

Poetry Series

Nero CaroZiv
- poems -

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Nero CaroZiv()

A Bird At My Window

The relentless rain and the whirling winds
The first pushed with violent gusts the other pelt
The windows shutters banged in sound grimed;
The roof's gutters over brimmed
The two culprits smote the garden bed
The new flowery sprouts in horror knelt
And lay lodged motionless in the ground as dead
I watched and I knew how the shaken flowers felt

The howling gales scud through the flower plots
The rusted nails squeaked on its knots
That held the tree to the gable-wall
All night long under the foul dark pall
The broken shades torn by the winds
Are hanging loose from silver white rings
Uplifted was the clinking thatch
Upon the lonely deserted grange

It is a dark chilly dreary morning
Sun delayed over city with gray sky in mourning
The day comes suddenly at last- A dull red ball in chock
Wrapped in snake drifts of lurid smoke

At my window a naked bird sate chirruping for her love
Upon a wintery bare with congealed pores boughs
The frozen wind whirled creeping on above
As the wire cold twigs took shaken bows

There was no leaf upon the avenue trees bare
No flower upon the solidified ground
And very little motion in the calm air
Except the train moan wheels' sound

What made the bird to sing at my window with no rest
A furlong from the castle of her warm nest
Her betrothed knight she all day at the sill pray
For the weal of him who is that's far away

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Nero CaroZiv

A Book Bazaar

I was in Manhattan in a book bazaar with lots of bargains, none interested me.
I kept my eyes wandering around not really knowing where to look,
At the strolling people or at the static street shelves books
It is just like being in a Zoo
Here too you do not know who
You may meet or see when passing thru
An anchor women from a famous channel
She looked so much prettier down the street
In a stealthy walk trying to hide her notoriety
I could not believe how they can do such a budged make up
In a channel with such fame fashion and prestige
In the screen she looked more like total disaster and fatigue

Through all the colors which the sun bestows
And among every character of form and face,
The Swede, the Russian mixed with Albanian
The Frenchman and the Spaniard from the remote south
The Indian; Moors, Malays and their neighbors
The Tartar and the Chinese, none would miss the event
All humans gathered around the scent
Even the African Ladies in white muslin gown
Followed what the winds carried for miles on

Oh what a blanket of colors what a blank confusion
True epitome of what the mighty city is herself,
To thousands upon thousands of her sons,
Living amid the same perpetual whirl of
Trivial objects, melted and reduced
To one identity, by differences
That have no laws, no meanings, and no conclusion
Tossing and dodging in symbols of eternity,
Of first, and last, of midst,
And the one without end

Like anthill on the plain
Of too busy world before you will flow
Endless stream of human ants and moving things
Your everyday appearance, as it strikes

With wonder heightened, or sublimed by awe
Or vexed by internal gnaw
Strangers of all ages encounter your pace
The quick dance of colors, lights, and forms
The deafening din the broken roar
The comers and the goers; face to face
Face after face; the string of dazzling wares
Shop after shop, with symbols, blazoned names
And all the tradesman's overhead:
For instance here, fronts of houses, like title-page,
With letters inscribed from top to toe,
Stationed above the door, like guardian saints;
There the instance of allegoric shapes, female and male,
Or physiognomies of real men,
Land warriors, kings, or admiral of the sea,
The attractive head of nowadays current celebrity
Some quack-doctor, famous in his day
The brag lines of a fortune teller
A palm reader or other benefactors of any sort

Enough, the mighty concourse I surveyed
With no other thinking
Just take the right turn into a quiet street

Then the magnificent cathedral in fifth avenue
The images at its lofty wall never lose their magnetic power
Always enthralling the eyes of pedestrian
But on its back stairs among hidden nooks
A homeless find shelter a piece of dry bread with of soup

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A Cankered Love Or

When she loads frowns and frets
With her taunts and tantrums
And you equally spend time with dreads
In assiduous execration under thundering drums
You know by then too well
Your helpless love worth you a hell

But Alas, why rush to heedless destructive judgement
And arouse forth the monster of solitude, the dragon of torment
So much irreversible damage these hast conclusions
May bring horrors to past joys and first love hopes and illusions

Women through all out history have been like this on the land
Angelic on one hand and dreadful devils on the other end
Like thorns encircling a balmy vermilion rose in a morning dim
Like the honey in the milk before it boils and spreads over brim

Take the more cautious and sophisticated approach
Rarely speak of her beauty or her manners good
As beautiful as she may be in look or style, leading the torch
Or her wings are sleek like dove's wings in the wood

Never call her wicked; be it even at utmost fit; that word's touch
Will consume her and the relationship like a curse;
But love her not too much; in sigh and in scaling, too much,
For that is even the devil worse.

Look! after all she is a human; she is neither good nor bad,
But her nature fluctuates from innocent to wanton and wild!
Enshrine her in your heart if love goes and dies, who had
The stone hard heart of a green child.

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A Child Night Thought

My thoughts of past childhood, blessed days of sooty summer night
Does follow me in night and in day; dark and in bright
I used to watch the moon along the vaults of the starry sky
Sailing to ever where with her happy destiny and her light reddish keen;
Often she used to hide among white snow clouds from my mortal eye
Or dimly behind a lofty mountains peak shyly over their edge dodging seen

But when the clouds asunder by soft winds withdrew
How bright her gorgeous amazing mien charging the night grew
From my window I watched her far different path of race,
Thousands thoughts and deep imagine as her rich in the starry night grace
With cherished sullenness of the remote yet seem so close stars pace
Avoiding dispersing the queen of the night chase

An old oak tree opened wide its sturdy arms to depth of the night
Its leaves spangled with the silver moon light
The moon sheen is dripping like heavenly liquid from its leaves
It is an old oak tree of hundreds of years
To this tree I charge so many happy pure gratitude hours
The is calm like a nun; and wild flowers lull in the wide bower

Some night birds or wandering bats their way in the vaults of the summer
pursue,
To Ingrate who ever wears a smile on a brightening face the whole night
through.
The pure thoughts the holy excitement no one can ever re-make
My spirit soars to endless heights with no limit with no break
Let me dream this divine fantasy again, with no end, with no wake
To guard me from the world around rouge shake

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A Child Dream

In my childhood dream I rush over a hill and over a dale,
Thorough thicket of a bush, thorough a tangle of a brier,
Over spring blooming park, over a mild slope pale,
Thorough winter flood channel streets, thorough dry fields summer fire!

I am pert and nimble in my dream, I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon orbiting sphere; or the fire glare
And I visit the ghostly silhouettes in the secret forest garden
To dew the wild rose orbs without asking the night wide staring owl's pardon

The cowslips in the garden have the night flies courtship
In their gold glaring lights you see;
And those ruby colored sprouts up hill reign like lordship
In their spotted freckles live their savors to be;

And then at the end of my dream I seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every empty cowslip's ear.

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A Child Walk

Crisply the faint wind whirled and whispered in faint beat
The dry summer golden grass crunching beneath my feet;
And behind me my loyal for ever follower does walk
My infant shadow danced over hot sand and rocks

Fantastic shapes against a fig orchard in vivid green
Across the moor where wild birds shimmering in sing
And the whitening leaves in the winds swung to and fro,
With sharp turns weaving in fresh foliage of summer hue

Summer days away from school
A frail invisible spider net so much away from teacher's rant fool
In ecstasy the furry insect
wreathed its ivory net against the silver sunlight

In ecstasy the birds danced in the sand
Drinking the wine of nimble speed;
In ecstasy I joyed and laughed
Drinking the wine of vast meadow in love

At that moment the music of my joy
Sounded its highest note; in the grass
My feet ploughed a path to where I stood
For suddenly, with lifted eyes I noticed

There, on the leaves black bough of an old sturdy fig tree
Fearless and gay as I my mood
A brown feathers hawk cocked his wings and his crest
Oh who can tell the range of childhood fantasy and joy
Or set the bounds of its innocent thoughts and beauty

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A Child Winter Night

Wailing whirling wheeling winds
When shall you blow again
And let the momentous drops of little rain
Come down mossy rocks and on fields of vast terrain
Hush under the cloak of night the nightingale hides and no more sings

Come back howling winds of winter night
Shake the stature of every tree tall
Its leaves long had reddened to a point of fall
Bring back the moments of a child
Scared and fetuses shape cuddled from winds wild
Under his blanket adoring a world of joy and bright

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A Coffin Protest

A Coffin, is a small suffocating, blemished, besmeared domain,
How it is designated for us as an eternally contain
Are we not all citizens of Paradise? To be in such a dire ban
Who is to decide our fate to lie in its diminished dusty lane.

A Grave, headed with ware out letters such a restricted breadth
From it we shall never feel the wind or see the Sun
And the whole world and the vast blue Seas it holds and populates
Precious lands with forests gloom and balmy spring fields we never look upon

Us, who on our coffins lay repose,
Forgotten from the world and all our friends
Contained in a circumference of a dungeon without relief
With no channel to protest our case and sound our grief

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A Dark Chilly Dreary Morning

It is a dark chilly dreary morning
Sun delayed over city with gray sky in mourning
The throng of comers and goers in my face flits and fleets
And will not let me be
I walk passing eave-drops lofty fall
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city subway sounding wide
The day comes suddenly at last- A dull red ball
Wrapped in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty East river tide

I loath the city of solitude in squares and in streets
And the faces of stutters that one meets
Empty aloof hearts arrogant introvert souls with no love for me
I crave to crawl, to crouch to creep
Into some under street cafe' deep
And there to weep and weep and weep
My whole soul out for you in silent grief

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A Date At A Cafe

I had a date with a past middle age woman upon whom I set and gazed
The measures she took to hide her waning, evaporating beauty left me amaze
She was all wrapped in colorful deceit and counterfeit labors
A mask of musk that so immodesty displays nature's gone favors
With its fallacious arguments of colors and elaborate cloth
Is to the senses a cunning counterfeit and cynic loath

As she spoke, she seemed never to leave the comfortableness of forty plus
Although her look was progressing much beyond to the point of collapse
I had seen her before sitting in a dark café or in flickering bars
There in street café table she sat a grim desolate cloudy figure
Legs crossed; top buttons loose to announce the world her love scars
Nevertheless, prying eyes did surveyed her half disclosed body with passionate
eager

She spoke and I listened, saying her life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
That It rained too long, and the wind moaned, was relentless and ever weary;
That her thoughts were still clinging to the moldering reminiscences of her past,
But the hopes of youth and green grass glory fell thick in the day blast,
And her days were dark, long and dull, I sat in street café unsure
How long that conversation would last? How long I could endure?

The day of the date was not cold, or dark or dreary;
It did not rain and the wind was gentle breeze never weary;
The vine at the open yard still clanged to the moldering outside wall,
And at every gust the shining leaves bounced from fall,
And the day was bright spring at the sill of the world, with colossus bloom.
Around us forest of tables of young amorous lovers untouched by age gloom.

Our sad hearts; mine no less than hers; as if stall and cease repining;
Behind the faint high clouds the sun was still shining;
Our fates were the common fate of humans as all,
Into each life some rain in dark days must pass and fall,
We are all in the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impressed at years of youth:

By our remembrances of those days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.

At the end of the day I asked my date
Is it possible to assemble the partial fragments of our fate
From two lonely jars; fatigue, tattered; life done
And to create a renewed one?

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A Day At The Zoo

Watch the animals, or us, in their or our daily routine
Locked up for ever behind cement walls, heavy locks and bars by people so mean
Life is so dull without meaning for them and for us.
One long and sluggish being without any glee or a fuss
When we go to the zoo, my lover claims
Innocently without malice or any deliberate aims
That the people wandering around the cages
For all of their quiddities and quirks they can be studied for long years and even
ages
Here in the possession of my wandering eyes
That glorious object of my attention lies
A most beautiful, nonparallel, eyes slaying, tall lass
She was studied curiously by a gorilla nibbling nonchalant on tuft of grass
I thought: 'He can nimble and stare as much as he can
This exceptional beauty and grace is not in his clan
What may dare he or think? She is more for me than for him'
But at that moment the jealousy of my companion did grow to its brim
without hesitation, with one resolute devoted hand
She fervently did snatch me off my fantasy-land
'Men you have a brain of one particular cell
which can answer to one and only bell'
Tut, that maneuver of hers I strongly did contest
The personality of the ape was the mere goal of my quest.

After such a nerve-racking rift a hiatus was finally in declare
And comfort to the fatigue legs was offered by a nearby stair
The steaming odors of food into the vaults of summer air did rise and float
No doubt such scents makes the empty stomach takes a note
It was not a French cosine that lured me forth
As it still came as a pleasant breeze of the North
And so we sit to eat all variety of smoked meat
Amid the crowd of all specimens of man indulged in their lunches
Beneath heavy foliage and canopy of branches
Happy, careless taking from their surrounding no heed
The dins of the metropolis, bustling city streets, alleys buzzing noise and broken
roar
All portraits new I would never see again; I had never seen before
The ethnic music coils in the air were like to the palate a spicy food

A flock of black anguished ravens was blown up from a street column wood

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A Day Of Laugh And Love In The Sun

A day of laugh and love in the sun

The winds blew gently through whitening leaves as naked flames
The scent of spring flowers spread softly as carried by hands of a nun
Sea and vast echoing duns, her sound speaking, repeating my name

My name on her voluptuous lips erupted my heart so high

That there was noting left inside me; my spirit flew free
Bouncing on the sands; lifting into the vaults of boundless sky
Diving into the sapphire depth of the magic sea

A day of laugh and love in the sun

Where are you day? where you hide where you run?
All I know your comrades days gray and slow come and go one by one
Her picture froze; never to return to meadows and do the undone

The day of laugh and love do not hesitate, come not of late

Flinging the gloom secluded nights
On my painful heart; bring back your joy, laugh and lights
Pull me, take me out of this horrible mind of state

Come again with morning fresh light mist

With her again, the beauty queen whose stately brow
The dew pearled winds of dawn have kissed
So incorrigibly I yearn to re play that day in meadow and in show

Stay on her floating locks and lovely freight

Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
In lea of green hues, yielding safe pledge to their fruits
we will watch the bird leading her soft colored broods

Now in cold winter tide on what shall I hope or stare?

Except naked trunks, and the black frigid earth with brilliance rare.

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A Day Of Pray

It descended upon the tranquil earth; a holy day of pray
Solemnly the trees leaves whitened in late summer wind play
Upon a Friday day it fell; blanketing the quiet dry air
Thrice holy was the soundless march to pray; a Godly oar was there

A world serene; no bell rang to call the folk to holy evening prayer;
With the village streets clean, smooth and fair
From wholesome drench of late summer new rains
The market place was shut, closed windows and doors; no gains

And, on the western window panes,
The warm sunset faintly glowed and told
Of matured golden wheat stumps and green vegetation standing bold
Thorny bushes with hardened yellow thorns stretched along winding lanes

I bent down in the yard to talk to the dry thorny bloomless hedge,
I used to chat with trees and bushes along creeks with spring-tide sedge,
Long gone the primroses of last spring by sheltered rills,
And daisies and daffodils on the aguish saddened hills.

Double thrice holy was the day of pray; people arriving late
The silent, solemn streets were crowded with prayers at the gate
With staid and pious companies,
Warm summer dusk wearing white on their oratories,

At the far West a vesper moved with demurest airs
Such a holy heavenly scenery to the throng of prayers.
On each arched porch and entry low
There was filled with family folk contemplative in pray slow,

So haughty was the air; no whispers all hush, and no shuffling feet,
While the voice of the holy man played loud and sweet.
Then the singing had ceased, the prayers begun,
Their soundless swaying; the pray had not yet half done

I covered my patched pants; were newly torn,
During that all day long, from earliest morn
She a young maid had taken captive my two eyes
As she stood against ancient books in golden binderies;

Perplexed I watched her with a thousand thoughts and things,
In the house of pray; the stars of Heaven, and angels' wings,
The holy sages wisdom proclaimed in a fiery blaze,
Her golden hair abundant in locks shining in azure rays,

Golden wheat field swayed in a desert dusk breeze
Willows boughs whitened; aspen quivered at ease
Little breeze raised dust and did whirl and shiver
And the thorny cactus face slightly did quiver

That half night I wasted in sighs
Half in dreams I was never able to re-dream after
That night I knew the delight of such happy laughter
The delight in finding all replies

Since then never shall I forget the delight of early skies
A young boy half her size in a wakeful dose I sorrow
For the ivory skin hand, voluptuous lips and slaying eyes
By the end of the holy day I would not see tomorrow

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A Dialog With The Sea

I wrote her a poem upon the surf sand
But came the scudding waves and washed it all away
Again I wrote my verse the next day on the strand
But came the proud tide and made my pain its prey.

Mighty sea that sway up and down and breath by ancient shore
Along which the lady of my love, perchance when she
Walks by your pebbled brink you may bring to her more
Of the lines you have stolen virulently from me

Colossus vast sea what if your deep sapphire stream should be
A mirror of my pain and pangs where she can read
The thousands of thoughts you have betrayed from me
As wild and tempestuous as your inner powerful streams treat

Ah now the mirror of my love forlorn heart
Your waves and currents are sweeping dark and strong
Such as my feelings are along every part
Constant and persistent as you are such are my passions long

Ah, proud ocean of the sea, do not mock me
Time may not tame them as well you may see
For as you overflow your banks shore
And then your floods subside, yet my feelings for ever soar

And if you refuse, reject and not relent my plea
My lines will live and gnaw your inner bosom sea
The only way left for you to regret and repent
Your betrayal deeds is to succumb to my demand

For now that you have stolen my verses out of love I spell
You will suffer and live under its venomous acidic spell
Vex and tormented for days in eternity
Unless you release the imp and capture her heart for me

As a messenger of my love you let your wave sweep beneath
Her as she stroll along your white sand shore and murmur at her feet
And her eyes will look at it as she shall breath
The gentle breeze fresh distilled and unharmed by summer day heat

She will examine my lines as I have written upon your bosom
Full of that thought and from that moment on never
your waves can I dream of, name, or see any joy or blossom
Without the inseparable sigh for her

My lines will be imagined in your waves of stream
She will meet the waves; they will roll on to her show
I cannot witness even in the wildest dream
the happy gallant wave re-passing her in its flow

Her bright eyes will shine as she reads the lines in your depth
They will meet the mighty foaming wave I gaze on now full length
The wave that bears my tears returns no more
As my love engulf and swallow every word of your glamor

My verse will live in your depth as the sea grasses live the the sea
Brought up by each wave as it passes, drawn down by each ebb that regresses
For I have expelled my soul of all the dreams that I gathered for her into thee
So that I beat with her heart as it beats; I follow her soul for all its blesses

Time writes no lines or wrinkles on your azure brow
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, you roll on now
As we wanton with your breakers for miles in duns acres with no rest
These lines mused by her will for eternity live in your vast endless chest

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A False Love

Has your love ever becomes as a fever, as a plague, longing still
For that which the longer nurses this disease,
Feeding on that which does preserve this sweet to sickness ill,
That fosters the uncertain sickly appetite to please.

Your reason, which is the physician to your love,
May be sometimes angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
To neglect you and to leave you desperate without any resolve
Desire can easily drove us insane, to death, which wisdom does not accept.

How past cure you become, entangled, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest is in your painful sleepless chest
Your thoughts and your discourse as those of madmen are,
At random from so far from reality and truth, are vainly expressed;

For I have sworn that you are fair and thoughtful bright,
Why enslave yourself to such black hell, dire dark turbulent as night.

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Nero CaroZiv

A Forest Nymph

##1

It was the middle of the night by the forest mossy rock
The furry feathers owl had awakened the woods clock
How drowsy were the habitants of the trees at that hour?
The wind whistled and moaned ominously across the wide bower
All night the restless wind breathed low with mellower tone
Through every hollow cave and craggy alley lone

The night was stormy chilly and haunted dark
The trees barely held to their thin, tattered peeling bark
The heavy dark gray clouds were spread in vaults high
They covered but not totally hid the canopy sky
The old frightened hare in her pad beneath the rock
Made no answer to the wide starring owl alarm clock

A night with winds which began to flow and to rise
A thundering broken roar from the far West dropping day
Blew dust and hay and whirled them high in the air away
The flock of alarmed crows were blown to the skies
The awful owl scouted the forest deep
Who still would venture out? Who would not sleep?

It was the month before the month of June
The spring straggled late and was out of tune
May flowers did not bloom yet bellow the barren peak
Except black pebbles that wreathed the winding creek
The pale moon was peeping behind cracks of siege of clouds
With fickle unsteady mood would set her observer in wondering doubts

The moon was waning behind not in total full
With unsettled orbit of shaken sky searching for a lull
The rain came down in gusts and hurls ferocious and loud
The forest beasts were hurdling for a cover shroud
At the village close by windows the shutters banged in sound grimed;
All night the roof's gutters over flew and over brimmed

Oh that lovely lady her name I do not know to tell
Whom the village people feared and hated so profoundly well
What made her in the pathless woods roam so late?
Had she not any shelter or a hut, a warm welcoming gate
Withdrew she into the forest so early before a dark chilly dreary morning
A day to come with sun delayed over village with gray sky in mourning

There in the forest she wandered; a phantom of delight
Dressed in a long silken gown of a bright hue of white
Its shadowy silhouette in the moonlight lulled and played
With a neck that made that white gown look stately displayed
Her beautiful shoulders and arms were glossy and bare
Her blue veined feet un sandaled and bare to the chilly air

And wildly glittered in every direction there
The vermilion hue gems entangled in her hair
Such a beautiful lady must had been a frightful vision to see
A lady as exceedingly exquisite as was she
The early spring flowers were vanquished lost in their pride
As she passed by them trying their blushes to hide

She had amorous dreams during all the night
Of her own future to be her dream knight
The meadow before her was grassy lush, wild and bare
Wide, wanton and open to the breezy air
And she in the midnight wood would in pure presence pray
That the day her future lover she would meet was not too far away

So the night was chilly and the forest gloom bare
It was the stubborn wind that moaned calmly stark and bleak
Yet there was not wind enough in the dump air
To stir away the ringlet of so silk soft curl
From the lovely lady's smooth wet cheek
For no doubt her presence put the night gale into a quell

Nor there was wind enough to shake off or to twirl
The one black red leaf, the last of its group
That continued to mock and to dance against the wind and no yield it took
It clutched to its root bough as an adamant squirrel
Hanging so light and hanging so fairly high
On the topmost thin twig that scanned the grim sky

She smoothed along muddy ground and she nothing spoke
Her dress wet soaked her tufts of hair were soft and low
And nothing was green upon the naked boughs of blaster oak
But the black moss and the rare mistletoe
She kneeled beneath the broad huge oak tree
And in divine silence and holy serenity prayed she

And then the night became stormy again; tempest and wind straining
The pale yellow dark woods were waning
And the broad lake with overflowed banks complaining
Of relentless downpour from heavy low sky raining
Down to the bay she swiftly walked and found a boat
Beneath a solitary willow left by a villager afloat

As she passed through the moon struck surf
The wind became calm along the bare turf
She left her bare foot print on the white sand
By the host of wild sage on the bare bank
Of that eye sapphire bay, on whose smooth watery face
Our world was reflected in reverse and encircled by tree's lace

Such a lovely ornament on the womb of earth
Just lately had been given by the forest nymph a newly birth
Which a cloud that floats on vaults of heights
Never in its long wandering has spot in sight
Yet to the villagers these marks on the white sand
Proved to be an ominous sign of foul dire hand

In that midnight spring she found by the bay within
A little boat tied to branches dripping willow tree
Straight she unloosed the chain and stepping in
Pushed from the grassy shore with alacrity seldom one may see
Oh the pleasure of her scene, nor without the voice and grace
Of mountains echoes against the bay trees base

And the boat moved smoothly along the bay
As the silver moon watched spreading her abundance of rays
Away from the creeping mosses and clambering weeds
Leaving behind the willow branches hoar and dank
And the waving swell of the waving, murmuring reeds
And the wave worn surf of the bay echoing bank

A forest nymph on a floating boat with her exquisite face
Started singing with pure soft voice pealing to the moon luster flooded sky
She stood on her sailing boat with feet like sunny gems in forest with dark green
A nymph in the light of her youth and her grace
Singing a passionate ballad gallant of context that never die
A listener to such voice will be enthralled, trance, though she might be unseen

And thus she sailed in grace and beauty, like the night
Of cloudless, clear climates and starry flickering skies;
And all that was best of dark hues and rays bright
Converge in her aspect and her dreaming eyes:
Thus her appearance mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven at that bay to the holy days denies.

If one could watch the shade the more or the ray less,
The war of lights had half impaired her nameless grace
Which waved so glamorously in every raven tress,
Or softly lightened over her countless beautiful face;
Where thoughts were serenely and sweetly in express,
Astonishingly how pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

No one was there at night to regard that cheek, and that brow,
So soft, so calm, so bright and eloquent,
With smiles that may have wined, and with tints that glow,
But tell of days in the forest gloom yet in goodness spent,
And her mind at peace with all the forest dwellers below,
And heart whose love was pure naturally innocent!

Her sweet voice on the nightly bay was like music on the waters
There was none like her in all of the village daughters
Her voice so soft and calming as if its sound causing
The vexed bay face holy retreat and pausing
For then the rippling waves lie still and gleaming
And the lulled winds slowed in trance dreaming

On the forest echoes did her boat moved with the tide
Leaving behind her a still stir on either side
Small waves in circles glittering idly in the moon
Until they all melt united into one track of loom
Of sparkling light; But their maid rows in pride
The see the slumbering village houses flickering late lights

Her sweet voice echoed far through the forest gloom
And the reeds at the bottom bay noted their blades in display of bloom
She toiled hard the oar on her hands to cut the bay surface into two halves
As she passed the low growing bay weeds loaded with heavy chafes
She could had gone sailing all night long
As so pure and melodious was her song

Alas! Danger! Danger! The village was dorm ominous and close
They, the villagers attributed to her all their failures and mal fortune in full dose
To that forest nymph that in the remote depth of the pathless woods dwell
Yet no one in the village could explain or tell
How it all evolved or spread out and culminated
And it went on strengthened snow balled and never ceased or terminated

The dreadful village bell was ringing echoing thru vale and dale and from within
The silent woods re-echoed a great din
Of the village hounds bark and hollowing
Sometimes it sounded like a sobbing crowd of people gathering
Over the calm bay the bell din traveled to both sides
With skillful hands she mastered the oar holding it tied

She dipped forcefully her oar into the silent lake
And as she rose upon the stroke the boat turn to take
A course of heaving through the water like a swan
With sinews and force, she never stopped but kept on
Leaving behind the bell ring all around
And the silent woods with shouts the din did resound

And yet to the village people, habits, ways and girls' cloths she was strongly
drawn
To all the stores, boutiques and everywhere merchandise was shown
The skirts, the bags and other feminine articles especially the perfume scents
The way they walk, the way they eat or laugh in the village gathering streets
Not once she tried to join them in the village streets at their beats
But they have chased her out vigorously with blocks and stones and whatever
the found as fit

The floating gray thin clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow soft dripping branches bend
She did fail to acknowledge the motions of the calm dorm storm
A grace that she had would mold any maiden delight form
How the village folks fail to see
That silent meek silent sympathy

And thus she dwelled in a hut among pathless untrodden forest ways
Besides of orchards springs and high trees nesting dove
A forest nymph whom there were none to praise
A maid that except her grandmother did experience any human love

Like a shy violet by a mossy stone hidden from the eye
Fair as a unique star when it is the only one shining in the sky

So light and sportive she was as a fresh fawn
That is wild with the glee of the wind strutting along the meadow lawn
Or challenged the mountains heights with rushing springs
Where fresh distilled waters fall in streams
And hers was the field breathing balm
With intoxicating flowers scent and calm

The forest stars of midnight would be fascinating and dear
To her, and she would listen leaning her ear
To mysterious sounds in many remote and secret places
Where rivulets danced and swayed their wayward round
To adore the beauty born of the forest murmuring sound
The forest night scenes and music played pass before her in many faces

And so she lived in the forest gloom among the untrodden ways
Beside the swinging springs of distilled waters
Maid whom there were none to watch or to praise
And none could match her in beauty and style among the village daughters
And every morning as the orient its gracious light steeps up heavenly hill
The trees of the forest and the flowers of the fields adore her beauty still

Like a violet by a mossy, craggy, covered with patina stone
Sporadically seen most of the times half hidden from the eye
She was fair as a star, when that single and only one
Is shining in the deep blue vaults of the sky
As she strolled among stems of maize plants golden ripe
And trod over fresh grass with green varied stripe

She lived known as the notorious witch of the forest, and few could know
How lovely maid so close to nature and celestial things she can be;
She did crave human company since besides her grandmother she knew none
Yet her amorous feelings in her heart were fostered without hope for the one

She was not self-willed, and being much too fair
To be death's conquest and leave the world making worms her heir

And thus she grew to sit on mossy rocks, to muse over flood and fell,
And to slowly trace the forest's shady gloom and scene,
Where there were things that own not by human's dominion dwell,
And mortal feet had never if ever rarely been;
She wandered in climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
Alone, embarrassed by nature over steeps and foaming falls to lean;

Any day an adventure with the wild flock that never needs a fold;
This was not solitude, this was but to hold
A converse with Nature's charms, and view nature stores unrolled.
Far from midst the crowd, the hurry, the shock of men and women bold,
To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,
And roam alone, the forest habitants, trees, flowers and the wind that caresses

Alone with none who bless her, none whom she could bless;
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all the flattered, followed, sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

The vermilion rose that drinks the fountain rising vapor
In the pleasant air of the forest gloom at a calm afternoon,
Grows pale and orange with altered as its scent pour
then n the gaze of the nightly full moon;
For the planet at her prime grace, so warm and bright
Makes it waning with her borrowed beamed light.

Such was she the forest nymph more than any rose fair,
FOR that at best the rose withered blossom;
with false care does idly wear
Its withered leaves in a faithless bosom;
while the forest nymph fed with love, like air and dew,

her vital and vivacious growth in the forest hue

At dark evening with heavy clouds when all the village slept and snored
The forest nymph sought shelter in her hut from the rain that poured
The night high tide rushed and raked upon the stony sandy bay shore;
Along the rugged cliffs and chalky mossy low caves
The violent wind moans and mourns the hoarse vexed bay, seeming to deplore
All that are buried in the bay and in the womb of the restless waves

Mined and hammered by corrosive tides, the hollow scared rough rock
Falls prone, and rushing from its lofty turf height,
It shacked the broad beach with long-resounding trembling shock,
Loud thundering on the ear of sullen dark, deserted, lonely night;
Beasts and birds were hiding in every hole, shelter in the plot of the land
None would venture out to lay upon the grass or to bath in the sand

Above the desolate and stormy deep,
Gleamed the wan frightened moon, by floating mist oppressed; clouds scattered
like fearful sheep
Yet in warm houses while youth, and health, and labor sleep,
Alone the forest nymph would wander vexed and anguished with no rest, when
the wind roar was long and steep
Calm came not to the shore of that bay; silver waves never did pause or sleep
The tides and ebbs rushed and forced upon long sandy beach with no rest as the
caves coughed the blasts and did weep

##2

Once upon a morning spring in the early hours of dawn
Two young villagers got up and sallied from their cottage brown
Athwart their shoulders a bow and arrows they carried
And towards the forest gloom their steps they hurried.
All day they searched a target in the forest for their arrow
Finding none, their prolonged anguish grew sharp and narrow.

So as soon as the gored sun with her purple-colored face
Had taken her last leave of the dew dripping morn,
The two lads put their heed to the chase;
Hunting they loved, bow and arrows
But love itself and the village lasses they laughed to scorn;
Sick-thought they were not; maids were not in their shows

Hunger and thirst tortured them all day till dusk
And fatigue and pain settled in their limbs to last
But alas toward the evening as the gored sun sunk
They by the lake watched a phantom of delight that shook utterly their rank
Tall, impressive and amorous the forest nymph looked
As she was busy unaware, courting her beautiful image in a shady nook.

