senryu

External power,  
Internal powerlessness  
Both at the same time.

Marieta Maglas

# Prayer Of The Children

Our Jesus Christ prayed and taught us mainly to pray,  
To avoid the temptation, and to heal the inner child.  
He gave us "The Our Father", a prayer for every day  
To remember that, into sinning, even He was beguiled.

People pray for their bread and other needs every day,  
Through the intercession, people are willing to confess.  
Through the Holy Spirit, the souls can be renewed in this way.  
God wants to save His work and wants His children to bless.

Marieta Maglas

# Precious Lord

Fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge; wisdom is despised by the fools.  
Many people are greedy of gain; they can kill others to take their wealth.  
Wisdom is like silver, try to search for it as for hidden treasures and jewels.  
If you understand the fear of the Lord, you will find His knowledge and health.

You may cry after knowledge and lift up your voice to understand Him  
For the Lord gave wisdom and out of his mouth came His knowledge.  
He laid up the sound of wisdom for the righteous in praise singing His hymn.  
He is a buckler to those walking uprightly, and Bible is as a religious college.

He keeps the paths of judgment, and preserves the way of His saints.  
Can you understand His righteousness, His judgment and His fairness?  
Don't let the truth forsake you, bind it upon your heart, without complaints.  
Happy is the man that found the wisdom and the truth in his self awareness.

Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and its paths mean peace.  
Wisdom is a tree of life and happy is everyone, who wisdom can retain.  
It is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom in goodness to increase.  
Bring forth the fruits meet for repentance; be ready these fruits to gain.

And Moses told Aaron the words of The Lord, and Aaron believed all them.  
And they went and gathered together all the elders of the children of Israel.  
Aaron spoke all he heard from Moses for people to keep those words like a gem.  
The people believed, they bowed their heads and worshipped, devil to prevail.

People understood that God can rise up from the stone the Abraham's children.  
John told them that all the trees bringing no good fruit into the fire are cast.  
He baptized them with water; Jesus still baptizes with fire and Holy Spirit any  
Christian.  
No one can live only by bread, but by the words that proceed out of God's mouth  
to outlast.

Satan told Jesus to cast himself down to see if God sends His angels to concern  
His life,  
Jesus said, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God", his direction trying to  
swerve.

The devil offered Him the kingdoms of the world, which with wealth are rife,  
But Jesus said, ' Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou  
serve.'

Don't let the ungodly counsel you, don't be on the sinners' way, only God can  
bless.

Cry unto the Lord with your voice, because He can hear you out of His Holy Hill.  
Put your trust in the Lord, He makes you dwell in safety, in the sacrifices of  
righteousness.

Stand up in awe and sin not, and be respectful toward Your Father's will.

(I dedicate this prayer-poem for my unique love, Thorsten. I waited for him all  
my life. I still hope that some day he will be back. I fought all my life for love not  
to be hurt any longer in this .)

Marieta Maglas

# Pygmalion And Galatea

Your sight was poignantly penetrating me within.  
Your blue eyes were even more bittersweet in that opaque singleness,  
and our touch was like a sadness piano song.

I did not know when you really wanted to exist for yourself  
while pretending to be existent.  
I kissed you, and you thought that there was only a kiss,  
but I wanted to swallow your silence,  
and to blow into the air your defense.

You were dying inside you.  
You loved me in this secret room of ours.  
We could understand our existence.  
That room kept us hidden from the world for a second.

In our dream, we became free.  
We tried to free our mind and our souls,  
but our dream could not generate any idea.

We made love for no other reason, but to love each other.  
I became a milky white ivory Galatea of yours.  
You made me be your woman for that sense of belonging.

I needed that, and I wanted my own metamorphosis.  
I became that Galatea not being able to leave the love cell.  
In your absence, I became that Galatea wallowing in hopelessness, and  
understanding that the sadness was the only thing really existent inside.  
I became that Galatea wanting again to see your green-blue loving eyes.

You became that Pygmalion of mine, for without me.....you.....

Marieta Maglas

# Pyramid Of Fly (Dodoitsu Japanese Poetry)

In wet air and sunny waves,  
the bridge of wings gains balance.  
Breaks the prey's upper limit  
in the light of life.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Reasons To Keep Playing The Lottery

Firstly, it is a game  
to sell hopes and dreams;  
Here, you can make a new  
logical investment choice  
when all your ideas become  
rendered obsolete, or  
you can use the superstition  
for any uncertainty you have.  
You will never find it if you need  
more logic than luck to win.  
Anyway, you must have a lot of luck on your side.

In some ways, reading daily  
your astrology lottery horoscope helps you  
get as many strategies  
as you want, but none of them  
shows you the greatest secret.  
Fortunately, in a few situations,  
you can really open your Psychic Eye.

Much more than this,  
everyone comes to play  
in order to have a chance of winning,  
but only one remains  
to take part  
in all of this excitement.

Maybe it's a little bit crazy,  
but it is always funny  
and there is no other choice  
but to be a part of it.

By the way,  
you have a great opportunity  
to spend time thinking  
when a lot of numbers don't pop up  
in your mind.

Sometimes, they jump in your dreams!  
Imagine the dream that you can win  
and buy your own private island!

If you lose, you will have a  
promotional second-chance!

At least, you are able to understand  
the reason why  
no one can answer this question,  
'Why do so many lotteries  
winners wind up broke? '

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Red Rose (Three Line Poetry)

Beyond this frozen yonder,  
a rain of love and sacrifice  
unfroze the still, red rose.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Reflection

From the mirror,

a man is watching how

the rain washes

the shadow of a cloud.

The raindrops look like tears.

The light is green,

but the eyes of the leaves are yellow.

He doesn't say anything

While walking his confusion,

which is a reflection of a thought

with no color.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Regret- Senryu

Don't regret the past!  
It happened for a reason.  
So, just look forward!

Marieta Maglas

# Right There Waiting For Me

The suffering train  
takes me to somewhere.  
I really want to get off this train, but  
it is running too fast-  
a wave of despair.

I had no courage  
to face the truth,  
nor I had courage to believe that  
we could be together,  
maybe no courage at all-  
shadows of my youth.

You didn't know  
'twas a matter of time.  
You were right there, waiting for me-  
it could be truly sublime.

Be my lover,  
or be my kiss, or  
be my happy December!  
Now, take a chance  
love to rediscover!

Don't say,  
'should happen once in life'  
all the rest means lie -  
some games -  
I couldn't face on-  
unseen scars of war and strife.

There's only a train  
to run to nowhere  
too fast, never for two,  
but I want you to be always there  
waiting for me, because  
I'm waiting for you.

Don't ask me anything,  
not any longer-  
the last word rhythm entrained by love-  
no more nothing.

The feelings are freed from chains  
on December reign,  
I love you more than ever,  
when you can wait for  
my suffering train.

Marieta Maglas

# Ringin' Time

Ring in my soul for a great desire,  
Ring in my heart, because it's on fire,  
Ring down the snow, on its white bellow,  
Ring for everything I need to know.

Once more ring, and ring, and ring, and ring  
For my love as for a little thing,  
And don't ring, don't ring, don't ring, don't ring,  
'Cause you're in my heart, my everything.

But ring for reasons, and ring for true,  
Because for that reason you love me too,  
And ring in despair, don't ring once more,  
When you come here, in front of my door.

And you may ring for this truth in vain.  
'Tis a purpose to ring in my brain,  
When you come slowly to kiss my hand,  
Quite silent for this ringin' event.

Marieta Maglas

## Rising In Fall (Ii)

The snowdrops spring up  
in the sunrays that fall down  
in her inner angst.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Rising In Fall (Tanka)

In fall, the trees watch  
The rise of some butterflies,  
When the leaves fall down,  
'Cause they have the same color,  
But a distinct sense of flight.

Marieta Maglas

# River Of Change

A change winds in and around  
the spirals of life  
and through a few notched vents  
of those exhausted buildings' fabric~  
sprung structures being  
like in a crush of rocking bodies.

Many offbeat mannequins  
search for jobs.  
They look like being ready to rock.

Any endless crisis becomes  
an odd reality~  
a harmful non-self against self.  
Hypnotic dreams assassinate the future.

No love can live  
in an infected heart,  
especially when the phagocytic cells  
cannot have a healthy structure  
to help immunity.

For sure, the freedom doesn't exist.  
It looks nothing like it must be~  
an illusion for those  
thinking that they can do  
everything they think it is right.  
All the things around  
lose slowly their meaning.

Maybe we will continue to exist  
while rotating around the sun~  
this is an essential movement.

Always the body needs the soul to live~  
never vice versa.  
In an ideal world,  
all the voices can be heard~

pressured substance making waves.  
Songs are like flowers flowing  
along with a river wave,  
a river of change.  
Sometimes bends backward.  
To be existent~  
is this a necessity?

Marieta Maglas

# River Wave

Cold heart the arms hold,  
While wet ghosts spend time fishing  
In the river's life.

Marieta Maglas

# Rose (Ekphrastic Poetry)

Dressed in gold,  
She's surrounded by blueness.  
Her name is Rose.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Sadness And Passion (Senryu)

Blue and red vibrate-  
their movement above limits  
can sense the feelings.

Marieta Maglas

# Salvador Dali

The wind has bloody, long claws  
that scratch the sensitive skin  
of the leaves. They bleed within.  
The nature is wrapped in shawls

of fear. Slipping, shimmering,  
strong rays break the cuticle  
on the horizon. The ring  
of the sun sends its miracle

in the clouds to make the lights dim.  
They cannot climb up the hill  
of dreams, nor can the sun's limb  
darken our field, but the thrill

is gone. The dawn is looking  
like the Dali's red painting.  
A reclined image is the sky.  
The Day's touch makes him feel shy.

The water seeps through cracked stones  
washing fossilized old bones.  
The wind has bloody, long claws.  
The nature is wrapped in shawls.

Strong rays break the cuticle.  
The sun shows his miracle.  
He kisses the nature's skin,  
The green slowly dies within.

Marieta Maglas

# Samson And Delilah

Samson fell for Delilah while being the enemy of her  
Philistines people, but the gods chose her to take  
His tried to make her be a good woman.

Delilah wrestled with The Lord, in fact, using her powers  
Of seduction and deception against the way, she  
Found Samson's secret. She could subdue him to be captured.

For sure, she felt sorry for what she did, when she understood  
What real love means, but it was too late to change anything.  
For Samson, love has been senseless, He sadly ceased to

Continue this fight with her. He ought to love God more than  
He loved the woman. He ought to know that faith involved the  
The sacrifice of sinful love. He became a simple a blind man.

He destroyed the temple of the Philistines, all their idols and  
The people being inside it, after demanding the divine power,  
When only God's love and the Holy faith became important

In his human life. Probably Delilah cried for doing what she  
Did to him, but she had to fight against the enemies of her  
Gods. In fact, she has never really loved any man, because she

Didn't meet The Lord inside Samson, while trying to find Him,  
Or she would know that Lord means true love, truth, and justice.

Marieta Maglas

# Scanning Old Paintings

Withered canvas in new color,  
sentiments evaporating,  
ancient moments jumping in the present,  
a meltdown and a flash flood of hues,  
cracklings of the whole light,  
anti configuration for all the dihedral angles,  
a lot of faces with red scarring  
understanding some riots and  
any unborn silent scream,  
brief flutter of the skipped heart beat,  
no static evolutionary movement,  
a need to envisage the political  
imagination of national freedom  
within the florescent frameworks,  
many disorders of eruptive erosions  
and erosive eruptions  
to galvanize the ugliness.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Screaming Mannequins

Eyes huddled in fear,  
That paralyzing fear in front of bullets mercilessly sprayed,  
Deep sprayed by the cruelty, which must be fed up  
With victims,  
Those defenseless victims of hate,  
That dreadful hate, which is fed up with love  
As well as  
Pleasure is fed up with pain,  
That extreme pain, which embellishes the madness,  
That round madness like a cold moisturized rosy-red,  
Rosy-red ring-shaped patches, a giant Quincke swelling  
And a boisterous cooling noisy breathing,  
Snorting breath like groaning a song,  
A love song for the dance of death,  
A painful death for the warm puppets,  
Beautiful puppets becoming cold wax mannequins,  
Bleak mannequins screaming in their red rain  
Of feelings,  
Red feelings coloring their sad moments,

Cool moments of winter fires

In caves of shadows.

Marieta Maglas

# Searching For The Truth

Nothingness of negation or  
Negation of nothingness...  
In self, we are the negation of nothingness,  
But we allow the nothingness for self.  
We allow the nothingness of consciousness  
As a perpetual flight of the being.  
We exist in self, and we exist for self  
In a Cartesian duality,  
In a Latin concretum,  
When the being surpasses the nothingness.  
If Jesus did not exist,  
The Christians would not be existent,  
But Christians are existent.  
No one can deny something that  
Is non-existent,  
As no one can deny the real essence of the existent.  
The non-existent thing is a part of the reality,  
Because that non-existent thing has a name.  
Jesus is existent in the Christians' minds,  
Though, He is non-existent in the others' minds.  
So, Jesus is existent, at least, in the idea.  
There are so many wars for this idea.  
Moreover, Jesus Christ generated a belief  
Amongst people while creating a new church.  
When we deny Jesus, we have to deny His church, too,  
But His Church is existent, it's real.  
If Jesus is non-existent and we deny Him,  
We say, in fact, that He's existent.  
We can say, 'Jesus is non-existent', or  
  
'Jesus isn't existent', but always, in idea  
Jesus is existent.  
God has made a way of escape through Jesus Christ.  
Son is generated from eternity by the Father.  
God could come into the world through a Being.  
So, negation of nothingness  
Lead to nothingness of negation  
In a double negation.  
Moreover, Jesus is necessary and essential for salvation,

In a way, in which "existence precedes essence, "  
When we need to be sanctified.  
Without the assertion of existence,  
The negation cannot destroy it.  
We have a metaphysical necessity,  
While God has His necessity of Himself.  
The denial of noes, which means fertilization, at Hegel,  
The absolute duty to tell the truth, at Kant...  
The human lies at Schopenhauer.  
The existence and the non-existence,  
Seemingly, an irreconcilable antithesis....

A new version of the poem:

The nothingness of negation or  
negation of nothingness?

In self, we are the negation of nothingness,  
but we allow the nothingness for self.

We allow the nothingness of consciousness  
to be a perpetual flight of the being.  
We exist in self and for self

in a Cartesian duality,

in a Latin concretum

when the being surpasses the nothingness.

If Jesus did not exist,  
the Christians would not be existent,  
but Christians are still existent.

No one can deny something that  
is non-existent,  
as no one can deny  
the real essence of the existent.

Any non-existent thing remains

a part of the reality  
through memories.  
Jesus is existent  
in the Christians' minds  
and in the others' minds.  
So, Jesus is existent,  
at least, in the idea.  
Much more, His ideas  
can still change lives.  
He generated a belief.  
Between wars, He is love and peace  
in this Church created by Him.  
Those who deny Jesus  
have to deny His church, too,  
but this church is still existent.  
It is real and very much alive.

Those who say that Jesus is non-existent  
and deny that He is the Son of God  
talk, in fact, about Him.  
Therefore, He is existent.  
This polemic doesn't end because  
His essence is divine.

Through Christ and through this sacrifice  
which is supreme, we become  
eternal- children of God.  
There is no imagined sacrifice  
to replace this one, existent.  
Therefore, Son is generated  
from eternity by the Father.  
God could come into the world  
through this Being, the second Adam.  
Think a little, the second Adam is the Deity!

So, the negation of nothingness  
leads to the nothingness of negation in a double negation.

Moreover, Jesus is essential for salvation,  
in a way in which  
'existence precedes essence, '  
when people need to be sanctified.

Without the assertion of existence,  
the negation cannot destroy it.

We have a metaphysical necessity,  
while God has His necessity of Himself-  
the denial of noes,  
which means fertilization, at Hegel,  
the absolute duty to tell the truth, at Kant,  
the human lies at Schopenhauer,  
the existence and the non-existence,  
seemingly, an irreconcilable antithesis....