And after hot chase the blood thirsty furious dogs
Being incautious and gallant entered these deep mossy bogs
And horror stricken when realized their clumsy error
They turned back whining with looks of terror
And even when by their master hands being caressed
They still shook and trembled by the long fright they possessed

'Is that the maid the village bestrides as a vile witch?
A reason and a cause of all their mal happening so they did preach
See her tattered attire how it makes it so expire and lean
Any cloth on her stature will look like on a queen
Oh this whole landscape meadow without her image of grace and win

Will look like a barren field in the middle of draught in spring'

On either side of the running brook lie
Long fields of wind brushing barley and heads of rye
That reached as far as the scouting of the eye
The breeze blew thru the wold and met in vaults of sky
And thru the field the road cut and run by
Where field rabbits stood unwilling to cross being shy

The gleaming willows whitening in the gales along the river
The aspens shade the hills close by in the brook murmur shiver
Little breezes of dusk that run for ever
Behind the wall of high colorful flowers
The village gray houses and four gray towers
The silent meadow it embowers

They watched her tinny feet jumped over creeping mosses and clambering weeds
As she ran beneath willow branches hoar and dank
She ran along the wavy swell of the sighing reeds
And the wave worn horns of the opposite echoing bank
He scudded the silvery marsh flowers that throng
Over meadows and valleys in stretched so long

One of the two lads was totally smoothened, her two great eyes slay him
suddenly;
Their beauty shock him although he was a lad so serene;
Straight through his heart the wound was quick and keen.
The whole scene fell upon him unexpected and abruptly
Only a gentle word from her voluptuous mouth could heal the injury
To his pain and hurt heart, while yet the wound was clean

She stopped; she stood above the little creek stream, and lightly shed
upon the spring grass her shawl, carnelian red
A heavenly view; a picture that a sinful painter would drape this goddess warm,

Because she still is naked, being on his canvas expressed
But he as a godlike sculptor he will not so deform
Beauty, beauty which bones and flesh enough invest.

The forest nymph noticed the stricken men but she did not prolong herself on the
stage of the two
Hesitatingly, while keeping her eyes on the foes she into the forest withdrew.
At least, and surprisingly the two lads were not so hostile
That astonishing thought dwelt in her head for a while
They did not raise these dreadful summons and called to the streets
Nor did they throw blocks and stones and called with dire shrieks and beats

The forest nymph came through the meadow of spring flowers yonder,
Her face was turned away from the sun towards the west,
And he the stricken lad divined how her clear eyes shined thru long lashes
With the light of a lasting rest
And the rays of the sun-set did wander
To bless her, and she was blest through the grass so lush

By touch of her golden splendor,
The beauty of earth and sky,
With her spirit burst high
The divine music of the forest gloom passed her by
And around her that Heaven or Earth might send her in candor
He out of gasp watched where she stood and did sigh.

##3 the tree

Next morning, he the smitten lad rose like Lions after a day of sleep
In unvanquishable conviction so overwhelming and deep
As he shook his chains of restless sleep to earth like crystals of dew
Which in sleep had fallen within vexing dreams though few
O phantom of delight, that she was here
With her fiery slaying eyes so bright and clear.

He was hidden among the balmy bushes his silhouette not to reveal
For his eyes had commanded him from her view to conceal
And listened to heavenly song he ever heard
For her sweet voice, sounded like a bird
Singing love to its lone mate
In the ivy bower disconsolate;

Then all was quiet in the forest gloom and every creature staid
As though it was expecting an event for it all habitants remained
Immobile at the post of their lair and they were listening long
Only the forest sang a distant whispering song
And then in mid of silence a woodpecker anon
Taped lightly on a fir and then it hashed gone

It was hidden from view but still was tapping with its beak
From branch to branch like a child playing in hide and seek
Nearby a brown squirrel was sitting and in her paw
She held a nut; her tail, the while she did gnaw
Hanging over her like a plume of a pirate in a corsair
Her fur was clean and shinning in the sun so fair

She saw the lad hidden in the bushes and like a lightning she did flee
From bough to bough she was a dancer in a tree
At last she estimated the dangerous invader and slipped into unseen hole
Returning like a dryad to her bole
Echoing silence again, till somewhere fingers did push
Apart the green clusters of a balmy bush

If he only looked up to the foliage of the sturdy oak
O wonderful surprise; he would have seen her in white baggy cloak
Her two widely opened startling eyes
Wide open as is when one's sight
Is peering into darkness from the light
And on one side he would have seen a little hand
Covering the smile of confusion against the boughs being by breezes fanned

She was mocking the lad; her long fingers to the sunshine turned
With translucent red like rubies burned
Her two curious lips were opened scarcely met
And white gloss teeth were like pearls set
And though the rosy long fingers veiled it so
Yet all her exquisite face was like a spring rose did aglow

Between them shined a face ever so fair
The forest nymph was gathering nuts and berries there
And occasionally offered herself from her basket of bark and chips
Fresh gathered wild strawberries rosy in color as her lips
She bended the maze of hazels high
From which she plucked the filberts flashing high

From the high lush foliage of an old sturdy oak tree she gazed at him
As her tiny feet clinched tight to the massive boughs brim
'O foolish lad if you had never to the forest strayed
Beyond the woods, you would not have felt so down betrayed
You should have left me alone and follow fragrance of the honey drawn
Or harvest the long ripening corn'

'You left the plain meadows where the trees are scarce and grow thin
And so you lost my trace; now you do not know where I have been
And so I did vanish into the forest thicket like cunning creature sped
And you will never know or guess where I spend the night and where I was fed'
She almost choked in her giggle; holding her palm tight to her mouth
While the confused lad down the tree seemed to lose the South

Solemn had set on the struck lad, drew him to sit on rocks, to muse over will and
shall,
To slowly trace the forest shady scene, before the village announced bell
There she lived, the saint beauty, where things that own not man dominion
dwell,
Secluded forest lot; mortal feet had never or if rarely there been;
Surrounded by the trackless mountain all hideous and unseen,

With the wild flocks of goats and sheep that roamed in slopes so green

Alone he was there over steeps and roaring, foaming falls to lean;
So struck he was by the phantom he saw a solitude, for contemplation he sought
to hold
Her charms and beauty so coincided with Nature's charms, he craved to view all
her stores unrolled.
A strange feeling dissipated into him; the thought that his life would never be the
same
To hear, to see, to feel and to possess, whatever that creature had been
He was tangled and owned by love game

With none in the village who bless him, none whom he could bless;
What a splendor in the landscape so unburdening, so shrinking from distress!
The observer would be calm, and with kindred consciousness endued,
If he were not, he would seem to smile the less
Of all the flattered, followed, sought and sued;
That was to be alone; that was graceful solitude!

The enthralled lad was amazed at the view; every now and then
He stopped and scan the forest edge and the small house again
And once, just once it seemed to him that from the smoking hut
A feminine dress flashed out white, mysterious and quite
Or something else falling gently from a height
Flew through the open porch like a flash light

At night in the village, athwart the shutter as he lay and others snored
The spangled moonlight through the heart shaped opening poured
The silver column was beaming on his vexed head
He tried to doze and to toss upon his uncomfortable bed
Dodging the silver moon; then suddenly he heard
A tap, and got up as blithely as a light bird

He was at ease surprisingly and happy and so lightly breathed
And around his mouth a little smile was wreathed
Remembering how the hunting of that day had past
The vision of the forest nymph made him flushed and sighed; his heart beat fast

He marveled her splendid look and he felt she was so close
Was the encounter a real event or one of imaginary those

##4 the hut

He by the window hut stood stare
And totally mused, and breathed the flower scented air
He bent down to the violet lot and then
His curious gaze passed over the leading paths again
And into the tiny footprints strayed
At once he guessed by whom they had been made

Then looking up, he suddenly caught the sight
Of her, a young forest maid upon the fence of birch white
That to her breast her slender form enclosed
Her erect straight shoulders and her swan like neck exposed
He contemplated that the girls of the village wear this guise
At early morning but not before men's eyes

And so she though none was there to see, had pressed
Her arms as if it were a veil upon her lovely breast
Her abundant hair was not in tresses unconfined
But into little grass stems was twined
That wonderfully graced her, and the summer sunlight shed
Was like a radiance halo around her head

The small house was surrounded; scattered all about cheery trees
Between them hand raised crops of all varieties
Wheat, maize and beans and bearded barely grew
And peas and millet; flowers and some bushes too
The housekeepers that garden had devised
As beautiful and abundance it was yet they were unapprised.

That was a day when summer sun shined dim in the open air
And not a sunbeam entered straight there
But even without the sun rays he could see a thick winding tree train
And a chamber hidden in the woods with figures strange and sweet
All made out of imaginative feminine brain
For her hut had windows small with shutters that did not meet

Through the window he could curiously peek and see
Something carved so astonishingly as adorable she
In the middle of the chamber a lamp with two-fold silver chain
Was fastened to an angelic figure feet; to stop him now who can?
The silver lamp burned dead and waning dim
But the forest nymph made it immediately bright by a trim

Suddenly and swiftly she appeared in the wooden porch
His heart started bouncing in his chest, he was a torch
He was amazed and enthralled: 'Oh gracious hell!
Where did she get this hailing tail? '
Oh hell like from which heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In fiercest glances seem to ever roll
From the eyes that cannot hide their flashes

She was a human after all! Totally alive human and not a witch
He wish he could that view of her his villagers teach
A stature of Goddess; as her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses
No other maid in town can match, be she from the best lasses

He could swear each clustering lock could still
And curled to give her beautiful neck caresses
As she strayed on the mossy porch along
She imprinted her impression on the amazed gazing throng
Of birds of songs and like some bearded meteor trailing light
She at the girdle porch stayed and stared towards his side

He was stricken and delirious
She was inquisitive and curious

He crouched few yards in front her carved with stone
And once, but once she turned lifting her eyes
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed
To find they were met by his own
And suddenly, sweetly strangely his heart beat stronger
His blood throbbed thicker until he heard no longer

The old matriarch was worried ' I have been somewhat disquieted my dear
For ever since the young from the village has been strolling around here
I am old and you are the only child I care about and this wandering boy
Rope me of consolation and earthy joy' her listener was shy and coy
'We must be thinking for this matter some settlement
For knowing the village people this may turn into your predicament'

He could no more, but lay like one in trance
That cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign
But lies and adores his treasure view in constant glance
She turned and paused by the sunbeam blasted pine
'Come down, O maid, from this oracle of a mountain fire'
He urgently to himself thought, overwhelmed with desire

With her long like water fall hair she drew he like the moon draws the sea
A floating cloud stooped from the bright sky and threw its shape
Over a long valley, and near mountain and a remote cape
He felt no more the same, her fate and his were that moment sealed
An emotional surge seized his heart to which he could not yield
But how he would strive the village stream; and see what they could not see

He struggled anxious to raise his palm in serene calm and no stress
With friendly peacefully gesture that expressed no harm
He felt compelled to prove to her that he was not like the village rest
His body, his heart bared for her no contest of any kind
But before he could make up his ghastly mind
An old dowager rushed out the hut and sounded the alarm

She immediately gathered back into the hut his eyes revered pleasure
Who would imagine his lost in depth and in measure
For not every day one can lose such a divine treasure
His task disappeared; his song had ceased, the theme
Of such enthralling spell was broken of that protracted dream
For a few gracious moments they were one picture as one team

And thus he stood in the forest thicket long alone
His soul, like the earth after the sun has gone
It grew slowly cool and took a darker hue
He mused at what he saw but in his dreams no comfort drew
A solitary sadness crept into his mind too painful to bare
That sad thought; that loneliness of feeling without her

'How -fair she is; fairer than any flower or grass
'The field's chief flower, she is sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, lovelier than any lass,
More white and red than doves or roses do share;
Nature that made her, with herself at strife,
Faith that the world has ending with your life.'

##5 the first talk asks about name
There was no danger from the summer sky that day
Except the mid-day sun's fierce scorching ray
The birds were gathering on high boughs on a plot of wide land
And some lazily lied on the grass or bathed in the sand
Among the heads of the birds there rose in sight
Small flower heads, high in stems and flaxen white

Above the varied hues of the flower heads and ears
A shining mist like canopy rose to appear
Of flapping butterflies, the kind with rain bow colors light
And some as a grasshopper their wings transparent bright
Scarcely were seen when they were hovering above

As their wings sounded in a murmur as they dodged and rove

Along the emerald grass he followed the trodden path
Until he found her behind the bushes of rough turf
And on one hand she held a wreathed basket in the other a kerchief gleamed
She was occupied like a gaudy caterpillar seemed
That creeps along any green leaf of the plane
He adored her look; her graces and her charms none in vain

He was cautious in moves, focusing on a dandelion he found
To demonstrate that she was not his objective but the feathery flower round
He pretend to long to finger it he tiptoed near
He blew indifferently and all the plume lets seemed to disappear
And all that was left in his hand of them
Was but the naked shaft of a green stem

He mused about her delighting sight against the golden field hue
But from his lovely scenery no comfort drew
A strange never before ecstasy engulfed his mind not knowing why
She was so close at hand making his hopes growing high
For a while towards that shepherdess he strolled and crept
His head was turning and burning his heart leapt

So many graces in that nymph he found
With such imaginings he decked her round
He was close to tell she had such a pretty face
A tall slender stature; not too tall to devoid her grace
Those tender smooth cheeks, that blushing catching liveliness
Limned an excessive, primitive vulgar happiness

He was constantly cautious, with sidelong stealing glance
Not daring to approach her straight, he approached askance
In narrowing circuits like a ploughman in the field goes
But ever closer to his quarry his steps were bold to grow
He wore a straw hat that beneath his chin was tied
It waved like a burdock leaf with every stride

The astonished maid heard him quite well
But she made no reply neither told him any excuse or tale
Behind her he noticed tiny foot's prints impressed
In the fresh balmy grass she just recently had pressed
The outline was distinct but light, a track of one who walk fast
It seemed she scarcely touched the weeds over which she passed

'How -fair she is; fairer than any flower or grass'
'The field's chief flower, she is sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, lovelier than any lass,
More white and red than doves or roses do share;
Nature that made her, with herself at strife,
Faith that the world has ending with your life.

Mushrooms were plenty in summer around the village
And people used to gather them from the forest for ages
Especially the ones which were emblems of health; uneaten by worms
No insect ever lights its limbs upon their diverse forms
The young girls the slender ones pursed
As those mushrooms grow in clusters brood

The other kinds of mushrooms were not favored
Because they were poisonous harmfully or evil-flavored
Though not totally useless since to the forest beasts they were good
Provided shelter to wandering insects and decorated the wood
They could be seen standing upon the grassy cloth in order
Like rows of plates; none extended out of their border

Especially the leafy mushrooms in silver, red and gold
Like copper goblets that all kind of wine hold
Some people gathered the swelling cups turned upside down
Which usually near the slim like champagne had grown
The kind called Chanterelles that broad and fattish did gleam
Like china coffee cups filled to the full with cream

The Morel which may not look pretty like pepper pot with black
Dust filled; the other all distinction lack
Save the forest beasts wolves, wolverine and hares, yet unrecognized
By the people of the village who shun away with despise
These kids of harmful mushrooms men disdain to take
Unless if one may stoop to pick it by mistake

The forest nymph was gathering flowers and mushrooms of any kind
Suddenly she gazed around with distracted mind
Head high in the air; the village lad was too close in tease
A cold spring breeze came down from the foliage trees
She gazed at him trying to study his intentions or guess
If any malice dwelled in his chest

Once she realized his close vicinity
She immediately turned her back to him in timidity
'This fair charmer with such a soft pleasant voice
My heart resigns to his approach making me his choice'
She contemplated silently holding her flower basket
What on awkward feeling she never was such a target

'You are so beautiful, thrice-fairer than any lass in the village square
'The field's glorious flower, so sweet above compare,
A disastrous jealousy to all nymphs, my eyes never fell on such a view
More white and red than doves or roses are in hue
Nature that made you, with herself at strife,
Saying that the world has ended with your life.

'God must have bestowed all kindness in this fellow
To leave the rest of the village people barren with harsh and hatred glow
She was contemplating as she was mulling to stand or to flee
She gently brushed away a persistent forest bee
There were scattered with other insects and butterflies around the bloom of
cherry trees
Before the wild crops of different varieties

'Pardon me! ' said the astonished lad 'If I intrude;
It is just that I want to talk to you, with gratitude,
I feel humble for your privacy in the forest being abused
I notice your presence in the forest; I witness your wandering and with lush
thicket mused
And I must own my great indebtedness
I hope boldness has not inflected any great distress'

The forest nymph studied the stricken lad in courteous part
Definitely as one not so accustomed to social interaction art
She did not utter a word; she was amazed at the scene of stranger so close
'What a lovely stature' he thought at her charming gown and pose
All around in solemn splendor stood
The glory of spring blooms in the wood

His blood throbbed, in vain he struggled not in his heart to melt
But in his own despite compassion for her he felt
Behind a tree in a watchful silence hiding
He sighted at last and to himself he contemplated chiding
'If I err here I am to blame not she'
And he thrust his head out slowly from the tree

Noticing his move, she abruptly turned her back to him
He was close enough to be enthralled by her figure tall, slender, trim
His efforts to encircle her and face her again
Were matched by her contra reaction, to prove it nothing but in vain
Her skin over her neck and limbs is spread like a dream
All the lights around her turn their heads in shame dim

Her hair twisted in abundance of locks so silky, so wavy and fair
Dancing around and over her radiant face
They taunted and denied the morning breezes from caressing their share
Her long legs were bare, not casted as the village girls in black shoes with
bouncing lace
And the dress that she wore put all around her in despair

Like there was no other beauty there

Oh gracious hell!
Where did she get this hailing tail?
Oh hell like from which heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In fiercest glances seem to ever roll
From the eyes that cannot hide their flashes

And as her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses
No other maid in town can match, be she from the best lasses
He could swear each clustering lock could still
And curled to give her neck caresses
She was unequivocally the center of any grace

He could not stop being amazed, every now and then
His eyes at the garden around the forest hut scanned again
And once it seemed to him that from the house
A dress flashed out, long white and mysterious
Or something falling from the height
Flew through the garden like a beam of light

It seemed to glitter in the plot of cucumbers
As often the rays through after rain clouds appears
And falling in light ploughed field on flint
Or little pane of water makes it glint
The odor of all around bloom cherry trees
And between them corps of all varieties

The garden, was so full with wheat, maize and beans, the bearded barley grew
And peas and millet wild weeds flowers and bushes of different hues
Something had the lush grass stirred

But before he could guess what it was his view suddenly cleared
For immediately a guardian cock stood up front still
And thrashing his legs and throwing back his head he pointed up his bill

His ruddy comb upon one side inclined
It looked like his eye from that side could easily its comb find
Suddenly with slanted head towards the sky he the hovering hawk espied
He screamed his throat out and the hens within the garden did hurry to hide
And even geese rushed by fear
Surprised by the cock alarm, for the scared dove no eaves were near

'Gentle maid would you please look my way? '
But she kept turning her face away from his, while giggling and being gay
As he made any movement to face hers
She contracted it bending slightly and covering her face behind a bush furze
He was not able to keep up with her swift movements as he had to rush
Seeing through her fingers her face laughing and blush

After several futile circular attempts
He was considering another approach with slower temp
'Well' he started with a gentle voice
To present his another choice
'At list if you may to tell me your name? '
But she stayed stump unwilling to participate in the new game

Seeing her reluctant spirit in the new sport
He immediately offered another one of a nature short
'Let me guess your name' he said 'it must be Elizabeth? '
She nodded her head to signal a negative reply and drew a sighing breathe
'Then it may be Rosalind? ' She turned to him and her hair from her brow she
swayed
Again a negative sign by her was displayed

'well if you do not show me your face I will stay here all day
The spirits of the night would turn me into a flower of the field
Next morning you would pluck me from my stem and I will lie in your lap all day

I would listen to your breathe and to any word you would say'
His words startled her; she turned to face him; smug with no guilt
It seems she was about to say something; turned and flew away

##6 conversation

Early the next morning, at the time of the early hours of dawn
He got up and sallied from his cottage door without a word, all alone
Athwart his shoulders no food nor a bow nor arrows he carried
And towards the forest his steps he anxiously hurried.
The village dim lights through shutters he did not acknowledge or say a word
Last night, all night to all his family he was quiet and cold

The morning summer sun her fiery eye was yield
As he BEHOLD her, single roaming in the high wheat field,
She was working brushing ankle-high in a sea of flowers
And he could hear the wind behind playing in thousands waves of golden wheat
He breathed nostrils wide the field sweet
As the cows thick with milk and the buzzing bees honey his hour

In solitary a magnificent blooming, flower field Lass
Reaping and singing by herself in a gentle pass
Alone she cut and bind the ripe golden grain,
While singing a melancholy strain;
Oh as he listened for the vale profound
He was totally overflowing with her sound.

Such a divine voice carried by the wind No Nightingale did ever chant
A More welcome notes never heard to weary bands
Of fatigue travelers in some shady solitary haunt,
As she sang her cheerful melody, she kept at work her white ivory hands
A voice so thrilling never in the meadow was heard
In summer-time from the any bird

She sang for a while as if her song could have no ending;
He watched her thoughtless as she was singing and o'er the sickle bending
He listened, motionless and still;
And, then he mounted up a close by hill,
He knew this music in his heart he bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

He stared astonished at the beauty, and was silent for a while
At length he spoke to her in less exalted style
'I see I spoil your field of wheat and I ask your pardon
Forgive me I tried to take a closer look hurrying through the garden
You have a beautiful harvest at this summer days of late
I can help with loading the piles to the wagon straight'

The forest nymph smiled bewildered and made no reply
'I am from the village that is behind the lake, close to the ridge high
You are so astonishingly beautiful, whatever name be thine
Or a nymph, or ghost, or vision of phantom or divine
Would you say something? Do you come to the world by your volition?
Or by other none celestial order is your condition? '

'She is a treasure of love whatever she may be'
He mused, 'Beautiful lass like her in the village no one can meet or see
Too often a great soul or great thought grows
Alone secluded and secret like a woodland rose
But bring it out to the sun's summer bright rays
And with thousands views and hues it will amaze

Her smile melted his heart, his eyes enthralled to all her stature, all her parts in
the sun

He drowned his fear by the utmost craving to speak, to address that beguiling
maid

And having gained a modicum of composure he finally began

'Ah beautiful maid to what name do you answer or turn? '

His face blushed, his inwards did shake, and his flesh did burn

And his mind kept wondering from what materials she was crafted and made

His efforts to face her stature were still in vain

The maid kept turning to keep him out of visual gain

As they both were turning round and round in his frustration he proclaimed

'If you would tell me your name then let me guess which word expresses
your name'

And thus he started throwing names as she was nodding a negative sign for each
call

Until he exhausted all maiden names he thought would her name claim

'Name? 'She wondered, 'What does this word mean?

She was astonished being so much uncommon to human's habits and ways

She left her sheath and got closer to him abandoning her usual avoiding days

Inside her there was assurance that village lad meant no harm and bared no
intensions mean

Such a creature tall and slim clad with ragged handmade cloths

Her slaying eyes shined in the summer sun were streaming both

He remembered the old lady in the hut where she with forest nymph dwell

Though she did called the lovely maid; he did not hear it well

'The old lady in the house' he said pointing back to the hut behind trees vile

'She is my grandmother' the maid explained with a smile

'Ah, I see, how she call you? How she says come to me'

'My love, sometimes my heart or my little soul' she said looking so kind

Her reply was so timid and shy as the wind blew the curl from her check

Even the snow white steed turned back in curious peek

He immediately rushed to collect and to catch all bundles of golden ripe wheat

And gathered them to be loaded into the wagon with snow white steed
Amazed and confused the shy maid watched the vigorous lad
Strangely a villager with not hate malice seemed so odd

She studied the unknown lad who was smiling pleasantly
Quite plainly grateful for her timid maiden courtesy
An observing which she lowered her eyes and hushed
And like a budding rose in spring all over blushed
He felt awkward for an instance raising slightly his arm
Not too close to her so he would not cause her to be in alarm

In her eyes he was indeed a fine and comely man
His face was long, his cheeks were fresh through wan
With gentle dark brown eyes and long fair hair
The golden straws and tufts of grass were still clinging on him there
Which he had collected through his toil and tried to throw them
And yet they were too stubborn to show like a disordered diadem

She mounted the wagon loaded fully with golden ripe bundles of wheat
And as the reign was pulled the steed burst along the sandy path
The dry dust rouse in twisting column of clouds and whirling circles
Yet through them she endorsed him with craving soft yearning treat
Followed by a feminine bursting laugh
For him it was the best of all miracles

The young lad stood long in the vast meadow of April showers
Gazing, musing, breathing in the fragrance of the fresh spring flowers.
He bent down his face to the violet plants and then
His curious eyes gazed passed over the paths again
And once more to the tiny footprints strayed
He tried to guess by whom they were made

Then, looking up he suddenly caught a phantom sight
Of an young girl, a lovely forest nymph upon the wild roses of white

That to her breast her slender form enclosed
Her statues shoulders and her swain like neck exposed
And she, as if there was none for her to see had pressed
The spring flowers she was holding upon her breast

Her hair was in voluptuous tresses confined
Not like the village lasses their hair into little paper pods twined
She was wonderfully graced in the sunlight shed
A radiance like a halo around her pretty head
Her face was turned down, from sight concealed
As if her eyes were continuously seeking the flowers in the wild field

Mushrooms were plentiful under summer sun
This time she stood there with basket half full and did not run
He noticed she had gathered some of each kind
As she stood and gazed around with uneasy, shy curious mind
The mushrooms were considered emblems of maidenhood; uneaten by worms
No insect ever lights upon their intrigue forms

He watched her, as for piece and solitude it seemed by nature she yearned
And slowly from where he stood her footsteps she in alacrity turned
Towards a hillock, where amid the cool over baring shade
Of thickly and lush growing trees a boulder grayed
From which a gurgling soothing fountain purpled and gushed
And then as though in search of the shadow, rushed

To hide itself in grasses and reeds tall, that rank
It's blue distilled water and therewith grew thick and rank
There that swift wanton, quiet and smug stream curled
And whispered an inland murmur scarcely heard
The hidden stream flew cradled in leaves, in grass swaddled deep
As a human may put his fatigue head to a long sleep

He followed her in a slow pace and but not too far a distance
Just before the wide groove entrance
She stood above the stream and lightly shed

Upon the grass her piece of cloth; a shawl, carnelian red
She knelt and slowly lowered her side
Not minding the little waves that rushed towards her in unseasoned tide

So soon was he along as she was down,
Each were leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Then he slightly stroke her lovely cheek, she started to frown,
And when she chided, he soon stopped her lips;
And kissing spoke between them with lustful language of tongues
'If you chide, your lips shall never open.' she was breathless in her lungs

She was burning breathless with bashful shame
Nothing seemed to quench the maiden burning of her cheeks;
He paused meditating on her windy sighs and her golden hairs
Which fanned and blew his face dry again; a pause she seemed to seek
She turned away; saying he was immodest in a blame
What follows more he murdered with a passionate kiss?

Even as an empty eagle, fierce and sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings in the zeal of hut, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuffed or prey be gone;
Even so he kissed her brow, her cheek, her hair, her chin,
And where he ended he did anew begin.

Forced to content, but never as her wild nature, to obey,
Panting she lied and breathed into his face;
He feed on the steam as on a prey,
And felt as if it was heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing his cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dewed with such distilling showers.

And thus, alas, how the wild bird lied tangled in a net,
So fastened in his arms she lied browsing the blue skies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made her again fret,

Which bred more beauty in her angry, wildly fierce eyes:
A Continuous rain added to a river that is already rank
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Calmly and silently he watched her beauteous eyes
Suffused with salty tears implore to stay
And heard unmoved in her plenteous sighs,
Which said far more than words can utter or say?
The village tyrannous folks have their deep empathy
For this love connection harmony

Though keen the grief that her tears express,
When love and hope lay both overthrown;
Yet still, this girl, this forest nymph, this bleeding breast
Throbbled, with deep sorrow, as his very own.
The village judges already declared this love deal
Will never grow feathers will know not be real

Where in the forest the acorn at dawn tumbles down,
Where at pathless woods the ash tree sheds its sweet berry,
With your skin and long hair so soft and brown,
With your eyes so fire piercing and merry,
Scarcely moving the along pathless woods with long grass,
The gorgeous maid of the woods, I long to see you pass.

Little thing, my little angle in what dark hut or den,
Lie you all the winter dreaming of bright spring? or sleeping?
Till warm weather to the woods comes again,
Then once more I see you thru trees and lush bushes peeping
Round about the tall tree roots,
Collecting at their fallen fruits.

The maid of the forest; phantom of delight, do not go,
Where the farmers of the village stack their treasure,
Search the forest floor; find the nut that falls below,

Eat the acorn at your pleasure,
But you must not steal a morsel chaff or a grain
They have stacked them with so much labor and pain.

Make your dwell in the forest where mosses spring,
Make it fit underneath the tall oak's shadow,
pretty, quiet harmless thing,
Roam and play about the sunny meadow.
Keep away from village corn and what people made
Keep away and none will harm you, little maid

Call up his father, call him at once to defend his son's horrible deeds
Rouse him: make after him, poison his air and his delight, until he takes heed
Proclaim him in the streets; let him not rest even one second well
And, though he may in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies and plagues: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on it; as it may lose some color; be not coy

'The fair witch doubles, doubles, her toils and troubles;
As she prepares the tongues of the fire
To burn under her caldron foaming bubbles.
The fair forest witch never does rest nor tire
Helleway! hellello!
Here comes the forest witch acid stew

A fillet of a fanny scalped snake,
In her caldron boils, fumes and bakes;
She cuts and throws an eye of a newt and toe of a green frog,
Adds a wool of black bat and tongue of a used to howling dog,
An adder's fork would not suffice unless augmented with a blind-worm's sting,
A slender lizard's leg and a long salamander's wing,

For a charm of powerful witchcraft trouble,
Like a hell-broth in her caldron boils and bubbles.
Double, double toils and trouble;

The fire burns and her caldron bubbles.
Then she cools it with a baboon's blood killed by her poisonous dart,
And the charm is final and firm; done her witchcraft."

He amazed, seeing her in this ongoing distress
Could not help to aid her helplessness
He started brushing her natural gown, bent to her feet
To sweep off the angry roaming ants, who claimed her as a treat?
By chance his lips came nearer to her brow
In such a tender and unpretentious posture, that raised her awe

The night high tide rushed and raked itself upon the stony sandy shore;
Along the rugged cliffs and chalky mossy low echoing caves
The violent wind moaned and mourned the vexed hoarse bay, seeming to
deplere
All that were buried in the lake bottom and in the womb of its restless waves
Mined and hammered by corrosive tides, the hollow scared rough rock
Falling it shock the broad beach with long-resounding trembling shock,

It fell prone, and rushing from its lofty turf height,
Loud thundering on the ear of sullen dark, deserted, lonely night;
Above the desolate and stormy bay deep,
Gleamed the wan frightened moon, by floating mist oppress;
Yet here while night fowl, and brood with health, and labor sleep
The waves of the foaming lake sustained their ghost chase

The throng groaned and moaned to make a universal shout
That the nearby lake trembled underneath her banks and shacked out
To hear the replication of their sound
Made in the lake concave shores around
The echo traveled by routes obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels and foul creatures only,

The village bells were ringing dreadfully in storm and from within
The silent enticing spring woods re-echoed a great din

Of people to each other direly crying and hollowing
As if it marked the end of some solemn civil gathering
But yet with means mournful stress that resembled a funeral
Village people that knew better times under circumstances prandial

'Ah frigid winter wind; blow, blow, you winter wind
Your whistle and fierce keen air is not so unkind
As the people village harshness and ingratitude;
Your tooth is not so relentless and keen,
Because you rush and blow the flowers fields and you are not seen,
Although your breath be quite rude my face in the forest you boot'

'Oh come love don't look sad be happy smile, laugh the forest is a green holly:
Most village friendships if not feigning, most loving mere folly:
Come live with me and be my love in the forest gloom
Where the village rage and hate do not loom
And life among the trees, grass and flower of the field most jolly
And the wind at summer night flows among leaves and awl sighs slowly'

'Something in me grew to like the freezing winter bitter sky,
One can deal with it; it does not bite so nigh
Its maladies I brush off in a way I forgot:
Though it the waters warp,
Its sting is not so sharp
As a friend who his troubles remembers not.'

Return! Return! Return!
His helpless, desolate cries echoed thru the forest deep and convex turns
Upon a dump mossy rock, faint and delirious he stopped and fell
His story was too anguish to carry; too burdening to tell
There was not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away
When the glow and glee of virgin thoughts decline dead, dull and decay

And the night fell on the air quiet chilly but not dark

The village hounds lend their screaming yells and loud bark
The thin gray cloud was spread sparingly on high
It covered but not hid the vaults of the sky
The moon was behind, and at full shape
And yet she seemed remotely small and out of place

This is all done, and I am shivering in the cold gale
How happy, careless is the beetle that unfurls her plain sail
And soaring over the wavy wind gust
And flies over the refreshing blast
Unlike her I must from this beloved land be part, be gone
The burden is too hard, too suffocating to carry on

I could not have been what the village people have me been
For I could see what I have in this less forest nymph seen
Could I repose even once upon the warm breast?
Which constantly my utter happiness blest
I must seek for us both another zone
Leave behind life since I cannot love but that forest nymph one

It has been but yesterday that I saw these slaying eyes
Which gave me such heavenly bliss and the village colossus miseries
They will never understand that even I strive it will be but in vain
Never to think of her again
Once this magic love grabs you; and over you have grown
It will never fade; forever holds you and never be gone

Dreadful voices, ominous bells I am like some lone bird waiting for her mate
My anguish wearies my heart; my soul is desolate
Without her I look around and I cannot trace
Any piece of beauty; I ignore any friendly smile or a welcome face
Even in crowds and in village center I am still isolated and alone
As my sun sunk; as my day is gone

I search that light whose smile kindles the Universe love
Pray the beauty in which all things breath, work and move

The blessing which is out of the mortality domain
That our finitude cannot quench; the benediction that sustains love and spiritual
gain
That fire which is in all of the world, on earth, air and sea
These words, these lines consume the clouds of cold mortality beaming on me

The soul and spirit of the Forest Nymph which I have invoked in my song
Descends on me; my spirit sail is forever driven
To remote shores; far from human throng
In voyage full of peril yet never to the tempest given
The soul of the Forest Nymph is like a summer night star
It beacons to me from the Universal abode where the Eternal are

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Nero CaroZiv

A Gracious Silhouette On The Path Of Light

A gracious silhouette on the path of light
She was a phantom of delight
when she first gleamed upon my sight
A lovely apparition, upon the earth, sent
to be the world's ornaments
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair
Like the golden dusk her glided hair
But all things else about her said or drawn
are as the joy of emerged from dawn
A dancing spirit, a wanton shape, an image glee and gay
to haunt, to startle and beguile as a piercing ray

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Nero CaroZiv

A Loss Of Something

As a child, a loss of something vague ever felt I
The first time I could recollect its hidden existence, its shadow gnaws inside me,
never did die
Ever since and now, young innocent soul; bereft I was of what I could not tell or
know;
Though young and immature in suspicion, yet the persisting evil ever dwelling;
never left or let go

In frustration and seclusion I escaped searching in pathless wood
In forest gloom I found joy, zeal and rapture far from human condescending rude
There was my pal an old tree with self reflected shadow at its veined sturdy feet
As summer haze thickened and the day lengthened under the brooding heat

As years passed by, an elder lad, a session advanced wise
But fainter and fatigue, distressed, blurred with confession of life hassle
I find myself still perplexed, softly searching, figuring for that confidence of castle
Of my delinquent childhood blessing, the tantalizing world of a kid without a prize

And suspicion grew and evolved; as my hand and finger grew feeling along
endless wall
The finger that touches my furrowed forehead now and then
The throng of days overwhelming, suffocating like turbulent waters ahead of a
tall waterfall
Pushed and drove me away from the site of the child kingdom of Heaven

Life under the reign of the vile hand, ever so weary, ever so in owe
be-dabbled with legs in paddles and limbs torn with savage thorns
As child I could no longer crawl, no further go
My legs could keep no pace with my desires under avalanche of scorns
In secluded hideouts of forest gloom, I rest till the end of a day
I asked heaven to shield me; God forbidden! another scolding fray!

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A Lover Laments

Do not leave me love
Please stay with me longer
Do not hastily go and rush to the world yonder
To the place in heaven and angles soaring above

Do not leave me love
Please be with me on my final path decline
Keep up your strength and trailing devoted sign
Be to my final end, be my enduring cherished dove

Do not leave me love
To roam in empty house of dusty suffocating rooms
With cracking doors, talking to your ghosts and shadows
Of happy past days before this time of age and doom

Do not abandon me love at night nor at dawn
Let me not attend your horrible ceremony
Oh heart break, Oh crushing agony
Just to hear the coils cracks when you are lowered down

Do not leave me love before my time comes
Talk to me of days of joy and courtship young under sunrise
when the look of fire in your eyes looms and rises
To amaze and to stun all beholders and ever some

Yet me think if I can kindly ask the lord
That he takes us both together, swiftly at once
So we together as always be as one
To avoid this dreadful ceremony we each cannot afford

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Nero CaroZiv

A Man Philosophy

Once a young, impetuous lad stood before me
And thus he drew a world for me to see
'The fountains send their rivulets to mingle with the roaring river,
And the rivers join with the vast blue ocean;
The winds of the nights mix forever
With a sweet human emotion;
Nothing in the world is by itself, alone and single;
All things by the laws of divine nature
One in another is being mingled
So why not I with lovely maid as you? '

'Tut! these ideas I totally deny' To him I replied
'Don't the rivulets in the high mountains chose their rivers?
And the winds sometimes are too rough to the human emotion!
And all things by laws of nature chose their parterner to mingle
So why should I mingle with you? '

The stubborn lad did not hesitate; encouraged he continued:
'See love, the mountains kiss the high heaven,
And the waves of the ocean clasp one another;
No budding wild flower in the field could be forgiven
If it disdained its neighbor or its brother;
And the sunlight clasps and endorse the earth,
And the moonbeams in the sheen of the night kisses the sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If you will kiss not me? '

'All these things I totally denounce' To him I replied
'The high heaven do woo the mountains top
The waves of the vast sea do each other encourage and strengthen
And the host of wild flowers in the field do support each other
From hawling winds and tramping rain

What have you done for me
That I should kiss thee? '

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A Meeting

Red roofs are shining over white ivory walls with first spring treat
While brave birds of song twitter and sigh as they fly,
With a windy April grace I stood waiting in a street
As little clouds pass by.

At first your face did not appear against bares and browns
None of the lass strutting the streets matched you in beauty and in glee
I could not be so sure of you with ups and downs
Save that I saw you glorious walking towards me

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A Midnight Summer Hour

A Midnight summer hour, in the streets of a dormant city
That has not a sound from the warm dusty, pavement
The pale moon has lost her memory in nightly orbit of pity
She is smiling alone in awkward mockery, madness no sentiment

In the dimming lamplight the withered leaves of late summer
Are collecting at my feet and at the corner streets
And the wind by them begins at their hiss to moan
So terrifying sounds that it delays the hesitating dawn

The memory of her all alone in the moonlight
I can smile at the reminisces of old happy days
She was so beautiful then under the sun at the bay
I remember the time I knew that happiness was a delight

Let this divine memory live again in my fantasy
As I walk desolated in empty streets as every street lamp
Seems to beat a fatalistic beacon of final flame
A warning, of its doom approaching end and agonizing ecstasy

Someone mutters at the street lamp gutters band
And soon a fierce and foul dawn rises on the beach sand
The light from her window into the darkness beams
She is no longer mine such an abrasive realistic it seems

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Nero CaroZiv

A Morning Awakening

A diamond of a morning din and city cars
I was waken from a dreadful dream; too early, abruptly soon
By then dawn had unshelved the sky from the flickering stars
Just left the stubborn faint, stark white moon

Oh drifting white pale moon forlorn and lonely
As me, abandoned by my love the night before
You have been left for me to watch one and only
Her slaying eyes I am still not tired to admire and to adore

Nero CaroZiv

A Morning Rush

The seasons gather flowers from the rain
And bring the firstling to the flock
And in the dusk of dawn the unrelenting clock
beats out the little dreams from the eyes of drowsy human

The morning settled on horizon too soon
It pushes, it rolls off the late orbiting moon
Hurry, rush, no more time to sleep
Delirious dreams, reminisced thoughts not to keep
Here comes morning rush loom
The clock is ringing in light or in gloom

Leave the warm bed in hast
Take a bath, shave, brush teeth ignore the awful taste
Grasp a cloth or any meaningful attire
Take the elevator or run down spiral stairs

catch a bus hop on a train
Join the crowd march with the throng
In sunshine, in frosty gale, in wind or in rain
So many beings walking the world cannot be wrong

It does not matter where they all go
As long as one keeps up with their flow
The city bells are ringing loud
A beautiful day on high rises without a cloud

Nero CaroZiv

A Night At A Garden

A river crossing in the forest gloom ground
Brings me down from a hill secluded and tall
The garden roses that once we stroll
Is empty and forgetful of you and me
And lost it seems in troubles that circle endlessly around
Here at the head of a tinkling fall
The rivulet at the chasm trying to pass its way to the sea
The rivulet struggles the mounting rocks at the fall
As I do to hear you once again whisper
In odor and in color
"Be among the roses tonight"

Come into the garden of roses love
For the frightening black bat night has flown
Come into the secret garden dove
I am here at the gate but the moon alone
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses in the night air is blown

For the breeze down the bank bay moves
And the garden of love is as high
Being to faint in the din of a remote horse hooves
On a bed of daffodils sky
To faint in the light of the rising sun I love
To faint waiting in its light and die

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Nero CaroZiv

A Night Before School

I remember an autumn night when I lay in bed
While tomorrow school duties were on my head
The lightning in the sky spun my pajama of the night
In silver filaments with fire shot thru,
A broider of lamps that lit in sapphire hue
The steadfast splendor of enduring light.

The moon drifted dimly in the heaven vast height,
It was watching with wonder how the earth it knew
That lay so long wrapped deep in sleep dark and enfolded in dew,
Should wear upon her breast a star so white.
Thru the window I could had told the streets were empty
And an adult at the kitchen was drinking some tea

The ceremonies at school were boring dark
With flaring flambeaux that the wind blew down;
The evening was black and weary a dog would not bark
With rain-quenched torches dripping thru the town
But I had found that ceremonious atmosphere as the bucket outside filled to the
brim
That fire and joy in me that neither wind nor rain can dim.

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A Night Mood

The moon reddish color looms through horizon's fog
In the dancing mist the hazy meadow sleeps
By the green lush a reptilian creature calls his mate the frog
There where a shadowy movement stealthily creeps

Water flowers fold their petals round
In the distance tall and in close array
Yellow willows outline their shadowy forms to the ground
And towards the dark thickets the fireflies stray

The screeching owl wakes and soundlessly scouts its links
It beats the dark air with heavy wings
And heaven is filled with muffled light
Pale moon appears and spreads the splendor of the night

Rise up! Rise up!
Sloth forlorn silver moon
Send your gleams through the forest glooms
From every branch and leaf
There comes a voice beneath the bower to relief

Oh precious divine moment
The shy sleepy pond not too late behind
Joins to reflect shimmering mirrors
The silhouette of the dim willow
Where the winds calmly lament over water

Oh vast and tender universe sky
An appeasement seems to lower
From the firmament star-adorned
Let us love, let us dream
It is the hour of glamor sheen

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Nero CaroZiv

A Painful Spring

Love, how painful is your absence during this up coming spring,
When proud May, clad in all his adoration of colors and trim,
It skips no flower no bush, putting a spirit of youth in everything,
That even heavy sanguine Saturn laughs and dances with him,

Yet nor the layers of birds, nor the sweet fields smell
Of different flowers in diverse odor and in a riot of hue,
Could make me any summer season enjoy or normally dwell,
I can only watch the flowers of meadows and wild fields wondering how fast they
grew.

I cannot examine and enjoy as before the lily tender white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion color in the rose;
They are but sweet, but figures of beauty and delight,
Drawn after you, your silhouette, you are the frame of all those.

Yet it seems it is winter still, and, you are away,
Leaving me behind with your shadows, I with these do ponder and play.

Nero CaroZiv

A Pebble Stone

I wish I was a small pebble stone
That rolls and rambles in the roads alone
Un-noticed how happy it must be
In sun or under a shady tree

It never cares about human ambitions and staggering careers
And desperate eagerness or gnawing exigencies it never fears
It can even roam in the wide universal space
Until it finds and falls into another world with a convenient place

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Nero CaroZiv

A Silhouette Of Childhood

Flow down, cold distilled rivulets never make it to the sea,
Your tribute waves into my childhood memories deliver:
Yet, no more by thee my old forgotten steps shall be,
For ever, and never again for ever.

Flow, softly flow by newly built houses; among reeds; by little lawn or lea,
A host of joyful rivulets never to join and to bond into a river;
Time has taken my steps away, not at your banks to be,
For ever and never again for ever.

But here still will smile your century old fig tree,
With a huge trunk and sturdy blistered boughs the wind will never shiver
A gang of cheerful kids with mouthful of figs sweet like honey bee
For ever in my silhouette memories; again and again for ever.

Here in my childhood scenes and voices I shall ever be
Under thousands of suns stream and moons sheen, figures dance and quiver
Even though not by these scenes my steps shall ever be,
For ever and for ever

I walked through your streets gaunt and grim; none of the past for me to see
I came to relive, to remember, to reminiscence but I was left an abundant
receiver
My bosom sank; my voice choked gnawing within me
For ever and for ever under such burdening painful endeavor

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Nero CaroZiv

A Slumber

A slumber will my old, tattered spirit seal
I will have no human love, hate, grudge or fears
I will become a thing like any other thing on earth that cannot feel
Or hear the touch of rushing earthy years

Away from the roar of throng, motionless at eternal rest, no force
Under endless oblivion I will neither hear nor see
Rolled round in the dust of earth daily course
As in my early womb surrounded by rocks, stones and sands under a shady tree

By my bed a fountain runs from its rocky cave
It bursts forward to release itself: it bounces it breaks free
To be nimble, joyful as a silver wave
That pertly dances in the swinging sea

I may lie near a violet by a mossy rock
Half hidden from human roar and the human eye
So fair is the shining star under the night cloak
When only one is shining and flickering in the sky

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Nero CaroZiv

A Spider At Night

I saw a spider sawing its web in the dark of night
Without a shred of beam or light
So pert and nimble was its act upon the arc of white
How swiftly it managed its routes over the perfect symmetry of delight

To me as child it looked like a harmless ruff of dame
Or sometimes like a white shroud of gnome
But to all the flies and insects around
Who would warn and inform of the deadly trap with no sound

No doubt the spider is a heinous genius artist
Who was never considered to be as such
Though its surpassing merits are constantly certified
By every housewife broom touch

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Nero CaroZiv

A Stone In A Grave Yard

The tomb stones at the grave yard stand tearing
Weeping in scripts that shudder the heart in mourn and in wailing
Here at a little garden around a tomb, This Little, Silent, Gloomy Monument,
Contains all of life that once was vivid, sweet and innocent;

The angelic portrait of a child; the softest prattler that ever found a tongue,
She with the voice that was music; her words were a song;
Which now her image from the stone listening, smiling; it invoke sadness and
cheers
Such a pretty face in complete harmony; composure of universal the spheres;

Wanton as unfledged life; nature beguiled charms
I watch the stone wondering what has brought her here; what harms;
Fair as young child, as soft and kind,
Words cannot express; fate that one wish it was refined

The short life so abruptly thwarted; once so generously had been given,
Not long toiled here on Earth, retired untimely to rest in Heaven;
Where they the shining Angels rise and descend
Spreading their wide white wings before the throne where is sited

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Nero CaroZiv

A Stone Structure Upon A Hill

The flickering lights and monuments from my early childhood
Of meadows and pastures, pert and nimble spring in the wood
How they pursue me, how they revisited me every idle hour
How much I would these days and landscapes re-capture and devour
They leave no shelter to my gnawed soul, the persisting reminiscence of their
song
Tulips gathering on the hill and daffodils massing down valley in a commanding,
abundance of a throng

The mountainous arena gilded in an ancient patina covered rocks of lime,
Inspired the bard within me in many words and rhyme
And even nowadays my soul glows with many wondrous things,
Who would bring back the prattling old oak tree, to me in summer day it used to
sing
How much I yearn to you, I owe to you my homeland trees
I ran occasionally to your shades to avoid chide, rebuke and vile mockeries

I stood upon the hill, below my village seemed to stretch in a long lie
At my feet a fallen oak thrust its tattered branches to the sky
It lied like a huge building, from which an overgrown
Protruded the broken shafts and walls overthrown
There branching stumps and there beams half decayed
Within a hedge of grass all forming a solid rabble barricade

At the peak of the hill there stood an old deserted stony structure
Long ago was out of its crowded prime, human din and rapture
With the blackest moss upon its walls the weeds plots
Were thickly huddled in cracks and gashes one and all
The rusted bent nails long fell from the knots
That held the battled, scared doors and windows to the latch in the wall

The broken shades at elongate windows made the structure look old, sad and
strange
Long ago unraised was the clinking latch

Up the roof, heavily weeded and worn the ancient thatch
It used to be a thriving full of season fruits grange
As a child I never looked beyond the deserted farm, for there
The forest lords dwell, rumors told tales of coyotes, wolfs, boars, or even bears

And at the gate of their dominion sometimes there did rest
The half gnawed flesh and bones of unwearied guest
Sometimes I could spot amid the verdant grasses start
Like a fountains twain, the antler of a hart
A macabre scene at dusk, through the trees some golden creatures fly
And like sun beam it did flash out and then did die

Summer slumberous day, I sat by the stone wall half circling the structure
At mid-day lukewarm gales would breeze through as I craved to capture
The trees sigh of relief as they were whitening in the calm breeze
Nature does give its subordinates a hiatus and spottily tease
Then the sound of rushing hounds I could clearly hear
I guessed the guards of the water melons fields were drawing near

I could have longed there all day by the dreamy stone house
The doors upon their hinges creaked
A blue agonizing fly sang its whizzing song, the field mouse
Behind heavy weeded stones shrieked
The brown sparrow chirrup on the thatch roof
And yet against the wooing winds it stayed aloof

And then it was all quiet, mid silence a woodpecker anon
Taped lightly on an old fig tree and then it was gone
He hid, yet still I could hear him taping with his beak
He was nimble, coaxing, playing the game of hide and seek
Nearby a squirrel sat and in her paw
She held a nut upon which she did absorb and gnaw

Her tail hanged over her like the plume of a lady fanning the air
But though thus veiled, she glanced at me; here and there
She regarded me as out of nature; a stranger and like a lightning she did flee

Undesired I felt, she nonchalant from branch to branch; a champion dancer in
the tree

At last she slipped into an invisible, unvisited secluded hole
Reassured, she returned back to her secure bole

And silence again, till I heard human voices and with my fingers I did push
Apart the heavy with leaves clusters of a blocking my view bush
Between the bent boughs shined a face so holy and so fair
A girl was gathering nuts and field flowers there
As to offer from her basket of bark chips
The fresh gathered berries, rosy as her voluptuous lips

The youths besides her were bending the hazels high
From which she was able to pluck the filberts flashing by
I was distant, aloof from the human voices, and thus I stood up upon the hill
long alone
My soul, like the earth after the sun has gone
It grew slowly cool and took a darker hue
I mused at what I saw but my dreams no comfort drew

Summer days were slugging in the heat of the day
So many times I spent in the shade of that fig tree; from human away
The lazy idle days away from the harsh toil of school
And the rebuke of a raving teacher ' You damn fool'
Yet, there was such pleasure in the lonely path that lead in the wood
To the stone structure; zeal and rapture far from human disdains rude

I stood long hours and watch the old tree of a sturdy fig
It braves against the rain, the sun and the tormenting gust
Thunder roars through its boughs with dire shake and blast
Yet its leaves are whitening in my sight like a royal silk cloak big
Its milky acid exasperated in the heat of the day burnt my tongue and browsed
my arm
Which never deter me from repeated climbing, heedless of any harm

With one black self-reflected shadow at its feet
The old fig tree through all its lush foliage shines

As summer haze thickened under the brooding heat
And holy still silent in its dusty lusty vines
Oh I wish I had the strength and stamina of this fig
My life would be so much in a better clock and life intrigue

Elongated hot summer days, there was no danger from the sky those days
Except the summer sun's fierce scorching rays
The birds were dwelling, hiding around the stone structure house plot land
Some lay on the shady grass, other bathed in the sand
I remember our tall guardian cock prowling the yard, standing still
And throwing back his head he pointed up his bill

His ruddy comb, crown upon one side he inclined
That his other eye its target may easier spot and find
There were occasions when beneath the clouds he a circulating hawk espied
He screamed and flapped his wings; the hens within the garden hid
Even geese and turkeys were all stunned clicking their beaks with fear
The frightened doves took aimlessly to the air; no shelter eaves were near

My child days haunt me; I remember Sonia, a child that was smiling at me
pleasantly
I was plainly grateful for her eyes' courtesy; her slaying look are with me
presently
Observing me discreetly the little angel lowered her eyes and hushed
And like a fresh young budding rose bush, she all over blushed
Sonia was there, indeed a fine and comely girl with fair hair neatly combed
With gentle dark blue eyes beneath locks of hair the plain yard she played and
roamed

I adored her little stature; I was enthralled to her pretty face
Her slender body as she played with toys; a heavenly creature in grace
Those tender lovely cheeks, that blushing vividness and liveliness
Limed an excessive infant happiness
A small child, her mind and heart had no exercise
So rustic and bold to the teacher were her replies

The woods were secluded; no one with me stooped to talk
I remember every pebble; dusty thorn bush along that very lane:
To think how seclusion was all the way, in those frequent walks
A precious time in the dusty craggy route; I shall not walk again!
There was an isolation where society never did intrude
No man marked the soil with his wandering, roaming foot

The stone house upon the hill was my long hours dwelling place
Where usually I forgot the existence and annoyance of the humane race
The deep meadows hues of flowers, weeds and wild thorns
And the summer gale of winds combing the field of golden wheat with inland
murmuring roar
The old dying huge sturdy tree with dry boughs and long branches torn
The wind played gently among the trees as it does among the waves in a pebbled
shore

With that innocence of a child who longed to mingle with the universe and feel
What I was never able to express clearly; yet I could never subdue or conceal
From these scenery of careless happy childhood I shall never be wean
The reminisces keep coming back time and again to re-live what had been
And when all around grow drear and dark
These memories flash and roar within me with a reviving spark

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Nero CaroZiv

A Summer Morning

A barefoot boy on dewy sands of summer morning; I remember him at his play
July was at the peak of its reign; what a joy! in an exuberant moment was he
His shirt light to the breeze; his dusty trousers, rolled half to the knee,
And his bare ankles grimy, too, as they

The lithe reeds by the bank of a desperate stream facing the winds in array
Of feverish stripes, of green hues and white that hint vividly to him
Of the woody pathways ahead winding endlessly; embracing an old patina
structure in gray
Along the creek, the sun was rising in the East; the world shaking up from its
dim

He plunged his feet into the morning waters; gasped and shook -
Yet called the water 'warm, ' enough the enterprise, with never lack
Of joy; and so, totally and enviously I backward look
Upon that graceless barefoot and his happy blissful track,

His toe stubbed; the thorns that were hidden in the water
The cactus bushes were there in plenty with juicy protected fruits
A shadow ran across; a black silhouette; was it a cat or a wild otter
A frivolous pain to the toe; his thoughts were on that delicious prickly loot

Summer day, the heat is on; the vast blue clear sky without a single cloud
Across, stretched the orchards of balmy citrus trees over vales and hills,
When all at once he saw the silhouette of a flying crowd,
The shimmering host, of brown sparrows that flew under a wagon wheels
Some hovered beside the pool that cattle used beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze that overshadowed the humming bees

And now at the autumn of my years when on my couch I lie in naught
In the porch of night; on summer; in some vacant or in pensive mood,
The memories flash upon those inward thoughts
Which bring upon me the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And I wish I lie with the sparrows under that dusty wagon wheels

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Nero CaroZiv

A Tempest At Night

The night high tide rushes and rakes upon the stony sandy shore;
Along the rugged cliffs and chalky mossy low caves
The violent wind moans and mourns the hoarse ocean, seeming to deplore
All that are buried in the sea bottom and in the womb of the restless waves

Mined and hammered by corrosive tides, the hollow scared rough rock
Falls prone, and rushing from its lofty turf height,
It shakes the broad beach with long-resounding trembling shock,
Loud thundering on the ear of sullen dark, deserted, lonely night;

Above the desolate and stormy deep,
Gleams the wan frightened moon, by floating mist oppressed; clouds scattered
like fearful sheep
Yet here while youth, and health, and labor sleep,
Alone I wander vexed and anguished with no rest, when the sea roar is long and
steep

Oh that nature's soft nurse deserts us with grief -swollen breast,
I shun the eyes, that only wake to lament and to weep
Calm comes not to the shore of this sea; silver waves never pause or sleep
The tides and ebbs rush and force upon long sandy beach with no rest

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Nero CaroZiv

A Voice By The Citrus Orchard

A voice by the citrus orchard of deep green
The echo of summer morning din like it has never been
Oh, silence beautiful holy voice
Be still, calm for you only trouble my fatigue weary mind
With joy from the past in which I never could or can rejoice
An infant childhood I never did find
Yet still, now again I will crave to hear you more and more
For your sweetness honey hardly leaves me a choice
But to rush to the meadows and blooming fields and fall before
Nature feet in lea's trodden grass with fierce odor to adore

My morning now arises fretting, stormy and pale
No sun, but waning dim glare
Layers upon layers of hue less clouds
And the iron cold budded peaks of the apple trees are bowed
Caught and cuffed by the cold breezing gale
And the wet trail upon a bough of a lost snail

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Nero CaroZiv

A Walk In Manhattan

Faces that float in rivers of people heads, I meet; I see and pass
Throng thrust through bustling city streets and alleys, buzzing noise and broken
roar

Faces that come and go; silhouette of faces I see and lose in windows glass
All portraits new I will never see again; I have never seen before

Strangers of all ages and all human specimens encounter my pace
The comers and the goers, the marches of face to face
Parades of face after face in string of dazzling colors ware
An endless energetic human streams too busy world to stop, to be curios and
stare

An ant hill city of maddening crowd's ignoble strife
With sober ambitions without boundaries into all four winds to stray
Along cool sequestered decorum of life
All morals bent with insentient apathy out of way

People in rows, crowds in queues, clans in knots
The famous idols, the anonymous insignificant, the have and the have not
Diamonds and ashes blended in one street ashtray
while corners vendors and nooks players reciting their pray

Have you ever imagined how much you can tell
In the instantaneous encounter of human eyes
In ants path where no words are exchanged like soundless tale
You have the brief glimpse of a moment to pierce one's fragile disguise

Hurry, capture, net the rushing secrets of joy, agony and indifferent fatigue
Feeling crying, characters shining from all garments, styles and hidden places
A strode of strives and struggles in all passing faces
Walking, rushing ecstasy of success and the scare of failure and critic

On brandished high heels fashion ladies treat
With the rhythm of sculptured legs on stone walk beat
Tall on burnished hooves astute lawyers; vain confidence that the world fate
Is in their crocodiles leather-ed suitcase encapsulate

In this worlds of stage, a middle age woman passes upon whom I gaze
The measures she takes to hide her waning beauty leave me amaze

She is all wrapped in colorful deceit and counterfeit labors
That so immodesty displays nature's gone favors
With its fallacious arguments of colors and elaborate cloth
Is to the senses, cunning counterfeit and cynic loath

Rushing people in elongated avenues; restless streets flocks
I froze for a moment in trepidation and fear of thee
In the meeting of our eyes lock in streets shaded oaks
I can tell, you can tell, as much, so much of me

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Nero CaroZiv

A Walk In The Park

I saw them walking in a park under bright summer day
She and him in a walk of lovers calm pray
He the man I might have grown to be
She my lover, I so yearn to live and love in rapture and glee

His hair was full in mane drawing light and people sight
Tall and handsome, an ora in stature and in height
Unlike me of insignificant form and small diminished frame
Shall I compare myself to him, I can make no claim

Yet His body was a thing grown thin stark,
Like as if hungry for love that never came;
His soul was frozen in the park so aimless and dark,
Unwarmed untouched forever by love's flame.

I felt my lover instantaneously look at him
And then turn suddenly to me –
Her eyes were magic to defy in grim
The unfortunate compare I dread; the man I shall never be.

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Nero CaroZiv

A Week Of Summer Fruits

Oh that summer week; I wish it could have been long as an age,
Felt parting and innocent; fresh scent of summer fruits like it never ends; every
week;
Then poor years that staggered along my youth like a thousand years of fear and
rage
The flush of anger and frustration on the my child cheek:

So would I linger my long life, aloof introvert in little space;
Wandering in citrus orchards sweet scent; by time my soul would be annihilate;
So a summer blessed day's journey in oblivious field haze
To serve my hidden joys would lengthen and dilate.

Nowadays mornings I contemplate my thought;
Recall pleasure moments; at calm evening long ago I taught
Myself how to harbor such happy thoughts; nevertheless none is for naught
A precious debt to myself I aught

Though these memories are absent for long time
My childhood days, these forms of beauty have been to me,
As a landscape never gone, never forgotten in scent and in be
But glorious, divine moments elongated in their prime

Being always close to my heart and revived to my eyes
Often they are conjured mid the din and diverse
To live with me under the broken roar of cities, I have owed to them
The fresh, splendor, the view of on the hill tulips succulent stem

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Nero CaroZiv

A Woman

My love, I often do marvel how God could ever find space
For so many strange contrasts in such one beautiful face:
In you I find thought and I lose thought, how paleness dwells with bloom
And vivid bustle with morning sluggishness, only imagine the pleasure and
gloom.

When I contemplate your weakness or strength both marvelous and plain
Such strength in beauty as, if ever affliction and pain
Could pierce through a temper that is soft to disease,
Would be rational calm peace, I seek the philosopher's ease.

Your sometimes cold indifference, alike when you fail or succeed,
And attention demands full ten times as much as one may need
When pride wrapped in acidic envy, there is no much of joy;
I seek mildness, and my spirit is collapsed in mood so coy.

You are too free, and your prejudice pride and slaying stare
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that I am there,
There is such virtue and just, the title you surely may claim,
And yet heaven knows what to be worthy the name.

This picture from our own reality may seem to pass and depart,
I know that any man would at once run away with your heart;
And I for as long as time rolls would crave and strive to be
In such oddly manner a happy creature as he

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Nero CaroZiv

A Woman At A Café'

She is a burning beauty, so beguiling bright
As she sits in a café of a city under the dark night
Her skin over her face and limbs is spread like a dream
All the lights around her turn their heads in shame of dim
Her legs peep beneath a dark raven skirt
Setting all passers by night avenue into an anguished alert
What a mortal hand or eye
Could frame or design your thigh?

In what clay, in what mold
Were her eyes of fury and beauty rolled?
In what distant depths or vaulting high skies
Burnt the fire of her eyes?
He who framed her, what dare he aspire?
What hand could dare size this intense ball of fire?