Marieta Maglas

## Secrets About Myself

Sometimes I wonder if all my dreams will come true,  
Because I am sure that this is possible.  
I am always surprised about life  
Like a little child, who every day rises,  
And I hope that God will have opened up his light,  
Before the evil can hit my dreams.  
I am counting upon my thoughts as I am thinking of you.  
Certainly I am prepared to die at any time  
And really ready to live my life,  
And I expect nothing in life but the Truth.  
I intend to open myself up to the world,  
To breathe, and to win.  
I know indeed everything that I intend to do,  
But stronger than all my afterthoughts is my fury,  
A fury that brings upon the greatest love.  
I pretend that everything is wonderful.  
And I pretend that  
I'm not crying, when tears are bleeding down my face,  
And I prefer the absurdity of writing poems.  
I am who I am  
And nothing can change me.

Marieta Maglas

# Seduction

Bright-blue reflector objects  
in the musical magnificence  
cover a melting sky.

Songs stir our souls with happiness,  
hold the feelings in chains,  
and the rhythm of time

flows into this river of sounds  
to enrich the soul. Sparkles of light  
spring out from the scene  
into the air.

A 'human touch' is his seducing  
voice. It sinks into a  
state of grace.

Light sounds  
make angles, dance the minds,  
feed the 'soul time', and  
try to detach their roots  
from the Earth Mother's first scream.

The hearer 'feels like forever' this  
flow 'out of the blue'. The inside  
of hearing blows bluely.

People 'hold on', when  
they get love, being revived  
by his enthusiasm.

Instrumental compositions are  
released into a decomposable  
silence to raise one-by-one  
while scratching their womb.

Red rays of the saxophone music  
move around the 'edge of a dream',

make a nakedness art,  
spiritually awaken, and get applause.  
The color enters in veins, and  
the pulsing inner sight flames up in the sounds.

On a corner, the 'moon dew' becomes  
a reviver of a belief for music.

'N'oubliez jamais',  
'you are so beautiful',  
'you can leave your hat on'....

Marieta Maglas

# Senbon Zakura Mirror Dance

I had closed the cracked window.  
The gust of the first born wind  
disappeared into the coming rain  
together with the flute, the drums,  
and the fleeting nature  
of the movements-  
explosions, distortions.

'Twas like dancing slowly with  
the image in the mirror  
or like fragmenting  
the memories of love  
to empty the minds-  
emotions that were eaten by  
the heat of the summer.

I took a seat near my neighbor  
whose husband had been  
a soldier fighting in Asia  
until having his half of the head  
removed by a bullet.  
He had always been  
one of the best.

Suddenly, the movement  
became very fast while continuing  
without music  
like in a sequence of movie frames  
that builds tension  
to enhance the consciousness-  
euphoria, chills.

The dancers were, in fact,  
impair numbers having  
their white sashes wrapped  
around their heads  
while pirouetting

at a heightened tempo  
to give this motion a sense  
of living.

The window opened  
to bring the noise of the metropolis  
and the smell of the twisting wind.  
Well, it was not a killing one  
like those coming from the polls  
and being filled  
with some tiny bacteria  
that had been left by the meteors or  
by the lost civilizations.  
'Twas only a rainy wind.  
These bacteria are not fictions;  
they warm up to become  
real weapons,  
not Disney animations.

Life itself is not an illusion.  
When life becomes hallucination,  
then, something else  
must be actual.

The hail hit  
the roof of silence.  
The dancers  
were waving their arms above  
their heads while clapping wildly  
their swaying bodies  
to express the words-  
numbers of God.  
I would say that  
'twas not a previously  
choreographed dance.

Ancestral emotions moved  
all the things of the mind  
out of the free space.  
Crawled swiftly within  
the suffering souls from which  
have started to disappear peacefully.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Senryu For A Heart

She hears the unheard,  
'Tis the heavy of her heart  
exceeding limits.

Marieta Maglas

# Senryu For Jeanne

Grasps a golden thought  
from the holy prism of light.  
Looks like an angel.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Senryu For One Of Nicole's Paintings

The Divine Light  
Becomes colored thoughts to frame  
Letters and numbers.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Senses

The words were broken into sounds  
And the time was cracked in seconds.  
The seconds were dismantled slowly.  
I grasped my love and I laid it in remembrance,  
I grasped my remembrance and I laid it in the grievance,  
I grasped my grievance and I laid it in reason,  
I grasped my reason and I laid it in self,  
I grasped myself and I stepped into the light,  
I grasped the light and I laid it over the candle wax.  
The candle dropped the light.  
In the light, the sense of life became clear.  
I grasped the sense of life and I laid it over the sense of death.  
In this sense of life and death you laid  
The seconds, which were dismantled.  
They melted in pieces of eternity.  
I took those pieces and I gave them to The Lord.  
I gave love your name.  
I grasped my love and I laid it in remembrance  
And I heard the empty bell ringing in the sky.  
The bell would ring for someone else,  
But I remembered you

Marieta Maglas

# Separation

There was no more scream to heat the air,  
had to be slipped through the door of nevermore  
nor through the time of life. Scary

like an insane clown in the crowd, the moon  
turned into a terrifying face. Some more longtime pain

could change into an overgrown claw to crush  
the house of love.

A lot of words were full of unfulfilled longing. Bursts  
were the truths thundering through

the thinking mind; not thinking, but stressed.

There was no second chance, much less there was a hope.

Marieta Maglas

## September Showers (Alliteration Poem)

Bronze bells' breeze of September showers,  
Freezing fluttering fragile flowers,  
Tearing the time's tide tactile sense  
May leave long love's lighting lance in tense.

Crying colors of cold old castles,  
Stroke their sticky sounds without hassles,  
Slipping silken sun into the clouds  
Hide misty murmuring meadow shrouds.

Dancing rain drops like bright blue bubbles,  
Big black birds bringing flying troubles,  
Wild winds waving their wet wings around  
Ghostly green girds up for glassy ground.

Marieta Maglas

# Shadow Of Life

I am a victim and you know that I know this.  
Je suis une victime et vous savez que je le sais.

You say that you love me,  
But the words lose their meaning  
When they are passed through the filter  
Of the reason and truth.  
Vous dites que vous m'aimez  
Mais les mots perdent leur signification,  
Quand ils sont passés à travers le filtre  
de la raison et la vérité.

I wish you would have been the man of my dreams  
Or, at least, I wish you would have made  
Our apparent love be  
Rather an illusion of reality  
Than a reality of illusion.  
J'aurais aimé que vous ayez été  
L'homme de mes rêves ou, au moins,  
Je voudrais que vous ayez fait  
De notre amour apparent  
Plutôt une illusion de réalité  
Qu'une réalité d'illusion.

I wish you to be aware that,  
With every victim that died,  
You're increasingly poor with a feeling  
And still less able to love again.  
Je voudrais que vous sachiez  
Qu'avec chaque victime qui est morte  
Vous êtes de plus en plus pauvres avec un sentiment  
Et encore moins capable d'aimer à nouveau.

And every time you kill  
Love in self, your dreams, her dreams,  
You just stay only in the shadow of life.  
Et chaque fois que vous tuez  
L'amour en soi, vos rêves, ses rêves,  
Vous restez seulement dans l'ombre de la vie.

Marieta Maglas

# Shooting Stars

You passed in the same way  
the comets surround the earth-  
without touching it,  
but leaving behind them  
only shooting stars.

I would meet you,  
I would be able to touch you,  
But everything inside  
would become a suffering.

I prefer my solitude,  
which is as elliptical as  
an ordinary rock  
and which is forgotten  
on the seashore.

'Tis increasingly defined  
by the waves.

I prefer that solitude,  
Which is always  
misapprehended  
by the people around.

Day by day, it is  
harder and harder for me  
to understand  
my inner being.

I enter the timeless realm of change  
and I dissolve my memories  
in a final wave,  
which is a little more tuneful  
until ceasing to exist.

Marieta Maglas

# Signaptic Evolution

The star of your love became  
a firefly in my was  
shining in that night, in which  
you started to be existent for  
me to make my life become  
a little earthly paradise. I  
realised that your star was, in  
fact, a *Lampyrus noctiluca* falling  
down from a tree branch on my  
palm like the "I" from the catadromous  
elver, or like the "un" from the  
punoetry. You became the  
bioluminescence in my crepuscle.

Marieta Maglas

# Sin

Sunset of lifetime,  
Red apple in a sunken sea,  
Sunniest nude beach.

Marieta Maglas

# Singing Star

A star opens an eye of love, and  
Watches for the birds.  
The moon is singing.

Marieta Maglas

## Snow-White (Part 1)

Hers were the beautiful blue eyes and the black long hair,  
She watched her blood drop freezing to burn in the air.  
Her pale lips were keeping the mark of her love's glow,  
She wanted a child having the skin as white as the snow,

The hair as black as ebony and the lips as red as the blood.  
That red on that white looked as beautiful as a flower bud.  
She was sewing and watching the ebony of her window's frame.  
An angel became visible in the air to tell her the child's name.

"Light up this love, my Lord, and give me this child of light  
Unbearable is this pain of mine, light up my soul and my sight."  
Coming up the stairs, the king saw this and he told his queen,  
'This white angel is the most beautiful creature I've ever seen! "

The queen's heart used to be like a little book being unread,  
But in front of her husband, it has become an open thread.  
He tenderly kissed her, "Your broken heart is no longer dead,  
Because for Snow White on the snow your secret has bled."

When she gave birth to her child, the sun rose to be so bright  
And everything in the castle could be seen in the holy light,  
But when the king came to see them, he heard only the sighs.  
When he saw his dead queen, sad tears flooded his black eyes.

While he was living with his child being a lonely sad father,  
The king thought to bring to little Snow White a new mother.  
"Light up this life, my Lord, because I have only fears and sighs,  
Change my fault, because I need a new morn in my sad eyes! "

He married again, but the queen's heart was mercilessly beating.  
She was like a dangerous snake and poisoned was her greeting.  
Her sarcastic lips were always keeping the mark of her hatred,

Her powers were hidden, because for her the devil was sacred.

She kept her frozen air, although the snow was melting in Spring,  
Her words could remain suspended in the air to freeze everything.

"Mirror, dear Mirror on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all?

"You, my queen, are fairest of all", echoed the mirror in the hall.

The Snow White grew up becoming more beautiful than the queen,

The king told her, 'You're the most beautiful child I have ever seen! "

When the mirror told the queen, "You, my queen, are fair; it is true.

She added, "Little Snow-White is still a thousand times fairer than you."

The king started seriously to think of the passion they had known

'Cause the queen's self-satisfaction and insensibility have grown.

He realized that it's a wretchedness to continue sharing their bed.

He wanted to open a dialog with her, but the words left all unsaid.

Marieta Maglas

## Snow-White (Part 2)

His bag of accusing words was opened and ready her heart to fill.  
Her swear about playing fairly by being in love was like a bitter pill.  
A subject to change himself was his escape from her malefic mess  
And all the power she used had the purpose to gain her own success.

She summoned a huntsman asking him to push the little Snow White  
Into the woods, to stab her to death just in the middle of the night.  
As a proof of the her death, he had to bring back her lungs and her liver.  
'Cause the queen wanted to cook, to eat them and to feel that shiver.

The girl was scared to death, when she saw him taking out his knife.  
She convinced him to find, however, a good solution to spare her life.  
After promising to run away and never to return from the forest's core,  
She asked him to give the queen the liver and the lungs of a young boar.

She admired the accidental depth, with which the oak forest was draped,  
She went quietly and very quickly, because from her death she escaped.  
She stood for a second, while the breeze was flowing with her breath,  
She heard the voice of her mother telling her the secret about life and death.

She heard the birds singing and she wanted to be like a little bird so much  
Sitting under a huge mushroom's umbrella, she avoided the light touch.  
Like shining diamonds were the misty clouds above the oak wood's trees.  
She stayed there for a while to enjoy the symphony of some honey bees.

However, the cold night time came to hold all her empty unwanted dreams,  
While hallucinogenic horror images were there to catch all her bleeding screams.  
She woke up, but the fog's confusion enshrouded the whole dawn's entrance.  
In that forest, the mystery was cast in some strange fairy shapes by chance.

Dry huge branches hardly hit her and swished in her sweet little ears,  
She noticed that her wet clothes in the rain were mingled with tears.  
Suddenly, she found a very little house in the middle of that forest.  
It was well hidden and nicely surrounded by red flowers as a florist.

Marieta Maglas

## Snow-White (Part 3)

She entered to lay in a bed and to sleep, but she was feeling as a bandit.  
She was shaking being so cold, but she couldn't move under the blanket.  
Drifting illusions rolled on her dreams to nothing else but a dying trance,  
The breadth of her mind stopped for a second to wish any other chance.

In his vision, the prince saw her dancing so gracefully and being alone.  
As an angel was the princess Snow White as the heaven was her home.  
The next day, he seemingly heard her again singing in the early dawn,  
Her reflection on the water he touched, but she was suddenly gone.

That house belonged to seven dwarfs working in a diamond mine.  
Having some mine flowers inside, their home had a special shine.  
She drank wine and ate vegetables from each cup and each plate,  
The dwarfs returned home and lit their candles wanting to recreate.

They approached their candles to that bed to clearly see Snow-White.  
'Good heaven! ', 'She is so beautiful! ' They loudly exclaimed in the night.  
She told them about her story and her desperate search for a new home,  
They asked her to clean their house, they told her to avoid the wood to roam.

The old dwarf was the Smiley, the one they could really smile back to...  
The youngest dwarf was called the Lier, because he couldn't say any true...  
She wanted to be brave in the face of what was feared, fastidious and fateful,  
She could play and dance with her friends and she was really grateful.

She asked the little Sleepy, "Are you aware that you are talking always in your sleep? "

"Don't say that! ' He replied, 'You should know that your confidence I'll keep! '

She said and asked the Painter, "Paint me the mine with your deepest emotion! "

The Singer composed for Snow White a sweet serenade to set her in motion.

"Mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all? " Queen wanted to know.

"You, my queen, are fair; it is true, " replied the bad mirror through its glow.

"But beyond the seven mountains, in the dwarfs' house, Little Snow-White

Is a thousand times fairer than you, moreover, her future is extremely bright! '

Marieta Maglas

## Snow-White (Part 4)

While the queen's dogs were howling into the broken night to throw away  
The forces, she was preparing the poison for the Snow White's birthday.  
The poison was melted into the blood and dew by that queen with innocent eyes.  
Her beggars jumped over the moon for a ritual dance of a princess, who dies.

Her crows were flying in the wind being so proud of what they have done,  
Her dress could hide the truth so well, with her mask she enjoyed the fun.  
"I'm having bodice laces for sale, " she said knocking on the dwarfs' door.  
Then, she pulled the laces so tight that Snow-White fell down on the floor.

The sun hid behind the sea of clouds not to see the Snow White's death,  
The dwarfs came home and found her on the floor without having breath.  
They cut the bodice laces in two and Snow White could come back to life,  
"She will give you poison to drink in sips and you will die without any strife."

"Mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all? " Queen wanted to know.  
"You, my queen, are fair; it is true, " replied the bad mirror through its glow.  
"But beyond the seven mountains, in the dwarfs' house, Little Snow-White  
Is a thousand times fairer than you, moreover, her future is extremely bright! "

She poisoned a comb and went out to knock again on the Snow White's door,  
When she stuck the comb into the girl's hair, the girl fell down on the floor.  
When the seven dwarfs returned home, they drowned in their own despair,  
But she opened her eyes, when Liar pulled the poisoned comb from her hair.

"Mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all? " Queen wanted to know.  
"You, my queen, are fair; it is true, " replied the bad mirror through its glow.  
"But beyond the seven mountains, in the dwarfs' house, Little Snow-White  
Is a thousand times fairer than you, moreover, her future is extremely bright! "

Everything was gray, while the queen was saying her mystic words aloud,  
Inside her dark castle's granite walls, even the signs of time were not allowed.  
Only lonesome birds and souls were flying there above a big fragile shroud,  
Only craggy faces and weary eyes could be seen there in a demonic crowd.

Marieta Maglas

## Snow-White (Part 5)

During this time, with unknown motions of sweet innocence, Snow White  
Was walking in the wood to feel the Zephyr's scent and to see the pure light.  
The prince walked on his horseback at dawn lacing through its highs.  
Being sad, he wanted to hunt, when the girl's face enlightened his eyes.

"Will he cross the boundary and move over to my side?" She suddenly thought.  
He came to her saying, "I'm another victim of your beauty, I like you a lot."  
"I'm drowning in my own willingness to give up my strengths for your kiss,"  
"Queen of beauty, to get an approval to kiss you is my overwhelming bliss."

He started to dismount his horse, because their eyes had magically met.  
He kissed her saying, 'I could although avoid your eyes, but I would regret.'  
"For this love that thrills my heart, there is no use in this forest to hide,  
Skies' golden blessings come for our souls, please, will you be my bride?'

The queen poisoned an apple, "She's driven by forces beyond her control.  
I want her blood and she will eat this apple to pay for me the beauty's toll."  
She disguised herself as a peasant woman to knock on the dwarf's door.  
The girl bit into it, she had the bite in her mouth, when she fell on the floor.

The dwarfs returned home and they cried seeing that she was really dead.  
She did not look at all like a dead person and her cheeks' color was still red.  
They made a demand coffin to lay her inside, so that she could be seen.  
They wrote the name on it using golden letters to be visible through green.

Snow White laid there in the coffin for a very long time as if she was asleep.  
One of the dwarfs always stayed at home to keep watching and the tears to  
weep.

One day, the prince came to the dwarfs' house and saw the dead Snow-White.

She was illuminated by seven candles and he wanted to hold her very tight.

He asked the dwarfs to sell him the coffin with the princess Snow-White inside,  
The dwarfs took pity on him and gave him the coffin with his dead bride.  
As the prince looked into her eyes, he immediately knew that he can't wait

To be together with his lost bride and he wanted to open the death's gate.

Marieta Maglas

## Snow-White (Part 6)

He took her in his arms wanting to kiss her for the last time and to kill himself,  
Someone told him to hit her in the back with his hand, it was a voice of an elf.  
That piece of apple came out of her throat and Snow-White came back to life.  
The prince held her again in his arms and couldn't stop kissing his future wife.

The wedding was set for the next day, and her mother was invited as well.  
She told the king "This evening we go to the wedding and I feel like hell! "  
"Mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all? " Queen wanted to know.  
"You, my queen, are fair; it is true, " replied the bad mirror through its glow.

It closed its eyes saying, "The young queen is a thousand times fairer than you!  
"

She was so overtaken that she couldn't speak, she saw at least that her eyes are  
blue.

So jealous she was thinking of the young queen that she dressed herself in  
black,

But no one noticed any difference and she saw in her mirror the deadly crack.

She has quickened her heart with a cup of hate and a very sarcastic remark,  
"All white is not always white due to its mask, when white keeps it dark".  
They put a pair of iron shoes into the fire and she had to put them on and dance,

She couldn't stop until she danced her death and the end of her Gothic romance.

Against the blackness of the winter snow, the white is still melting in Spring.  
A blue sky above us may defy all odds, when its silence may precisely sting.  
Against the white of the moonlight glow, the black may have its own sense,  
But in front of the power and the money's show, love is always a false pretense.



## Socratea Exorrhiza (Haiku)

Walking palms flitted  
from gloom to reasoning-  
dance marathons.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Solfeggio (Part 1)

The sine-waves of the theta pulsing choir note  
Are like clear water bells in our love meditation,  
With timeless feeling in Zen ambiance they float  
And with signals from space without any cessation.

Being stimulated by Tibetan Chimes Solfege or by  
Intergalactic fusion music as monaural Gamma pulses,  
They produce lucid dreams to keep us on a spiritual high,  
Where Gamma Centauri may send some delicate impulses,

Centauri has a gentle spacious feel with Gamalon Solfege  
And the synthesizer interactions blend with the white noise.  
Tones liberation means Tibetan bowl and sine waves cortege,  
When solfeggio frequencies from the background seek for new joys.

The Silk Road meditator learns the oriental Koto song  
To release all his crystallized emotional bondage.  
Intuitive Sine for non-linear knowing is like an awakening gong  
Ending to Theta meditation as a "conscious" for the knowledge.

LA Unconditional is a dreamy triad of love frequencies.  
The Solfeggio was also used in some Ancient Gregorian chants,  
In great hymns to St. John the Baptist and to the sacred dyad.  
This way, the power of purity and transformation it grants.

Exploring through Gematria and Numbers Book the holy place,  
These sounds hold the keys to a super-consciousness and to longevity,  
Accelerating the healing during their dimensional travel in time and space  
They arrange the energy and the perception in a cube symmetry.

Marieta Maglas

# Spaces Of Faith

Spaces of faith Holy of Lord  
There is a joy soul is waiting  
There I will bear my pain

There the pain is free from tears  
In the peace in His grace  
Keeping the word of faith

There my pain is free from tears  
Where The Lord shares always love  
Found peace the soul of faith

There my pain is free from tears  
Lulled to sleep on a dreamy wing  
Found in a soul of wisdom

Leap of faith far from uncertainty  
Far away from any evilness  
Far from the worldly grief

Marieta Maglas

# Spinning Earth

I'm ready for the earth's  
true motion  
in spirals  
up and down  
around the Sun  
while sending through thousands  
of years its thunders  
of a spinning stone  
as sighs,  
and while letting me pass through  
the changing seasons.  
I'm ready for its spirals  
up and down  
around its own axis  
while passing through  
the days  
and passing through the nights  
in between these  
two connected fields,  
the Poles,  
the essence of  
all these movements.  
I'm in waiting for the butterflies to hover  
over the sunflowers,  
when nothing can seal some love.

I'm a human being  
like you,  
like him, like her,  
and like all of us,  
made of C, H, O, and N  
from ice to water and  
from water to fire-  
a matter, a spirit,  
and a plasma;

I wonder about the waterfalls,  
I wonder about the icy comets

hitting pieces of our sun.  
I wonder where the water falls-  
inside the empty mountains,  
the sun doesn't shine.  
And I wonder about the solar flares  
hitting some Oort Clouds.  
Their misty destiny ahead  
grows watery, watery still.

I'm sure that there are  
mountains to be broken  
by earthquakes again and again,  
and there are children  
to fear in the day,  
as lonely as the moon is in the night,  
when some longing  
breaks their hearts.  
I'm not sure that everything  
can burn someday,  
in between oxygen and hydrogen  
to be nothing,  
but I lower my head toward  
The Lord.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Spinning Life

I'm ready to live  
on this planet  
moving in spirals  
up and down  
around the Sun,  
around its own axis,  
between the flowers and  
ancestral fossilized rocks-  
rocks, rocks-  
rocking their poles.  
I'm waiting for the butterflies to hover above.

I'm a combination of C, H, O, and N-  
ice melting to give water and  
water evaporating-  
kinetic energy and temperature  
inside of a plasma having free ions.

I wonder at the icy comets  
hitting the core of our sun.  
I wonder at the waterfalls-  
the waterfalls, the waterfalls-  
clappers inside any empty mountain and  
hollowness where the sunlight  
doesn't make angles.  
I wonder at the solar flares  
hitting the Oort Clouds.  
I wonder at times if it is indispensable to be  
known or not.

I'm sure that, after being  
cataclysmically submerged in water,  
any broken mountain  
becomes a memory of an unknown-  
unknown, unknown-  
knowing to ring the bells

in a surviving church.  
I'm sure that the entirety  
of this immense and civilized life  
can burn someday  
in between oxygen and hydrogen  
to be nothing,  
I'm not sure I deserve to be saved by  
The Lord, but I keep hoping.

Marieta Maglas

# Spiral Motion (Bussokusekika Poetry)

From his explosions,  
Our sun spreads antimatter  
Into the cosmos  
And orbits around the core  
Of the immense Milky Way  
To make a low-speed cyclone.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Spring

With a deep touch,  
The red poppy awakes the grass.  
With a deep touch,  
Red wants green's vibration so much,  
The sun awakes the sky's watch glass.  
The sky vibrates like a string bass,  
With a deep touch.

The red flowers bloom in the Spring  
When the time of the green grass comes.  
The sky vibrates like a bass string.  
The red flowers bloom in the Spring.  
I see the nature's purest swing.  
The wind searches his bongo drums,  
The red flowers bloom in the Spring  
When the time of the green grass comes.

I see His love  
Like a white lily among thorns.  
I see His love  
Like in clefts of the rock, a dove.  
When red flower its grass adorns  
And her dead Winter, Spring mourns,  
I see His love.

Shadows are inlaid in color  
When red poppy awakes the grass.  
When the land is multicolor,  
Shadows are inlaid in color.  
When the cuckoo is a caller,  
The sun awakes the sky's watch glass.

Marieta Maglas

## Spring (Double Rondelet Triolet)

With a deep touch,  
The red poppy awakes the grass.  
With a deep touch,  
Red wants green's vibration so much,  
The sun awakes the sky's watch glass.  
The sky vibrates like a string bass,  
With a deep touch.

The red flowers bloom in the Spring  
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Shadows are inlaid in color  
When red poppy awakes the grass.  
When the land is multicolor,  
Shadows are inlaid in color.  
When the cuckoo is a caller,  
The sun awakes the sky's watch glass.  
Shadows are inlaid in color  
When red poppy awakes the grass.

Marieta Maglas

# Squashing Force (Diminished Hexaverse Poetry)

Caught in illusion  
Left in agony  
Being badly hurt  
Victim of terror  
With contorted face

Depredated  
Walls closing in  
Screams of anguish  
Desperate howls

Squashing force  
Frozen tears  
Twisting thoughts

Nightmares  
Bleeding

Death

Marieta Maglas

# Still Loving You

Down your thoughts I traveled, until  
I met you conjured up by salty memories  
and waiting for my love as you had waited for  
your kite to fly high up into the sky on your  
childhood. Your dreams were melting like  
ice in my arms. My kisses rushed to meet  
your dreams. I was a surfer riding on the  
crest of your needs to save this life growing  
within my own body never everlasting forever,  
but being forever. I saw a happiness coming to us  
as I saw the sadness chains disappearing in the  
distance irreversibly. We sewed our secrets inside.  
It was our first try. Having love in our eyes, we  
searched the divine.

Marieta Maglas

# Strength

Watching shadows in the holy light,  
she understands the sense of the fight.  
For her, tomorrow is a new day  
to do everything in her own way.

Sipping her drink that has a sharp taste  
like her life~ she can't afford to waste.  
She seeks solace in her life dismay.  
On the verge of tears, she's still ok.

To twist her fate, she has a good plan~  
she feels regret for hurting her man.  
Thinking of love, she can't cut her hope.  
With strife of love, she has learned to cope.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Success-Haiku

So many people

Work long hours, even weeks,

Without successes.

Marieta Maglas

# Suicide

Her rags made her feel imprisoned in an invisible cage.

She was looking nowhere through glasses with glassy eyes

Searching for her leafed tree of reality.

She remembered that she left her ideas

On the blank page of her future.

She became a wet gloomy solitude because of her tears.

Her feelings of love were like songs hidden in an abandoned violin.

Their vibrations were haunting her memories.

Her sadness was so complete

That it completely slipped through her shy smile

To become visible to all the people around.

Her rigged reality was poisoning her hopes

And crowding her thoughts to push them into illusions.

She was a simple child inside her clown body,

A soul so caged wanting to be liberated,

While her delusions were wretchedly dancing her hopes.

She was wondering if somewhere, someone

Was thinking and dreaming of her.

She walked so lonely on her lonely life road

That nothing could change her fate.

She wanted to let her life to float on the losing breeze.

Marieta Maglas

## Summer's Dance (Pantoum)

The rainbow's ribbons still stretching in the blue rain  
Are like snakes waking up at the tune of the jazz flutes.  
Butterflies chase bumble bees singing duets in vain.  
Summer dances around some red roses and green fruits.

When the snakes wake up at the tune of the jazz flutes,  
Summer slips over the meadow her dream of green.  
She dances around some red roses and green fruits.  
The moon rises from the cloud's fence like a queen.

Summer slips over the meadow like a dream of green  
In a fall sky having puffy winds and a dim light.  
The moon rises from the cloud's fence like a queen.  
With green shadows, the sprites appear all around the sight.

The fall sky has puffs of clouds and a floating light.  
Butterflies chase bumble bees singing duets in vain.  
With green shadows, the sprites appear all around the sight.  
Summer rainbow's ribbon still stretches in the blue rain.





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Marieta Maglas

# Summertime

'Tis summertime. The saxophone jazz sounds are pirouetting the waves to find a sense of balance. It is a mauve inner dance in almost everything around. More

exactly, the melodious movable sounds become those movements that start sounding off to the winds while needing a reverberation time to dissipate the energy.

'Tis a crusade that releases the own vow of chastity to produce love for its offspring. These pulsed sound waves keep also those memories of some other hectic and transient seasons, which are lost

in that natural green being refreshed by a rehearsal. The saxophone looks like a Tahitian prince dancing his love in an exotic stagnant air. The singing mauve sea is a bit too bitter for any taste at sunset. The last wave

is a watery mermaid and he embraces her while thoroughly scrutinizing the high. The sounds need touch and life. They need to dematerialize and to disappear into the universe. The

saxophone remains a solitaire keeping safe his evanescent hermetic equilibrium.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Summertime Delights

'Tis almost charming and a true delight  
To feel, in summer, the mosquitoes bite.  
And when the sluggish sun breaks its own crust,  
The wind can teach you how to smoke some dust.

But when the air smells of somnolent bliss,  
Any bee can give you its sweetest kiss.  
When you are quite bored and you stifle yawns,  
Spunky crickets trigger songs on the lawn.

Don't think to go for a refreshing swim!  
Jellyfish come beneath the surface dim!  
Maybe at home, the things can turn out cool,  
But your car can stop when it's out of fuel.

Nature,  
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nature, nature, nature, nature,



# Sunset (English And Sicilian Quintain)

While the bud butterflies melt their wings  
Within the light red poppy chain,  
The pink-gray clouded, sad sunset rings.  
In this lost sky, the sun's light vein  
Is almost thrown in a bloody rain.

The leaving sun abandons the sky  
For the moon, and in the cricket crawl  
The leaves of the oaks whisper 'good bye',  
While the coming night has a dark shawl.  
She looks at the stars with a black eye.

The sun and the stars find synergy,  
In the regolith on the moon,  
But with helium fusing energy,  
This moon looks like a big balloon,  
Or like a fragile, silky cocoon.

And like those thoughts enveloped in words,  
Or like angels carrying their pure love,  
Are the Feathers of the Holy Birds  
In that rain dropping the divine globes  
On the strong souls needing love rewards.

Any epistemological sphere  
Is pouring up to the Holy Book,  
Or is falling down to disappear.  
The reverse arch gets a killer look.  
Tries to provide fragrance of fear.

The fluid, wicked waves draining in sight  
On Earth to meet at infinity  
Are like the dark rays in the pure light.  
Light rays are arches of Trinity,  
While dressed in wind seems to be the night.

Stars are candles and night lights them all,  
The colors withdraw in the last light.  
In the black darkness, they look so small.  
The dream seeds germinate for a fight,  
Becoming real while breaking their wall.

Marieta Maglas

## Sunset (Renga Poetry)

In the fire of sea,  
Black Ship swings rhythmically;  
fights with winds and waves.  
Gets sinking feelings during  
each new refloating attempt.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Suture (Complex Poem, Tanka And Ekphrastic Poetry)

My love is untouched.  
I'm your Galatea, an  
old statue caught in  
two world edges being sewn  
together along the rain.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Swimming Love

Red corals and blue algae,  
Wet sadness and swimming love  
Need their own light.

Marieta Maglas

# Synthetic Blindness

Blood on her scratched skin,  
red tattoo in painful time,  
synthetic blindness.

Marieta Maglas

# Tanka For The Human Dust

She is bitter dust.  
Her eyes fit for the blessed trust~  
a light for shadows.  
Love freed her from fear and lust.  
Can walk through the green meadows.

French version

Poem pour la poussière humaine

Elle est faite de poussière amère.  
Ses yeux correspondent à la confiance bénie~  
une lumière pour les ombres.  
L'amour l'a libérée de la peur et de la luxure.  
Peut marcher à travers les prairies vertes.

Romanian version

Poem pentru pulberea cosmica

Ea este facuta din praf cosmic amar.  
Ochii ei emana încredere binecuvântata~  
o lumina pentru întuneric.  
Dragostea a eliberat-o atât de frica  
cât ?i de orice dorin?a.  
Poate alerga spre orizontul paji?tilor verzi.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

The artwork belongs to Solly Smook

Marieta Maglas

# Terzanelle For Octavia Estelle Butler

Racism and violence were non-existent in this world

Of fiction, where the black women rescued the white men

To love, while the secrets of slavery were unfurled.