Her shoulders, what an art
What craft could twist the sinews of her heart?
And when her heart begin to beat
What dread hands? what dread feet?
Where is the hammer? where is the chain?
In what furnace she was given birth? where it all began?

The stars above the city threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears
Did he smile at his work to see?
Did he who made the man that made thee?

She, she, the burning fire of the night
Lent her ore to the canopy of the city so bright
The flames of the candles at her table
Competed to reflect their image in her eyes like shadows so fragile

Her glass of wine did not delay; it had stalled
Her beauty's form within its convex heart
So proudly its bounty to the world it held
Claiming it never captured a more magnificent art

Burn! Burn! Beguiling beauty in a starry bright
As the city approached the edge of the midnight
The trees at the avenue their blooming boughs dropped
To feel her blood in her veins beat and throbbed
What immortal hand? what heavenly eye?
Dare contrive your fearful symmetry beneath this sky

And there was none in the city's daughters
With the magic like her when she sat down to eat
And like the night music on the East river water
Was her voice loud in tease and in din beat

As if her humor and soul were causing
The charmed bewitched river pausing
The waves at its banks to lie still in ripples gleaming
And the lulled winds seemed upon the water dreaming

And the midnight moon was weaving
Her bright image over the water floats deep
While her twin breasts were gently heaving
As if an infant was asleep

As she got up to leave
She walked in beauty into the night
That a city of cloudless climates can give
And all that was best in dark and bright
Were reflected in the lofty vaults of starry skies
And met in her structure and in her slaughtering eyes
And thus mellowed to that tender glow of night
Which heaven bestowed on her, yet to the gaudy day denied

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Nero CaroZiv

A Woman Pray

God, make me this thing that is rare and uncommon
That all my love's friends envy; be silent and attend
This wonderful reasonable ever beguiled and desired woman
As my love likes me: gorgeous witty yet obsequiously flattering friend

Please God bestow your ancient wisdom upon me
So I can understand and worship my man
Please enhance my soul with enduring love up to be insane
So that I have the wide heart and generosity to repeatedly forgive him

Oh God, wrapped me with passion for him, to be awed by rumor
Not grave through vain pride, nor too gay through world folly
Mingle inside me this equal mixture of none challenging good-humor
And soft sensible none engaging to absorb his bitter melancholy

Enslaved me God to love, to be totally helpless and abandoned
Leave me merely to tend upon the hours and times of my love's desire
Shrink me down with no personal pursues; no precious time on my own to spend
No interest, nor service of any kind, till and unless my love list requires

I will not dare him to question or to chide the endless idle hour
While my love counts the time and watches the clock for me
Think I not the bitterness of waiting the love's absence sour
When my love vanishes, bidding me unexpected adieu to bare and be

Would I dare to be consumed with a jealous thought
Where my sovereign may be and whose affair he does suppose
But like an obsequious slave I stay and think that I ought
That my love in soaring Narcissism is happy making time with those

I should ignore; I should culture a fool love at my own expense and will
By never questioning, by always thinking anything my love does has no ill

So I was raised and to obey taught
The way of the world to which we all aught

Please endorse me with endless patience and deep account
So I can relate to his capricious swinging moods
Yet, God bereft me of any independent strength or power shrewd
Unless God, you do not mind me killing him for what has been surmount

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Nero CaroZiv

Abandon Your Books

These lines I would have sent to a beautiful maid that over toiled herself with books, till her radiant face gathered dust and spider web wreathed upon her hair:

Oh listen to the falling rain and shake your dusty looks
Why all this toil and languid trouble?
Oh this swirling slanting rain, abandon your books
You will grow bold and double

The glorious sun above the mountain's head
A freshening luster mellow,
through all the long green fields has spread,
his first sweet evening yellow

Oh leave your books this is a dull and endless strife
come and listen to the woodland linnet,
how sweet his music; on our life
there is more of wisdom in it

But hash! how blithe the throstle sings
And he is no mean preacher
Come forth into the lights of natural things
Let nature be your teacher

Oh nature through rain, sun and wind has a world of ready wealth
our craving minds and questioning hearts to bless
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health
Truth! , Truth breathed by cheerfulness

One impulse from a vernal wood
may teach you more of mankind and of man;
of moral evil and of good
then all the dead sages can

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
our meddling intellect

Misshapes and misplaces the beauteous forms of things
we would murder to dissect

Enough of science and of distilled art;
Close these books, these barren leaves
Come forth and bring with you a heart
that throbs, that watches that thrives and receives

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Nero CaroZiv

Ah A Happy Lover Once Was I

Ah a happy lover once was I who had come
To look on her the one I loved so well
She who lightened and rang my gateway bell
Then to learn her gone so far from my heart home

Her departure saddened and dimmed all magic light
Happy time dies off at once from bower and hall
And all places are dark, dark in whole and all
The heart chambers are empty of any delight

I reminisced pleasant memories of a familiar spot
In which we two were wont to meet
Under a tree in an open field, in a chamber down lyric street
Foe all in dark now where you are not

Yet as I walk other streets wandering there
During those heart break deserted walks, I find
A flower beaten down with rain and wind
Which once they fostered up with gentle care

So she left me torn and tattered in deep regret
My forsaken heart my devastated soul
And this shaken flower like our love used to stand tall
Which she used to care for fades not yet

Oh poor love, Oh wilted flower hardly to rejoice the heart nor to please the eye
The force that nourished you is now your own demise and final tomb
Where is the hope that it can ever once again bloom
If dying, let it vanquish in the place where I myself die

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Nero CaroZiv

Ah Love, But A Day

Ah love, but a day
And the world on me has changed
The sun is away
And the birds to me estranged
One painful word from her voluptuous lips
And my whole world eclipsed
A bitter punctuating word, in a piercing phrase
My life is phased

The wind in mid air has dropped
And the skies grey, dull, deranged
Summer has stopped cold
Autumn perplexed over warmed
Stars in the murky skies madly shot
The pale moon in its orbit lost

Come, grow old with me
And the best yet to be
So you said
So I dread
Look me love in my eyes
Will you change too?
Shall I fear what I did not see?
Shall I find aught new?
In the old and the dear
In the good and true
With the changing year

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Nero CaroZiv

Ah, Past Middle Age Woman Upon Whom I Gaze

Ah, past middle age woman upon whom I gaze
The measures you take to hide your waning beauty leave me amaze
You are all wrapped in colorful deceit and counterfeit labors
That so immodesty displays nature's gone favors
With its fallacious arguments of colors and elaborate cloth
Is to the senses cunning counterfeit and cynic loath

This which your self pity practices to delete
The cruel years accumulated horrors
Constraining time to mitigate its rigors
And this oblivion and age defeat

Oh old sunken brittle woman in vain you carry such vanity
Your mask of musk is playing havoc and delirium with your own sanity
Your efforts of concealing what time jaws is peeling and revealing
Is like to play with the devil a hypocritical dealing
As any mortal being you in the path to be a cadaver, ashes, shadows ghosts
The time of your prime irreversibly forever forgotten and lost

And yet you old beauty do not regard these lines
As demon devouring fierce lions
Revealing in their occludent guile
In every stanza, strength and force
In every line a binding spell and leading course
For such is their suppleness of style

But remember this copy that is your prime semblance
Was by tenderness and fortitude of your past beauty inspired
Whereon a clumsy hand ambitiously conspired
To give your pains and suppressed emotions an utterance.

And do not blame these lines as conspirators with time
For robbing you out of your beauty and prime
Neither send me any comments on my verse
I have this human weakness in me of adverse
To judge wise those who sing my praise
Especially in the absence of the wit
That sinks what seemingly it tries to raise

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Nero CaroZiv

Alas, She Is So Fair

Alas, she is so fair and unique, yet modest, being not moved
To scorn the sworn declaration,
That I in her have found to be so rare and so loved
Yet I am plagued; is she true or is she is my fancy's own creation.

Imagination needs are our craving consume; they stir the soul;
Dear my maid, this truth I believe,
Minds that have nothing to confer
Find so little to comprehend and to perceive

By what miracle nature made her so royal and fit
To feed my heart's devotion; my heart throbbing emotions
By sublime laws to which all forms of nature submit
In sky, in air, in earth, and in the vast blue ocean.

Nero CaroZiv

Alone

Happy and content I am when secluded and alone
The time when I can with myself meditate and converse;
Since to my very inner thoughts I am so familiar grown,
That with delight in some obscure recess,
I can with silent calm joy think all my precious hours away,
Since early childhood; still think on, travel on time till the confining clay
Fall off, and nothing is left uncounted behind
Of drossy earth, meadows and remote groves; nothing to clog the mind,
Or hinder its ascent to those bright forms from above,
Those glorious beings of strolling in pathless forest gloom; whose exalted sense
Transcends the highest flights of human wit and human love;

I always endeared the zeal and rapture; the ecstasies of love,
The only thing that compelled me to leave my shell time and again
The long lost sleepless nights I admit,
Were freed from all their former anguish and pain,
And cleansed from every soul stain,
I bask with pleasure in love that I have found
That grew as pure, and as refined as at night, the calm grove without a sound.
Other human relationship I seldom sought
Rarely found; rarely move my thought

But for retirement? I never found myself fit;
Though to the delicacies and joys of solitude I can taste;
With dismay and horror I fly from it,
And rather chose in crowds my time to waste;
Retirement is one step from Death; one leg in the grave
With no comforting outing or escape; futile religious promises of heavenly save

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Nero CaroZiv

An Atheist

I am a confirmed atheist, yet teach me my God to bless, to pray
On the mystery of the withered autumn leaf, on the splendor of grass
On the freedom to see, to feel, to breathe,
To know, and gain on the knowledge of the past, to wish, to fail, to live

Teach my ware out blistered lips blessing and song of praise,
Renewing my time each morning, each night, each moment
Let my day be as good as yesterday
Let my day be for me simply a happy habit without the harshness of a strife

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Nero CaroZiv

An Autumn Evening

An autumn evening; constant faint rain taping the tin board
If I could have her arms tonight for an instant short
But half the world and the whole broken sea
Lie between her and me

The autumn rain reverberates in the courtyard,
Beating all night in first season chill against the barren mossy stone,
The sound of useless rain as if it was an instrument playing its part
Makes me feel more isolated and long alone

If she were here, she lives only few blocks away
The rain is mocking in contempt until the break of the day
My blood cries out to her all night; unattended in vain
The world is empty; besides the echo of the sleepless rain

Oh, the fitful alternations in the dark night, of the rain,
When the chill wind sobs in a languid whisper as with pain
Of the wind own heavy moisture, here and there in the cold air
Drives through the gray and beamless fearful atmosphere

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Nero CaroZiv

An Autumn Morning Walk To School

Cold craggy wind of autumn, moaning, blowing ashes into the air loud
At dawn, still dark outside the frail sunshine was late; overdue,
Oh shrieking, trembling winds, jostling the doors, and tearing through
The banging shutters; walls and roofs to shot, to rejoin a single floating cloud,

Autumn skies ominous; lying in bed contemplating about school I could hear the
hiss

And scrape of leaves dancing along the icy curb street there
How many boughs, bended by the howling winds; lashed savagely bare by this,
Would rake the cluttered sky once more and scare the flock of crows into the
gales of air

Walking to school in an autumn morning; tardy, and somewhat south of East,
The sun would rise so pail and fatigue to make herself known
Only by the meagre rays of light; out of vigor; a giant delirious or at rest?
Rather than by the known fiery disk in splendor of a mid summer shown;

Against the cold whistling wind I walked uphill towards school
Being pricked by dry dead thorn bushes along the hill path; casualties of last
summer

Bleak, I remember the houses along the way of chicken house slummer
And the cold feeling in my heart to face the teacher rave and rant 'You are
dammed fool'

Naked trees with wire barren boughs, no leaf did tremble, no ripple there
On the streets, all abandoned; though morning still under the night sleepy eye
The world so deserted from any human sign or care
Dimming morning light reigned on dreary routes with echoing cry

And the waning sun whether prudish or shy in that autumn cold morn
Had fled to her bower, well reluctant to lend her dimming light to a world in
mourn

No light in that oppressing darkness, no fume no torch in the gloom
In my child mind I did wonder 'Is this world ever waken, do these trees ever
bloom'

I encountered the principal stern face at the school wood gate

He was not happy for my long dragged walk, being so late
With my soul enfolded inside me I walked to the class; at the door I did hesitate
I opened it; the children burst in laugh and jeer at my clumsy awkward gait

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Nero CaroZiv

An Autumn Night

An autumn night, so bitter chill it is
A wide staring owl, for all its plum and thick feathers is cold
The hare long ago rushed limping trembling through the frozen maze
Into a lair, and silent stark are the song birds on a woody enfold

Naked trees with barren boughs, no leaf does tremble, no ripple there
On the streets, all abandoned still under the night sleepy eye
The world so deserted from any human sign or care
Darkness reign on dreary routes with echoing cry

And the moon whether prudish or shy in this cold night
Has fled to her bower, well reluctant to lend her dimming light
No light in this oppressing darkness, no fume no torch in the gloom
Is this world ever waken, do these trees ever bloom

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Nero CaroZiv

An Autumn Night In Bed

An autumn night in bed at those days of childhood
I observed from the window under flickering lights in the middle of the wood
A yellow pinkish leaf was uprooted up from its branch
With winds flowing upon the cold bough and wooing to conquer meadows and
grange

An apple tree with full juiced apples waxed over mellow
Stood over loaded bough bending to the ground and leaves turning yellow
The apples had been sweetened by summer sun light
In the gloom of the hissing howling winds at silent autumn night

From my window I gazed upon flowers over ripened in their plot
The rusted nails fell to the street from the knot
The diverse of bloom in late autumn ripened and faded, grew and fell, no
purpose or toil
Only the ever trusting, eternal beloved mother soil

As a child I hated the autumn nights dark blue sky
Knowing that harsh winter was behind with rain and gust
Those days I first learnt that death is the end of all life, ah why?
Should all life suffer this fate? with labor, torments and blast?

Amid of trepidation and fear there was a sweet music; so soft and calm it did fall
It came rushing over Vermillion petals blown from roses in the grass
And through the gloom of a house wall
That stood against a narrow pass

So dear to me are those memories from days of childhood life
Though they were stringed with agony and laborious strife
The vile hand strewed anguish and despair; still I can weep
Since the happy hours of back days I can see only in my sleep

And what is left? dark house by which once more I did stand

There the road became unfamiliar, strange long unloving street
Windows shut, door where my heart used to beat
So earnest was that door waiting for the touch of my hand

A hand that can grasp the knob no more
The memories of my house haunt me in long night bereft me of sleep
If I could like a guilty man I would creep
And open again the world behind that door

I am not in that house any more; I traveled far away
Where I enfolded with the noise and roar of new life again
And ghastly through the drizzling cold rain
On a busy bald city street upon me breaks the blank day

Yet I remember my darling room; my eyes and soul delight
With one couch and bed soft and white
No other little room a shelter in bad times; so warm and bright
A guardian for my dreams; protector wherein to read, wherein to write

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Nero CaroZiv

An Autumn Sonata

I would not heed the words they say about her
The lights of her face never grow far and dim, so anxious I grow to be
Amid the laughing men and maids; she stands clear un blur
My eyes unbidden constantly seek of she

I so desperately hoped that when she smiles at me
She did not guess my inner sublime ecstasy of joy and pain,
For if she did, she being too kind; she
To ever look my direction or way again.

I have kept it as a secret in my heart
So protective I was that no ears have ever heard,
She sings within me like a pipe of shepherd
Or most like a caged bird.

She within me like a bird sings all sweet melodies
And when it beats against the bars, I do not set it free,
For I am happier to know
It only sings and plays for me her show.

I wrote her a poem upon the surf sand
But came the scudding waves and washed it all away
Again I wrote my verse the next day on the strand
But came the proud tide and made my pain its prey.

Mighty sea that sway up and down and breath by ancient shore
Along which the lady of my love, perchance when she
Walks by your pebbled brink you may bring to her more
Of the lines you have stolen virulently from me

A tuft of green sea-grass on the sand after a wave came
It was dropped from a mermaid's hair
Ah, had she come to read the name
And leave a the sea mark there?

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Nero CaroZiv

An Ecstasy Of Solitude In An Estranged City

An ecstasy of solitude in an estranged city
With the company of a winding spider swaying on its pall
At dark, dusty, sticky, silky corner wall
A craving anticipation for the monotonous music of a solitary cricket
At midnight sound and fury of streets wicket
Pondering at the queue of laborious ants
Undisturbed by on going neighbors rant
Indifferently they are pursuing their heavy task
As I wonder how long and how far it may last

Cold damp frigid winter night at the edge of city
In the middle of the garden wood
A folded leaf is wooed from out its root
With wind rising and gusting upon the barren branch
It floats and falls down to the dark dreary air
And now bouncing between barren boughs in a macabre dance
To the sound of the music of the whispering wind there
This black spotted yellow leaf joins his clan
that dances as often as dance it can
A back choir of hissing leaves at the curb
Of deserted street in a slumbering suburb

At dark sleeps isolated desert city

A stale out of its prime apple hangs at a naked peak
Once fully juiced and waxed and sweetened with summer light
Drops in silence into this winter night
It rolls into the chilling water of a winding creek
It falls it fades and rolls and has no toil
On the leaves bedded damp soil
So as I strut and fret my peak hour on stage
Like this apple my time will come to be a solemn purge

My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of rotten leaves
The thin window glass into my room gives
The persistent rain keeps hammering hard on the plain
And on the remote jog of a mountains' crag

My inward is gnawed and shuttered with unbalanced pain
With the piercing acidic ache of isolation rack

A foul air hangs over a ghost city
A heavy spirit haunts the weekend last hours
At my window the sight of yellowing bowers
The cold damp earth is a grave of scream chilly
Moldings beaten down flowers hang over a tattered lily

Slumbering indifferently sunk in weakness and in woe city
The blackest moss is engraving its path on a tiled wall
There thickly crushed through the cracks one as a whole
Not thick enough to bar from a neighbor bath
The burst of a seductive maiden laugh
Entrenching my memories of my maiden passion
for the first encounter with love session

Encircled by these deep dire solitude walls and awful room cell
Where heavy pensive suffocating contemplations creep into brain to dwell
And ever musing melancholy holds me hostage under its reigns
My blood frizzes, it stops flowing in my veins
Relentless walls whose rectangular darkness contains
My repentant sighs and isolation imprisoned pains

Time drags slothfully at deserted empty city

Tonight the rough winds begin to flow and rise
A roar from the far West dropping day
Blows dust and hay and whirls them away
The flock of alarmed crows blown to the skies

In the stormy East the wind rushes roaring straining
The frightening bare wood twigs are waning
And the broad Sacramento River with brimful banks complaining
Of heavily loaded low clouds raining
And the bolted levee sighing and water gaining

A sudden tumult shakes the city in violent dread
When a sullen thunder in the streets has crushed and rolled
And in haste I wake to the sounds of the night with my dream fled

And in the shuddering daunting dawn I behold
With blunt awareness with indifference of an annoyed and self pity
As the drama of the night enfolds in the streets of isolated city

By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom of cold shade
The lonely wind whirled twist and howl strong
And the night before me is still long
The shadow of the dark is still heavy the same
My heavy eyelids my anguish hangs like shame

When by this dreadful night of solitude I sit
And hateful thoughts grasp and enwrap my soul in shadow gloom
When no fair hopeful dreams are in my mind to repeat
And the bare burden of life' toil offers no bloom

Where are thou starry fires of summer's night vault
in the blue unclouded calm weather
When choirs of stars and some bearded metros trails light together
You foul night soon to draw the dismal solitude cult

And with your capacious pall
illuminating the sky with lighting and sullen thunder roll
placing a death-like colors in all things
As the rusted nail fell from the knots in piercing ring
the stressed shutter bang without a rhyme on the wall
the broken sheds looked outworn, sad and strange
Through the lifted clinking latch the naked branches vacillate out of range

Then out of helplessness and boredom I fall into long sleep
So heavy was my rest as death deep
And in my dream I am dead
Buried at the cemetery remote row edge
By a fence where a heavy load train may at dusk pass
My face and my body full of worms and dust

And in my dream I lay dead
All dust and sand over my head
My tomb under the night calm starry arc
But it is quiet chilly not dark
The thin gray cloud is spread sparingly on high
It covers but not hides the sky

The moon is behind, and at full shape
And yet she seems remotely small and out of grape

A high heels lady walks over taking no heed
My grave is only few yards from a busy street
And she walks with heels beat beat
And I long to see the face of these passing feet
But she passes away leaving me beneath sand and stone tomb
How awful different distorted deformed to the scene coming from the womb
And she prompts away on beds of amaranth and molly
As the nightly sweet breeze lull her legs blowing lowly
I try to push grave and stone wholly
To watch her face so divine and holy
But she draws away far slowly
As the lunar face is hidden from earth
I lay here in the grave dust with ruined blood
That once used to burst in veins and throb
Now it is all turning into mud
As worthless liquid thrown down the tab

In a remote tavern I hear men sing
Their song collapses at the grave yard brink
Fill the cup and fill the can
All winding paths of man
Are but dust of nothing that rises up
And likely lightly laid down again

As the gloomy sanguine sunrise with fiery eyes
And his burning wings plumes out spread through the skies
I wake and I rise the eave-drops fall blurring my eyes
And the yellow vapors chock the frail morning air
That floats from the mist over the river tide flail

Last night showers brought relief to the thirsting flowers
At a city with no towers encircled with vast bowers
The moss in the wet night rapidly breeds
The water in the river has covered half way in heights the marsh reeds

In the morning the wind shakes and trembles the woods to and fro
Bending them aggravatingly into shimmering forms that flash before my view
They mingled and melt in green as the dawn stars melt in dawn blue
The scudding winds waves whitening the green wheat fields in caress

Like tender maiden hands the embracing gales express
A subtlety of mighty tenderness, free of stress
Engulf sky and earth, the beauty that leaves us out of breath
Over the rills and crags and hills in depth
As a slanting and whirling swarm of golden bees
Twirl swirl and flee in front of me
As the day comes back from the death

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Nero CaroZiv

An Enemy Within

With stern haughty and piercing glance upon the surrounding
He started each day with an inner contempt, despise to all rounding
As if he said to himself: 'The wanderings of this most intrigue Universe
Teach me the nothingness of all things, the insignificance of any adverse'
As if creation could not have happened or creep or be
Beyond his existence; the horizon where his eye can see

He spoke of beauty and humanity, yet dull was his soul
To see any divinity in growing lush grass
Or life in solid dead stones; spirit in the air
He adored his look and he loved looking at the glass
When he smoothed his chin and sleek his waning hair
And said the world should have been created at different goal

with his students his crystal Narcissism soared
As he spoke of virtue and math, never of Gods and kind
He carried his speech, but to vain proclaims of spirit dull and soured
As in his ideas and philosophy he stood aloof from other minds
Devolving his rebuke in a cold drawl
with dissidents often he exchanged barbs and drawing brawl

At rare times when he spoke to me
'You are so full of misfortune and black misery
Were it not better for you not to be'
Then inside me to the harsh voice I said:
'Let me not cast myself by these words to endless shade
This world is full of wonders and hope so wonderfully made'

Yet, still today it is a fearful thing to glance
Back on the gloom of childhood miss spent in torture of years
To deal with shadowy forms of thrusting vain guilt in constant dance
These dreads, these thousands of repelling fears
The 'vices' attached to my life of growth and rise
Portrait in shape so vivid yet untrue
And no one beam of hope to tell the truth would break through
To cheer a child young widening eyes

He is remembered with lips depressed as he was coward and meek
Himself into others and into himself he constantly sold

Upon his vanity he himself did feed
Aloof, introvert so dispassionate to other feeling so stark cold
And other than his form of imposing creed
With well chiseled features and doctrine clear and sleek

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Nero CaroZiv

An Eternity At Night

Summer night, with a moon curving large like a flower of gold,
The sky is still, starry and deep, calm blue;
God created the moon for the night sky to hold,
And so I was born for you.

Regard the orange splendid moon, is not like a water lily hiding its stem,
The sky is colossus, endless stars luminous;
Devine, universal eternity was made for them,
And to-night an eternity is reserved for us.

My face in your eyes by the moon light shows
And mine in your blushed pure face appears
And true plain hearts beneath these faces glow
Where can we find two better hemispheres

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Nero CaroZiv

An Evening In Childhood

Oh precious childhood, my beloved time and moments, thou
Are like a good health; I never knew till the autumn of my life, now
How endeared you are to me till I lost you in the turbulent years; now I see
Your beauty whole penetrating into my soul because I yearn so much for thee

That beautiful evening when I was sitting on porch, calm and free,
This holy time with the air so pure and quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad, gored sun
Was sinking down in its magic tranquility;

The gentleness of heaven brooded over forests gloom and sea:
And I listened to all nocturnal creatures were being awake,
And did with variety of motion make
These magic sound of the night like everlastingly be

O the holy time of back days which is endeared to me as a shrine
Which I carry and guard; in my heart; it glows in rays of shine
These row of trees from childhood days with foliage green on pinnacle
Every moment I think of it is a cure to my anxiety by a miracle

Meanwhile bear off my yearning soul in my memories to roam
Though I know nothing can bring me back to that distancing home
Those little wooded hills; that cow house surrounded by cactus fence
And the little running creek by the citrus house with tall trees in defense

And over the artery road the varying painted cornfields like a weaved quilt
The silver of the rye; the Wheatfield gilt
The while proud daffodils standing in slight tinges of snow
And the clover with her maiden blushes glow

And all girdled with glossy grass band
Of green whereon the silent apple and pear trees stand
Such were the view of fields where once besides a rill

Among the birch trees on a little hill

There stood the old manor house built on old red stone
From far the walls with tuft grass between the stone were shown
The cow house was not large yet neat in every way
And had mighty barn with multiple stacks of hay

There was an enormous pleasure in the pathless orchards and the gloom of
woods

Around the kindergarten; the citrus trees were a rapture of fragrant scent
There my little world; my inner society, where none of adults intrudes,
The chewing cow that stared at me long moments with no end

The deep majestic sea, and the thundering music in its roar:
I loved adults company the less, but Nature how much more,
Interviews with Nature without chide or rebuke, in which I did steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with my inner thoughts and long contemplation, and feel
What I can never express, yet I cannot all conceal

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Nero CaroZiv

An Evening Of Roses

An evening of roses scent comes to the world
As the wind beats the far mountains; it blows
More softly around the open grassy wold
Where the shy timid tulip hides as it grows

The evening is descending calm like a nun
When at the far sky the first star glows against lowering sun
This is when through waving silky hair in your exquisite ear
I shall whisper a song of love and cheer

And me this knowledge of evening so rare, bolder made
Or else I had not dared to fantasize and to flow
In these lines towards you, and invade
With this verse your peace or your holy woe

Listen to the holy music of the creatures night
The sounds of evening choirs so distilled and clear
As the moon climbs so slowly to its high orbit bright
You she constantly follows and persistent at you to peer

Come love to the garden of the balmy roses
The silver cheerful moon is at your command
Grape her, touch her by your extended hand
Before she reaches the mountains peak where she poses

In ever climbing up the up growing trees
All flowers wreaths come to rest at the top canopies
In silence withholding their secrets they are all in ease
Yet their plots and dreams in the forest have not cease

How sweet it is hearing the faint breeze among the trees
The soft inland murmur of downwards flowing stream
As the vivid water rise and fall among the outcropping rocks they tease
No where else you can contemplate such a beguiling dream

We shall sit beneath an old oak tree hear each other in love speech
As the moon shines and spreads her silver rays
We watch the crisper ripples on the pebbled beach
And the tender curving lines of forest sprout under light spray

Do not be so shy and coy to play your love part
In our time-beguiling art
This primrose bush on which we lean
Never can guess or deem what we mean

None of its buds can see or blab
The gaudy grasshopper is too busy after its pulp
And the heavy smug frog
Into the bottom lake after its prey plops

We can hide well behind the vermilion-veined tulip
On its flowery bed we can rest or sleep
The crowds of cowslip ahead never prattle
Nor their distinguished neighbor the shy myrtle

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Nero CaroZiv

An Incidental Meeting

A sudden, an abrupt, an incidental a street meeting
A one not like the past, that used to be others
Meetings of anticipations for warm love and passionate greeting
This one I would try to avoid, to withdraw, to erase and not to bother

An unplanned, so undesired an abashing encounter
A cruel fate's joke, the devil's brush banter
A love from the past, jumped on my route, years had not been seen
As if the was had never happened, had never been

And once again the volcanic emotions erupt like pouring rain
Overwhelming me in acidic anguish and gnawing pain
Against which I have built, so I thought, a colossus, not penetrable dam
As if whatever was has now no matter, no substance or claim

As she came along in a city crowded street
Her legs upon the stone walked in rhythm beat, beat
Her long legs cast in black shoes with bouncing white laces
How pure was my pain, how dear their dwelling places

A surge of emotions erupted upon her grace
Her hair twisted in abundance of locks so silky, so wavy and fair
Dancing around and over her radiant face
They taunted, denying the morning breezes from caressing their share

An abrupt, a cruel and brutal meeting; the soul inside me bent
A half way meeting; a not at all meeting, half words exchanged
Blurred human utter in odd strange stream of sound
I kept on forward walking, never looked back or around

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Nero CaroZiv

An Old Man Evening

An old man knows the meaning of the word "Evening" as his day to depart
It creeps and pours sorrow despair on his frightened heart
since this is the time when he closes his door
To be disconnected from the world the channel of livelihood no more.

Shadows of street passing by, come out through the closed shutters
And sit in a circle around the waning pale lamp,
And send fluttered allusions, to the old man gutters
To a picture which is swaying in the mirror in lame

And the sneering windows stare at him at length, cold without love
Only the mourning dancing flames of the lamp from above
think: "How suffocating air! soon, they will start crying with full eyeballs brim
The one in the mirror and the one that looks like him.

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Nero CaroZiv

An Old Nymph

Old nymph guarding your gracious mirror you may find
And by this taunting picture learn to dress your mind
None of your frowns can make a tender lover afraid
Soft looks of memory grace your unfortunate shade

And while your gaze at what your prime used to appear
Waning passion forbid; locking your tears
Like narcissus has a different fate to prove
Even your walk and your gait are out of your past moves

And my verse has not this powerful rhyme
That outlives marble and gilded monuments
Of kings and knights to let you shine in these contents
When lying beneath unswept tomb besmeared with sluttish time

For against death and other all oblivious enmity
It offers no pace forth where your praise can find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wears and tares our world down to doom

So live temporally like a season flower
In the judgment that your generation rises
And die with this not to eternally dwell in lovers' eyes
With my verse in shallow river bed to rush never to tower

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Nero CaroZiv

And The Was

And the was like it never had been
As if it is forgotten to be a never happen
It drifts away into the far mists of the past
Lovers first sight, zeal rapture and the engulfing lust

Time is a generous entrepreneur it let us grow old
The memories will be encapsulated in thin fragile patina
Being dappled with daily events unlikely attendants in our arena
Thus the was story never happened its shadow flickers into me cold

It is the world habit that love asks more than life can give
And once this lesson learned all essence is earned
Yet in its self web of fantasy and dreams love is its own fugitive
Rebellious, tenacious, delirious unwilling to give or to bend

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Nero CaroZiv

And Thus Love

And thus love, your supreme beauty enlighten bright
Over my worn, tattered soul forever gleaming
Like some far star flickering its fire into the night
Along the strikes of desert echoing dunes deep streaming

And I never loved you for your comely grace
Nor for your keen pleasing eyes or your lovely face
Yet any outer features of your rare part
Convey the inner depths of soul and consent heart

I have never loved you for your outer
Since it be foul with years and turn and alter
Your mute symbols of love like a joyful morn
A prelude to your mischievous tricks yet unborn
The joy you have brought to every wandering breeze
In meadows on wall rocks and on the trees

And what enriching beautiful thing is to glance
Back on bloom of love and sweet years
What blur forms of happy hours advance
And fill my soul with thousands cheers

For if beauty may alone be found
In all proportions of its parts around
It may not be perceived by ear
But is beauty that eyes can hear

And yet I stand now at the autumn of my life
I rise like an oak-tree, old torn dry and gray
Whose trunk bare leave less brittle with age jaws failing
And whose dark bough reflect against the mirror bay
The winter wheeling with winds moaning and wailing

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Annulments And Vows

Oh, mighty strong God, immortal love eternal grace
Whom we your flocks, never saw or fancy your face
By faith and by inner conviction alone we you embrace
Believing what we cannot prove, yet we admire you no less

Let us now bow to the power under day's holiness and the moment's serenity
For it is dire, awesome, frightening and stalwarts.
On it Your Kingship Reign will be elevated and exalted;
Your throne will be firmed with kindness, your chair with divinity

And You will sit upon it in truth alone
It is true that You alone are the One
Who judges, proves, knows, and bears witness and elevate;
Who writes and seats, counts and calculates;

You who remembers all that was forgotten.
You will open the Book of Chronicles -
It will read itself, and everyone's signature is in it have gotten.
When your obedient seraphim stand on your distinguished Oracle

You the ever great sage, you will be sounded
And a still, thin sound will be heard rounded.
Earth and air will shake and tremble
At the dread of your steps all evils will shrink and crumble

As you walked in the garden of Eden
A fierce and loud horn will proclaim your sovereign
Angels and seraphim will gather and hasten,
A trembling and terror will seize them fasten

And they will proclaim loudly in solemn
'Behold, it is the Day of Judgment,
to muster the heavenly host for judgment and condemn! '
For they cannot be vindicated in Your eyes in judgment.