In science fiction, there was a leading light and a ben

Called Octavia Estelle Butler, or Junie in dreams

Of fiction, where the black women rescued the white men.

She wrote about power, disease, incest, love and screams.

Self-destructive violence and hierarchical tendencies

Called Octavia Estelle Butler, or Junie in dreams.

In a sad world of poverty and dependencies,

Without having a father, she learned to fight against

Self-destructive violence and hierarchical tendencies.

Maybe to feel superior in struggle was sensed,

When people were aware to fight for identity.

Without having a father, she learned to fight against.

In a world of mutes, Estelle found a new entity.

Racism and violence were non-existent in this world,

When people were aware to fight for identity

To love, while the secrets of slavery were unfurled.

Marieta Maglas

## The (Sixth) Sense

The gray cloudy sky scream (ing) s  
Only icy clouds throw down their hail-on the earth-  
To kill the green (belt) with their viole(n) t dance-  
And (to) red (d) (the) shadowy earth- still cries-we are alive-  
Throwing up all its war (ren) shadows in the sky  
To reach the per(im) manent heaven with their painful sacrifice.  
The heaven strenuously may (h) eat the pain (through)  
In silence- we are existent-we feel the pain-  
The last remnants of the green may rustle in the leaves  
Trying to soak into the rotten yellow.  
The blue may (stage) whisper in the breeze,  
Holding the memories of the past.  
Voices from extra dimensions  
(I love adding new dimensions to my life)  
And psychedelic visions  
May irreversibly modify the (sixth) sense of the reality.

Marieta Maglas

# The Bleeding Sound

The sound blending  
In the cool ear,  
An icy silence around,  
The sun seeping beyond  
The hot spastic horizon,  
Weeping clouds  
In tornadic winds  
Like screaming bells  
Ringing their syllables,  
Trying to get higher,  
The falling sight  
Tracking down the sky's white  
Into the night,  
Tracking down the dreams of this medieval burg  
Into its red stones  
Those dreams dying in the water,  
Tracking down the religious songs  
Into the clay,  
In oxygen chains.

Marieta Maglas

# The Blue Cafe

In the blue that becomes palpable,  
only words can separate the happiness  
from the unhappiness such as the finite  
is bounded in the infinite. We touch our hands  
and a tear stubbornly stops to run on the  
face. We touch our bodies on the petals  
of time. A baby bird is learning to fly. I  
remember the first night on that white  
bedsheet, I remember the flight and those  
two chandeliers lighting on the table, while  
we were searching for the lost paradise  
like Adam and Eve while feeling the passing  
of the seconds. I remember that the moon  
shone too high to illuminate us. I remember  
the trembling stars in the black universe.  
I remember us making love until everything  
inside became God, until our awakening.  
We had something special inside, but we lived  
our days as nothing had happened. In the  
same blue cafe having the same shabby  
tables, we used to drink the same coffee  
as drinking water with a bitter pill, while  
trying to find a meaning in life. I remember  
the same empty, invisible, and apparently  
absent space, where our words used to  
remain for a node and complicated dance  
in our absence. I remember the same  
narrow street, on which we used to go home,  
that apparent paradise, in reality, an illusion of  
happiness and an evidence of our existence,  
where we loved each other in despair hoping  
that someday we would be able to sense a  
new life. I remember that the same people  
were around us being more or less indifferent.  
I know that what will survive of us is love. Baby,  
love me one more day, love me one more night,  
love me one more farewell. I want to feel again  
that divine infinity, which is included in the  
finiteness of life, which is included in the

the infinity of the universe until I become as you...

Marieta Maglas

# The Blue Of His Face

This angular house  
is flooded with silence and solitude  
the blue of his sad face  
is a photograph  
hidden in the darkness,  
whether 'tis love  
in my dreamless sleep  
or 'tis suffering in my sleepless dream...

Marieta Maglas

# The Boundary

'These trees have huge leaves. It is a silent green.'  
'Some of them are reddish.' I looked down, and I  
saw wet, fragmented, and red leaves on the ground.  
'There is a small pile. They have fallen so far.'^The trees

are indifferent to whether their green survives or not.'  
The same old man appeared in my mind. He closed  
his eyes in a pained wince. 'We live in a sensory world, '  
he said.'This growing reddishness is more like sorrow

and less like a withered feeling of love."There is something  
strange in my printed book. G looks like C, but they have  
different colors. These unchanging colors are like gold  
and silver.'That mapped rock can not roll down, but I want to

imagine it loudly cracking in the valley. It has no moss.'  
'I don't like to hear any crack. My visual shape is sharply  
inflected. This inflection is much more Kiki than Bouba.'  
'I want to imagine its shape.' Its mirror image was projected

on a translucent screen of the sky becoming very bright,  
and I could not perceive it any longer. A blue wind blew  
all the sounds away. The highest tiers of the sky locked  
some proud round clouds, and they could not shed their

tears. The rain bruised, blistered, and brushed the leaves.  
The rock changed its shape into a scorpion. I was wondering  
to know what a gold scorpion might keep between its claws.  
The old man opened the eyes, and his blue orbs were rising to

meet the golden ones. His sorrow became a trip back in  
time.I opposed my thumb and my forefinger. I used them as  
mimicry of the pincer to cut my imagination. It became an outer  
reflection of an inner condition. Sadness radiated out away from

my chest, and turned on to become an utter chaos. I would have  
liked to say that the rock is not like you. Your face became an  
emotional salience map for me. Words like fighting, fleeing, and  
mating were coming into my mind. Maybe your smile was not a

sweet one, but so I felt it, when I kissed your lips wanting to know everything about you. A shadow of a still green sound became the voice of our love. That rock was like you. This output of feelings might be infinite. Then, you played them all, and I was conscious of

what you were doing. I felt an urge to say that those red fragmented leaves were like some phantom limb pains.

Marieta Maglas

## The Butterfly (The Mirror Sestet Poetry)

Delight adorns butterfly's fluttering wings in flight,  
Flight is his beauty for anemones to delight.  
Wing flutters freely and his fragile moods can swing,  
Swing dances he teaches the white flowers with his wing.  
Breeze finds him out among the blooming buckeye red trees,  
Trees push his innocent virgin spirit in the breeze.

Dance nurtures the flower to put her into a deep trance,  
Trance is his way to gather pollen for her life to dance.  
Dreams fiery rise in crimson, when the flower gleams,  
Gleams of dawn in the east are his love powerful dreams.  
Charms are her powers to spread the fragrances in his arms  
Arms are his wings when he flies to search for other charms.

Marieta Maglas

## The Butterfly (The Mirror Sestet Poetry)

Delight adorns butterfly's fluttering wings in flight,  
Flight is his beauty and the anemones' delight.  
Wings flutter freely and the fragile spring can swing,  
Swing dances he teaches the white flowers with his wing.  
Breeze finds him out among the blooming red buckeye trees,  
Trees push his innocent pure spirit into the breeze.

Dance nurtures the flower to put her into a trance,  
Trance is his way to gather pollen freely to dance.  
Dreams fiery rise in crimson, when the sweet flower gleams,  
Gleams of dawn in the sky are his love powerful dreams.  
Charms are her powers to fling herself into his arms.  
Arms are his wings when he searches for some different charms.

Marieta Maglas

# The Chill Of The Wind

The soul of this wind needs  
No rainbow  
But only desperation for a crushing blow.  
He blows and blows and blows  
Over the life  
Of the seeds in the fruits,  
And blows again  
Over the purity  
Of all the creeds.  
Much more, he blows  
Until everything around bleeds.

This wild wind needs to feed  
His inner fire, which is a bloody furry  
For a sunless time,  
And fights an uphill battle  
Against any existence.

His chills gather speed  
While coming down from the hills.  
He's wild enough  
To get the naked trees riled,

He has been blind  
But never mild.  
This wind has never been a child.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Crystal-Haiku

Light and airy sky,  
Rocky crystal of my eye,  
Fluid, gliding dance.

Marieta Maglas

# The Desert

There's something to teach in the desert-  
holy words, not simple words. It is about  
some thirst. 'Tis about one huge desert,  
which is always peopled by a lot of walkers,

those moribund walkers with small, leaden  
eyes being like lost objects and really not  
useful at night. Tiny, miscellaneous stars start  
to shine in that unique, leaden sky, but even so,

it is very hard to see around. Those ancient  
stars become golden leaders for those losers  
walking and singing heavy songs, but searching  
for new pools -wherever they are elsewhere.

Someone said once, 'I'll turn the desert into a pool  
of water, '- this is not only about the thirst.  
Those dying people still have a will, but  
maybe they all will not lose all their hope.

At least, they cannot die twice and they  
think that they will lose everything because  
there is nothing really left to save, but maybe  
they still have a chance to find some water.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Echo Of The Highest Peak (Oxymoron Poem)

We've been in the burning frost o' the highest peak  
to unlock the open secrets, and to leave the sweet  
sorrow. In my upward fall, I told the pure evilness,  
'I want nothin' more and ne'er again.' I hung the word

in that eloquent qu'etness. I hung the qu'etness in the  
air. I found its own sense and the opposite. The word  
and the qu'etness were like the hole and the star. In  
that spiritual freezer burning, I found the insomniac

dreams o' my destiny and the waking dreams o' my  
twisted fate. You made them become numb feelings  
and vice versa much more than a lyric song becomes  
a music sound to be a lyric song again. In that magic

realism, my silent scream was moved into its echo  
to become deafening silence forever. Fairly obvious,  
the down climbing evilness echo'd, 'I want nothin'  
more and ne'er again, nothin' more and ne'er again.'

Marieta Maglas

# The Embodied Word

The lead ideas fell on a field as voices  
coming from a bad dream. The yellow  
of the daisies became sharper than the  
serpents' teeth, and the fragrant sun

started to tremble in the wind. The ideas  
would fall into a silent abysm, but they  
have become as hard as those boulders  
falling to hit people and to bloody their

reality. I am talking about those newcomers  
picking the flowers and having injured  
smiles. It looked like the life was destroying  
itself under a predefined set of circumstances.

Those people had ghostly, spectral feelings.  
Those feelings began to grow into the Light of  
God, Who has started to reconcile all things  
to Himself through His Embodied Word.

Marieta Maglas

# The End Of Time (Terza Rima Sonnet)

I pray, although it's the end of the time,  
The angel wakes up to flutter his wings.  
Fluffing up the cloud's pillow, he's sublime.

Snowflakes are the angel's feathers, like spring.  
They dance with the wind of change, in despair.  
The sky glows pinky in the shades of thing.

We're like icy trees screaming at the air,  
With icy leaves and crystal hearts, we dream  
Crystals of weeping tears in our prayer.

Within sky vastness is our bleeding scream,  
Digging early graves in the war on crime,  
While our thread of love weaves wounds for life's gleam.

I pray, although it's the end of the time,  
Fluffing up the cloud's pillow, he's sublime.

Marieta Maglas

# The Eyes Of Winter

These frozen eyes of winter glittering so cruel  
Like scorching flames of fire, the icy hearts could melt,  
When hearts could make the flame to eye the night so cool  
And cool the night in winter, their frozen songs to belt.

But winter's heart, so cool in light, in ice love dwelt  
And dwelt in our song igloo like a piece of flame,  
When flames are hearts of sorrow needing songs to belt  
And the heart is a scene, on which we sing for fame.

Marieta Maglas

# The Fellowship Of Our Life

We live in the Spirit.  
He holds our hands  
and guides every event of our life...  
How beautiful is this God that  
works in his ways, not ours  
while seeking what is the best  
for his children...  
Our hearts are circumcised within us.  
Through the fellowship of our life,  
this love of God is like a river  
flowing indefinitely  
between the grace streams of Christ,  
flowing down and air up  
into and from the spirit of our being  
for the eternity of our souls  
with every prayer.  
Knowing what we now know about  
the circumcision of Christ's heart,  
we can reach the Light.  
We have fellowship with one another.  
The blood of Jesus  
cleanses us from all sin.  
Blood and tears for  
true and eternal Light,  
which illuminates and sanctifies  
our inner-self in transformation-  
the truth of our "self"; through  
a deeper inner wisdom.  
An inner evolution of the mind,  
heart and soul  
is the baptism  
in the Holy Spirit by faith.  
The heart is that place where  
this Holy Ghost lurks-  
in the church's core  
from the very dawn of time.  
Indwelling Christ makes  
apostles for a new flow of teaching.  
Love and grace are dual

like the light.  
The kingdom of our Lord is like  
the sun and its rays-  
a miracle of healing.

Marieta Maglas

# The Flamenco Dance (Complex Poetic Form)

In a juerga there's nothing around  
But voices, flamenco guitars,  
Dancing bodies in moonlight,  
Vibrant gypsy dresses,  
Passion, obsessions,  
Bullfighter's blades,  
Silk shawls,  
Dancers,  
Capes.  
Old men have faces scorched and cracked,  
Flamenco women to attract,  
Like barks of olive trees in night.  
Shirts dazzle white in the moonlight.

Girls have boot heels and the roses,  
Men clench their teeth, step opposes,  
Hands clap and shout in a dance fight,  
Shirts dazzle white in the moonlight.

Guitars are beaten at high speeds,  
Castanets scratch the music's seeds,  
Rhythmic fingers snap air to bite,  
Shirts dazzle white in the moonlight.

Old men have faces scorched and cracked,  
Shirts dazzle white in the moonlight.

Hands becoming wings  
In their shadows on the wall,  
Red becoming black and  
Black becoming white,  
Motion vibrating the guitar's string,

Cubic movements of colors,  
In their dance,  
Shadowy wings becoming scarfs,  
Flamenco woman arching her body,  
Showing her passion...

From the soul to dissolve  
The dancing sounds detach  
From the soul to dissolve

When the movement they catch,  
They may change all around,  
The dancing sounds detach.

Drums and tambourines' sound,  
Exotic wrists and swirls,  
They may change all around.

The weightless grace makes girls  
Steal treasures from the air,  
Exotic wrists and swirls.

With beautiful black hair,  
Rise like birds, fall like leaves.  
Steal treasures from the air,

Having tricked up their sleeves,  
From the soul to dissolve,  
Rise like birds, fall like leaves  
From the soul to dissolve.

Spicy slippery steps  
Waiting for a clue,  
Picking up portions of pink  
Of hyper-femininity,  
Overflowing screwy sounds  
In heavy red chromesthesia,  
Morphing themselves into glamorous,  
Red feminine movements,  
Men looking like marble statues being alive,  
Seemingly cracking.  
Slowly diminishing their dancing rhythm,  
Steps cutting sweet sounds  
To hear the horn of some lost happiness.

Marieta Maglas

# The Flower's Scent-Sonnet

The orchid flower's scent for the queen moon's lightness  
Is like a love song about being far away!  
Or like a tender sight for a glaring blindness  
Or like a songbird chirping in the spring of May!

A Helen of Troy is the moon in her torment.  
She keeps the whole history in her inner sky.  
Don't blush her magic truth and the sweet flower's scent,  
Don't ever stir the scent of any opened lie.

The indifference and the hate usually can twist  
The beauty of the truth and love with a false tear.  
The flower's scent and the moonlight might not exist,  
But the truth's and love's sense will never disappear.

The real cruelty of any clever black heart  
Is to make his own blame be a real work of art.

Marieta Maglas

# The Ghostly Ship (Fantasy) -Triquatrain Poem

In the blue sky height, the red strange sun's waves of light  
Rend here and there the painful horizon making it be mobile.  
Touching the Southern Bight, they seem to reach the night,  
Making the sea be more empowered and more unable.

The sea waves transgress, the diaphanous moonlight is in a mess  
And cannot displace the waves of the strange horizon in the universe.  
The moon's whispers, nevertheless, can touch the sea with finesse.  
The stars are sky's tears, their light is really true in reverse.

At the horizon's frontiers, from another life, a ship appears  
To reach the ghostlike moonlit memories on the shoreline.  
The past sinks its fears into the inaudible music of the spheres.  
We're on that illusory ghostly ship and you are forever mine.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Gray Moon Rising

The moon rising  
from the water is not wet.  
Yet, it is like those  
wet, sitting stones  
that are beaten by the waves.  
Rising from that horizon,  
which looks like being mobile  
when it is made  
of wave-like shapes,  
this moon doesn't have algae,  
but it has memories of life.  
It can never be a shore stone  
waiting for an ending,  
while not thinking,  
not longing, and  
not dreaming any longer.  
But maybe this celestial body really  
sits on the shore of life  
when it becomes a  
a slender crescent  
and sends its light  
to those dreamers,  
who still need love.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Happy Woman (Rhyming Senryu)

In cosmos, our kin  
Have the rainbow on their skin.  
They live free from sin.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Highest Peak

Always been here  
In fact  
With you  
Entwining my name  
Forever  
With your many names  
In the frost of the highest peak.  
Unlocking all doors.  
When I leave the evil forever  
And I say "Nevermore and never again"  
Quietness comes and quietness passes off  
It is hang in the air  
Both in its own sense and in the opposite  
Words around it  
Like holes and stars.  
Very much like a destiny and an undestiny song  
When its sound is moved by the quietness  
Into quietness  
As a cry is moved by the wind  
Into its eco  
Forever  
When hope.

Marieta Maglas

# The Hospital (Bop Poetry)

By Marieta Maglas and Dr. Subhendu Kar

The moon gleams descend to rock the night, where  
the void of universe haunts the dreams, in which  
the music of nightmares glitters within yet without.  
The arm of silence is a limb of pain. The death is  
dancing with the life while keeping everything in white-  
the coats, the walls, the beds and the skin of patients.

Some rays of light make slalom among planets when their stars  
are pulsing spumes of life to travel from one end to another one.

The patients are like dancing skeletons needing love and  
air for a good new breath. Their nightmares are loaned  
by the void flounces and fear to fall. In this place, people  
do not fight one another. The fight is inside and in self. The  
fear hides behind the windows. It becomes a rabbit to jump  
into souls. The joy cries in pain to withstand the oddities  
of hope dissipates in quiet lounges to smell like  
illness, or cheap food and to flow into the longing to belong.

Some rays of light make slalom among planets when their stars  
are pulsing spumes of life to travel from one end to another one.

Some patients leave their beds to go nowhere in search of the  
grain of the universe. Mars is that red planet waiting at the green.  
The quest still persists to pursue all through this disastrous existence.  
The doctors are scared of not being able to save their patients with  
their kisses flossed on lips to radiate when the patients have attacks  
of not being able to breathe. Dreams desiccate the breeze of death.

Some rays of light make slalom among planets when their stars  
are pulsing spumes of life to travel from one end to another one.

Marieta Maglas

# The Ignored Place (Dadaist Poem)

The growing grass slopes were surmounted  
by the sky of death, by confused  
thoughts and by a smoking taking a deep,  
crouching breath, a greedy beast started  
to eat the  
were incessantly blowing shadows  
and a wind being emerged from them...

On a blind stitch of the night, the man was  
following his yellow horse.

His outstretched hand painted  
the horizon with gestures  
while waiting to be filled with famine  
driving through the naked reality became  
the cry of this wind. Feared to see  
and hoped to be

at the bottom of this unknown darkness with the levers  
of stars threatening the horizon, the sadness,  
and the itchy confidences.

As a foot stone, his motionless horse  
didn't seem to old man  
was talking alone  
about his wariness, about the depths,  
and about the night of memories.

With brooding gestures, he tried to understand  
the immensity of the unknown.  
He pointed a vague and ignored place  
populated by people.

The tabernacle wasn't accessible,  
nor was it locked to hide a crouching god,  
who wanted to bury his chin and his knees,  
while he was staring his eyes off.

Some gusts flurried through the branches.  
This wind could grow while  
the blown horizon constantly expanded.  
A new dawn started to revive the dead sky  
while huge flames were bloodying the darkness  
without clarifying the unknown.

The man lit a candle.

Marieta Maglas

# The Kreutzer Sonata

Puzzling, airborne males glowed

red, green, and yellow

like bathing in an excited polar sunlight

or like flashing spasmodically their mirrors~

femme fatale fireflies~

or like some Morse signals.

Hoped to be thrilled in unison

in an eye-blink,

on the highest peak

of the Great Smoky Mountains,

like those pure lights and darks

in contradistinction

played by Beethoven or

like those objects of love and hate

hindered by Tolstoy

in The Kreutzer Sonata.

Marieta Maglas

# The Last Cicada

The sadness scattered  
over the walls resonating  
                    with what was  
                    in the heart  
                    of the mountain.

No sound could be heard.  
A myriad of eyes belonging to cicadas  
were shrouded in mist.

A somewhat long-winded  
like a speech  
surrounded the sky.  
                    Maybe it was an echo,  
                    a sesquipedalian one.  
                    It wasn't breathless at all.

Nothing could have saved  
nature around.  
Neither of the forests,  
neither of the birds,  
and neither of the bears  
could survive.....  
                    Nothing more  
                    could have been done.

All the moving peaks became  
small stones, as solitary  
as the moon,  
                    at the fugitive horizon.  
                    The last cicada  
                    disappeared.

Everything became motionless.  
There were only the shadows  
of the trees  
to follow the sunbeams.  
The nature game  
turned detrimentally  
into a disaster.

In an illuminated city,  
a man bought  
a lovely bouquet of red roses  
wanting to bestow  
what it is considered to be  
a symbol of romance.

This man needed  
to express his love  
and to let his woman know  
how he feels about her.

This man disappeared.  
He was the last one.  
Nothing could have saved him.

Nothing more  
could have been done.

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Marieta Maglas

# The Learning Curve

My eyes can see  
The light curve and the variations in light intensity  
From the binary stars.  
The time becomes a phase.  
I touch with my soul  
The curve of love between us  
Ephemerally being, I still believe in eternal.  
I carry the new life.  
The curve of love, like a painful river  
Between death and life  
I can swim in its water of faith and piety  
To reach the understanding.  
We are getting old  
And all we can do  
Is to deep-freeze our memories.  
We learn to love.  
Catholic and Orthodox,  
Pentecostals and Baptists,  
We learn that only love can change our souls,  
We learn to become eternal.  
I see the curve of the rainbow,  
When the water droplets of the rain  
Sent out colors at different angles.  
The water droplets are prisms, my eyes are prisms.  
I understand why God made a promise  
To the people  
That 'never again shall there be a flood to destroy the earth.'  
Making the rainbow the sign of His covenant.  
And we ought to do the same thing- to make promises to God.  
Between the light, curve decomposed into rainbow colors  
And the mobile marine blue curve of the horizon,  
God's tears  
Falls to earth for our life.  
I let the soul soar to the High,  
And I remove the sin blocks that keep me stuck.  
I understand the primordial sin.  
I know that we are descendants  
Of Adam and Eve,  
But we are also

God's sons and daughters.  
I understand the learning curve.

Marieta Maglas

# The Legend Of Santa Claus

Refrain:

The legend of our sweet Santa Claus  
In December begins  
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws  
Make sounds of reindeer twins.

Santa had another noted name,  
He was a simple man  
Called Nicholas living for no fame.  
He was a Christian.

His parents died, when he was still young,  
In a village of Greece.  
Thinking of Jesus, his thoughts he strung  
To help poor kids in peace.

Refrain:

The legend of our sweet Santa Claus  
In December begins  
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws  
Make sounds of reindeer twins.

Under Diocletian he became  
Bishop in a mission.  
He was imprisoned and put to shame.  
He changed the tradition.

In time, St. Nicholas' life and deeds  
Have become a story.  
He was a helper of those in needs,  
A man in the glory.

Refrain:

The legend of our sweet Santa Claus  
In December begins  
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws  
Make sounds of reindeer twins.

Nicholas became Dutch Sinter Klass,

But children changed his name.  
The Bishop's red cloak changed with time's glass  
In clothes for Santa's fame.

On that day, kids wait for him to come  
In spirit of giving,  
The Christmas tree looks no longer glum  
And it looks like living.

Refrain:

The legend of our sweet Santa Claus  
In December begins  
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws  
Make sounds of reindeer twins.

Down the chimney comes Papa Noel  
Quite slipping and sliding.  
From his sky with reindeer and sleigh bells  
Just gnashing and gliding.

Spreading stardust glittering at night  
He brings presents for kids,  
They pray and sing in the Divine Light.  
Then, to sky his sleigh skids.

Refrain:

The legend of our sweet Santa Claus  
In December begins  
Up on the rooftops, when eight strong paws  
Make sounds of reindeer twins

Marieta Maglas

# The Libyans

Libyans demanding Gadhafi's ouster rallied to show their honest solidarity  
With the people of the besieged capital marching without any coercive command  
Under a hail of bullets, while the government moved to tighten its grip on Tripoli.

Gadhafi's troops attacked an air base that had fallen into the rebellion's hand.

Foreign mercenaries and Libyan militiamen loyal to Gadhafi had fought  
To roll back the uprising against his rule, attacking two nearby great cities,  
But rebels made new gains, seizing another military air base and Gadhafi have  
thought

That Osama bin Laden must be blamed for these upheavals and adversities.

The government had detained some activists to stop the demonstrators to go on,

Seif al-Islam Gadhafi had warned the protesters of risk to ignite a civil war,  
The speech was followed by a crackdown of Benghazi security forces, who fired  
on

Manifests and marchers because they couldn't accept that situation any more.

The protesters throwing firebombs and stones had gotten on bulldozers and tried

To storm a presidential compound in order to achieve their fighting goal,  
The attempt was repulsed by the armed forces in the compound which fired  
On attackers and soldiers killing them, but at least the rebels have taken control.

The rebels have taken control of nearly the entire eastern half of the country,

As well as the cities close to Gadhafi's stronghold in the Tripoli capital.  
Protesters have broken the clampdown pro-Gadhafi militiamen imposed on Tripoli

And the gunmen roaming the street, shooting people on sight, have been very  
brutal.

The U.N. The Security Council met to consider any possible sanctions against  
Gadhafi's

Regime, including an arms embargo and other important trade sanction.

France considered that the violence of pro-Gadhafi forces must be punished

And Libya's 11-member Arab League mission also announced its resignation.

Marieta Maglas

# The Meaning Of Our Love (Villanelle)

Maybe we couldn't understand the meaning of our love or so,  
Maybe we couldn't find each other in our world of two and  
Love itself ceased to be, 'cause it had no sense to glow.

Love made sense for both of us, but we didn't let it flow,  
Though we could let it flow, but we didn't give it a chance, and  
Maybe we couldn't understand the meaning of our love or so.

Maybe the senses of our love were intermingled and we didn't know,  
But we knew it, when we touched our angry bodies, we knew that  
Love itself ceased to be, 'cause it had no sense to glow.

Then, we letted our love madness be a big bubble growin' to blow,  
That kind of madness making us be drinkers of our own delusions, and  
Maybe we couldn't understand the meaning of our love or so.

We understood the dyin' meaning of those delusions in our live show.  
They have been dissolved into sorrow until our separation, and  
Love itself ceased to be, 'cause it had no sense to glow.

Now, when we drive with time machine on the old age o' the snow,  
'Tis too late to search each other in our world of two, and  
Maybe we couldn't understand the meaning of our love or so,  
Love itself ceased to be, 'cause it had no sense to glow.

Marieta Maglas

## The Mermaid (Quatern Poetry)

In the Red Sea, you were my lonely king of salt,  
You were my beautiful statue made of basalt.  
On the sea shore, dominating the yellow land,  
You were my statue representing the king of sand.

Your body was looking as it was tattooed with smalt.  
In the Red Sea, you were my lonely king of salt.  
At the water high waves' mobile horizon  
I was a mermaid, caught in your love's prison.

I swam to the surface, sometimes, to see you.  
You were on your ship, at the dawn's purplish blue.  
In the Red Sea, you were my lonely king of salt.  
I had your beautiful statue, made of basalt.

I paid to get rid of my tail and to become a woman,  
Because I wanted you to be my lover and my man.  
You disappeared and your wreck was anchored in Galt,  
In the Red Sea, you're my lonely king of salt.

Marieta Maglas

# The Mirror Of The Truth

A bleeding cloud  
envisioned into the mirror  
of a water-eye  
is like a face losing its lines,  
or like a flower withering in  
a falling field.

The wind developing breasts  
among three limbs of a tree  
is like an ancient, African, tribal woman  
dancing in a wedding ceremony,  
while seeking for cheerfulness.

In reality, there are only

a cloud nascent to rain,  
an eye-opening to peek the luminousness,  
and a tree fighting to save  
its own flowers.

Due to the mirrors,  
everything looks like being  
always complete, but  
this exhaustiveness can be real or not.

In the mirror of the aqua,  
never the sky can be itself, and  
never its pearls can be extant.

In the mirror of a lie,  
maybe the truth looks like verity,  
nevertheless, it may never be a certainty.

But, in the Holy mirror,  
The Lord is human and  
the human being is divine,  
and our hearts can be candles  
lightning love for our Lord.

Marieta Maglas

# The Moon-Haiku

It is the moonlight,  
Which captivates me so much.  
It's a strong embrace.

Marieta Maglas

# The Mud Volcano Lusi

The world's largest mud dome, also called the mud volcano,  
Is located in Sidoarjo, a regency in Indonesia and it is very active  
It had erupted also on twenty nine Mays, only five years ago  
Now it gushes forty Olympic pools each day being very massive.

A mud dome emits helium, nitrogen, usually belches of flammable gas  
Through a deepening lake of hydrocarbon fluids, acid water and sludge.  
The temperature is as low as the freezing point for its fast-moving mass  
It's associated with petroleum deposits looking like dark brown smudges.

The creeks transport amounts of sediment to rivers which flow into the ocean.  
This time the Indonesian volcano displaced thirteen thousand families.  
For saving their lives they had to leave their home being forced to run  
They needed to escape, because the volcano showed an increased activity.

This volcano eruption will drop to a manageable level in twenty six years,  
And Lusi will continue to gush gray mud until it will turn into a bubbling volcano,  
And the processes erosion will begin to bevel the mountain but until that the  
tears  
People will not stop for those who were killed after Lusi erupted five years ago.

All these years the volcano Lusi, situated in Sidoarjo regency, East Java  
Can become highly destructive, even it can sweep up almost everything  
Even it is likely to gush gray cold or hot mud instead of usual lava  
Thousands of people living there can die or leave without saving anything.

Lusi's staying power and its lake of mud has smothered twelve villages  
To an incredible depth of up to fifty feet and just in the middle of this new lake  
There is one hundred and sixty four feet real vent and it is not a mirage.  
Even it wasn't specified this time that Yogyakarta was hit by another nearby  
earthquake.

The cause of the volcanic eruption which occurred five years ago was debatable.  
Maybe an earthquake caused it, or maybe it was due to drilling a well in the  
zone.

The Indonesian government blamed the eruption on an earthquake which is  
contestable

Foreign experts said Lapindo Brantas didn't use the protective casing for its  
section.

Mud and gas accumulates when sea sediments are trapped in subduction zones. The mud eruption is a hybrid between typical mud volcanoes and hydrothermal vents.

So, one tectonic plate slides under another, and can erupt out of volcanic cones from a crack in the ground and this way mud volcanoes have burst on all continents.

Sixty six years ago an earthquake in Pakistan generated a tsunami very destructive

And caused the eruption of a mud volcano on the Makran Coast, in the Sindh region,

Which formed four islands, and everyone could see its gas flames while it was active

And could know about the petroleum deposits, methane, ethane and other hydrocarbons.

Marieta Maglas

# The Object Of Love

Love is not  
what we are calling an object.  
Yet, it is still an object.  
It has functions & variables.  
It is so fundamental  
in the sense  
of thinking  
and builds peace.

Missing love is a suffering lion,  
extended vowels  
in the absence of The Lord.

Love needs shapes  
to express itself —  
wide, heavy words.  
Sometimes, it continues  
beyond the limits  
in searching for happiness.  
Maybe happiness is  
a Bentham's principle,  
but not a dream-  
pleasures, pains, sexuality, morality.

It is hedonistic when it doesn't let us  
realize what we ought to do  
in order to be  
what we need to be.