All mankind creatures will pass before You
Like members of the flock gathering under sturdy tree of oak.
Like a shepherd pasturing, examining his flock,
Making sheep pass under his staff and savage view,

So shall You cause them to pass in serving,
Count, calculate, and consider the soul of all the living;
And You shall apportion the fixed needs of all
Your creatures and inscribe their verdict and toll

On this judgement day you will be inscribed
And on this day your vows will be sealed
How many will pass from the earth
And how many will be created with new breathe;

who will live and who will die;
who will die at his predestined time
who will succumb before his time;
who by water and who by fire,
who by sword, who by beast,
who by famine, who by thirst,
who by storm, who by plague,
Who by harm, who by earthquake,
who by delirium, who by pandemonium,
who by strangulation, and who by stoning.
Who will rest and who will wander,
who will live in harmony and who will be harried,
who will enjoy tranquillity and who will suffer,
who will be impoverished and who will be enriched,
who will be degraded and who will be exalted.

For Your Name signifies Your praise:
Hard to anger and easy to appease your grace,
For You do not wish the death of one deserving death,
But that he repent from his way and live and breathe.

Until the day of his death You await him;
if he repents You will accept him immediately.
It is true that You are their Creator
And You know their inclination for they are flesh and blood.

A man's origin is from dust
And his destiny is back to dust and to rust,
At risk of his life he meagerly earns his bread;
He is likened to a broken shard,

He is like a withering grass, a fading flower,
A passing shade, a dissipating cloud, insignificant deem
A blowing wind, flying dust, and a fleeting dream.
A scudding chafe in a hot summer bower

There is no set span to Your years
And there is no end to the length of Your days.
It is impossible to estimate the angelic chariots
Of your glory and to elucidate your ways

Your Name is inscrutability in heaven's blue.
Your Name is worthy of You
And you are worthy of Your Name of fame
And you have included Your Name in our name.

Nero CaroZiv

Another Year, Another Day

Another year, another yearn at our door to blow
Another dream another quest suffocated and overthrown
And we are left or shall be left abandoned and alone
Who would dare to struggle a dicing fate or shadows gloom of foe
This will well be from this day forward; we shall swear we know
That in ourselves our safety our fate must be sought
That by our own hands it must be wrought
That we must stand self defined and defiant or be laid low
Oh dear soul in me rise, rise and renew your growth spread your glow
Let your spirit be free
Let it be
Come fly away with the pert and nimble winds
That will carry you with Cupid new love wings

Another year, another day
Another season, another delay
Don't let it go
Act, do what to yourself you owe

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Nero CaroZiv

Aren'T You Jarred And Jaded Of My Poems

Aren't you jarred and jaded of my poems
All include faint signs and predictive omens
My lines so dull and deprived of new pride
So far from variation and nimble change
Times passes and I never glance aside
To new found methods and complicated compounds strange
Why I write still all one, ever the same
And bar innovation keeping it a tattered weed
Every word every line screams my name.....
You would know in advance what I proclaim or how I proceed
Oh NO! Know dear love I always write of you
You and love are always the subject of my argument
So I put my best to dress old words new
Chewing again what is already by generations spent
So as the sun is daily new at dawn and old at dusk
So is my love still telling what is told and forever lasts

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Nero CaroZiv

As A Free Bird

A summer day, a green and silent spot, amid bush blanket hills,
A small and silent dell over a place so calm, so still
Summer at its peak, away, free from chide and rebuke
Teachers rave and rant in suffocating mossy room in school
The frequent call 'You the icon of lazy fool'

Some singing sky-larks as usually ever poised in sacking fig boughs
The desert air was fresh; the hills were heathy, wind dusk was a soothe
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on flock of guest goose All golden
blooming wheat field with the never-bloomless gorse I sat there is complete calm
energizing solitude

And later, a brown back bird came behind the cactus bush down the walk
It did not know; it did not notice that being there I saw;
As it bit a within itself tangled worm, in two unbalanced halves And ate the
whirling fellow, a full beak raw.
As the desert wind cough and chafed some grains and chaffs

And then it drew closer and drank a hidden drop of dew
From a convenient lush grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the cactus bush with flowers of vermillion hue
And strangely examined with slanted look a busy beetle pass.
Pert and nimble was the brown back bird under summer sun shade

Then it noticed me sitting so close
It glanced with rapid eyes on the dry moss
The surprized eyes hurried all abroad,
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
It stirred its velvet feathers as if to tell me what was in its head

I wondered the feeling of how that would be
Like that bird so fresh, active and free
That can fly over mountains and floating clouds
without human constraints and burdening doubts
An like one in danger; cautious, I offered him a crumb,

That move my little fellow did not like
With two wings opened swiftly it took off to the bright sky

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Nero CaroZiv

As I Gaze Upon

As I gaze upon her rose-wreathed locks of hair,
And watch her beguiling joyful smile;
It seems as I have drunk the very air
Her breath perfumes the long while:

And as I wake upon her gifted flattering line,
That same wild and witching lay,
I can swear my heart is as the one shrine,
That only one which owns her lovely sway.

Oh well her cold indifference upon me sets at last
I take heed and mark her scornful cheek
The eye averted as she passed,
And that spoke more than words could speak.

And yes, now by all the bitter tears
That I have shed for her in love prime
The racking doubts, the burning fears, —
Avenged they well may be by the eternal healer, time

Yet the nights passed in sleepless gnawing care,
The days that followed were days of endless woe;
All that she taught my torment heart to bear,
All that herself may mock since she never does know.

Frustration, desperation I would wish sometimes to see myself laid
Within an early remote tomb;
And yet I know I should forget how I was betrayed,
And stop weeping for my doom:

But this is a never lasting trend,
To carry on; live and love in vain,
Oh my wrung, tattered heart, be you content,
How long can you live and feed upon your pain.

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As The Day Sinks Down

As the day sinks down, let not a melancholy fit on me fall
Like a sudden culmination from heaven under a weeping gloom of cloud,
Ban the rough winds that foster and beat the droop-headed flowers in the
meadow all,
Let me scot again the joy at green hill in an April shroud;
Then I can glut my burdening sorrow of past days on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salty ivory white endless sand-wave,
Or on the wealth and abundance of globed thickening buds
Let me still when my love some rich new anger shows,
Imprison her soft hand on mine, and let her rant and rave,
And I can feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes of love and sage

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Nero CaroZiv

Autumn Sets On My Days

Autumn sets on my days, the air is damp, hush and close
Like a man lying in a hospital bed as he takes a repose
An hour before he sinks down to his death
At this imaginary vision my heart faints and my whole soul grieves
As the moist rich smell of rattling, scattering, rotting leaves
Hiss around the curve, and I behold the last year rose out of its breath

The brown sparrow chirrup on the rained tin roof
The slow clock on the mahogany cabinet is ticking which sounded
Along the moaning wooing cold winds so aloof
By the window I stand against the view of poplar dark silhouette confounded
I always loathed the lonely nightly hour
As the day is slopping towards the western dry bower

At the hour of middle of the night
I woke up; walking towards the kitchen I heard the night fowl crow
The cock sang out a whole hour before the first light
Out against the fence I saw a figure shabby and low
The look broke my heart; I felt empty, helpless and forlorn
Long time we kept examining each other until rose the gray-eyed morn

And then when the brooding moon was bending low toward
Earth, the shrilling winds were up and away in a sway
in the white long curtain, backward and forward
I saw the gusty shadow far away
The wild winds of the night were bounded within their cell
Upon my bed and across my brow the shadow of the image fell

Next day, a whole winter dark dreamy day I spent in my house
The shutters banged upon the wall, the doors upon their hinges creaked
A blue butterfly caught in the pane, the mouse
Behind the old tattered molding shrieked
Old faces, ghosts from another world glimmered through the doors
Old footprints trodden upon the snow on the garden floors

Autumn sets on my days with blackest moss upon the wall
The flower plots were thickly crusted one and all

Tattered wilding unwater flower plots
Near the rusted nails that fell from the worn out knots
The old stone wall against my window doomed, slept
The cold clustered marsh mosses floated and crept

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Nero CaroZiv

Be For Me

If I be the still and jaded rain falling,
Too tired of the world, too numb for singing mirth
And I would be falling and falling into a colossus depth
Unless you love, be for me the green fields calling,
Oh, be kind, be for me the solid foster earth!

And If I be the brown bird flapping its wings, pining
To leave the old dated nest and to a new way fly
Oh love, be the fresh cloud that floats shining,
Oh love, be for me the blue endless sky
The saddening thought gnawing, made me reserved, introvert shy

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Nero CaroZiv

Be Near Me When I Fade Away

Oh dear love! Live with me all we shall endure
Even when all seems to suffer turbulent shocks
Rise then we shall to set firmly on solid rock
To flow through all our deeds and make them pure

That we may lift from out of wind and gust
A voice within us that calms and hears
Our cry above the youthful unconquered years
Yet we ever lust for them and in our faith we put our trust

With faith that comes of inner strength
Of truths between us that never can be proved
We can never close all within us that we loved
With our serene pleasures and moments stretched at length

To be with me when my days are cold and my light is low
When the blood creeps and the nerves prick
And tingle, and the heart is frail and sick
And all my wheels are slow

Stay by me when the sensuous frame
Is racked with painful pangs that defeats trust
And Time, a maniac scattering dust
And life is still hungry as a child watching a slinging flame

Be near me when I fade away
To point the term of human strife
And in the low dark verge of life
I see the twilight of eternal day

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Nero CaroZiv

Be Young At Heart

Be young and ever let the Love into your heart roam,
Pleasure is not a self grown, and by itself is never naturally at home:
Pleasure is too short; at a rough touch sweet Pleasure melts
Like Autumn bubbles when rain pelts

Who would be young and let Cupid winged Love wander
Through the divine thought still spread beyond love splendor
The human mind opens wide the mind's cage-door,
Love will dart forth, and cloud ward will rise and soar.

Oh sweet Love that we all seek, if we let her in our hearts loose;
Summer joys will be spoilt by diverse and use,
And the enjoying of the every year lukewarm Spring
Does fade as does its reach versatile blossoming;

Leave Autumn harsh dark narrow days they are fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and crystal dew, you indulge in few
Trees stand barren boughs
The world is closing down without any justice or truth

Oh the skies of winter with cold stars blaze bright,
Naked meadows and bare moors under the spirit of a winter's night;
When the dump soundless earth is muffled,
And the piling, obstructing snow by tired people is shuffled

Think of Love at long winter night; she will bring, in spite of frost,
All past beauties and your precious memories that the earth hath lost;
She will bring forgotten moments to you all together,
All the delights of sunshine summer weather;

Be young at heart when all the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heaped last Autumn's wealth,

With a still, mysterious stealth and divine breath

Be young at heart and love while you can
The voice, eyes, smile, earrings, perfume and the soul of a woman,
Never fear, never delay though it may break your heart
Love is so recoverable; out of any wound a new joy will start;

Love can make you so complete proud and glad and well
Though love by hypocrisy can be heaven or love be hell.
Yet be young at heart and love while you may,
For life is short as one passing happy day;

And never fear the thing you feel; love is a heaven deal
Only by love life is made adventurous fascinating and real;
Love, has its deadly sins more than seven,
Yet love is the only gate on earth that makes you feel in heaven.

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Nero CaroZiv

Betrayal

So shall I carry on assuming, innocently supposing that you are true,
Like a deceived husband; a cuckoo bird on a bough, so that love's face
May still seem love to me, though altered within you to one new;
You are looking at me as usual yet your heart is in other place:

For there can foster no hatred or any mal in your eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know or detect any subtle change.
But in many looks, the false heart is portrayed to me
In swing moods, frowns, false rebukes and unexplained wrinkles strange.

But heaven in your creation did decree
That in your face sweet love should ever thrive, bloom and dwell;
What ever your thoughts, or your heart's workings be,
Your looks to me should nothing express except sweetness to tell.

I am entangled in this web, how like Eve's apple your beauty on me grows,
If only your sweet virtue answer your enthralling shows!

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Nero CaroZiv

Blue Night

Blue dark dusk a prelude to a moon struck night
Once more as long time before
You appeared in front of my door

Blue dark dashing night
At the edge of a city sleeping tide
Once more before the ore
Twinkling shades play behind closed door

Oh come back and take hold of me
A sensation that I long and love from thee
Oh come back in sinew and flesh so long forsaken
When body's memory revived rekindled awakened

And old longing again moves into the blood
When lips and skin stir and remember
And hands feel as if though they touch again
And all comes back alive vivid and so plain

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Nero CaroZiv

Calm Night

Silence in the woods, with a continuous cloud of bright hues close,
Heavy and wan gloom, all enlightened by the moon were in heavenly dose
Which through that veil in the air was indistinctly seen,
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light to surrounded been
So feebly spread, that not a shadow did fall
On the ground, a craggy rock, a palm tree and the cow house red stone wall

Winter night, the sky was overcast,
Odd ominous was that lunar light, winds howling in cold air blast
The red rock column which on the cow house stood on
Confronting the sanguine beam bright
Seemed to change into a pillar of crimson
So outstanding in the gloom of the night

The red stone column, while its lower half averted
Shrouded in the densest pall of dark
And the vaults of blending beams of nightly arc
Had a snake silhouette twined his black folds and glossy neck converted
Or other times would convert into beautiful nymph with rare naked breast
To shake my inwards from head to chest

Winter evening super served early, people there
Went to their chilly gardens and yards to enjoy the evening air
And set on benches built against fence and wall
The mood of quiet gloom lay on them all
I saw them gazing up to the sky, which seemed to droop
And shrink and closer to the earth to stoop

Dozing in darkness I heard the wide staring owl began hooting on the roof house
From the window I saw the frail winged bats flew round the house and twittered
Close to window panes where faces and silhouette from street lights glittered
And other small creatures the moths sounds mingled with a shriek of a mouse
The cold air outside made endless swarm of insect inside circled round
And buzzed like harmonica sound

There, there was my queen in a black-blue vault she sailed along,
Followed by multitudes of stars, that were flickering and free
Small, sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss song
Drove as she drove to lull my night to soft sleep; how fast they wheel away to
obey
Her reign; never vanished and the wind caressed the leaves in the tree,
The throng of the sky was silent rolling forward the day not to delay

That heaven immeasurably distances; and the open dark incomprehensible vault,

Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds, with charms that never halt
And keep deepening its unfathomable depth.
Vision celestial not from this world and the mind at length
Relaxed, yet not undisturbed by the delight it feels, all that had been
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm and wonder, I was left in owe to muse
upon the solemn scene.

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Nero CaroZiv

Came I To Summer

Came I to the summer, to the summer with no potential teacher chide in loom
The summer when the woods are full of bluebells and the lush hedges full of
bloom,
The long lazy days of summer without lectures from school
Free of teacher rave and rant: 'You damn fool'
Summer of the crow on the oak sturdy and wide a-building of her nest,
And angelic love is burning diamonds, glee and ecstasy in my breast;

The summer when I saw her sitting beneath the lush foliage of a tree and the
wind blowing her abundant hair,
A perfect picture in haven contrived and made; no amends no repair;
For long summer hours I would look upon her face, I found calm in her beauty
at rest,
And lay my aching weariness upon her lovely image of her breast.
The summer clock in clay hue is creeping on the open bloom of late May,
The merry bee was trampling the pinky threads all day,

And the chaffinch it was brooding on its grey mossy nest
In the whitethorn bush where I would long lean and watch my lover's breast
How would I approach her and would whisper in her ear
That I could get a wink of sleep when I think of her, my very dear;
That long hunger for her lovely look persisted relentlessly and never faded away
Oh let my heart burst to the open where the hedge rose sighs in the heat of the
day.

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Nero CaroZiv

Catherine

Some, as many other find Ashley's beauty strikingly stunning
Most of these things I freely feel and admit.
I find Ashley to be attractive, tall, slender, and regal of fair complexion
But stunning? No!
I deny it, the girl is scarcely venomous
There is not a morsel of spice in all the length of her body
Not a pinch of love's enticing in her character
Not a pint of elusive excitement in her personality
Now, Catherine is stunning
For Catherine's beauty is rare and total
And by that sum all women are diminished
This walking beauty overshadows any feminine stature
A magnet of men, has she not plundered woman's head of all its graces
Flaunting them as her adornments
Regard her as she walks a beauty in elegance
Listen to her as she talks, a sophisticated wisdom
Her smile, her style, her laugh, her fret
Her look when she rebukes
Is an expression of a fashion
Dream her face as she sleeps
Ever such budding eyes have been seen
And Catherine inherited with her blood
Though in perverted ways, a burning zeal
For law, nature and God in her demeanor and mood
Transferred what was perverse to the ideal
Catherine is ice as she is fire
You hate her and you love her
And if you wonder how can you do both
I cannot say,
But I can feel it as it shivers me
Being torn and tortured between the two
Catherine is a person you can never stop loving or adore
You can only hate her, and abhor her more

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Catherine Kiss

Catherine face deprives me of my sleep, a curse or a bliss
Is this the image that burns my whole inwards like dry summer grass
Like a sweet nymph of the forest it makes me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck my soul: her nose her cheeks what a lass!
Oh sweet Catherine come, sweet maid, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these voluptuous lips or I be insane

And all around me is a complete dross when she is not there
And when I shall return to you Catherine for a kiss.
Your eyes slay me, you are fairer than the evening air
Your style, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars bless
Brighter are you than flaming Jupiter when among its ringlets it lies
Summer vaults of heaven you are more lovely than the monarch of the skies

I shall be in your wanton azured arms
And none other but you shall be my paramour!

Nero CaroZiv

Child Think Not Of

Child, think not of past days sadness and agony
Spare your grief, give it not a tear;
Sigh about the past gloom you may, but bid it go
Any place, any where, out of your mind clear

Look at the mirror, do not be so sad, the past is gone
Not to return, yet sad it was and its tracks not fading, still I hear your cry
But, if you must burst, then shed a drop, then-your agony is done
Oh! all hardships and crisis are born to die.

You are Still so pale child, then if you must, dearest, weep;
Weep! and I will count and collect the tears;
And each one shall be a dear bliss over past sadness to keep
And for you to reflect back with happier mood on early years.

Why lament, remember the nights where the Moon along the sky
Sailed in her heavenly path, in the deep blue vaults
Of heaven, playing seek and hide among the clouds with mortal eye
Or dimly seen, but when the clouds asunder fly her charm never halts

Childhood under the vile hand was nevertheless sweet and sunny childhood,
Though with overbearing clouds of false rebuke and chide, yet with its careless,
thoughtless air,
It flourished and bloomed like a tangled wildwood,
Which never got guidance and the faience of a training hand of care

Childhood contemplation of introvert soul; there was an enormous pleasure
In the pathless orchards and the gloom of woods beyond any possible measure
The touch of cold sand at dawn to the bare tiny feet
The dunes of endless sand hills that never bid ebb or retreat

The clear beautiful nights of summer
A wind blew out a floating cloud, gently with no hammer
For then the moon never beams to you without bringing dreams
Of sweet tales and worlds with sunshine beams

Spring time; when taken one day to the field a dandelion you had found
That tempted your hand with light and white feathery round
You were longing to finger it; you tiptoed near
And blew on it your mouth air until all plumelets did disappear

And all that in your hand was left of them
Was but the naked hairy shaft of a green stem
And sometimes from the cow-house the furious dogs
Incautious and over zeal would enter deep mossy bogs

Brave your day, brighter now are the eyes
Than a sunny summer green clad hill
And your whispering thoughts and melodies
Are tenderer then ever still.

Yet, as all things mourn awhile
At fleeting blisses, in the teeth of crocodile
Let us seal the mournful past
Its horrible doings should be left to rust

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Nero CaroZiv

Childhood

Childhood, mine was nevertheless sweet and sunny childhood,
Though with overbearing clouds of chide, yet with its careless, thoughtless air,
It flourished and bloomed like a tangled wildwood,
Which never got guidance and the faience of a training hand of care.

In the shade of stern haughty life was springing all around me
In spite of rebuke I was glad to know, and quick to learn;
Asking questions about the boundary of the world around; land and sea
Such blissful days; born each morning and follow the sun in its orbit turn.

Who loves not again the childhood joyous revel,
Scanning summer dusty roads and leaping lightly on the lawn,
Breathing the scent of orchards and chase the wind up the knoll, along the level,
Free and graceful as a playful calf, as a nimble fawn

And yet what had happened to me was not what it is nature
Not, nurturing, nor the usual, expected giving to the little dears
The joy within me gave strength of limb, and healthful features,
For the toil of events and obstacles of coming years.

Go tell to him who chides a child with terror,
He who stops a child play, and stills its song,
Tell him, he not alone commits an error,
But a great moral and heinous inerasable wrong.

Father is to give the child he has born room to play
And let him live active life with no defect;
Never, never break a child spirit gay
Curb it only to direct and re-direct

No one could stop or dam my life flowing river,
Who would think it would cease to flow?
Ha, Onward it must go forever -
No one was there to teach it where to go.

The memories of Childhood is a fountain welling,
I can trace its channel in the sand,
And its currents within me, spreading, swelling,
Will revive the withered any morbid mind or desert land.

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Nero CaroZiv

Childhood Days And Joy

Childhood days and joy have gone away
like a pair side by side,
Leaving my life door and windows thoughts wide.
Careless was I not to enjoy and obey who were they

All within my life now is dark as night:
In my windows there is no light;
And no murmur and spring din at the childhood days door,
So frequent and abundant on its hinge on past days before.

I closed the door too soon; the shutters I did close;
And now through the windows I can see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark deserted childhood days of rose

Days of childhood and joy haunt me; no more of mirth
No more is here merry-making scent and sound.
All those happy days on meadows of the earth,
All are dead, falling to ashes to the ground.

Leave my vanquished soul for childhood days and joy
Here in me no longer dwell;
Each night at my bed before asleep a sad tale to tell
A boy robbed of childhood days and joy; and he was gentle and coy

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Nero CaroZiv

Childhood Dreams

My back days of sweet childhood dreams
Are so full of spring blooming things
With the world tenderness erupting from memories clear or dim
All stories and tales about old time knights and adventures of kings.

The old child fantasy dreams
Where my thoughts would often stroll and throng
Are far too full of happiness and gleam
To even hold a daily invigorating song.

Oh, the full dreams are so daunting, vivid and rich
And the innocent world in the dreams was clean and wide
Sweet and shadowy houses along meadows with orchards of birch
Where my thoughts could retreat, shelter and hide.

But nowadays the world took my dreams away
And it made them all come to some degree true
My thoughts, my ambitions have no place in the world to play,
Splendor stall, where nothing change or move except my deep rue.

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Nero CaroZiv

Childhood In Spring

How much I loved a day of spring of my childhood
Years ago before my life turned to burden and anxiety of manhood
It was an April early morning: fresh, clear and pleasantly chill
Streams and rivulets, sieve by bending reeds delighting in their strength and will
Ran with a field hare speed; and yet the voice of murmur
Of waters which the late winter had rained before spring became warmer

And then the water was softened down into a vernal tone.
For hours for me it was the spirit of enjoyment and desire, not to dissipate soon
And hopes and wishes, from all living things of versatile nature
Went circling, like a multitude of musical sounds.
The budding groves seemed eager to urge on with plains around
The steps of June on meadows and fields; as if their various hues developed into
form of mature

There were no hindrances that stood between
Me and all surround trees, grass, flowers and sky vaults as far as the horizon was
seen
Such an entire contentment in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy tree or a rabbit hidden lair
Such smooth new foliage, showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful day of spring observance

In hot summer morning up the shoulder less lush banks brook
I roamed in the confusion and zeal of my heart,
The sharp blades of the tall reeds cutting thru my face
Yet none of that my glee and breath took
I and Nature seemed as eternal friends never to part
In that wild abundance of holy grace

I was aware and alive to all things and forgetting all daily jading games
For at length I to a sudden turning conclusion came
In that continuous glen, where down a rock
The Stream, so vivid and ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all

Which I till then had heard, appeared the voice of plain amaze and stunning
shock

That was of common pleasure: beast and bird, the lamb and meadow,
The shepherd dogs herding around, the linnet and the thrush of shower
Vying with this waterfall, and made a breath taking song,
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth long
Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be or interrupted. Green bright leaves were here;

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Nero CaroZiv

Childhood Reflections

The vile hand constantly expressed my wrongs; faults to drown me in despair for long

No one was there to listen to my shuttered world and mournful song,
Playing with fowls in the hen house alleviated, charmed and pleased,
My inner battered thoughts and my being was entranced and with delight seized:

In mid park game I saw her; her voice with tender's passions filled my breast,
And I felt raptures I was too ashamed to be expressed;
Zeal and raptures, till that soft hour before unknown,
Where each time I recalled her image, my soul seemed from my body to be
flown:

I long to that world of childhood from which I so hastily took my adieu,
Cruel jaws of time have chewed the pages of my life too fast to be true,
From the pains and anguish of her view I learned never more fantastic forms
pursue:

Such glorious delights may sink a person into a mood so blue,

Thus were my days and hours of my childhood in secret ecstasies employed
And I the hideous secrets and sweets of life enjoyed:

Seclude socially; serene, and calm, from every pressure secured and free,
Enslaved alone by flattering meadow blooming posy

Endless were the obstacles from vile fetters that did prove!
How much did I, the endearing fields and grooves yielding but fantasy and love!
Where no one there dare my soul molest,
No harsh unkindness discomposed my breast;

All was not forgot, as if in life turbulent and stream

Shall I ever quenched my thirst of the past, the past was all a bereft dream:
But as I pleased indulging my self with this unenvied state,
Behold! a wondrous turn took place in my life of a blessed fate!

Although a hollow melancholy of the past still does sound
The awful horrors of long ago past are dispersed, cleansed all around

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Nero CaroZiv

Clara

Where ever I go or where ever I be Clara is by me near
Is she under the desert wandering sands or under the snow,
Whenever I speak, she is mute; she cannot hear
The spring flowers in the meadow grow.

All her bright dark as a raven locks of hair
Tarnished under tomb stone rust,
Oh, she that was so young and fair
Fallen too soon untimely to the dust

She was like a flower; lily-like, white as snow,
Beyond full maturity she hardly grew
She was a full woman for the world to know
Sweetly she was in shape and in sinew

Confined in a coffin under a heavy stone,
Which lies over her once lovely breast,
And I vex my heart on glorious days passed, alone
She is in a wholly good world; she is at rest.

Yet still she cannot see or hear
The calm sound of lyre or the exiting lines of sonnet,
She is buried finally, eternally here,
With heavy rough earth heaped upon it.

And now what fearful, vexing thing it is to glance
Back on the gloom and the light of youth mis-spent years
What shadowy forms of longing and regrets advance
To fill me with sorrow of thousands tears

Standing over her grave, can I reach across the brink?
Of that deep hole to which she did go
Shake hands and not be swallowed by this dire sink
She will recognize my voice and answer from below

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Nero CaroZiv

Clara Told Me

That day when I rushed delirious from kindergarten
The world turned upside down; a devil in me with no pardon
I passed shooting thru the garden gate
But I had not told my garden yet
Lest that would overwhelm and conquer me.
Nor did I had quite the strength then to break it to the humming bee

I did not name it on my way home in the street
For people around would stare at me on ominous treat
That one so little and shy; so innocent and ignorant
Should have the face of joy and happy arrogance
The hillsides must not know it so I thought
The excitement was engulfing; my efforts were for naught

These forests and meadows where I had rambled in spring bloom
Nor tell the loving forests gloom
Nor shall I lisp it at the dinner table
The family wondered how heedless I was to the food
No hint; no word uttered; I was death unable
I was admonished as being selfish rude

I went outside so shy and coy; how to play this amorous part
In those days of most time-beguiling of youth art
I examine a primrose bush on which a wild beast may lean
It could never can guess or deem the rapture and zeal and its mean
None of its buds could see or blab
The gaudy grasshopper was too busy after its pulp

And the heavy smug winter swamp frog
Into the bottom lake plop
I could hide my secret well behind the vermilion-veined tulip
On its flowery bed the bees rest or sleep
Would I trust The crowds of cowslip ahead who never prattle
Or their distinguished neighbor the shy myrtle

Oh my chest was bursting from its dwell
Whom I can tell
Clara said to me with two little beautiful eyes
'I love you'; that moment I thought the end of the world; I may die

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Nero CaroZiv

College Heart Aches

Morning glooms emerged stormy and waning pale
No light no sun but a wannish glare
In layers upon layers the gray clouds summons converged
And the budded peaks of the wood are dump cold congealed
Caught and cuffed by the cools gale
I had fancied it would be a spring day fair

As I flung myself down a craggy slope
Of bushes and outcrops
Ever muttered and madden and ever waned with despair
To attend a class of no slight interest or share
Whom but her should I meet

I the morning glooms when sunrise like sunset sank
In the blossomed gable-ends
At the head of the college street
Whom but her should I meet
And she touched me with a smile so sweet
That dwelt merely at the corner of her eyes
During which she kept her lovely lips tight
She made me divine amends
For a courtesy not returned

And as she passed me so suddenly and so swiftly
She left me with a delicate spark
Of glowing gnawing growing light
Through the long elongated lectures of the day
And the long live hours of the dark
Which kept itself warm in the core of my dreams
Ready to burst in a colored flame
Till at last the next morning came
In a cloud, it faded and seemed
But an ashen – grey delight

As gloom as that morning was
What if with her sunny hair

And smile as sunny as cold
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit
Delilah like trick old
To beguile me and entangled me when we met
As a spider has its prey in a silken net
And fawn at the victor's feet
To assume me just one of many at her treat
One of unanimous many who just written
One frivolous line in her book

Yet, if she were not a mirage or a cheat
If she were all that she seemed
And her divine face and beguiling smile were all that I dreamed
Then the world were not turn so bitter
And her smile like thousands suns would put it sweeter
Ah, a coal black raven ever croaks at a pine tree top
Keep a watch and ward on surge of overwhelming feelings at the back yard
Of one's heart or you will prove their tool
Myself from myself I must guard
Beware the ways of man often his own angry vain pride trap
Is cap and bells for a fool

Yet sick, sick I am of jealous dread
That day and night plagued my head
I was walking less than a mile
More than a mile from my dormant door
Between the faint Carmel cloud and the moor
And treading the craggy landscape at the set long lectured day
Over the dark slanting moor land
Rapidly walking far a way
She acknowledged me with half hand
And there was another at her side
The new made suitor
A vainly appearing looker
Something flashed in the sun
And down the hill I saw them dodging
In a moment they were gone
Like a sudden swift spark
Struck vainly in the night
Then returned the dark

With no more hope of light

Left in dark silence alone

The curtains on the painful scenery drawn

Stand dam to the torrents of torture

The is being with them blotter

O let the solid ground

Not fail beneath my feet

Let my fragile form hold

The ripples of pain on my body enfold

Yet, silence around, what a beautiful voice

Be still and trouble my mind

With joy in which I cannot rejoice

On a glory I shall never find

Still I will hear her no more

For her sweetness hardly leaves me a choice

But to wander in vast fields and fall before

Her feet's own trucks on the meadow's grass

And adore not her, who is neither courtly nor kind

But her galloping phantom upon lea and lawn

Once, only once I approached her

Oh catch not my breath clamorous heart

I begged and plead in pitiful obsequiousness

Let not my tongue your own servant

Be a thrall to my eye

For I must tell her before she part

I must tell her or die

With the strange unfamiliar voice that struggled

Up my throat I asked her and she let me

I had lead her a part way, my love, my only friend

So swiftly the convey took over my mind

There was none like her, none

And never yet so warmly ran my blood

And sweetly on and on

Calming itself to the long wishes for end

Full to the banks close on the wishful

For in calm times in peaceful memories

The road still led to her

The chained heart always rebel back to her

None like her, none
We spoke as two long time acquaintances
As she paced her light legs along the gravel walk
And it shook my heart to think what luck pebbles
Just awakened as we reached her dormant door
The gates of heaven were closed
And she was gone.