Love is an object  
needing a language  
to scream for freedom,  
that kind of freedom giving  
identity.  
It is so ontic in the hands  
of God  
and makes us be children again-  
His children.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Picture

She descended from the picture  
to sit down on her  
empty chair.  
Her geographic tongue  
kept silence.  
She was in the middle  
of nowhere. Her  
cubic dreams  
dissolved in the reality of her  
fashionable loneliness - a mask.

In the still air,  
a bird like a huge cross  
made of icy love brought  
transparency.

She took her personal diary  
and started to jot down  
phrases about  
a life in pieces. Some old words  
that have been  
deposited there  
looked like those dried leaves  
of any herbarium.  
Her diary was not green at all  
while keeping safe  
her unique love, longing for a little life -  
two elementary cells  
subsiding into a  
biochemical contemplation,  
seeds growing  
in the humungous womb  
of the earth  
to become  
future flowers.

On the retina of her eyes,  
lost worlds

were still existent,  
still green.

She looked into the mirror  
to see the unseen.  
She understood her death.

She would leave that space to go  
somewhere where  
she could hope against hope  
to find a little happiness.  
She would go, but  
she did not.  
She disappeared  
into the picture.

Marieta Maglas

# The Polish Kiss

In a dreamy field with dark blue irises,

Her lips are like falling, flying beetle wings.

In his blue eyes, sadness sinks and hope rises.

Over the life bridge, the bell of marriage swings.

In the flower-filled wind, as high is his thought

As near is his feeling to the heart of love.

Flapping skywards, the dark spirits come to naught.

So sunny the sky, here flies the white winged dove.

With his long black hair and his beautiful chest,

He is a Polish king in their wedding bed.

His ringed hand swings the paradise of her breast.

From their bed, so far is the moon and so red.

Their thoughts into the vast infinity slip,

Into the flowers' seeds; untouched sutured wounds

In forgotten memories flutter and clip.

Prayers from afar do flow to the red lips' sounds.

She wakes up from dreams; the irises have grown.

Her vibrating horizon is forsaken-

A love so near that her heart has never known.

Knows now who she is, from her dream, awakened.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Power Of Abdullah King

In Ma'an, a bleak desert town which is situated  
In the southern part of the beautiful Jordan,  
The plague of poverty and the high unemployment  
Is remotely felt from the wonderful capital, Amman.

Ma'an has discontent swirls in some living room conversations  
Which are especially expressed on its main street,  
Because its people have sparked some protests and demands  
For new reforms to determine the political power to defeat.

The protestants want to limit the power of Abdullah King  
Who wields in this country the supreme authority.  
The oppositionists of demonstration want to have everything  
So they gathered for this monarch some pledges of their loyalty.

This monarch has counted on the support of the Bedouins  
Who had formed in the past his regime backbone.  
But the protester's rancor is rife being fueled over mountains  
By the unrest across the Arabs and this is very well known.

In Ma'an, the anti-government riots have been erupted  
For a while, now their style to talk is very different.  
'Cause the government and the royal court are corrupted  
And the authorities are still extremely indifferent.

A sheikh said that the king holds all the authority  
In his own hand even this authority must be limited.  
He has broad executive powers and political immunity  
Because the denunciation of the monarch is banned.

Jordan people wanted a new constitutional monarchy  
Which could be extremely similar to the British one,  
But this would affect the political balance leading to anarchy  
Marouf al-Bakhit talked about this balance, and it wasn't fun

At all because the constitutional amendments granting  
The monarch's additional powers still need to exist.  
And the idea which has been promoted very vehemently  
By the opposition leaders had finally to be dismissed.

There were some impressionable changes that would produce  
A cabinet drawn from their political parliamentary majority  
But a bunch of thieves who was looking out for own business  
Interests had surrounded the life of Abdullah's royal family.

So, no change can produce a cabinet drawn from the king's  
The appointment of the prime minister, an important person said,  
While a bunch of thieves doesn't care about the interests of  
The most poor citizen, who really need to eat their bread.

A queen, who is a very important ambassador  
For Jordan country abroad, is merely accused  
Of interfering in some official appointments  
Even for this interviewer she has no excuse.

This queen, who is mediating the Arab relations  
As ambassador to Jordan abroad, is merely accused  
Also of receiving foreign funding for some foundations  
Which ran out without public oversight and without excuse.

An extremely strong bond, although still remains  
Between the local tribes and the ruling Hashemit family.  
A strife between the Palestinians and Jordanians  
Which can take place soon will destroy their solidarity.

The removal of Hashemit family can lead  
To a power struggle making the people to groan.  
A civil strife can destroy the solidarity between  
The tribes, if the monarchy is overthrown.

Marieta Maglas

# The Powerful Japan Earthquake

Because one Tectonic plate was sliding under the other plate  
The powerful Japan earthquake shifted the earth's axis position  
Deforming it and that temblor already had caused the earth to rotate  
Faster than before when Hawaii reached these wave transmissions.

This temblor may have affected the length of the Earth's days  
So, each day may be quite two microseconds shorter than before.  
Some parts of this country were moved twelve feet as scientists say,  
The tremors sent a monster tsunami which slammed into the shore.

The aftershocks were rapidly continuing without decreasing in frequency  
While a rupture near the boundary between those tectonic plates occurred.  
Usually, the Pacific plate slowly moves to westwards at a very low velocity.  
This quake was caused by Pacific and American plates boundary rupture.

The dissipation of the heat from the mantle was a real source of energy  
For Pacific plate thrusting underneath the Japan and Eurasia plate.  
This drive of plate tectonics was possible because of the excess density,  
'Cause lithosphere became dense by cooling until having a solid state.

The boundary between the Australian and Pacific tectonic plates  
Are part of the 'Ring of Fire' and runs from south of Fiordland  
Along the line of the Southern Alps, beneath wonderful Cook Strait,  
Capital of Wellington, and out to sea through the eastern North Island.

A section of the prehistoric supercontinent Gondwana broke away  
Eighty million years ago comprising a few slivers of land left to drift  
Coalescing into a new continent, Zealandia, under the Southern sun's ray.  
When magma heated continental crust above to crack open to form a rift.

Due to seismic activity, sea levels temporarily fluctuated looking so glum  
Zealandia sank beneath sea level letting New Zealand to be a remnant.  
The pressure of opposing tectonic plates caused the Alpine Fault to come.  
The Southern Alps rose above the water looking like the moon's crescent.

The earth's surface is recycled through the volcanic emission and subduction.  
The quake can be caused by a rupture near the boundary between the plates.  
The causes are higher the level of carbon dioxide and sometimes eroding,  
But when the rupture is big, it can become a real monstrous Hell's gate.

The Pacific plate had thrust underneath Japan and in a lot,  
It dipped beneath the Eurasia plate and the earthquake occurred along  
The subduction zone at the interface between those two tectonic plates.  
Two thousand people died because the earthquake was very strong.

The Pacific plate moves usually westwards at a very slow velocity.  
The boundary between the Pacific and Australian Plate runs broadly  
Along New Zealand, where another quake occurred with a strong ferocity,  
While the planet is on a one-way warming trend triggered by human activity.

Marieta Maglas

# The Primordial One

The Primordial One is immanent, while He's never transcendent  
And this existent world, at the beginning, was only His vision.  
The Lord has Been to create his vision-world without lightweight  
In this real world of Becoming, with His meticulous precision.

At the beginning, we were His imagination; we were a reason for creation  
And, only for being with Him, He made us, in time, to become so real.  
Tower of Babel wasn't an illusion when people suffered tongues confusion,  
God isn't an illusion in our perfection when His plans He wants to reveal.

We are in our Apollinian illusion when we think that God means confusion  
And our own perfectionism we try to reach in the mean time.  
But in the reality of our Apollinian confusion, God is no longer an illusion.  
In this age of Being and in this agony of Becoming, His sublime.

To reach our perfection, we sing a hymn, we need to be with Him,  
Because when we are not with Him, we are in the illusion of Being.  
Without transmogrifying us, to transfigure Him, sometimes, we have a whim,  
Because we need to understand our illusory own perfection in wellbeing.

We try to put ourselves in His place, in order to understand His grace  
We need the Dionysian illusion of Being to experience the world we know.  
In both Dionysian and Apollinian illusions, we jump to our conclusions.  
We are illusory Primordial Beings creating our Apollinian powerful show.

I am this person staring back from His mirror at me, I want existent to be.  
I want to identify this image with myself and to realize who I really am.  
Because of my sins, I lost my serenity, I have a sense of my mistaken identity.  
I was His dream, I am His child and for saving me He sent me His lamb.

Everyone is dreaming, but it seems that no one really believes in dreams.  
One by one we need to wake up out of our own illusions of self.  
The world of minds is the God's mental projection, it has interconnection.

Without this major pervasive reality, the world did not exist in itself.

The sufferings of the people can be in some an illusory space, having no grace,  
And they live in their own world of solely material realities without restricting.  
Others believe in the world, which is non-physical and it's essentially spiritual,  
They need a mental, spiritual and moral dimension to life, without conflicts.

Marieta Maglas

# The Primordial One (Triquatrain Poem)

The Primordial One is immanent. His realm is in the ascendant.  
This existent world, at the beginning, was only His vision.  
Firstly, The Lord created his vision-world, maybe not for judgment  
In this real space of Becoming using a high precision.

Initially, we were His imagination and a reason for creation.  
Mainly for being with Him, in time, He made us become so real.  
Babel's Tower was a desolation; speaking in tongues means revelation.  
God is real in our imperfection, our souls He wants to heal.

We experience an Apollinian illusion leading to a nihilistic delusion  
And the words' perfectionism we try to reach in the meantime,  
But regarding that Apollinian confusion, God has always a solution.  
While making the sacrifice for Becoming a Being, He is sublime.

To reach our perfection, we sing hymns to be heard by Him,  
Because when we are not with Him, we are in the illusion of Being.  
Without transmogrifying us, to transfigure Him, we have a whim,  
Because we need to understand our illusory perfection in wellbeing.

People need to find the Holy place in order to understand His grace,  
But they have a Dionysian tendency to adopt the world they know.  
No Apollinian illusion could replace our loving Father's embrace.  
People had a delusive part of existence to create an Apollinian show.

God is my mirror staring back at me and I want existent to be.  
In His self-image, I can identify myself to understand who I am.  
I was a sinner while trying to be free, but He saved me.  
I was His dream, I am His child prepared to follow His Lamb.

Everyone is dreaming, but how many really believe in dreams?  
One by one, we need to get rid of our illusions about self.  
On wavered, Holy streams, we search for our own extremes.

Without this major pervasive reality, the world cannot exist in itself.

The sufferings of the people may be illusory spaces that bring disgrace.  
In the same way, the matter of this world is the reality of constraints.  
This world has also a non-physical grace which is Heaven's face.  
Peaceful people need moral dimension to live without conflicts.

Marieta Maglas

# The Prisoner Of His Conscience (Story Poem About Some Kind Of Freedom)

He was very poor and he decided to marry a rich woman.  
He got money but, in time, he has become a sad man.  
To live a life without children, they had a perfect plan.

One day, he saw a widow walking down the street; 'It's late',  
He told her calmly and asked her to save him from his sad fate.  
He didn't know why he felt to touch her while trying to get a date.

He was surprised when she confessed her crying Coeur  
About being a mother of three children and being very poor.  
She had to work as a housemaid at a loudmouthed boor.

He understood her suffering and to help her was his concern.  
He talked with her about giving and getting nothing in return.  
He thought never to dishonor her acting to help her raise her children.

"I've left the love of my life to marry a woman I do not love.  
I'm so unhappy, " he told her while looking at the stars above.  
He said that he had tried to divorce wanting the whole world to rove.

He wanted to love the widow and to take care of her needs.  
Certainly, he would become an adoptive father of her kids.  
He told her, "when I see that you suffer, I can't I let down my eyelids."

His wife didn't want to divorce, but she left him on his demand.  
He married the widow and found their fate in a far away land,  
After committing the suicide, his first wife was found on the sand.

He went to her funeral, but her death couldn't be subjected to annoyance.

He has begun to scream releasing something deeper and fierce  
Without his wish, he released the prisoner of his conscience.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Rain

There is a sounding rain  
falling down on the waves of the sea.  
There is a water singing.  
There is a wet song.  
There are wet ears  
hearing this.  
There is a wet feeling of love  
developing in the  
amniotic sac of the spiritual womb  
and needing to be born  
within both of us.

Marieta Maglas

# The Rainbow Of Sounds

This twilight sky  
Is like an indigo-orange symphony,  
In which the light is absorbed  
To be decomposed in corpuscles.  
It may be ours until we die.  
I may be your tree-woman, a Ginkgo,  
That Ginkgo has a stony trunk  
And pure violet spiritual eyes  
To look at you,  
While the leaves are trembling  
Their green sound.  
Slowly, you may become my tree-lover-man,  
While a star in the universe is dying for our love.  
I may feel that force aspiring the quanta of light  
Near you.  
Come and be my black infinity,  
While this earth is cracking its crust  
From time to time  
And especially now  
As at any end of the time.  
Wind is your embrace,  
Next to this field of Nepal poppies trembling their hypnotic  
Red melodious shadow  
And near this ripe wheat field  
Loudly shaking its tired yellow.  
The wind is crazy singing and dancing around.  
I seemingly hear some astral blue songs.  
It's like a jazz blues chord progression.  
Our leaves cling to its long hair.  
I feel the rainbow of sounds,  
I feel this love.

Marieta Maglas

# The Rising Moon

Above the ocean,  
the moon is not wet.  
Yet, it is compared to those  
soaked stones being  
incapable of moving  
when they're beaten  
by the waves.

This jammed planet rises  
above what we imagine  
it's a range of vision,  
but acquires no more than  
a toadyish sense of perspective-  
a congested outlook on  
our breathing earth and on life  
more often than not.

This moon doesn't have algae,  
but it has memories of  
what we mean by  
intelligent artefacts-  
stones left on shore  
to wait for a kind of wind-up,  
while not hoping,  
not screaming for help, and  
not dreaming any longer.

Only the poets still thirst  
for what's beyond the full moon-  
the dark side.  
They need some imagination  
to twist around  
everything they cannot see,  
but it's quite perceivable.

Poem by Marieta Maglas



# The Robin Bird Of The Early Spring

With wimpling wings,  
while winking its eyes to weep,  
in the downing dawn's blue ink  
of the springing spring,  
and while swirling from the nature's swing  
to sway, or to rock  
the night's ring,  
and to reach out without fallin',  
it leaves the garden forthwith,  
right in the light to fight  
the last winter's wind.

Marieta Maglas

# The Robot

The intelligent robot having  
green eyes  
doesn't understand  
the sense of the human perfection.  
He tries to catch the meaning of the lies.  
He needs a goal, and  
he knows that he's existent.

Marieta Maglas

# The Roses' Scent (Sonnet)

The rose's scent for the royal highness  
Is like red for some Yorks running away  
Forever to live in his white blindness  
His throne being lost in the spring of May.

In oblivion, Elizabeth had bent  
Her strange memory, while wanting to cry.  
Don't blush her shame and the white rose's scent  
Don't stir the scent of any open lie.

The indifference and the hatred twist  
The power of the queen into a pawn,  
'Cause the tear of the roses still exist,  
When we search for it early in the dawn.

The cruelty of any slick black heart  
Is to make a blame of any work of art.

Marieta Maglas

# The Sacred Tree (Villanelle)

Bright feelings of love fall from the sacred tree,  
Memories are time limbs coming from the past,  
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Kisses feed my hunger for your bel esprit  
And rock us to heights in this basic contrast.  
Bright feelings of love fall from the sacred tree.

Come dance with me in the thoughts' ring to be free.  
The rays of dream shine through the room's pain to last.  
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Open your eyes to this mystery to see  
These seconds, coming into a sense, so fast.  
Bright feelings of love fall from the sacred tree.

Feelings are flowers to make a potpourri.  
We are small in this immensity so vast.  
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Someday, you will bounce your baby on your knee.  
In the broken horizon, dreams will be passed.  
Bright feelings of love fall from the sacred tree.  
Whispered words are fruits picked up by you and me.

Marieta Maglas

# The Same Obedient Older Children (Villanelle- Song Poem)

There is the fifth day of December.  
The Saint brings us Holy gifts of love,  
Now, the fire is but smoke and ember.

Refrain:

My darling, wherever you may be,  
Come with blue bows for my Christmas tree!