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Nero CaroZiv

College Love Encounter

If you are who I think you are, your face, your name
I may be lost, not knowing, not to be who I am
Such a swift unexpected encounter to bare in my face
It brings all past passions confusions back to surface

Well at first sight I wonder how life have been with you
Are you happy? that I should thus be happy too
For still my heart regards your weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do, as always was thus its will

I am unconsciously courteous unable to suppress my brimming sighs
The piercing melting power of your eyes
A vision I always longed and dread to see
It now brings the old havoc and tremble all over me

Oh dear; let it be short, adieu I must away
While you are blest I will not repine
For near you, I still can never Longley stay
My heart would soon again crave to make you mine

For years I wondered whether time or pride
Had quenched at length the youths flame
Nor knew till this hasty random meeting on street side
My heart in all save hope and expectations the same

Yet I am calm in this ghastly encounter, I knew the time
My chest would thrill and rebel against your look
Well, well by chance we meet and not a nerve is shook
As thus love of youth frozen encapsulated in its prime

I notice the gaze upon your face

yet we meet with no confusion there
One only feeling could you trace
the sullen calmness of despair

Away, away I brush my early dream
remembrance, reminiscence sleep again never awake
Oh I bagged life not to be derailed but back to its daily routine stream
Oh foolish heart be still, stop torturing my soul, if you rebel you again break

Thus lady of past early youth love
I must view your charms no more
For as long as this encounter lingers as the heaven above
I sigh for all I felt and experience before

In short I shall be surely wise
To escape from temptation snare
Your beauty and charm with years of patina is my paradise
I cannot view you, without the wish of re dwelling there

As Adam was expelled from Eden bowers
A moment I lingered near college paradise gate
Recalling the scenes of happy vanished lost hours
And bade myself to curse my future fate

But wondering through life long years
I learnt to bare my load of grief
Just gave a sigh to my vain pangs and tears
And found to me remedy, recovery relief

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Nero CaroZiv

College Love Lost

She came to the class of theoretical physics
And sat by a tall white pillar never alone
An angel watching from an angle the board of elongated equations with no lyrics
I sat few rows behind her carved with stone
And once, but once she turned lifting her eyes
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed
To find they were met by my own
And suddenly, sweetly strangely my heart beat stronger
My blood throbbed thicker until I heard no longer
The Thermo dynamic transformations laws
I was long gone under a pensive dream, coiled under an utterly estranged show

The bell's ring pealed up the vaulted hall
What untimely abrupt call
I stood up on my feet stunned like a child
Would she remember the passionate dual of our eyes' meet
Ah well, very well, I might have been beguiled
By some coquettish deceit
Yet if she were not a cheat
If she were all that she seemed
And her smile had all that I dreamed
Then the world were not so shakily bitter
And her gracious smile would have sunk on me so much sweeter

What vile winds had scudded away the war
Of roses and daisies at her garden door
As she fled fast through sun and shade
The happy pine trees winds upon her played
Blowing the ringlet from the braid
She looked so lovely as she swayed

I stood watching her a man in his pride
Or a puppet on a string
The rein with dainty finger-tips
A man who would give all other bliss
And all his worldly worthy for this
To waste his whole heart in one kiss

Upon her perfect lips

Sweet, how sweet was the wordless greeting of her eyes,
And yet how sweet was the voice in her social greeting,
When afternoon physics lectures due, the stolen glances subtle goodbyes
Faded away, into my memory were retreating.

How I longed and pleaded with my fate,
To have the earnest kiss on her brow,
I crave to find that holy secret gate
Guidance to where the grass was fresh and furrows were new to plough.

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Nero CaroZiv

Come And Hop On A Waving Swing

Come and hop on a waving swing
Be a child again, be once more the world king
Come, sway and play your childish days, let them whatever think
Slide into the morning chilly and wanton wind

Chase the nimble acrobatic birds in the skies
On the way down do not close your eyes
Open them wide and breathe the favorite air
A feeling of freedom encapsulate whole you with no worries or care

Leave your troubles and anguish behind
See how wonderful is the world from a swaying swing
Treat yourself with past years so sweet and kind
Hear again the choir of happy birds in play; the joy they can bring

On a swaying swing, remember your past days at school
What was the reason the teacher called you: 'You dammed fool'
She was so cold, slightly old and too frigid to tell
Your craving for the swing as you wait for the sound of the bell

Why hesitate, would you not like to go up in a swing?
Up in the soothing air so blue in vaults of hue
Oh, I do recall it the most pleasant and rewarding thing
Ever as a child you can dream or do!

Up and high in the rushing air
To the point that your stomach can bare
Let trees and meadows rush to your face
See the world glory swaying in neat grace

Surge and burst over earth and sky
Let your soul be as free as a bird on high
On the way down your legs scuffle the turf brown
As your summer days of childhood pass by

Would you not again like to go up in a swing,
Up in your childhood air so distill and pure blue?
Oh, I do think it must be ever beguiling thing
That every child in a man can repeat and do!

Up in the air and over the school wall,
Till you can see so the world so enchanting wide,
Rivers and trees, cattle and sheep all
Over the vast meadow and countryside

You would see down again on the garden green,
Up on the roof so rusty red brown
Up in the air you go flying again like you had been
Up in the air and to the ground down!

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Nero CaroZiv

Come Back The Days Of Childhood

Come back the days of childhood; my eyes made then pictures when they were shut

I see back my sandy unpaved streets, an old stone structure on a thorny hill,
mysterious and fair,

A willow sobbing its branches down a stream and a tattered donkey shelter hut,
And the children with me all joyfully playing bare feet on summer sands there.
The dreams I had as a child; as my head resting on my beloved pillow!
Always remind me the aches of that beautiful green willow!

Whilom you may come to these days of morning mist
Where you find the child who with stately brow
The dew impearled breezes of dawn had kissed
Before the commotion of small village start to flow
Adore the summer nights behold how they star
The village streets and two floors houses in light so rare

Come stay with me in long winter nights; shadows dance upon the wall,
The rain had ceased; by the still dancing fire-flames made;
And then they slumber, without a stir; move less all!
And then again they melt to one deep shade!
I lied in my bed; not from me would that mild dusk darkness steal
The pleasure of the hour and the cold night in divine still

Let my eyes shut and play the painter again
Let them draw and paint the streets, houses and the flowers in strain
The memories of old days haunt me every idle hour
I as a child running through fields and bower under heavy April shower
At spring wild tulips always conquered hill and dale; glorious summer, dawn dew
sands
Why being sieged and captured under tyrannous vile hands

The pictures like papers in the air, are floating towards me
Like ships sailing out from heavy fog; emerging from the darkness of the sea
Out of the shadows of lies, tyranny and manipulation; clouds of evil in waves of
foam bright

Days I knew sun in the morning and moon at night
The vile empty rage I envied in so many moods
Yet like a linnet born within that dungeon; that cage I knew the summer woods

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Nero CaroZiv

Come To Me In My Dream

Come to me in my dreams, at least if not in reality, and then
Compensated by night, by day I shall be somehow well again!
In my immense yearning the night will more than pay
The hopeless craving of the lengthened lonesome day.

If you come, come, as you came before in a thousand times,
You a messenger from better days, bring back the happy climes,
And smile again with your gracious face, for long hours I yearn to see
Your fire, your slaying sharp eyes gnawing inside me!

But then if you decide never to come to offer some sooth,
Then let me dream you again as the dream is all the world truth,
In my dream I part and split your hair, and kiss your bright brow,
Such a reviving gracious show inside me continuously does grow

Come to me in my dream, jaded I cannot weep, I cannot pray,
My heart in my chest has very silent grown,
I often watch how God gives love in abundance away
And then leaves us isolated to cope with love all alone.

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Comfortable Life

One bright day you came and said to me
Let us leave behind all troubles and agony
Life is too short
To be spent on anything rather
Than beguile, laugh and sport.
Deep thought, careful planning should be tossed
To the wind and waves of the vexed surf
They are so uncommon to simple life
Of glee and mirth

A rented room at edge of the metropolitan
Will suffice the goal of simple easy being
A routine job at a decaying suburb
Amid a throng of dull ugly ghost houses
Will support adequately such life of no significance
From moment to moment our life will drag.
The fantasy, the dreams are phantoms of
Instantaneous excitement merely in our world
Like flames in dark short being,
Of meaningless existence.
And live the life that we pretend to apprehend.

May be you can write a novel you said
Of no important subject or meaningful end
Without pretentious ambition or satire laugh
A story for the emotions of the literate mass
That will stir fragile, evaporating thoughts
In the nevus minds where they die at birth
Without impact on the human mind,
An empty story that will die before us
A simple, shallow story without complicated metaphors
Let us chose a simple mind hero for our tale
A drunk, a gambler with no too many phrases to tell
May be a simple love story of routine mediocrity
Like our love story
Dull without complicated feelings

Of people who rarely stare or say
A meaningful thing

Is there such a thing as an easy passing pain?
That leaves behind no scars in our heart
No dreams false and vain.
That exhausts the source of our tears
Let a soul in tact after turbulent storm
A mind with shuttered sanity, shaken world
A human voice how awful in the gloom
Of coming night, a direful din resounding end
Of dark and cold ceased existence
An unexplained infinitude
Beneath encrypted stone door

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Conjure A Moment From The Past

This solitary hill of childhood has always been dear to me
And this hedge, of past days which prevents me most of the endless horizon to see

Those days of past when every bird would sing and a lamb in the field would bleat

A memory so pure and sacred I always in my mind keep

And scattered, aimless clouds cross the sky vault
Over meadows of ripe wheat in summer sun turned gold
As a boy I rush knee-deep through lush and vivid grass
As the wanton dusk wind upon my face makes its pass

When then I sit on a porch and gaze, I imagine, in my thoughts
Endless spaces beyond the hedge that my imagination caught
An all encompassing silence and a deeply profound quiet,
To the point that my heart is almost overwhelmed and spell tight

And when I hear the wind of dusk rustling through the trees
I compare the voice to the infinite inner silence in me.
And universe, and eternity occur to me, and all the ages
And the present time, and its sound are invoked by the front hedges

Calm summer evening descends the sparrow chirrups on the roof
The monotonous clock is ticking, and the sound
which to the wooing winds is aloof
The moon starts its nightly orbit, it is large and proportionally round

The silhouette of the thorny cactus against the sinking sun
As the rich of field flowers evening sets calmly as a nun
The evening breeze carry the cow manure into the neighboring houses and thru
vast heaves
As the nightly earth from the heat of the day rests and breathes

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Contemplation Of Death

Most of my friends, are they all gone into the world of light?
I dare wonder the promises of religion and sages, sitting alone, lingering here;
Their very memory is fair and in my head is bright,
And my sad thoughts never stir away and clear.

My contemplation glows and glitters in my cloudy bare breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy shady forest
Or those faint beams in which this mysterious hill is driest
After the sun goes down, of the day to rest

I have known better days of happy child thoughts in an air of glory,
Whose light does vex and trample on my days:
My days, which are now at best but dull, monotonous and hoary,
Mere glimmering and creeping decays.

No holy Hope! and no high Humility,
That once used to be high as the heavens above!
These are my lingering walks, searching within me,
If there still is something in that brittle me to kindle my cold love.

Dear, beautiful Death! I should accept you as the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere, like God showing nowhere, but in the coffin dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond your promised dust,
Could man see what you are? could man outlook that mark!

What lays beyond the curtain of death I would never know,
And no one else may find out; incomprehensible as the wind be blown;
But whatever takes place tomorrow or now,
That is to me and to the world is eternally unknown.

And yet as white angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man does calmly sleep:
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory nourish and peep.

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Cruel Jaws Of Time

Cruel jaws of Time, they take and grape in our trust
Our youth, our joys, our all world we own and have,
And pay us back but with earth, sand, and dust;
Who eventually made us in the dark and silent grave,

When we have not even ventured, exploit, experience all our ways,
They prematurely egregiously shut up the story of our days;
Lying in the dark deep pit from this earth, this grave, this dust,
Not even God shall raise us up, a miracle we in despair love to trust.

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Nero CaroZiv

Cry Not When I Die

Love forget me since you left me and come not, when I will be dead,
To what avail? To drop your senseless, foolish tears upon my tarnished grave,
To tremble and trample round my fallen tattered coffin boxed head
And stir and vex my dust that would be too late to change, to save.
There let the wind sweep over my tomb and the willow to node and to cry;
And you? just continue your chosen life; your paths and time goes by.

Love take heed, if it were your error or my heartless, selfish crime
I care no longer, it makes no difference now; being all forlorn and unblessed
Live, marry whom you will choose, page me out thru the pages of Time,
My comfort is my anguish; you deserve my pains and I desire to rest.
Pass on, leave my weak heart, and leave to where I sob and cry
And let the indifferent cold world around us go by

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Nero CaroZiv

Dark Winter Days

Dark winter days, dark vapors emerging from the glade gloom
Have oppressed my brain for a long dreary season, then comes a day
Born of the gentle soothing wind, and clears away
From the sick congestive heavens all unseemly stains unwelcome bloom

How anxious am I, a whole anxious month, relieved of its pains,
Yet it takes as a long-lost right the feel of bright May;
My eyelids with the passing coolness of the day play
Like rose petals with the dripping of summer refreshing rains.

The calmest thoughts came over me; as of leaves
Budding, fruits ripening in stillness of the day towards the autumn suns
Sinking, smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves of grains in late summer fields
Winds, breezes remind me of her sweet cheek, a gentle smiling infant's breath

The gradual sand of desert dunes
That is carried along the moaning winds
And through a woodland rivulet it is dropped against a silver shy moon
Where the lush grass is grazed at night by a flock of hinds

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Days As Moments In A Play

My days are passing as the moments are passed at a play;
The seasons of the year chase each other as a day does another day;
Old days dreams are not good, not invigorating dreams
The bright sun is extinguished, frail in the sky are her beams

And at night the stars do wander darkling lost in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the happy earth for me is bestowing no grace
Shadows; phantoms of the sky swing blind and blackening in the moon-less air;
For me morning comes and go- and come; yet it brings no new hope or glare

I am a man who forgot all his passions in the dread of wilting decaying end
The world is closing over my desolation; and in my heart my fear is bent
And chilled into a selfish prayer for my passed gone light:
That I did live, the fields that were full youth and vigor bright

When the plains were fresh with grass, wild and bare
Open wide, savage growth that was opening to the spring air
Beauty sprouted and built up around and everywhere
Beautiful exciting earth with brilliance so captivating in rare

My burden is heavy; yet I shade no tear
The fields with wild flowers will bloom another year

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Death Is Not Kind

Death is not kind, and there can be no returning,
No one came back from there to sweet earth in some fragrant night,
And no one recovered to take these lanes to find the sea, and bending
Again to breathe the same honeysuckle, low and white.

Who will not yearn to come down at night to these resounding beaches and sand
bright
And listen to the long gentle thunder; the enigmatic murmur of the sea,
No one ever left the grave for a single hour in the wide starlight
To feel again; to be happy with the beauty around; don't tell me the dead are
free.

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Death On My Tracks In Haste

This death, this vile fiend, our final end whose ghastly presence ever
Beside us like our own glued shadow relentlessly hangs,
Our inner soul dreams to evade the mad demomons endeavor
No way out; it would scourge you to severer desolation and pangs.
We should be as we are; our from birth settled fate,
Helpless and dark as it is, any change would aggravate.

I remember summer nights there were spirits of the young air,
School was out; angles floated in the evening breeze,
And gentle winds dreaming ghosts, with eyes as fair
As star-beams among twilight foliage trees
Such lovely creatures in the world I was longing to meet
Often on dewy sands I strolled my lonely sandals less feet.

Mountain winds, and babbling water springs,
Running through mossy rocks; moonlight seas, the voice
Of these inexplicable, emitting joy things,
Soothing the night; I did hold commune, and rejoice
When they did engulf me with glee; but they
Cast, like a worthless boon, my love away.

So far from death back then, I had sought in starry eyes
Beams that were never meant for me
But another's wealth; tame sacrifice
To a fond faith! still did I pine?
Still did I hope that greeting hands,
Voice, looks, or lips, may answer my unanswered demands?

Ah! wherefore did I build my crave and hope
On the false earth's inconstancy?
Did my own mind afford no scope
Of love, or moving my boyish thoughts to love to be?
That natural scenes or human smiles
Could steal the power to wind me in their trickery and wiles?

Yes, death on my tracks in haste; all the faithless smiles are fled
Whose falsehood and vile deceptions left me broken-hearted;
The glory of the moon is stale dead;
Night's ghosts and dreams have now vanished; departed;
My own soul still is true; un rebelling to love to be
Even though preyed on by foul fiend and chocking misery.

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Nero CaroZiv

December

Even in a dreary-night of gloom dark December,
Too happy I was, happy like my yard naked tree,
Whose heavily loaded foliage branches in warm summer I always remember
As they bloomed boasting in their green spring, bursting felicity:

The vile hand could not undo my joy or harm them
With a sleety whistle through the flowers with new buds on stumps
Nor the frozen thawing glue them or them did tame
When they were budding at their prime, none was at their game

The rain was falling in soft whisper in dreary-night of cold stark December,
Too happy I was, happy listening to the gasp of water joining a street brook,
Whosedin's bubbling I always remember
The divine water whisper pray was never written in a book

The vile hand could never mar these sweet unforgotten,
Moments of nature touch; grass, flowers, dust in paths so seldom trodden
Living, dreaming through these months of December
Along following years helped these false rebukes dismember

An old heavy trunk fig tree of years so many
The long conversations I had with that tree as a growing little boy!
Which were there in me as enormous strength ever any
Never marred or writhed at passed stolen joy

Cherished childhood days, the feel of not to feel it,
When there is so much of it; an endless stream of memories none to heal it
Nor numbed sense to solidify it,
Yet, every day, moment I live by it, I feel it.

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Despair Not

Despair not; relent not, like the lofty reeds on a Bay Shore bending
In low sandy fields by the rough foaming sea,
Swaying and praying in harsh shrieking wind without a cease;
Without safty; no shelter or foreseen ending

Like those hard swaying reeds in storm and night tempest
Who all with the season are rising again
So would you, unbroken, unshaken come to rest
And rise from dire pain;

So would you, calm and soft
On the day long, on the night long,
You change your sorrow in aught
Into glee and into song.

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Nero CaroZiv

Do Not Disturb The Cemetery Guard

Do not disturb the cemetery guard
He is in charge of your after life chart
Just lie down, silent and deep in your grave below
And do not yell, stir or ask for a furlough

I know how much you yearn
To know what has become
While you were in your coffin forgotten for some
Or see your relatives and the neighbors
And check their toils, hardship or labors
But you are new in eternity, so much to observe and learn

I know how much you earnestly crave
To burst out to the air from this grave
To you it will be a sense of human generous just
To leave behind, if for a moment all this decay and dust

A repeat may be just for one more time
Grab your books bag in a child prime
And rush in fresh air morning without homework to school
And be rebuked by your teacher 'You dammed fool'

Oh, lie down in your gloom and let wise Nature work her will
And on your clay tomb her darnel will grow
In first years your relatives will visit you when days are bright and still
At your blemished headstone they will bow and whisper low
And tell you of their life, and events you have missed in the show

We all as humans of any color or faith
Hold common scorn and defame to eternal death
The creaking sound of cords lowering us down
As earth returns back to earth with no rising dawn

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Nero CaroZiv

Early Spring

The sporadic rain with fitful alternations and heavenly light has no gain
When the chill wind as it moans, languid as with acid pain
With its own heavy moisture, lingering in the open air
And drives through the gray and beamless morbid atmosphere

The roofs of houses and ranches are shining from the rain.
The sparrows chirrup as they fly against the rainbow
And with a windy April grace which flies over fields and bows
The little clouds go by, yet against the strengthening sun their gathering is in
vain

And now the back-yards are still bare and brown
The chapped logs are foaming against the sun
I could not be so sure of spring unless the reeds blades are down
With heavy rain drops of early spring; cold winter role upon the earth is done

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Nero CaroZiv

Endless Love

You have stormed upon me and I have played thee without pardon
In vain I hinder you by highest walls and deepest moats; and oak thick gates
My heart and my passion spell under your flowers garden
As my body shakes surrounded, dizzy and lost in the presence of your light gait

Through ancient time and sage books you are the sinner and the judge
Oh, ever capricious soul, as my eyes enthralled to your control
At sunset summer street as gored dusk claims its reign and role
You will gather my shreds and pieces as piles of wheat with a farmer touch

Never beg or appease those who from your vicinity withdraw and shun
I alone will walk through your secret gardens abundant with various hues
As my pray is solely and unpretentious yearning for none
My pray is one only and unique praying but for you

Till the endless of paths of sadness, till the depth of lonely nights
In long desolate streets of iron slummed gates in a dormant city under moon
bright
Love ordered my loyalty and commitment to you not short of a kill
To bring fresh bread and harvested salt upon your door sill

Hold my heart in your capturing hand
Leave it no pity when it rises to burst or to bend
Let it not be in dark dimming isolated room
Without the outdoor flickering dancing stars of the sky gloom

There rise the hot passionate moon as a burning kiss
There heaven wet with thunder and wind and a witch's hiss
There a rose bush will dropp its petals of treasure
As I pick them up for your bloom and eyes pleasure

There will come the time by the sound of drum and bell
In city throng din and broken roar
I would fall my final withdrawal
As my smile vanishes like sparks from fire at last burst soar

Yet till the end of long paths of sore sadness, till the depth of lonely nights
In ever stretched desolate streets of iron gates in a dormant city under moon
bright
Love ordered my loyalty and commitment to you not short of a kill
To bring fresh bread and harvested salt upon your door sill

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Nero CaroZiv

Fair Is My Love From Far

Fair is my love from far, but she is far from being fair
She is fickle, her nature is false and her character full of frauds.
No beauties can compensate for such flaws!
Yet her face; her face is so divine without the touch of impurity
She is mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty
Brighter than glass, and yet as glass she is brittle
A soul softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty
A lily pale skin, with damask dye to grace her clad
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips how often she to truth and to logic she joined
Between each of her oaths of true love swearing
How many tales to please the truth she coined,
Dreading the truth, the loss of love and strength still fearing
Yet amid of all her pure protesting
Her faith in love, her oaths of the truth were all jesting.

She burned with love, as straw with fire flames
She burned herself out of true love as soon as straw out burns
She framed her feign love, and she foiled the framing
She forlorn with phantom of love, dark shadows and foul fair
She bade love last, and fell into a bust
Is he a lover last, he that inflicts pains in caress
Agony in soft whisper
A lecher, a vampire of the soul whichever
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither

What for me in all of that, any aspiration? Any goal?
Old, crumpling tattered soul
Do not look at the mirror tonight
For I profoundly hate thee for you keen sight
Rest; take your sleep in the tempest of the night
No comfort will lay by your pillow
After such an acid, such a poison spilled by your ink
You awakened sleeping devils, released bottle of imps

O stay at the table! Cried the lines I wrote
We have no power to let her read love by rote

And watch her not able to spell
For her soul is enthralled by the devil of hell
I watched the silver moon plays upon glassy streams
Twinkle another counterfeit beam
How she can not tell
Foul from fair and fair from foul
So seems her gorgeous beauty to mine eyes
But I see her mind full of foul and follies
Fain shall I try to woo her wit, yet again? I dare not speak
Let me back for a pen and an ink I shall rather write my mind
Cowards have no tongue no character
Their comfort is in hide their pride is in hypocrisy
Is she not here?
Will you be daunted at the woman's sight?
Beauty's princely majesty is such
That it confounds the tongue
And makes the senses rough and the mind blur

Can such a villain woo such a virtuous woman?
Can she thus be won?
What side of the bed?
I shall rest my exploding head
My body is in flames of pains
Oh let it not start again!

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Fallen Love

Indeed, how far badly it went our love, I cannot tell,
Though I do often ponder on it quite long and profoundly well,
The metaphor; the transgression of love into hate is not easy to state,
I wish all my love will not see its birth; when love abates

For sure on one thing we have no debate; you trust me
When I say you do abhor and disgust the core of my be
And I fight fire with fire; so I hate you with a hate
which is not in me naturally; it would fain annihilate;

And yet sometimes my heart sighs and faints against my will,
My dear love I wake up in the morning; I love you still.
What was the unforgiving treason to our love,
A sin to God above; none; our love was pure as a dove

The one morsel we need to decrease, soften and abate
The morsel of a pure impartial hate.
Since left uncontained it does hit lovers in a bright date
And forever seals their fate

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Nero CaroZiv

Fantasies And Dreams Dear Enchanters

Fantasies and dreams dear enchanters
Why summon up to my view
The memory of love, which banterers
All as if it was never true

Why torture and turbulent me
With thoughts of love gone by
Which like foul shadows over vexed sea
Hover dim like a ghost in distant sky

The days of that love now dashed and shaded
By the twilight of long ominous days
Flowers of love before you bloom you doomed and faded
Though bathed in my tears of sorrows and prays

These agonizing thoughts of love which waken
Mournful regretting feelings now
Green fruits before your prime you were shaken
By rough winds from your parent bough

Where is now the young heart exulting
In sweet pleasure and unmeasured sense
And spiritual joy never in satiety resulting
For it emerged from conscious innocence

Love gone with the foul wind parted
A sweet sensation that I so prized
Which she stoned, cold hearted
Never has realized

I knew not then its course or its strife
I knew not then its rancor
Why, Oh Why in every rose of life
There lurks a canker

I lament the palm tree springing
With succulent fruit hanging, at its waste

Cleopatra's asp is clinging
To sour the fruit to our taste

Who will cover my age's frosty naked mansion
So cheerless so tattered and so chill
After love doomed bleak with no expansion
And what pain and loneliness lie ahead still

All, as a whole have past and fled
Leaving behind forlornness and soul lonely
All these dear feelings are dead
Sharp painful remembrance wakes them only

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Farewell

Flow down love, away from my life like a cold rivulet to the sea
In my life your tribute did wave and did deliver
No more by your side my steps shall be
For eternity, for ever

Flow, softly flow by new lawn and enticing calling lea
Now a rivulet, then in years a raging river
Nowhere by you my steps shall never be
For eternity, for ever

There will be lonely nights when I sigh remembering the sycamore tree
Under which we bask in the sun, an aspen did whiten in the wind and shiver
In the open meadow I heard the hum of golden bee
For eternity, for ever

A thousand suns will stream on your face
A thousand moons will remember your grace and quiver
But by you my steps be remote, untouched by your evolving grace
For eternity, for ever

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Farewell And Be Well Ungrateful Adulterous Lover

Farewell and be well ungrateful adulterous betrayal detractor
Audios! Vanish! Evaporate! Get lost unworthy perjured swain
Let never an injured, wounded, saturated with wrath and pain
Creature believes a man like you again
Roam in the comfort shadow of mother creator
Let her lull your troubled nights as a tender narrator

If it was not for my weak innocence and delirious insane
It would not be so easy all my marrow bones to retrieve
Leaving me so fragile, trapped available to deceive
And when I loved, you leave me to rail at you in vain

The pleasure of possessing such love
Seemed at times to surpass all experiences from heaven above
Yet there was no bliss in it to the effect of stable lasting
And once I tasted its soreness I abjure any longer casting

When I was in love with you
I was fresh, clean and brave
Miles after miles my doubts thickened and grew
To question how you handle, how you behave

Truly just feign passion you excel to pretend
I was only to take, to use, and to obtain
But as all things do, your charm reached its end
And you ingenuine fraud charmer sank into my disdain

The vice and the dice of your life arise
portrayed in shapes of horror and scare so true
and no one beam of hope breaks through
to comfort the pain in the chest and sooth the redness of the eyes.

Your love lacked warm, support by any measure
It faded and died in me; it vanished like a sea treasure
And I find such dying a pure refreshing pleasure
When living being in love with you was just a pain.

I shall never more play the helpless part
Of a lovely woman who stoops to folly
To find too late that her man is a deceptive bully
Spare me this hallow raucous Cupid dart.

We no longer two souls that balance joy and pain
With tears and smiles laugh repeatedly time and again
Fresh and reviving like the maiden spring upon the plain
That comes in sunlit against a rainbow full of rain

Oh what a fearful thing to remember to glance
back on the gloom of love mis-spent years
What shadowy forms of guilt advance
to fill me thousands of regrets and fears

I shall never yearn for our days back
whatever change the years have wrought
I find not one lonely thought
that cries not against the turning back of the clock

Sure there will be other fools to bath in your cunning betray
While my life ship sails far and away
To new shore of love, hope and reason
Solid, without the trace of human treason.