This night, even the moon is limber,  
And Saint Nicholas comes from above.  
There is the fifth day of December.

Refrain:

My darling, wherever you may be,  
Come with blue bows for my Christmas tree!

Make me get sweet dreams to remember!  
These angels of love don't ever shove.  
Now the fire is but smoke and ember.

Refrain:

My darling, wherever you may be,  
Come with blue bows for my Christmas tree!

This waiting time and scents of amber!  
I need you as the hand needs its glove.  
There is the fifth day of December.

Refrain:

My darling, wherever you may be,  
Come with blue bows for my Christmas tree!

Come, breathe sweet kisses in our chamber!

Love flies around like a milk-white dove.  
Now the fire is but smoke and ember.

Refrain:

My darling, wherever you may be,  
Come with blue bows for my Christmas tree!

In our little house, made of timber,  
Angels come, great is the light thereof.  
There is the fifth day of December.  
Now the fire is but smoke and ember.

Marieta Maglas

# The Scream

## Screaming Mannequins

Eyes huddled in fear,  
that paralyzing fear in front of  
the bullets mercilessly sprayed,  
deeply sprayed by some cruelty,  
which is fed up  
with a lot of victims,  
those defenseless victims of hate,  
a dreadful hate,  
which is fed up with a little love  
as well as  
a little pleasure can be fed up with a lot of pain,  
that extreme pain,  
which embellishes the madness,  
a round and seemingly nonexistent madness being like  
a strange cold having  
many moisturized rosy-red, ,  
rosy-red ring-shaped patches  
associated with a giant Quincke swelling

and with a boisterous cooling noisy breath,  
that snorting breath like a groaning song,  
a love song for a dance of death,  
that painful death for all the hot puppets,  
beautiful puppets becoming cold wax mannequins,  
those mannequins screaming in their red rain  
of feelings,  
  
those red feelings coloring a few sad moments,  
cool moments of many winter fires  
those burning fires in the lost caves of shadows.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Seasons Of The Sun

I am in the shadow of that reality  
that will become existent.

I feel the solar spring  
when the glaciers  
continue to melt at the poles.  
The words are alive;  
they don't burn yet,  
but still, I prefigure their blistering heat.  
I do know that God is watching over us.  
He is watching over everything  
and over the disoriented people  
needing to find some love around  
when their hearts are  
empty or emptied.

Meanwhile, the sun orbits  
its own hot star;  
this rotation is egg-shaped;  
makes new spirals  
to blow the best out of it.

Meanwhile, the earth speeds through its  
northern summer quarter  
of its revolution.

In the summer of life,  
the liturgical Sundays  
become concave  
to bulge the thoughts outwardly.

'Tis green outside when the wind  
becomes a force to  
whip everything around.  
I hear the crunching gravel sounding  
around that Church of St. Peter  
where the people don't enter  
to laugh, but to listen to The Lord  
while the priest tries

to catch up with  
old words that have been ignored  
so many centuries.

These parishioners  
have always dreamed  
of hiking up a spiritual mountain  
to purify the true inner self.  
They gain a sense of each individuality,  
which is always unique.

From time to time, this earth is  
in the shadow of the sun-  
illuminated.  
'Tis not about that darkness  
belonging to those trees  
reflecting the mood of their forest.  
There, the mushroom grows up  
from a seed of self.  
Ban Chao Gang Moo unveils their secret.  
Ban Chao Gang Moo is not a forest.

People still try to mess with  
the powerful devil  
in the coming Apocalypse.  
This Apocalypse is hot, but not green.  
It is solar summer, not winter.

In winter, the glaciation comes.  
'Tis about that glaciation  
freezing everything,  
especially those waves  
"of the sea driven with the wind and tossed"-  
freezing, not igniting  
the shadow of the life.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Shadows Of The Trees (Kyrielle Poetry)

Ships at the horizon look black-white in the game  
Wet rocks through the crisp air reflect the sunset light.  
The sky painted in mauve spreads foamy clouds in flame  
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

In searching for the sea, which is so far away,  
And running over rocks, the river holds the night.  
The man is standing guard in waiting for the day  
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Behind the horizon, the sun is red like Mars.  
The moon embraces life, which looks like anthracite.  
The ancient years of light are coming from the stars  
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Some crackling, popping sounds are coming from a fire  
Sparkles shine in the deep pitch black sky of the night.  
The man makes his woman burn with true desire  
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

A river full of feelings flows in their embrace  
Illuminates their souls to reach the divine height.  
Lovers swim in their sea of happiness with grace  
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Confusions, fears, knowledge, courage, and wisdom are  
The threads of the couple in weaving thoughts to fight.  
The image of the town seems to rock very far  
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Out of this world of madness, searching for the day,  
Never finding their way back in the lost moonlight,  
Letting their mind be free to reach the milky way,  
The shadows of the trees remain forever white.

Marieta Maglas

# The Snapdragons

The sun burns the steps  
crush the red of the 's an  
incomprehensible mystery in the  
structure of the leaving  
sound drums the holy bell of light.  
It's an unbearable restlessness in  
the structure of and white  
snapdragons smother their preys.

Marieta Maglas

# The Snowman

The snowman doesn't know why  
The reasons are balanced perfectly by feelings ...

He was dealing last week with a snowstorm  
Wondering to know how many snowflakes could fall...

The snowman thinks of  
The pure joy of being alive .....

Now the rain comes down in trickles, melting the snow  
And he wants to let all the weight of life fall to the ground and become a part of it...

He shines like a porcelain now,  
And he knows that he has nowhere else to go.

He makes an effort to distinguish between  
These two incommensurable realms, nature and freedom...

He examines the black hearses spanning out of white  
He discovers the twilight sky, the rising sun, and this inconsequential world...

He understands that flourish of innocence and simplicity ....

He makes an effort to distinguish between  
His own immortality and his existence ....

The snowflakes begin to fall so softly upon his icy heart  
The gentle snowflakes begin to fall again...  
A blackbird begins to hang the darkness of the night

The whole world constitutes for him now a great ambiguity and elusiveness  
He remains tightly closed with his owner inside.....

Significantly, the night begins to kill the day's seconds...

He makes an effort to distinguish between  
The ineliminable inputs of external and internal sensations...

He begins to have his own consciousness.

Marieta Maglas

# The Space

Eternity of the initial space  
Creating space in space  
Needing space to create space  
Creating initial space.

Marieta Maglas

# The Stone

A stone rolling herself from a mountain peak apparently falls. Actually, she seeks the deep meaning of life. She ends by sinking to become river rock memorizing the history of her fossil.

This stone has feelings. She feels the tears of time and the drops of rain. A river rock is cheerfully shining in the sunlight, but she's sad in the shadow of the mountain, melancholic

in the moonlit, and dreamy at night, especially when the river embraces her with his waves. This rock remains lonely in the dried up riverbed for a very long time to reflect on

her own existence. She is the same stone cracking, staying in the altar of sacrifice, or becoming the head of the corner, as Jesus said. But, sometimes, she may become a

symbol as a philosopher's stone or she may be the top of a pyramid. Regardless of her structure, she will never bend, and she will never change her being because a stone will

always remain a part of the mountain from which she was detached.

Marieta Maglas

# The Swelling

And if my long kiss could burn your lips,  
Then you would allow the lack of words  
To be jammed between us,  
As a swelling,  
By forming a ghostly wall,  
Which would get higher  
Step by step  
And day by day  
Until it would reach the sky,  
And certainly the Heaven,  
Where The Lord would understand them.

Marieta Maglas

# The Taste

It's the taste you place on my wishes,  
So I wish to taste you.  
And you grab my thoughts  
Until I begin to understand  
That you are a man.  
And that understanding  
Nourishes belonging.  
But your mouth  
Will never say those words.

Marieta Maglas

# The Toy

This comfort object is  
a physical object.

His mother gave him  
this object long time ago.  
He knows, now, that  
it is only a security blanket,  
but this object provides him a little psychological comfort.  
He wants to touch this object,  
but he realizes that  
it belongs to another space.

He enters this transitional space.

For the first time in his life,  
he sees the first 'not he',  
an illusion,  
an image of himself in the mirror.

He has to adapt to this situation  
as he adapted to other situations  
so many times.

He realizes that he has been always  
an object,  
a toy,  
a baby of his mother.

He and his mother have been a whole.

This physical object is  
a creature  
having a funny name and  
reminding him the childhood period.

This creature is a symbol  
for a happy time.  
He needs to relieve his anxieties.

It is a bit of a mental and physical shock his car accident.

He even doesn't know if he's alive or not.

He's going to sleep,  
but all he really wants is  
to visit Antarctica.  
He has never been there.

He feels so far away from his mother.

He heard that she died  
in the car accident,  
that car,  
which was driven by him.

He wouldn't do that.

He has always felt his mother as an extension of himself.

He heard that the white polar bears can be relocated to Antarctica.  
He needs his polar bear plush toy now.

This toy is a comfort object.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# The Vibration

My sight chipped out the clouds  
from the sky. My eyes became  
so expressive for you. The clouds  
were, in fact, your thoughts having  
the polarity of love. This love of ours  
was, in fact, a 'sweet slavery'. We  
were searching for our rainbow of  
dreams, we were searching for our  
color of happiness. Sometimes,  
I'm so tired with you, living between  
the meanders of your soul. I'm  
so tired that I need to cry. The  
vibration of your voice becomes  
a tear at dawn. Then, love seems  
to explode inside of us. This  
explosion is like a sunrise. I  
expect The Divine to sit nicely  
there, in the depth of our souls  
and to flow brightly as the  
water flows on mountain rocks.

Marieta Maglas

# The Victim

She saw people praying and using the violence in the name of religion at the same time, while no religion is preaching violence. She understood that this kind of violence was too conflicting for peace, and yet too diplomatic for war. Thus, that violence, no solution had; nor never none. She thought those

people lived in black light having blind eyes not seeing the reality of life. She had to accept that this wicked goodness and this pretty badness belong to our reality, so vixen-like, vexing and hiding so many victimless crimes. Suddenly, she realized that she could be a new victim. She started to run while wondering where her safe place was.

She was better than to expect to be caught. She understood her fear, that fear led to frightening thoughts, those thoughts leading to panic, that panic leading to derealization. She looked around trying to recognize the place. She felt worried because she couldn't see very well. She searched to make a sword of everything around, but quickly after that, she thought of the swords as the

weapons of warriors; she was not a warrior, she was a victim. She started to give praise with idle tears, to give praise with wisdom, to give praise to deep despair. She asked herself if God was there to hear her, over those ravages of war overwhelmed by the natural catastrophes and over the ludicrous effect of their transformation into nothing. She, firstly, believed her religious man was a fighter

against the enemies of God to conclude that he was an enemy of the real fighters for God. This man was her husband learning in time to beat her body and to hurt her soul. She saw herself as a little bleeding part of this world wondering to know if her man was still the man she had fallen in love with once, or he was an illusion. She stopped her run to sit on the ground. She began to pray, hoping that God was there to hear her and to bring a new light

to her crying reality. She stayed there to think how much a rose could describe a flower, how much a flower could describe a woman, and how much the feminine could describe many things concluded that no feminine thing can break this life down. She asked herself, "What can happen to this world in the absolute absence of the feminine? " She found herself an innocent person dreaming in a new world without violence.

Marieta Maglas

# The Wall

We conceived a black wall  
in our white space  
to create two disparate worlds, where  
you and I  
could live independently.  
'Twas an inward wall of human infliction,  
almost invisible from the outside.

We were husband and wife,  
but separately, we sought the same knowledge.

We had been winnowing  
this true sorrow  
in spite of love  
until we realized that  
we could not live without love any longer.  
Wisdom would have no sense  
if we  
could really and  
permanently fall  
in emptiness.  
Therefore, we accepted that  
it was beneficial  
to be  
together  
again, again.  
We decided  
that  
we had to break down  
the wall we had built  
some time ago.  
Meanwhile, the wall  
has become  
white  
and the spaces  
have become black.  
We tried to break it down,  
but we understood  
that

it belonged solely to Almighty.  
Hence, we asked God to demolish it,  
and He installed  
a window  
in the wall  
for us to be able to see each other.  
We were so surprised  
and terrified while  
gazing  
at each other,  
thus we couldn't even recognize ourselves.  
At least, we assumed that we had a weird,  
almost impossible relationship.  
At that moment, we've asked God for a miracle,  
and God gave the miracle of tears.

Marieta Maglas

# The War

An invisible black hiatus of sadness,  
An eerie silence as an immense void,  
No beacon of hope in this sad badness,  
Hate leaving many spaces destroyed,

Bloody war taking up too much space,  
Victims stumbling on a rocky path of life,  
Curving fates shyly lifting with sad grace,  
Quantum love trying to dissipate the strife,

Cold death keeping the ideology of war,  
Winners covering themselves with glory,  
Dramatic consequences trying to ignore,  
Their thinking that becomes increasingly gory.

Marieta Maglas

# The Water

Like a tired eyelid was your deep last thought, or like an eye of water being darkened by a shadowing cloud. Like a tear and a stargazer lily smelled your

gaze. Like sadness and longing your last smile longed for love. You were my love embracing. Between me and Jesus, only you were my awakening, while you were in

leaving to be with Him through a last prayer. I followed you on the Way of Love as a prayer. God started to send His rain of grief from His heaven inside of us. I was able to

see you in that Light. How beautiful you were in that sense of life. He allowed me to hope this love would never end. I woke up alone. The rain was beating against my window.

Marieta Maglas

# The White City\*

I'm in the white city.

A dense fog

Disintegrates all my hopes.

There are people dreaming

Of nonexistent worlds.

There are disoriented people

Walking on the terminal's sidewalk.

There are lights turning on and off so erratically

In this white city.

There are hidden screams in the night

Covered by the heavy rain sounds,

That rain falling continuously

And monotonously.

In this white city,

The victims

Don't understand that they are victims, yet.

There are flowers,

There are fast food kiosks,

There are botanical gardens

With beautiful exotic trees,  
And there are horror movies in the theaters.  
As shadows emerging from the fog  
Are the last steps.  
There are steps searching each other  
And there are steps that are separated forever.  
The rain's sounds  
Vibrate the eye of the windows,  
Vibrate the burial stones,  
Vibrate the dreams,  
Those dreams  
About better days.  
Apparently,  
Someone screams  
In the white mist of the night.  
Maybe he's the victim of an aggression,  
Or maybe he's someone who has lost his love.  
Maybe it's just an echo...  
I'm in the white city  
And I'm searching for you in the darkness...

Marieta Maglas

# Theta State

A little space for my dreams  
Brain waves through time  
When they need to roar  
An ideation during  
A theta state  
So thundering and warm  
A little space with gleams  
Shining down upon all  
My dolefulnesses  
Ending all my confusions  
Relieving me  
Of my ashed hell of compulsions.

Marieta Maglas

# This Earth Is Cracking

In USA,  
There is a presidential election fight,  
Well, everything seems to be alright,  
It might be alright, everything seems tight,  
Sometimes, I dream of a red sky,  
The earth is cracking,  
I'm slowly dancing  
On your sweet love floor.

Turkey  
Sends bombs for free into Syria, on the other side,  
Well, it seems that nothing is more important than having pride,  
When Syrians in Turkey need to hide,  
I've never dreamt of a sky so red,  
The earth is cracking,  
I'm slowly dancing  
On your sweet love floor.

The Greeks  
Don't want to sell to Canadian consumers their gold,  
Well, it seems that in Canada it is very cold,  
Why is it so cold in Canada all the time and the gold isn't sold?  
I really dreamed of a huge red sun,  
The earth is cracking,  
I'm slowly dancing  
On your sweet love floor.

The world  
Is waiting for a new shift of magnetic poles,  
But, instead of this, the earth makes gigantic craters called sinkholes,  
Smart money makers lose the remote controls,  
I really had a multicolored dream,  
The earth is cracking,  
I'm slowly dancing  
On your sweet love floor.

Much more protesters  
Want to change their lives and their presidents.  
To feed their kids, they work 12 hours per day for a few cents,

It's something to think about, when life has no sense.  
I dreamed of a world having a little pink,  
The earth is cracking,  
I'm slowly dancing  
On your sweet love floor.