So it is time to quit the table
Love has been totally consumed, crippled disable
Dead not by decease, claws of seasons or jaws of time
But cankered by the most heinous human crime

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Nero CaroZiv

Fear

I occasionally have troubling; nagging fears that I may cease to be
Before ambitions are complied; before my pen has gleaned my barren brain,
Before my fountain of words dried; before high-piled books, in character,
Hold like rich late summer garner, the full ripened large grain;

When I observe the night starred face, such a divine vaults of grace
All are to me a huge cloudy symbols of a high magic and romance,
And I think that there come the time I may never live to trace
Their shadows, their mysteries; with the random occurrences of chance

And when I see and feel, fair Nature; fair creature of any hour,
That I shall never look upon it any more, the happy rain of Spring shower
Never have I relish in the faerie power
Of unreflecting love; of un nourishing love; of love sore

In this maze of the world I stand alone, stand and think
All love lost; love and fame to nothingness do eventually converge and sink
Yet, keep me from this dire brink
Let it not dry my teeming ink

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Nero CaroZiv

First Love

I remember as a boy the calm soft spring rains invoking the smell of the dry rock

Being wetted, and swallows circling the air with their shimmering talk
And fat sleek frogs in the pools singing at summer stars night,
The birch trees burdened with song choirs on boughs high and wide

I remember the Robins of different hues wearing their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on farms encircled with a low fence-wire;
And only I knew then that your sharp glance at me
Stirred thunder and roaring lighting inside my torn longing heart which none did
see

Spring was laughing in every budding darling flower
I do not remember did I walk with you on mountain or thru bower
Did I walked towards you? Yet who ever looked at me in the street
I thought it must be you in a beat

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For You Woman I Shall Not Die

For you woman I shall not die
You woman of notorious name and high fame
Only foolish men with piercing eyes you may slay
But I and they are not the same

Why should I expire
for your eyes' fire
Ha slender waist? So what?
And for your swanlike limbs? I say tat

But I run from your round breast
the fresh skin, the crimson checks
hair like a waterfall, long and rich
Indeed, Indeed I shall hold
through sturdy high walls and wide moat
Please God! Not me for any such

yet the golden hair my eyes enthralled
the forehead thin, the gracious ears
the rounded heel, the languid tone
Oh fools! For fools alone find death from these

Mercy, your sharp wit, your perfect palm
The chaste mien, the white neck,
the brown eyes, your beautiful soul
has my heart as its goal

You graceful woman as a swan
wise man, while still wise, run
Or else plea to guardian God:
Save me or stab me before I succumb
Little palm? A White neck? or a bright eyes?
I shall not die for thee
Oh God let it not be me

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Forgive Me Love

Forgive me love that I cannot speak
On these mighty, between the two of us things
Forgive me that I have not the lion courage nor the eagle's wing
That what I want to be, I know not where and how to seek

And to think that I was not over meek
In rolling out rants and raves up followed thundering's
Even to the steep of haughty in vanity of springs
Were I so of ample strength to bestow on you such freak

If I could only see what in me had not created gentler observation
For the presents and your divine presence that I was blest from you
And our walks along bright golden sands of the vast ocean
Which the emerald wavelets at your feet gladly threw

Who can bring back the nights we loved on a fair summer eve
Just before streams of waning dusk poured down from the vermilion West
And on the balmy wind tranquil rest
The silver clouds, like old clan were far away to leave

All in meaner young careless thoughts, and take sweet reprieve
From your laughs and your wantonness and find with easy quest
This moment of eternal fragrant wild wrapped with nature's beauty driest
Such a pure and holy precious delight with its mortality my soul deceive

Forgive me love if you can
Now in gray autumn leaning on my wooden cane
I saw and I failed in existence for you and me
What I wanted and yearned for you to be

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Gettysburg

Today at Gettysburg the woods are calm, nodding to and through
With shimmering forms that flash before an observer view
And then melt in green, variety of hues as the dawn stars melt in blue

The smiling leaves wave whitening against one's cheek in peaceful caress
As the hands of shadow widows against the wide meadow still express
Even now, their mighty subtle tenderness over this past battle field duress

Embracing boughs at the wood depth into a little wind whisper start
That noise like the echo of wounded fire heart
The agony of despaired screams coming from lips smoking wide apart

It is all quiet now, the trees dream in balm undisturbed by past wrong
The scenery is innocent in beauty, multiplying and strong
The scent of flowers scan through the valley of breath calm and long

Yet reminiscence does breed the stress and the urgent of war
The haunted ecstasy of humans and beast cries tore
The smoke, the fire, and bullets rushing into blood gore
The wounded, the battled deformed dragged behind steeds neighing roar

This morning the dew plashed road is clear and dry
Rich wreathes grape the spacious foreheads of sturdy pines
And from heights breathe ambrosial passion from their vines
And like a timid child they hide from human eye

As I stroll in past paths, I pray with mosses and flowers shy
And as they lift adoring perfumes to the July sky
I slowly move, with ranging looks that pass
Over corn fields and matted miracles of grass

My route leads me into veined complex of space
Where the vast sky with elongated leafage interlace
So close, so calm the heaven of sapphire is seen
As if in woven with heaven of infinitude pastoral green

One may feel the urge to summon the prophet Ezekiel
Who as that past miracle bones revival, will conjure you from hell

Back to here where I pause, my forward faring eyes
Take these magnificent harvests, where the stately vigorous corn-ranks rise.

Oh spirits passing before me as I behold
Your faces in the kingdom of mortality are unfold
Deep eternal sleep comes to every watching eye
Yet yours came so swiftly unjustly under dire battle sigh

Along your bones the creeping flesh did quiver and quake
As your damp hair stiffened with agony and fear it hardly spake
Is man more just in morals than God? , is man more pure
Than he who deems all of us in basic sinful and insecure?

I do mourn you creatures of clay, vainly fell to dwell in the dust
The fields around beauty and calm survive defiantly of your unjust
Things of the day happen and go about their cause before the night
You are the victims of heedlessness and blindness to wisdom wasted light

For politicians like poets should build up their hardihood
From human humility and universal moral food
Drawn in proportions unselfish un individual fair
From honest mould and vagabond ancient wisdom air

Shall man be eventually wise to learn from antique ashes departed flame
Which can bestow on him finer life and longer fame
From past battle wounds and historical balms
From tempest storm and following peace and calms
From archeological potsherds and dry bones
And ruins of past emperors and lying unturned broken stones

Across Gettysburg the woods are holy and calm
Under summer night they absorb the gorgeous moon charm
The colors of splendid night, as the veils of dusk turn deep
Mother earth takes back her sons' sorrow as it turns to sleep

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Glorious Shinning Star Of Winter Evening

Glorious shinning star of winter evening, splendor of childhood
Icon of innocence, star of neighborhood on the West horizon brink
Star of dump evening against the moon stooping as the night seemed to sink
On the far open field bosom encircled by pine trees hood

When I see you now again at winter evening air
You draw me back to be again there
Those days will never leave us in joy or in anguish
Those glamorous winter nights will keep off our languish

The poetry of childhood is never done, never dead:
When all the birds were faint with the hot sun,
And hide at evening in cooling trees, a voice would run
From hedge to hedge about the scent of new-mown mead

I remember a regular tenant the Grasshopper's in the pale moon light he took
the lead
In summer evening luxury, he had never done
With his delights and roaming; for when tired out with fun
He withdrew to rest at calm and ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The memories of childhood are ceasing never, are with us ever
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Had wrought a silence, from the old stove there I heard shrills
The monotonous Cricket's song, in warmth increasing yet not clever
And seemed to me in blurring drowsiness half lost,
Disguising the Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

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Nero CaroZiv

Go From Me Love

Go from me love, our summer has ended, leave and linger not:
I am no longer your summer friend or lover but, wintry blizzard cold,
You silly sheep, once a flower, you fool fat cow benighted from the fold,
You have been worse than a sluggard with a thorn-choked garden plot.

Take this counsel as severe it is, sever your plot from my lot,
Dwell in your pleasant places, and false dreams hoard your alchemist gold;
Lest you with me should continue to shiver on our faulty bleak wold,
Being thirsty and hungering on our barren spot.

For I have hedged me from you with a thorny hedge,
I rather live alone, I look forward to die alone:
Yet sometimes, when a wind sighs through the sedge,
Ghosts of our buried years, and friendship reminisces of youth come back,
My heart saddens, it goes sighing after the free swallows flown
For every summer gone never comes back; summer's unreturning track

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God Or Nature?

I do often wonder God or nature
Which is my soul nurturer?
Nature; everything in you moves me in awe
The fruitful orchards, the roseate echo
Of pastorals in midday summer bowers
The grandeur of dawns welcomed by birds' choirs
The solemn ruefulness of sunsets at dusk
The summer's haze canopies the forest foliage tops

I used to laugh at art
Scorn songs debase verse
Ancient temples and spiraled towers
Cathedrals spread across empty skies
Arrogance and ignorance led me
To see good men and evil ones with identical eyes

I must admit the guilt
That nature is my guide
I do not believe in God
I deny and abjure all thought
As mankind's false utter naught
And as far as love that old
Elusive irony, a tale so many times told
I would never be warring to search and to reinvent
It again and again until my final end

Yet I am not air or fire
Weary of living, fearing to die the end so dire
Like a torn tattered bark toyed by time tides
My soul to dread disaster seems to ride

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Green Grapes

I have some green grapes at their best
And I am waiting for you to pass by
For these grapes are of such great taste
It is the truth so I swear and so I sigh

They were raised upon mountains high
where the wind softly murmur and blow
And a herd of wild horses feeds nigh
On tall grass blades rooted grow

So this is why my grapes are so sweet
The mountain spring by them lead
Tall reeds guard the fenced gates
To keep out the ugly crow's gait

Quietly my green grapes wait
For the clock sounds the hour late
What makes you hesitate?
What makes you not keep your date?

Therefore my green grapes with me are so sad
And I am waiting not have gone yet to bed
If you only give your saint like smile in a glance
My face will be covered with happy countenance

But here I hear approaching steps from the south
My green grapes are full of hopes for your mouth
But still I am so lonely and sad
Since to bring flowers you forbade

May be next year you change your mind
And to my request you be more kind
And I will bring you flowers from the bowers
Wet with rain of rainbow showers

A flimsy fancy flattered my mind

Yet again it seemed overbold
If you can just love me for a while short
I always consider you gentle and kind

But sometimes you are remote and cold
May be my approaches are too bold
And most hurtful are your scorns
Sharp and fierce worse than a thousand thorns

Alas, I hear no more sound where I stand
But the rivulet on from the lawn
Running down to the wood sand
And my fear like an evil feeling drawn

My hopes diminished that you eat my green grapes
And feel my pangs and heart aches
This is why I keep talking to my green grapes
So one day you feel my pains and shakes

So please be kind and rethink again
And let me bring you flowers from the plain
Flowers are so much nicer and have various scents
Although green grapes are my dear loyal friends

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Grow Up Flower Child

Grow up flower child and be happy, happiness like diamond
In beauty that is good, fair, exquisite, comforting, calm and clear
And even when now and then along life's pathway ups and downs
This joy breaks in million pieces, shattered, scattered far and near
You shall see the shinning fragments fall
Back to you in so many pieces that no one can ever catch them all

And yet in spite, be wise and balance in your journey ever
Treasure every fragment of pleasure joy beyond any measure dim or clear
Build your happiness from pieces that consolidate, convert back to you together
Imagining our shattered world, learning, accepting to be ever thankful and clever
Through whatever life bestows upon us, as the share of happiness small
For it has so many pieces that no one can catch them all

For it is in our wisdom to grow, to love, to live
And take what fate, God or life may us give
While we ask and draw our prayer and question our goals or flow
We grow to have, to hold and in time to relax the grasp and let go

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Guard Yourself

Guard yourself from the evil behind your wings
Hide yourself from the storm, the rain, and the winds
The forest gloom foster danger with deadly weight
which haunts us in some sad reverse of fate

The thoughts which bow the kindly spirit down
and break the springs of joy of pleasures flown
Keep away from the blast that whirls behind the hill
Stay away from the wave, the gale, and the rushing rill

Shy your ears from the overwhelming sound
of hail-stones showers pattered round
Beware of the lightning it will blind your eyes
Take heed! At its heels the thunder's wrath rises

keep your steps away from the edge of above
dark, deep, endless holes, the colossus of nothing
Love should yield us with strength of kings.
Strength should nurture us back to Love

The strength of acknowledging weaknesses and adverse.
Time is the fire on which we burn,
And among all the heavenly stars in the universe,
This is the planet where we were born.

And in this very world,
which is the world of all of us, where our story is told
The place where in the end and as a whole,
we may find our happiness, or not at all.

Even as we pursue it in persistence
Our perception of it changes as does our existence.
There is not a joy the world can give
Like that it from us may deceive

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Harbor Me Beneath Your Wings

Harbor me beneath your wings
and be my soothing strength and comforting pillow
For all my denied prays and rejected pains, scoffed by the wild winds
Be where I lay my heavy head and hurting soul crave a rest so low.
My youth abandoned me; the autumn of my life is at my door
Light up my dark alley, my death dungeon's soar

Oh, let me wither calmly, slowly in your arms
Here at the quiet limit of the world at the edge of time
A bald white-haired shadow roaming like a ghost in a dream, out of charms
The ever silence world, mists of decay suffocating my prime.

Shall ever again a soft air fans the clouds and cleave them apart
And I shall see a glimpse of past glory of a child new born
Once more shall the passion of courtship zeal and rapture in the heart
Strive to bring back scenes and memories ruptured and torn

Shall I ever see you again
For I am a coward that have not the power to die
Or the strength to let these horror days and nights to pass by

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Nero CaroZiv

Have You Ever Been Enslaved By Love?

Have you ever been enslaved by love, that you are totally abundant
And merely tend upon the hours and times of your love's desire
You have shrunk with no personal pursuits no precious time on your own to
spend
No interest, nor service of any kind, till your love list requires

Dare you not to question or to chide the endless idle hour
While your love counts the time and watches the clock for you
Think you not the bitterness of waiting the love's absence sour
When your love vanishes, bidding you unexpected adieu

Dare you contend to be consumed with your jealous thought
Where your sovereign may be and whose affair he suppose
But like an obsequious slave you stay and think that you ought
That your love in soaring Narcissism is happy making time with those

My dear, true, you have cultured a fool love at your own expense and will
By never questioning, by always thinking anything your love does has no ill

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Nero CaroZiv

He Who Would Drop

He who would drop like snowflakes at harsh winter cold
Others may drop like shooting stars, with a fantastic story told
I may drop like petals from a vermillion rose,
When suddenly across the spring flowery meadow
A wind with a strange moan will blasting cross.

We all perish in the seamless grass,
And at the end no eye could find the place of a lad or lass
Like all creatures in nature devoured erased
If you believe in God on his repeal less list
That can summon every face

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He Who Would Never His Name Write

He who would never his name write
On this bouquet of flowers
Yet your face in his heart inscribed
Your exquisite stature in his eyes a tower

He who one day you will forgive yourself to forget
His memory from mind and heart you will let
And he will be far away
Like the sun at the end of the day

He who will sink into a minuscule oblivion
Never to appear in mind or in opinion
He who will cease to be
In the dearest heart of thee

And those who would walk behind his coffin
Will never know or tell the roads of love within
His heart and soul toiled and trod
Just the sound of the lowering cords paralyzing odd

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He Will Not Come

All night she turned and tossed on her squawking bed
Which offered no calm neither rest to her heavily vexed head
Until the night fowl started summoning the pale dawn
Proclaiming its reign over the slumbering yard, deterring any wandering fawn
The grey-eyed morning sent its rays upon the foaming tint roofs
The pert and nimble steeds in the stall strolled aimlessly trodding heavily with
their hairy hooves

As she walked through the kitchen at first light she mulled in dread
"He will not come I am weary; I would that I was dead
How sometimes spring flowers are crushed one and all
By heavy savage gust and whirling rouge rain
So is my heart is cankered by my love absent call
I would not survive another hellish night again"

Then she could not sleep, slaked, powerless as outside chatted the rout;
Silence, no din was heard inside the house, but the voices of snores about,
The black cat, with ominous eyes of burning coal,
Was crouching before the decaying mouse's hole;
And the crowd of crickets sang at the sighing oven's mouth,
Blithering loudly for their food drouth.

By the window she stood watching the sun lifting fatigue that morning; rising
with gore-red gleams
Its broken edges dripping gold, pruned as it were of dissolving beams
Half hidden, obscure in the darkling clouds, hiding half showing
To her it seemed like a horse-shoe in the charcoal glowing
And from the East the moaning winds began to rise
Driving the herding clouds like jagged blocks in a river of ice

As the sun rose the guardian cock stood authoritative still
And throwing back his pumped red head he pointed up his bill
His rich ruddy comb was upon one side inclined
So that the other side eye its aim might easier find
Not one moment late he had beneath the floating clouds a hawk espied

He screamed in alarm; the hens within the garden ran and did hide

"Ah" she sighed "Imprisoned by my own heart's gate
If I could only weave the route of my escape
My mind is stunned, all the paths are blackened blocked
How can I break love's heavy locks
One submits oneself to the sweet rapture of love
And faces the cruel torture and mock of loath"

The day staggered on; each passing cloud along the day released a gust of a
wintery rain
Which by the following blasting wind was dried again
Not too soon behind the frizzing wind another rain loaded cloud rolled
Strange uneasy feelings emerged within her as the day was wet and cold
And in the ever faster bombardment of heavy falling rain
The gnawing voice within her raged, and fumed and did strain

"Hell is empty! " she thought, "All devils are prowling here,
"The room is full of them; what, a world I live in! did I pull my hat upon my
brows; ignoring the clear
Who would lend my sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Tortures the over-fraught heart and bids it break at its peak
He will not come; I am weary; I would that I was dead
The walls are closing upon my soul; tombed in my dread"

"No one can see the agony that gnaws my inwards like sulfur acid
This love is insane thought sometimes my heart tells me it may be kind and
placid,
It got some logic in it; yet I must be brave and weave my way out of the gate
My life deserves much better fate"
In front she looked at the blackest moss the flower plots were thickly crushed
one and all
The rusted nail fell from the knots that held the pear bough cluster to the wall

An idle sparrow chirruped on the dripping roof
The turtle slow clock was ticking, in a sound
Which to the wooing moaning wind was aloof

The dreary day did all mock and confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the day hour
When the sunbeam lay athwart the chambers and the day sloping towards the
Western bower

The next night started as a cold night darkness deepened; the horizon last
sunken beam
And in the wood foxes eyes like candles did sparkle and gleam
At last the moon with silver clouds canopy came forth with winter cold breath
Above the citrus orchards lightening sky and frozen dark earth
And then a lone star came out to face the pale moon
Behind it others hundreds, thousands twinkled in chorus of light soon

Her salty tears fell like new dew drops along leafy boughs
Her tears fell along routes in her cheeks before the dews were dried
She could not look at the hood of evening heaven so far aloof
Either in the pale rise of dawn or at eventide
In the gloom of the naked trees after the flitting and swaying, weaving of the
bats
She glanced athwart the dimming, glooming flats

The day was sloth; within the dreamy house
The old paint peeling doors upon their hinges creaked
The bright turquoise fly sung in the pane; the grey fur mouse
Behind the moldering cracked open wainscot shrieked
When thicket dark entranced the sky
She drew the ivory white curtains by

She only said: "This sinking night is no less dreary,
He will not come and I am weary
The night before I went to sleep dismayed and so late
When all the flowers had long ago closed their heads
My eyes were left to the dark vacuum to hesitate
As my heart to contend with turmoil so dire and great"

Does love need love in return
Even though we seek that reciprocity under windburn

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Nero CaroZiv

Her Sweet

Sweet, how sweet was the morning greeting of her eyes
Often accompanied by the sweet voice of her greeting
Our adieus had grown to be old, routines and the goodbyes
Long lasted in my head walking home, retreating

Warm, how warm was the nerve of her welcoming hand
Oh, the earnest kiss I never gave her plain brow
Yet in my feverish dreams we met in heroic adventures on far land
Where trees grew tall and lush bounding by furrows new under the plough

She was a phantom of my eyes delight, a forest nymph upon the earth
And there she lived and dwelled solitary on the green moors
Her bed I imagined was the brown heath turf
And her old wooden house was out of doors

Her apples breast were peeping out her blouse white ivory yet reposed,
Her currants pods in spring bloom
Her wine a nectar dewed over the white rose
At morning breeze she emerged from the forest gloom

My home town, the school yard sands, the streets at dusk setting sun
Still remember her, under clouds, trees, long wheat fields and the rounded hills
all green
Through beautiful-strange in her absence as in a dream
I always dreamed her as all renew begun

Those days are gone, and all their sweets are gone
Tender sweet voice, sweet voluptuous lips, soft hand touch, softer breast
Warm breath, light lover whisper tender semi-tone
Bright fiery eyes, accomplished shape and slim waist

At the autumn of my life faded the flower and all its budded charms
The scenes and sights of beauty I observe with my eyes
Are no longer a part of my being, faded the shape of youth and beauty from my
arms
Faded the warmth, the voice the birth of life starting in paradise

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Nero CaroZiv

Her Sweet Kiss

Her kiss was so luscious, so sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the vermilion rose
In meadow spring; her eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dews that on my cheeks down their paths the current flows:

Nor ever shines the silver moon one half or as much so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the vast skies deep,
As does her face through tears of mine give light;
She is the shiniest in every tear that I do drain, weep:

No drop is wasted in vain but as a coach that does carry her;
So she can ride triumphing in my anguish and woe.
Who does but behold the tears that swell in me suffocating air
And they are her own glory and through my grief will show:

But she should not love herself; for then she will keep
My tears for glasses, and for glasses and still make me weep.
Oh my queen of queens! how far on me do you excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal can ever tell.

How shall you ever know my griefs? I will drop a paper or a note:
Sweet leaves in summer fields, shade under trees and in it a folly quote.

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Nero CaroZiv

Her Two Great Eyes

Her two great eyes will slay me suddenly;
Their beauty so stunningly shakes and penetrates me who once was serene;
Straight through my heart the wound is quick sharp and keen.
This is such a rare beauty my eyes never before have seen

Only her word; her smile or any tune will heal the injury
To my hurt heart, while yet the wound is clean -
Her pair of two great eyes will slay me suddenly and savagely without a jury;
Their beauty shakes me who was once serene.

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Nero CaroZiv

Here He Lies

Pluck the cloak from his face, shake, jolt him from eternal sleep, he that lies in his resting place

Observe the corpse that left behind life without delight, lacking any dignity or grace

How he lies here before his last journey in his rights of a father or of any shape of man

Death is the end; death has done to us all, all death can.

Regard now the ceased being, the nothing, and absorbed in the pathetic life he lead,

Has he ever wrecked of other needs; has he ever taken from others any heed

How vast and numerous his wrongs, compelled my child vengeance; both strike When one evil breeds another; a monster mocks a monster in human senses alike,

Feeling of guilt, and rage are lost and ware out in the time of years of solemn and confusion strange

He, who would never evolve; he who would never endorse the wishful awaiting of change.

Ha, what avails now death to erase

His offence; his manipulations fountained from distorted character? my misery? , my anguish? or my disgrace?

I would we were a clan as the Bible days of virtue; the value and patina of endurance old

A child runs covered to the knee high with spring flowers of the field, happy and bold:

Like a thunder on a bright day his outrage, his vain tantrum God's patience, man's scorn

Were so easily erupted so spontaneously borne!

He who would never express regret, sorrow or sympathy for others, glee? or pain?

No such game, around him humans wait for any expression of kindness like desert soil to the rain

I will not be there the moment he will be put down to the pit. Was there love in the passionate shriek

Love for the silent thing wrapped in shroud that made no false, no too soon hast to his grave

Covered with a cloak, as I see him and think for a moment that he would rise

and ditch his last speak

And rant and rave at the world habits and at God's vanity as he always did rave
As helpless, as meaningless thing beneath the white shroud
He lies terminally in rest, in calm as if his deeds in life resonate innocence,
goodness without a doubt

I see the brittle skinned hands tightly intertwined

Pale palm against pale palm is motionless laid

Bereft of any living movement they consigned

What the frozen lips left unsaid

End to the torturous words and sharp arrowed sentences, savagery jolt of world
mockery bliss

The creature is dead; harmless like a tattered rug, never human ears to hear his
vile hiss

I stand here now, un graced, he lies doomed in his place:

Pull back the cloak! Cover the face!

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Nero CaroZiv

Hershey

Often in my childhood I had seen a lonesome boy
He lived across a road from my house near a field wild,
I chanced to see him at break of summer day; shy and coy
He was the solitary kind of child.

Few friends, not many mates, comrades, cronies Hershey knew;
He dwelt on a wide open green moor,
The most gentle and naïve thing that ever grew Beside any human door
Yet he was often rebuked and chided by folks; they never had his real view

His parents wretched creatures, faint images of the night
His mother short stocky would often go shouting far and wide;
His father too worried for his son never removed him from his sight
The old chap of Bronze countenance never found the rule to serve for a guide.

Hershey dwelt near the meadow with a farm among the un trodden ways
Beside the springs that were swelled in winter rain from above,
A child whom there were none to praise
And very few to respect, acknowledge or love:

The teachers in the nearby elementary school
To his parents alarm and grief, dismissed him as reckless fool
With cherished sullenness his father pursue his pace
While his mother ingrate was to wear in haughty a smile less face

The parents were clueless; perplexed and lost
The child grew further aloof and introvert at the neighborhood frost
Two smoldering embers of dire apocalypse
Two refugees of the dark days the world was eclipsed

The father tried with good heart to intervene
Among the neighborhood boys; to calm and pacify the evil winds
Yet in spite of his efforts it was not for much avail
His only child was offered no break, no relieving bail

The miserable couple watched in dismay the calamity of their only seed
Being harassed, beaten and mocked, a phenomena they could not digest or
perceived
Each of them lost a whole family in dire evil time
A nightmare to observe their only survival drifting from his prime

I went there in the old neighborhood to spy the fawn at play,
And stalk the hare rushing upon the green;
But the innocent timid child face of Hershey
Would nowhere, and never more to be seen.

Over rough torrent and smooth roads I tripped along,
And never could look back behind;
My heart burst with tears singing a solitary song
That whistled in the moaning wind.

Days of bygone saddened youth, now blurred and shaded
By the twilight of events in long years
Flowers of plundered youth, now brittle in my mind and faded
Its reminiscence bathed in sorrow of tears

Yet sweet thoughts of youth which in my mind waken
Hurtful, mournful with unexplained joy, and self truth
Fruits which evil time and devilish power had shaken
From off their nesting bough

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Hey Love

Hey love, hey rose, I wish I knew the day you were born
Such a beauty on the face of earth; yet a twin to a thorn;
Oh what fiery slaying eyes, killing with your sharp scorn

And yet sometimes sweet, gentle eyes that smiled,
Fragile, meek; and often even wet and wild:
Your eye, your tear are mother and child.

No one can love you without anguish and pain
It is like there are no flowers in the fields without the rain
Yet I would, Oh would I could love you again.

Nero CaroZiv

Home Alone

The pounding waves along the shore are the sea's foaming daughters,
And raindrops are the children of rain which make rivers full of waters,
But why does my shimmering waning body driving me insane
For it, as young as I am, I have to be an icon of anguish and pain?

The starry divine night fosters the amazing stars in the sky duty,
And the wind brings relief from a summer heat day long
The whole world around me is brimming with beauty,
But I as earnest as I am, I must stay at home, alone without a song

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How About Dawn?

How about dawn?

Do you like dawn descending on Blue Mountains tops?

Or may be a background with another hue
will better fit your view?

Then let us pretend there will be no dawn

No morning no new days

we all in a glorious kingdom of the moon

Where silence and dark mingle so beautifully

The bewitched gloom of the night

be our friends

Where two beings would walk wordless, speechless

with green tuft on their both sides

with the grass blades gilded in the moon sheen

No word exchange between them

without a word they know how much they love each another

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Nero CaroZiv

How Does She Smile

How does she smile like that little swamp crocodile
To improve her lure, her seductive shining tail,
And how her sweet words are vile as the crocodile waters of the Nile
On every comparable, measurable scale!

How cheerfully she seems when she turns towards me to grin
How neatly? imagine a crocodile spreads opening his jaws,
She welcomes me like a little fish in,
Smiling gently with rows of beguiling teeth, unaware I am of her sharp claws!

How exquisite she looks; how decent her virtue; tall stature to the fools she looks
simple
The smile, ah the smile when her lovely cheeks are decorated with two cute
dimples
In front of such beauty and grace my personality vanishes; collapses never there
The power she poses; she has such a dominant presence around her air

Once I used to be such a brave dangerous to the ladies lad
Nonchalant browsing young pretty girls around my side
How I shrunk? how she invites me into her mouth
As if I was a ripe juicy fruit from the south

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Nero CaroZiv

How Happy He, Who Is Free From Love's Bare

How happy he, who is free from love's bare
The gnawing pains, the spiral downs
Contently he breaths his native distilled air
At his own terms in his own grounds

Bless he who yearns for the simple life
No antagonism no confrontations no strife
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread
Whose flocks yield timely his warm attire
Whose trees in summer lend him protecting shade
And in winter comforting sighing popping fire

Who would believe of such thing so uncommon
so out of this world as a reasonable stable woman
Pretty, witty and yet a friend
But a foll such a fairy session will attend

Bless he who can unconcernedly ignore such phantom and find
His hours, his days, his years slide away
In good health of body, lonely yet in peace of mind
In the comfort of the night in the sun break of the day

And at night he sleeps unbothered or studies at ease
Together mixes sweet dreams, thoughtful recreation
And silent innocence which most does please
With pure divine meditation

Without a woman wrapped with passion and awed by diverse rumors
Grave through false pride, and rejoice in glee of folly
No equal balanced mixture of maturity and good humor
Nor sensible, sensitive poetic melancholy

Oh thus let me live, unloved, unheard, unknown
And thus not missed, aloof and secluded let me die
Flee from this world; steal from love's claws and not a stone
To tell where I lastly lie

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How Many Childhood Visions

How many childhood visions gild the lapses of my time!
Enduring flashbacks so many of them, all! , have ever been the food
Of my delighted back then days of fancy and innocence, I could brood
Over their beauties, earthly scenes and contemplating sublime:
And often, when I sit recalling the winds that through an ancient patina stones
did rhyme,
These would in throngs and floods before my mind intrude:
Pure, divine, calm no confusion, no disturbance rude
Blessed conjure of that ever pleasing chime
So the unnumbered sounds that evening and dusk did explore;
The chirrup of birds hidden in foliage rich, the soothing whispering of the leaves
The voice of waters among the flock of reeds, the great school bell that heaves
With solemn alerting sound, and thousand others more,
That distance of recognizance bereaves,
Makes pleasing music to a virgin ear in the shade of that wild and harsh uproar.

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How Much I Owe Thee My Homeland Trees

How much? How much I owe thee my homeland trees
When in childhood days to avoid my teachers rebuke and friend's mockeries
At my frivolous existence and poor ball shoot, to your calm shelter I fled
How many floating, fleeting thoughts I snared instead

And often I, too occupied and forgetful of life chase
Set down within a brushwood in some remote wild calm place
The bearded mosses down lofty boughs silver in color grayed the bark
Streaked with the garnet of berries clusters dark

The heather purple pink hillocks, rejoicing with cowberry
Were ruddy with coral rosary
Around was darkness, and above the winding boughs
Were hanging from the foliage trees like thick green clouds

I remember the overgrown guardian cock who immediately stood still
And throwing back his head pointed up his bill
Each time I entered the hen house to collect some fresh warm eggs
I would be attacked by flapping wings and sharp nipping at my exposed legs

His thorny ruddy comb upon one side inclined
Quite a thrown; so that his eye its aim could easier find
When beneath summer sky he a circling hawk espied
He screamed high alarm and all the hens sought the garden hide

There was no danger from the sky that summer day
Except the vile hand and summer sun scorching ray
The birds were hiding in our plot of land
And lay upon the balmy grass or bathed in the warm sand

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Nero CaroZiv

I Am Buried

I cannot cope with the fact that one day I'm buried and done with life;
I will be done with struggle, hate, revenge and strife;
For me there will be no more joy, and hope and love
And all the precious intriguing bustling ways of the world above.

With no further change long I shall dwell forgotten here
My kinsmen will visit my grave no more; pining woe and dull despair;
This place of coffin in solitude and gloom
A hell of dungeon and my dusty embellished tomb.

Nature, trees; birds singing in the forest gloom
At starry bright night the orbiting moon watches the earth in stare loom
I shall never enjoy a cup of coffee in a street corner where people pass
And observe the beguiling gait of a beautiful young lass

End with no hope, no pleasure nowhere can I find:
The more it is apparent the more I am grown weary of my mind;
Often in happy moments of life I try
To gain a rest from this hell of misery,

And when there is one hour of an instance, of calm repose
To find a respite; an escape; a medicine from my woes, It was a pleasant
summer's day,
But the prospect of final, eternal, dreamless sleep is not for me
Getting closer day by day to this fate, I am still in misery.