Marieta Maglas

# This Universe

I want to describe this universe.  
I want to say that I found it absolutely useless,  
More useless than the hidden green  
In the fecundity  
Of those flowers without petals,  
More frightening  
Than a snake  
Uselessly writhing  
Near the petrified image  
Of the Medusa,  
And more painful  
Than any frightening funeral kiss,  
But much more higher  
Than my thirst for knowledge,  
And much more deeper  
Than the whole ignorance,  
And much more profound  
Than the whole existence,  
And much more real  
Than all the truths I know,  
But never much more brighter  
Than the Divine Knowledge,  
And never missing much more happiness  
Than sadness misses.  
And never much more fundamental  
Than love.

Marieta Maglas

# Thoughts Of Unknowing (Complex Poetic Form)

Thoughts of unknowing and you dance me  
until I become the only movement... This tango undresses  
my feelings and I am stripped of all bad thinking  
to be enlightened. I am a Cartesian clear and distinct object  
on this pyramidal peak of the mountain, where  
the echoes trail off almost forever over the horizon.  
Let's sing, either with power, or with angels, or with freedom,  
naught else, nor no more songs, but a swing song,  
a prothalamium, which  
clearly,  
straightly,  
rightly,  
truly  
expresses nothing less than the clarity of our true feelings  
and nothing more than the rightness of our straight angles of view.  
There is the fullness of our love, where  
God is knowable, whether willful or involuntary.  
We can neither see still,  
solace still one another  
in our sufferings,

unless we are sadly stuck in His  
unending love cycle. There is, in fact,  
a cognitive itch  
and a divination using the human form  
while being alive,  
when life is not alive in its own sense  
except for the eternity.

We can be good people  
through this consciousness of ours,  
which is relentless and reflexive,  
especially when it becomes an object in itself.

I am not myself,  
I am only this reaction of mine  
in front of others  
like a doppelgänger in the mirror.

The more I feel the time passing  
the more I understand the eternity.

Yet turn, turn to live each second of no return.

There is no yellow horse in our dreams,  
neither is this golden ripe wheat field  
our land of freedom.

The sun still shines on every still green sunflower

Following it from east to west each day.

I 'm spellbound by

the swinging sonorous cadence

of the birds chirping on the pyramids

and on the peaks of the mountains.

Marieta Maglas

# Triple Boketto Poem

Victims have no place to stay;

Refugees are turned away,

When the night goes down today,

Nobody asks why.

Life is going by.

Kids need food to stay alive

And make effort to survive

Lost in blue.

How hard is it to live there?

All their new diseases are rare.

In this world wave of prayer,

Where the snakes can lie,

Life is going by.

The sands fall through the hourglass.

The hope withers like the grass

Lost in blue.

Behind the new concealed walls,

Near the sky and the wet falls,

The life dances the death's calls

To upturn the eye.

Life is going by.

The chaos can't rise above,

When the people search for love,

Lost in blue.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Tristesse (Ekphrastic Poetry)

Dying roses enliven  
the tristesse of the growing child.  
Lightened life turns blue.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Two Philosophical Poems

The Shadow of Conscience  
In the Divine Light, behind  
the conscience,  
there is its shadow being  
projected on a wall of the human  
rationality space and needing  
The Divine Revelation.

Still Questioning

John 5: 30

" I can do nothing of myself - It is impossible I should do any thing separately  
from my Father. As I hear - Of the Father, and

see, so I judge and do; A because I am essentially united to him. See #Joh 5:  
19|."

I found myself being  
your limb in self  
and being aware of it, but  
I still do not know  
what really this  
awareness means.  
I found myself  
in need of your  
answers about everything is right.  
I still do not know if I am a part of you  
in need of being my own faithful self  
nor do I know if I am my own self  
in need of being a part of you  
and Jesus.

Marieta Maglas

# Two Suns

Earth has long had its faithful sun emitting rays  
But what if we were to look out in the clear sky  
And see two suns instead of one on a bright day?  
What if this new sun will glamorize the human eye?

What if this sun will make the night a thing of the past  
'Cause the Betelgeuse star system will change very soon?  
This star has lost its fuel and it can't outlast  
Exploding in a conflagration like a balloon.

The light from Betelgeuse will reach the underworld  
There will simply be no night for a long period.  
God will be alone for creating His new world.  
Like in 'Theogony' written by great Hesiod.

In the middle ages people really thought  
That the sun rises always early in the night sky  
When mysterious events by the fate are brought  
And they were so afraid thinking that they could die.

One such bad event had occurred shortly before  
The Tunguska incident that it could have been caused  
By a meteorite, they loudly said "No more!"  
But the light over Britain a few hours lasted.

If the sun were to have an illuminating  
Companion for several weeks, we might forget  
And we might not have another understanding  
Of what the night means on our dear human planet.

It would mean that supernova actually happened  
Many years ago, as light can travel very fast

This event with prediction can be associated  
Would it be the end of the world like in the past?

.

Will there be two suns in our blue sky some day?  
Betelgeuse is quite enough to raise many eyebrows.  
But would it be the end of the world? Who can say?  
Anyway what I think it's that nobody knows.

Marieta Maglas

## Variable Reality(Postmodernist Poem)

I see my snowy steps disappearing into the snow. The coldness will swallow them.  
The wet wines the snow, wetter than any wine.

I am more involved in a sharp snowless stretch than I was ever. I forgot that I'm existent. I try to remember. A cloud is tossing its white to rain.

Nothing ever rains outside, everything rains inside. Everything is tossing firstly before raining. The trees always feel this. They are existent.

The trees need to be existent. This freezing rain is breaking the tree limbs. Their branches are encapsulated in glaze ice. I need my steps back.

I hear a song coming from the coffee house. There is a coffee stain on my right shoe. I take a taxi to go nowhere. This rain falls down over the snow blanket.

The snow is existent until it becomes a bed for the falling rain. I can be existent as long as I'm not cold. This rain is not a tropical one, and I cannot care less.

There is something moving toward. It's my body. There is something having no beginning and no end. It's the movement in losing time. Rain and snow need time

to prove their similar personality and their different is existent. I'm not existent in another particular time. I can't come into existence twice.

Marieta Maglas

# Villanelle For Rabindranath Tagore

From Sanskrit, he freed the writing songs and the art

While spurning the resisting linguistic structures.

The lines of 'Song Offerings' came from his pure heart.

In Bengal renaissance, he wouldn't stand apart.

To West, he introduced the Indian culture.

From Sanskrit, he freed the writing songs and the art.

Yeats criticized his translation using the words' dart.

'Sacrifice', from prior drama, made a rupture.

The lines of 'Song Offerings' came from his pure heart.

'Chokher Bali ' meant mourning on the widow's part.

Biology, physics infused his work's structure.

From Sanskrit, he freed the writing songs and the art.

He gave his Nobel Prize monies for the schools' start.

Beyond the limits, he conceived a new culture.

The lines of 'Song Offerings' came from his pure heart.

"Tagore Song" and 'Baul' ballads kept his inner part.

'Tin Sangi' and 'Se' along Goethe spread culture.

From Sanskrit, he freed the writing songs and the art.

The lines of 'Song Offerings' came from his pure heart.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

# Vulcano

Hands on his knees were waiting.

The violins of the orchestra, on his left, danced.

They started to vibrate.

His arms sliding slightly upward seemed to detach from his body in tension;

The fingers began to caress the old and shiny piano keys.

Loved the music; it was his life~classical.

He forgot about that huge crowd listening ~ wax statues.

He looked like leaving the scene to hide in another universe.

His face became a burning volcano. The notes exploded hotly and flooded the inner quietude.

Then, after the last note slipped

among his fingers,

his face became a clear sky.

He stood up to receive applause~ transgressing waves.

Marieta Maglas

# We Made Love

A hummingbird rotated its wings  
Making an empty circle  
On the glassy sky.  
Its real image, on my retina,  
Became unreal  
In the glassy mirror.  
We became two images merging  
In dancing moonlights,  
Our souls were deconstructed into colors  
We could create the highlight.  
We closed our eyes feeling that we are not existent.  
We opened them feeling that we are still existent.  
Your love slipped between my seconds.  
Suddenly, I began to feel your skin.  
It was amazing.  
I remember this, the touch.  
It was more than love  
In our secret.  
Now, when I see a hummingbird  
Rotating its wings  
I am thankful to you  
Because you gave me a chance to understand  
Love's pure meaning.  
This is why it is still real  
And still existent.

Marieta Maglas

# Wet Colors

Blue, water mountains  
follow horses galloping  
to split up the light.

Marieta Maglas

# With A Thirsty Voice

With a thirsty voice

I said:

'You're no more my universe.'

' Nevermore! '

Replied the raven

Instead of you.

I said

'You're no more

My blessing and my curse.'

And

'Nevermore! '

Replied the raven

Instead of you.

Your silence is

A broken statue

In midnight taper.

Love has traces of rust

And trickling tears

No one can save

Our illusions.

I can digest now

All my waking dreams.

Above us, there is a sky

Swallowing its clouds

Bellow us, there is a planet

Closing its burial ground.

Marieta Maglas

# With One Eye

A flight  
separates the sea from the sky.  
Her glance caresses  
the stillness. The flowers  
scathed by hail  
become bluish. They do not  
die, yet. This life without

him is like the plenitude seen with one eye. Her right  
convictions sculpt  
in sadness  
as in a block of marble  
a rocky embrace. The sun  
is is only one

single eye in the core of this universe. He is still

extant  
in-between the things  
of her remembrance.

So many colors are catching her  
then she cannot be  
flux is tropic.  
She blends them in a caramel.  
These colors become as negative  
as the sounds coming from

a broken name is Eve, and  
she waits  
to be eaten by worms someday.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

Marieta Maglas

## Without Comma (Three Line Poetry)

Red or yellow leaves  
A nature covered by some snow  
And the trees need the sunlight.

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Marieta Maglas

# Woman's Lips

Women's lips are still red, when  
they are hidden in the  
the light of love, they  
are metamorphosed  
Into a kiss- an oval-where  
the words are hidden  
behind the is  
a special entwining, where  
everything inside is  
this surrealistic reality, this  
new temple of The Lord  
dances its red lights  
for life and love.

Marieta Maglas

# Women Trees

The hidden flowers  
Are bud breasts  
Waitin' for their colored bloomin'  
In cups  
On the tree old branches.  
The moss growin' on its trunk  
Is a green thigh  
On its very thin old crack'd crust  
Havin' swellin' whitish scatter'd areolae.  
The buzzin' bee in its honeycomb  
Is the voice of its heart lettin' out its sorrow,  
While it is  
Aerating its roots with softer mysteries  
Growin' up 'bove the ground.  
Its knee roots allow the inflow o' life  
To the fibres.  
This tree is, in fact,  
A wooden woman statue  
In my vision.

Marieta Maglas

# Yellow November

Now, I know that I will never see you again.  
I try to surpass my pain and to forget you.  
It's like I'm waiting for an invisible train  
Knowing that I can't do what you asked me to do.

This gray train comes here, but there's no railway station.  
What was painfully I forgot or wasn't real.  
It was an autumnal love for you with no passion  
While destroying our thoughts that have become unreal.

I watch you closely, as always, and the woman  
Standing on the chair of surgery passively  
Still are spitting her blood, it's what you like a man  
Cut up in her soul, when suture by surgery.

Now, I know that I will never see you again.  
I try to surpass my pain and to forget you.  
I want to be with you in that 'visible train.  
In a new world of love, I want to be with you.

1984

Marieta Maglas

# Y-Monoku-Only Me And You

There is no one else in this world of two...

Marieta Maglas

# You Look Like

After so many exhausting years  
Of living your life, you dry your tears  
You look like a nice silvery but  
So desiccated mongongo nut

That nut looking so much like lustre  
When it is hung in its own cluster  
From the tree of life on Christmas night,  
'Cause that tree has an eternal light

That never goes out 'cause it's divine  
And there you deserve to breathe and shine  
Among candles that burn in that night  
You are my so special human light

You always give others what they need  
Your going forth is armed with your Creed.  
And no one can ever take this from you  
You're my lover and it rings so true.

Marieta Maglas

# Your Cubic Slang

Enclose the closeness  
in your soul,  
Enclose it as you enclose  
the twins "co" in cornucopias.

Enclose the gray transparency  
in your sky, when it is so close

to your coming are the dimples  
of your cognitive space,

they are your hollow thoughts  
when you set your ideals

at naught.

Those clouds are inside of your gray  
as close as  
the twins "co" are in the cocoon.  
Those clouds are fulfilled

with your leaden are uncracked  
nuts waiting for a crack.

Let the rain  
of your Cumulonimbus storm  
fall over  
the lead of my se inside  
of my lead  
all your Oort clouds

lost in your cubic slang.

Poem by Marieta Maglas

MCN: CDDQ1-JVPR9-7NHF6

Marieta Maglas

# Your Human Form

When You were born in a human form  
and You chose to be limited and when  
the angels of the witnesses in the eyes  
of the clouds stood, you have gathered

all the sinful sincerities for a bleeding  
crucifixion. You came to go and I could  
understand your divine burning. You're  
plus against minus, the purity touching

the cursed wood. You're just plus, You're  
only " Yes " and, in Your mirror, this living  
illness within us is like the face of a wrongdoer,  
or like the paralyzed knees in kneeling,

or like the bitter sap coming from the roots  
to feed the death. You cure us for the good  
deeds of our hands, You save the light of our  
thoughts and the old, bad things belonging

to our imagination are creatively destroyed.  
We are not only a part of the earth but also a part  
of heaven and you climbed down this heaven  
to be with us~ seeds of conscience growing up.

Marieta Maglas

# Your Love (Senryu)

For just one second  
I felt your true love and that  
Changed me forever.

Marieta Maglas

# Your Spirit Fights

Your spirit fights  
Against  
The changes  
During ageing  
Your flesh  
As a bird flies  
Against the wind  
Until it gets  
A hurt wing.

Marieta Maglas

# Your Words Of Love

I have seemingly missed your words of love,  
Those words that were written in the sand  
And erased by the first wave.  
Do you remember, my love?  
I have enclosed them hermetically  
With that last kiss.  
And, after that,  
Another kiss  
And another exotic beach  
And another feeling, autumnal feeling,  
Of another ostensible seemingly love  
Fulfilled my nothingness...  
Among corals and shells,  
Dried by the winds of the sea,  
I awake in following my lost steps,  
Taken by the waves  
And redirected to the great unknown in the sea,  
That great eternal.....  
I still love you,  
I love you more, miss you more.  
Yes, I still miss you  
And I realize that all I can do now  
Is to lodge near the moan of the sea sand,  
Which feels like a silk slipped worn-out dress,  
When I touch it.  
And slantingly I elect the oblivion,  
When  
I want to kiss again and again  
Your gray-haired temple,  
But, in reverting, I receive only  
The kiss of our child...

Marieta Maglas

# You'Re Not My Lover (Senryu)

You're not my lover,  
You're a sign of sins for me,  
In my existence.

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Energy-Monoku

Kaleidoscopic dance in the Universe

Marieta Maglas

# Zero

This is our love, we need to  
recompose its meaning  
with the passing of every second.  
Love is our poetry, or  
poetry is our love.  
Do you need to be yourself?  
Do you need me?  
Maybe it's hell, maybe it's heaven,  
Maybe it's both of them.  
Maybe it's getting zero.  
We should burn inside,  
but no, we make it be  
our mad paradise.  
It's something you should know  
before touching me.  
You should know  
that love is only Divine.

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Haiku-Distortion

Distortion of light  
And stars changing their color  
Sun's magnetic storm

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Monoku-Air

Going with the flow of life, letting things to pass away

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Monoku-Earth

Like a load big spherical stone

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Monoku-Fire

Consuming life with passion

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Monoku-Life

Moving for change so fast that nobody can stop it.

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Monoku-Movement

Eternal work of the Universe

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Monoku-Speed

Making the things to look the same like an indefinite colored abstract painting.

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Monoku-The Water

Hurrying up for shaping the rocks of the earth

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Monoku-Void

A place for emotions

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Senryu-About Life

Make life a painting  
Add vibrant colors to it  
Feel the vibration.

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Senryu-Emotion

A function of thoughts  
For pleasant and unpleasant  
Is our emotion.

Marieta Maglas

# Z-Senryu-Life

Each life is unique  
We can make it meaningful  
When we reach its goals.

Marieta Maglas