I dream of vast open meadows blooming in spring; a world so holy so true,
But then I dream of sorrow under the vile umbrella too,
Of tortures and self grown yet fain guilt and horrid woes,
Constant worried embedded in me by my cruel happy foes;

When the sun was shining forth with cheering nimble ray,
It was bright happy summer day
And I saw a little lovely fair skin child
Looking up into my face and innocently gleefully smiled.

My heart was full, as I recall my child days I wept for joy,
It was my own being, I was that darling boy;
I clasped him to my breast and he
Kissed me and laughed in childish glee; no more guilt; finally free

Sometimes I see visions of old days; starting when I hear a whisper sweet
A well known phantom of a girl with a soft voice my name repeat.
Her company well embedded in my mind, she stood whole before my eyes;
I gazed at her in mute painful surprise,

I thought she smiled and spoke to me,
As she used to do before; yet still in silent ecstasy
I gazed at her; my tongue tight; I could not speak;
I uttered one long piercing animal shriek.

That deformed twisted voice; that cursed scream
Aroused me from my heavenly taunting dream;
I looked around in wild despair,
I called her name, but she was not there;
The she was forever, for eternal gone,
And I must now live and die alone.

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Nero CaroZiv

I Am Two Fools

I am two fools, I know
One for loving the other for saying so
But where that wise man that I would not be
Deny, ignore, bury, build a wall, trench a moat and be like he
Then as the earth inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge sea waters fretful salt away
I thought, if I could draw my pains
Through rimes of vexation I should them allay
Grief of love when brought to words cannot be so fierce
For he tames it whoever fetters it in verse

When I am dead and doctors know not why
State official authority their curiosity obey
Having me cut up to survey each part
When they shall find up your picture in my heart
A surge, a wave of love
Through their senses move
It will work on them as on me
So is the power of the picture of thee

Whoever comes to shroud me after butchery do not harm
Or question much
The subtle wreath of long blond hair which crowns my arm
Let it be, let it lie
As part of my body

When my grave broken up again
Some second guess or thought to entertain
And he the digs it, spies
Where my dry bones lie
The tuft of long blond hair wrapped around the bone
Shall have the dignity to leave it alone
And think without disturbance
There is a man wrapped with passion

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I Do Wonder About The Orbiting Moon

And so I do wonder about the orbiting moon
Being so pale from solitary weariness as it sails and looms
As it climbs the stairs of heaven and gazes on mother earth
Wandering far, calm and companionless, before the day returns too soon
Wandering among the stars that have a different orbits birth
And ever changing, like a joyless morbid eye
That finds no object worth its divine eternal constancy

Yet I wonder is the moon tired? it looks so fatigue and pale
Within its misty far veil
It scales the sky from east to west,
And stays mysterious, unrevealing that takes no rest.
Before the coming of the night
The moon shows its papery white;
And before the dawning of the day, It abruptly fades away.

Nero CaroZiv

I Dread The Calm

I dread the calm in the morning of a mourn without a sound
It is a calm that comes to foster a greater grief
It is a calm light of dusk before ever dew was falling from leaves
It is a calm sinking in calm pattering to the ground

I fear the calm and scudding winds in the high wold
And on the dews the drench the gorse
And all the silvery gossamer
Shaken into gilded gold

Is it calm and still in the dusky light over great plains
That sweeps late and swiftly in autumn bowers
Of secluded farms and solitary towers
To merge with the bounding and the saint

Is it calm on the vast sea under the spangled silver sleep
The waves that sway in colossus to lull themselves to rest
And the dead calm in the deepening breast
Which heaves with the heaving deep

Yet calm is the mute peace in the meadow's air
The forest gloom with loom of leaves that redden to fall
And in my chest if calm can ever dwell at all
If any calm is there, it is the calm of despair

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Nero CaroZiv

I Found Your Foot Print On The Sand

I found your foot print on the sand
By the host of roses, on a grassy bank
Of eye sapphire bay, on whose watery face
Our world is reflected in reverse circled by tree's lace

I was sitting beneath clumps of sturdy old trees
Adoring the fluttering dancing breeze
When suddenly this view of delight
Had gleamed upon my sight

Such a lovely ornament on the womb of earth
Just recently has been given birth
Which a cloud that floats on vaults of heights
Never in its long wandering has spot in sight

Calm and hash, there was no peril from the sky that day
Except the summer sun's haze scorching ray
The birds were playing on this spot of land
They dodged in the grass or bathed in the land

The birds around it whirled and galloped
On a sprightly dance of glee and hope
The air blinked with pinions of mirth
And so in a hurry followed the smooth green turf
Touched by the thrill of pleasure the jocund band
Encircled the air and rolled on land

In a long, never ending line
As stars in the milky-way that twinkle and shine
Sparkled the strips of glittering butterflies
Outlining their rainbow colors in the skies
Their wings flared the air and glared the sun without a din
In a dazzling riot of soundless scene

All creatures adored in owe your sand trace
Except one who would not embrace
The little Narcissus with jealousy his head shock

Craving helplessly its image in the rushing brook
Heedless, no notice it took
But the other way it turned its look

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Nero CaroZiv

I Had A Love

I had a love and the sweet love's heart died
And I have thought it must had died of grieving
Oh what could my love grieve for? her lovely legs were tight
With a silken blanket threaded by my own hand's weaving
Sweet little fresh love why would your heart die
And why would you leave me, sweet little bird why?
Leave me to live in this forest, human jungle tree
Why pretty thing, could you not live with me?
I have kissed you so often and land you with white sheets
Why not live and love sweetly as the birds in the green trees.

Then why, lovely girl, should we lose all our blesses
that only a mortal fool such happiness misses
Be loving in pert and nimble spirit, and give me your hand
With love looking, passion locking and a voice sweetly bland

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

I Have

I have desired to rush back to childhood days; to go
Where springs and summer and ripe water melon do not fail,
To fields and meadows where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies and spring tulips in up hill wind blow.

And I have asked in those back days to be
Where no storms, rebukes and chides shake the lovely grass,
Where the green swell is in the havens grasp
And out of the swing of the evil hand that tortured out glee from me.

Nero CaroZiv

I Have Desired

I have desired with such earnest to go
Where springs of my childhood never fail,
To fields of lush sprouts of flowers and flies and birds in jubilant hail,
And few sycamore and fig trees along in the sun blow.

And I have asked myself to withdraw, to be
Where no storms of chide and rebuke come,
Where the green swell is everywhere until the eyes succumb,
And out of the swing of the harsh, condemning words of sea.

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Nero CaroZiv

I Have Loved Thee

I have loved thee

For all the years that were and the more to be

I have loved thee and it is not for naught

Except for love's sake in pure. I never say

'I love thee for your smile, your look or your way

of speaking gently with slaying eyes or your tricking thought

That fell well with my own and certainly brought

A sense of pleasant ease, an inner calm of comfort on a warm summer day'

For all these things in themselves, Beloved, may

Be changed, or change for thee, the wear down of the days and love, so wrought,

May be unwrought so. I Neither love thee for

Your own dear pity and extend a hand to wipe your cheeks dry,

You were always a creature who forget to weep, who bore

His love discomfort long and steady, yet never lost your love thereby!

Therefore I have loved thee merely for love's sake, that evermore

I may grow and love on, through love's eternal divinity

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Nero CaroZiv

I Have No Thought In Me But You

I have no thought in me but you
No other dear debt to me is due
If yet I have not all your love
I shall never have it all
I cannot breathe another burdening sigh
Nor entreat one more tear to fall
All my treasure, all my franchise fails to conquer my heart's goal
Dreams and sighs, tears and oaths
Pleadings and pledges, letters and eulogies
I have spent; I have sent and no more can be done by me
If by now still your gift of love is partial
That some to me, some should to others fall
Oh my Dear, Dear soul! ! !
I shall never have you all
In pleasant pains, in sweet aching, in agonizing aches
I shall never have what my heart yearns my body shakes

I have no desire in me but you
In me but empty ways and futile clues
If then you ever gave me all
All was but all, which you had then
But if in your heart, since there was
New love created by other men
Which have their entire stocks put
In tears, in sighs, in oaths and letters to outbid me
This new love may foster new fears
For this love was not vowed by you dear
And yet it was your gift to others
Gnaw my inwards to pieces and to utters
Yet, your heart the ground of all your love
Is mine, and whatever shall grow there
I shall have it all

Yet, I would not have it all yet
He that has all can have no more
And since my love has the nature of the wind
Every day admits new growth
Every hour commits new change, deems a new dream
You should have new rewards in store

Let our love leaves through the door
You cannot give me your heart every day
If you can give it, then you never gave it
The quest of having it all
And yet not losing it at all
If we in all shall be one
And one another all
Be it all, partial or not at all
All my souls be
Imparadise in you
In whom alone I comprehend grow and see
The rafters of my body bone and brain
Be all still with you, in you and about you
The muscle, sinew and vein
Revive, thrive, renew again

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Nero CaroZiv

I Have Some Green Grapes At Their Best

I have some green grapes at their best
And I am waiting for you to pass by
For these grapes are of such great taste
It is the truth so I swear and so I sigh

They were raised upon mountains high
where the wind softly blow
and a herd of wild horses feeds nigh
on tall grass blades rooted grow

So this is why my grapes are so sweet
The mountain spring by them lead
Tall reeds guard the gates
To keep out the ugly crow's gait

Quietly my green grapes wait
For the clock sounds the hour late
What makes you hesitate?
What makes you not keep your date?
Therefore my grapes are so sad
And I am waiting not have gone yet to bed

But here I hear approaching steps from the south
My green grapes are full of hopes for your mouth
But still I am so lonely and sad
Since to bring flowers you forbade

May be next year you change your mind
And to my request you be more kind
And I will bring you flowers from the bowers
Wet with rain of rainbow showers

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Nero CaroZiv

I Knew One Solemn Day

I knew one solemn day when the pale faced dawn crept slowly on its way
And from the damp air brought forth the holy setting of the day
And though long since day break; it was hard to see
The mist carried by winds hanging over the earth so heavily
Like heavenly fire at the East the sun had risen so peaceful in its course to run
On its holy day orbit; it was most revered, serene and watchful sun

All earth upon the heavens seemed to wait
The cattle to the pasture started early that day; not to be late
Yet the hares in the wild fields still at mid day were at their morning play longing
as they could
They delayed their day-break gathering at the wood
And so they linger in joy and in play at ease
until the hounds drove them back to their pads among the trees

Nor did the birds as they awakened prepare to sing
But as if they new the holy day they shook their feathers and beneath their wing
Tucked their heads and closed their eyes again
To avoid the enfolding mist as they did from a rain
A stork was clacking heedless of the holy day; while upon the shocks
Poured forth incessant chattering the brawl of rooks

And the concert in the wild fields would soon commence
All started when the musicians of the field tuned their instruments
The first violin; the crickets choirs and the lady fox the wood lass
And the whisper of the wind in the tall grass
And the whirling woodcocks started to repeat
Their call from dry trunk; monotonous as a drummer beat

And then a star came against the face of the moon
Then others followed the leader in the sky; hundreds, thousands to twinkle soon
The owl began its hooting from a high tree by the house of pray
Where the worshippers gathered with no delay
The frail winged bats flew around and twittered
Close to the window panes being watched with faces glittered

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Nero CaroZiv

I Love The Tree Foliage

I love the tree foliage that sways and stirs as the earth sighs
Under dawn in reviving relief from yesterday sun scorching breath
Splendid summer mourn; the land is covered with gentle sands dew
The fierce odor of citrus groves sails and blows with the whispering breeze
Joyful birds sing and bath with dance and mirth in sands of different hue
Earth at that hour has no other thing to show more calm and fair:
My soul sways and wakes with whitening leaves, captivated, cannot not pass by
The sight so touching in its majesty atmosphere
My childhood village then does like a garment, wear
The beauty of the rising morning, and its sinking silence, pure, bare
And the guardian cock scans yard and skies
No vile danger can escape its prying eyes
Alert and cautious, once he sees it comes
Promptly he would sound the alarm
The ancient huge sycamore tree woke stretching its massive boughs
Opening them unto the fields, and to the sky, smug and aloof
The kids walk, run and jump over wide branches clad in ancient patina
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did the sun more beautifully into the waiting, embracing world steep
The first splendor of the day, in valley, rock, or hill;
Never saw I, never felt, so calm, so saint, so deep!
The small creek in early spring still glides and curves at his own sweet will:
The glory of the universe awakened from its sleep;
And all colossus hegemony; the buzzing bee and the grazing sheep!

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Nero CaroZiv

I Love To Leave You Like This...

I love to leave you like this...
laughing at, mocking my love life
the love I labor so much to live it
the way I choose to
Not that I ignored the existence other forms
which lead me to fight the flames of temptation
for not in utter nakedness we come to this world
but on trailing clouds of glory
that love and strength nourish us along
to protect our fate from falling grace
save our life from dropping as a leaf
or shed like the rain

I would leave you at your street corner
in any form or way
except the one I really hate to see you in
I would leave you at any time of the day
as long as your spirit be a win
When you suffer grief and pain
It is hard to part or meet again
So laugh my flower, rejoice my spirit
join the winds that woo the woods
and makes scorn of my love
Then, dearest child, move along the shades
of purity, in gentleness of heart, with gentle hand
Touch, for there is a spirit in the woods

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Nero CaroZiv

I Love You No More

I love you no more
I run from you at every open door
When I think of you my blood is cold
My tears are dry, my days grow old
I deem myself without you an empty life
A state of constant, stale, and vain strife
My hands start to shake
My skeleton rattles to break

And my heart is torn to pieces
My chest bursts
My veins explode
Drag me behind a galloping horse
Roll me from mountain heights
Turn off on me the world's lights

I will hear your voice no more
It will echo in the chamber of my heart
Lingering my pain, burning my flesh
Pounding my head, dashing my soul
I will bring you flowers no more
The sun from the sky has disappeared long
The birds among the trees stop their song
The cat had changed its voice in its corner crumbled
The dog had barked at me in dismay; I trembled

And my heart cries for mercy
My throat is choked with a strange disease
No medicine can redeem its ease
I will stop an ocean from flow
I will quench the volcano mountain from glow
I will block an avalanche or a whirling rain
But it is all in vain
No rest, No escape from your love
From your laugh
From your face
From your little perfect frame.

By foul, starry night I lingered on the damp lawn
for underfoot the hub was dry
And genial warmth, and over the sky
The silky haze of summer drawn
By its edge only one light cloud left
A reminder of the storm that passed
Of the love we lived of the life we shared
That came to an end
That was so soon cut short
Before we had time to grow old together
To feel to grasp the glory of the moment
The splendor of our rose

Pour acid on my face, guillotine my head
Announce to the world that I am dead
Cut the olive tree and shape my coffin
Chose the spot and dig my grave
Dig it deep beneath the earth
So I will avoid your laugh
So I will not hear your steps
Yet I doubt of all of this will help
You are imprinted in my soul
My grave is not an escape at all.

The bats went round endlessly in fragrant summer skies
And wheeled over and lit the filling shapes
That haunt the dusk with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes
An odd hunger seized my heart, so as if I only read
Of that glad years which once had been
In those fallen leaves which reaped their green
And now lie brown on the ground dead

And strangely on the silence around me broke
The silent speaking words, and strange
was love's dumb cry defying, ignoring our life's change
To test our worth to scrutinize the words we spoke

I am out of faith, of vigor, of bold, of walk of breath of dwell
No hope in sight, no wishing well
I live on doubts that drive the coward back
As if my life has no start no end no track

For suggestions to my inmost all
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul, the solutions of all was flushed
But it is all too late, my love
Our love was brought to its final rest
Around its grave the flowers will grow and spread
Like infants peeping over a coffin of the dead

And my heart is sobbing
My soul sails in sea of sore and grief
An endless torture under unbreakable lease
I seek the strength in lying
Turn off the lights I am dying

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Nero CaroZiv

I Miss Her Days

I remember her as she was back then in beauty and in gloss;
How sweet and lovely, young full of glee and free of years claim
And now time has crept into her beauty like canker in a fragrant rose
Where are now all her past youth and beauty enclosed like a quenched flame

Wherever I turn from her now, I always see
The laughing shadowy beautiful girl who stood
At midnight by the flowering willow tree,
With eyes that love had made so glowing bright
As the trembling stars of the haze in summer night.

Whenever I turn from her now, I always hear
Her muted laughter in the turf with heavy dew
Those spent years of youth; the years of youth we bear
And the only youth of years we two ever knew

When I turn from her now, I abruptly face to see
What the years of age have done to a beauty as she.

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Nero CaroZiv

I Never Stooped So Beastly Low As They

I never stooped so beastly low as they
Which on eye, cheeks, lips, neck or limbs can prey
The expense of purity the dispense of divine
They with the unworthy contempt are lined
To put your virtue in a waste of shame
When lust in action love no more lasts
But being murdered by perjures lust full of blame
Savage, violent, extreme intender, rude, cruel without trust
Not to enjoy but despised straight

Treason with foul reason hunted and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as swallowed bait
On purpose made to make the taker more feverishly mad
Madden In pursue and in possession
Unworthy enterprise untamed lesson

I never stood so basely with zeal and rapture bound
Upon these blessed keys whose motion sounds
With your sweet fingers when swiftly swayed
That board under your lap confounded
I do envy those tabs that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of your palm

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Nero CaroZiv

I Passed By The Place Where You Abode

I passed by the place where you abode
Where lofty trees and ivy-beds grow a lot
I left some flowers by the door
And I carved some verses on the wall

The sweet flowers field I plucked and banded
Will wilt and fade away unwedded
It shall not give birth to an heir
Which bears forth its reflection and glare
These lovely cups are doomed to die
While with riotous colors your door sill dye

Their beauty to captive your love serves
As my royal on their mission stand brave
Their soft silken balmy lap is a sacrifice
To entrap a higher beauty and my anguish to pacify

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Nero CaroZiv

I Remember When

I remember when, the male chaffinch piped his song
When the dove white at the roof of a cow house cooed loud and strong
When the sparrow hawk ominously smoothed, wheeled the air along
Danger, danger frizzed all the groves gloom from fear of wrong
By the grassy fields with fuller sound
At winter in curves and twists the season rivulet ran
And drooping rain drops from wide leaves began
To converge into tiny streams against nature fan
in the clay soil of the dark ground

Those days are gone, yet their beauty and grace echoes unsurpassed
What has passed cannot be retrieved or un-passed
The innocence days, who could refrain, that had a heart to love,
And in that heart the courage to make this love known?

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I Shall Speak No More

I shall speak no more; I shall breathe no more your name
There is pain in the sound; there is guilt deeper than shame
In the hollows of the chest there the fire of despair burns
Yet it never dissolves nor breaks the chains and the turns
No walk in the park; no laughter with friends may impart
The deep sullen thoughts that siege the silent heart

Too brief to enjoy or endure by our patience, too long for peace
Bring back the glorious happy hours why let their joy cease
What have caused us to repent to abjure from links fair and girded chain
We denounce that we part never to see one another again

How I yearn to see you joyful and glad, be it mine the guilt
Forgive me adored one! Forsake do not let the flower wilt
Your love in your heart expired not debased
Leaving me in this world alone and gazed

As always stern to haughtiness but humble at your request
This soul in its bitter blackness shall fulfill your quest
And our days seem as swift and our moments so sweet
With you by my side the world seemed at our feet

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Nero CaroZiv

I Stand And Watch A Tree Of Sturdy Oak

I stand and watch a tree of sturdy oak
It braves against the rain, the sun and the gust
Thunder roars through its boughs with blast
Yet its leaves whitening in sight like a royal cloak

An oak proclaims against echoing dunes and scourging sun
Through the storm, tempest and chilly damp dark
Its boughs wave against torrents and bent in arcs
As it stands against the events like a calm nun

The clouds above its foliage are straining
The pale yellow woods around its trunk are waning
And a broad stream by its roots is complaining
Of heavy low skies constantly raining

With one black self reflected shadow at its feet
the oak through all its lush foliage shines
As summer haze brooding heat
And holy still silent in its dusty lusty vines

Oh I wish I had the strength and stamina of this oak
My life would be so much in a better clock

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Nero CaroZiv

I Thought I Had Forgotten

I thought I had forgotten childhood days of fun and mock calendar
But it all came back so vivid again
To-night with the first spring thunder
In a rush of early spring rain.

I remembered a darkened stairsway
Where I stood as a child while the storm swept by,
Thunder gripping the earth thru houses gloom and dim ways
And lightning scrawled on the sky.

The passing rushing people thru swamps swayed,
For the streets around were rivers of rain,
Lashed into little murky muddy waves
In the lamp columns light's stain.

Constant and persistent were the wild spring rain and thunder
I was at my friend porch; my heart was wild and gay;
My memories so vivid of that wait that night
Of yet unprepared homework; trepidation of what tomorrow the teacher would
say

I thought I had forgotten those precious haunting days,
But it all came back so vivid again
To-night with the first spring thunder
In a rush of early spring rain.
Make me delirious, happy and insane

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Nero CaroZiv

I Will Turn My Eyes From You

When I see your fiery slaying eyes again, a spectacular show
I can tell how far their look would venture and go
Back to the spring morning in the park glow
With sapphire shadows and meadows with wire fence low

Or your beautiful may eyes wander back to oak trees in the spring
When you unloosed my hair and kissed me as a king
My head that lay against your naked knees
In the leaf shadow of wild bushes and the sound of chirruping birds and buzzing
bees

And still another shining place, the foaming beach grace
You would remember - how the vast isolated dun
And the remote wild mountain with bare craggy crest
That one diamonds and pearls morning, glared white with sun.

But I will turn my eyes from you if I be taught
That you are fickle and full of frauds
As you yourself may turn to put away
The jewels you have worn at night
And you cannot wear them by the light of the day.

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I Wish I Could Remember The First Night We Met

I wish I could remember the first night we met
First hour, first moments of stolen glances
Your silhouette in my arms as we lead our first dances
If I only knew back then the ordeal has a life spread

If bright or dim with summer haze that night might be
It was summer at the sill of autumn not winter for aught I can say
Yet so unrecorded the night slipped away
So blind was I to see and fore see

One cannot make the budding of his tree
That would blossom for many Mays
If I could only recollect that night of our love to be
Such a night of all nights amaze

If I only could collect back that show
And let it not come and go
As trace be in a thaw of meadow snow
But as a star that eternally at the edge of the sky glows

It seemed to mean so little then yet meant so much
If I only can recall that first touch
The first touch of hand in hand in youth dance
And forever seal this first eyes locked glance.

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I, The Son Of Fragile Mortality

I, the son of fragile mortality
A living soul and then nothing
me who would be cast as a die
standing and adoring the yellow sunset declines
and its long rays and shades the landscapes shines
to mark the barks of trees and flowers stems all with golden light
that lit the dark slant woods of dusk with silvery white
all quiet and calm before the moon takes its roll in the East
adoring all this holy scene I realized that
I am not even a leaf on the blooming bough
Just not a part of this beauty and bloom

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If I Be

If I be the still and jaded rain falling,
Too tired of the world, too numb for singing mirth
And I would be falling and falling into a colossus depth
Unless you be for me the green fields calling,
Oh, be kind, be for me the earth!

And If I be the brown bird to its wings pining
Afraid to leave the nest and fly
And I would be idling and tarrying to the end of time
Unless you be the fresh calling cloud shining,
Oh, be generous, be for me the sky!

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If I Can Only

If I can only catch again; re-live the days of childhood
When the forest gloom absorbs the secrets of the wood
That rare calm which is all nature presented as a resting wheel.
The hare were couched chewing upon the dewy trodden grass;
The horse alone in the meadow, seen dimly occupied as I pass,
As it was cropping audibly its later lush meal:
Summer as the dark golden ground; a slumber seems to steal
Over vale, and mountain, and the starless summer evening sky
Now, in this blank of days of things, the sole harmony,
I seek is home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal
That seldom grief for which the senses still supply
Constantly all the time fresh food; the painful nourishment then, when memory
Is hushed, I may be at recuperating rest. Who would bring back and restrain
Those busy cares that would allay my pain;
Oh! Leave me; abandoned to myself, and let me live and feel
The officious touch that makes me droop melancholy again.

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If I Had

If I had this solid perfect frame of a gorgeous man then my love sighs
Would be echoed swiftly like drugs through this ivory rare shell
Your lovely ear, and tangled earlobe, to find and to stir your heart so well
That my passion arm me for my grand enterprise.

And if you continue to regard me as the knight whose foe falls and dies
You find none; my attire is simple no glistens on my bosom swell
If you trace me to find me as a shepherd in the mountainous slopes before a dell
My lips cannot sing to the lambs nor with shaken limbs I tremble at dusk skies

And yet rapt with the rage of ravished thought,
And through divine contemplation of your goodly sights
Your thousand glorious images in heaven wrought
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet breeze delights

And stuns me in kindling love in high conceited uprights
That my heart throbs and dances scanting all over delights
I wish to tell the things I feel, the views I behold
But my wits fail, and my tongue frizzes to a halt like a paper in fold

So fondly I will breathe your existence, as softly I will sigh
That you may think a wild amorous breeze to caress you is nigh
And as I will be by your side, the wind blowing wide, you shall see
That the sigh comes from me

Who can paint your lovely image in wording of praise
To illuminate the dim and dulled eye with your fair immortal beam
Such a beauty is the world duty to an oracle be raised
That the world would watch with awe extreme

For myself as any other immortal to eternal decay
I will declined and my existence subdue on my last day
And my body disassemble and so be wiped out likewise my name
But you shall live eternally by this gracious frame

Nero CaroZiv

If You Go Away

If you go away and you have set the day
In my heart I foster a blessing, in my lips a pray
That you shall guard and protect yourself
And your life be under these heaven and sun safe

And if you wish to say 'Good bye' and if for ever
Still for ever... as 'ever' is such deafening, I do wish you well
Even though my heart with painful pangs gasps for air, never
Against you shall it bare to rebel

Yet quietly and reclusive it retreats to dark solitary
To vanquish its sorrow and sweet pains and deals daily with adversary
It has to unchain to unwind and to wean
Itself from her, the one that had been

I, I his master have locked it in the chamber of my chest
Where shaken and frightened it will seek but never find rest
For I have thrown the dungeon's keys
And condemned it to live by fading memories

And If I hear it sobbing long into a cold winter night
I will command it to be a proud daring knight
And so I shall say:
Dear heart! There is not a joy life can give, like that it takes away

Oh it is such a fearful thing to glance and bare
Back on the bloom of love long wielded
It is a flower beaten down with rain and wind
Which once they fostered up with gentle care

Your words sounded like the howling winds on barren branch load
When the joy of laughter ceases
Suffocated love dries out and frizzes
And there are no morning breezes to move away the ominous cloud

And the heart within me crying in the bewitched night
It is crying for its deprived light
With no language with a wordless cry

And yet so potent is its sigh

Howling, howling, howling the wind over dark land and sea

No refuge no comfort can come to me

Wailing, wailing, wailing the sounds of the night

The ominous moon stares at the snow and the downs are as a day bright

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If You Go Away (2)

If you go away
Like you always say
Bestriding over our tattered love once
A vital breeze which gently traveled on
Over things we say, over thoughts we dream
So it becomes a tempest, a rough storm
With redundant energy and blurred form
Vexing its own creation, gnawing on its own flesh
A faint gale stale with no passion
Which blows through empty chambers

So if you go away
As you always wish
It will come upon you as unrecognized storm
Which breaking up a long continued love frost
Brings with it vernal promises
And the hope of new blooms
You will come out of the house of bondage
From its walls being set free
A prison where you has been long immured
Now you are free, enfranchised and at large
The earth is all before you, with heart
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty
Spared of any feeling that echoes guilty
You leave behind the long months
Of deprived peace, if such a bold word
Accords with any expectations in human life
And towards long time of ease and undisturbed calm
Your heart will find comfort with no alarm

Then if you go away
As you always deem
You kill the dream in us once thrives
You take the sun with you
You make the earth spin the other way
You leave me with trances of thoughts
Mountings on my mind

Dealing with madness
Of unmanageable pondering

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Nero CaroZiv

Imprisoned By My Own Heart' S Gate

Imprisoned by my own heart' s gate
If I could only weave out the route of my escape
My mind is stunned, all the paths, all thoughts are blocked
How can I break love's heavy burdening locks
Submit myself to the sweet rapture and games of love
And face the cruel torture of mocking loath

I went to sleep last night so jaded at hour late
When all the flowers had long ago closed their budding heads
My eyes were left to the dark ceiling agonizing contemplation to hesitate
When my heart to contend with turmoil eruptions so high, so great
The grey-eyed morning sent its rays upon the foaming tint roofs
The pert and nimble steeds in the stall strolled aimlessly trodding heavily with
their hairy hooves

So strong is the appetite
For being loved, so absurd, so definite
That though we know its profitless
we never learn to forfeit it in effortlessness
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. as we are aware of the danger we do cross the line

Does love need love in return
What makes us rush its oven flames and rapture to be burnt
What force us to seek that reciprocity
And cannot help but to yearn for it
If transgression, I tell you of it
And if my blame, I shall avow it

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In Memories Of Far Days

In memories of far days I can hear the summer cuckoo's call.
There the beloved trees would never wear the cloak of snow.
There in the far days in the pine's shade I could hear the blessed of all
My childhood, is brought to life again from long ago.

The pine needles chiming at dusk, a holy sound, once more time
Childhood is my word for distant days of shade and scorching sand,
And the running brook-fettering foam and frogs in a greenish rime
Of my song's language in a such remote time and land.

Perhaps the voyaging birds alone who find
Their own route hanging between the sky and earth,
Know how to find my days of child my land of birth.
These memories of far days brow and sooth my fatigue mind

In you trees and flowers of the field I am renovated anew, my pine.
In you I branched into myself and grew
Where disparate landscapes split one root in two
And I look on words and words in a book of rhyme

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Nero CaroZiv

In My Dreams And Fantasies

In my dreams and fantasies I Walked along my childhood landscape a pureness
rare, no constraint

It holds such a precious thought; brighter than sun-shine; for it does acquaint
Me with each glorious sight and dearest moment of each divine back day
That in the pebble-paved channel of summer dry bed stream lay.

Molten events like crystal, into the brain of mine,
What a Nature's rarest alchemy and miracles ran there,
The golden wheat field, a vision so holy and so divine,
Winter through whose bright-gliding small currents in creeks might appear

A thousand naked nymphs and seraphim, whose ivory wings shine,
In my dreams enameling the banks, made them intoxicating more than wine
Than ever was that glorious palace of childhood field gate
Where the day-shining sun in triumph over blooming meadows sate.

Upon this brim the fields of grass and rose,
The palm tall proud, the old olive tree, and its crony the fig tree,
As kind companions, in one union let patina of time grows,
Folding their twining arms, as often I love to see

Summer dragging days of school never so far but caressing close,
Lending to dullness feeling sympathy;
Old trees in ancient land; as a costly valance over a bed,
So did their garland-tops the dry brook overspread, over shade

Their leaves, that differed both in shape, show and glow
Though all were green, yet difference such in hues and textures green,
Like to the checkered bent of a flower bow,
They listened to the late day moaning, soothing winds I never experienced as it
had been

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In Storm And In Tempest We Two Parted

In storm and in tempest we two parted
No grieving silence but rage and sour anger over dry tears
Souls once harmoniously united departed broken hearted
With agony to sever for years

How pale grew your checks under raging cold
Colder were the words hissed by your mouth without a truth
That very moment that very instant foretold
The ominous sign of punish and torture without sooth

Lie by lie like dew drops of the morning
Sank the quiver in my limbs and chill in my brow
It felt like the dire warning
Of what lie for me ahead of what I feel now

You denounced all your vows leaving them scattered and broken
How lightly you withdrew your fame
I can still hear your knives-sharp words spoken
It brings within me an utter self mockery and deep shame

When ever I hear your name before me
A deafening peal locks my ear
A shudder comes over me
How I let you grow so dear?

I know you not any more
I who once knew you so well
Long I shall rue you behind slammed door
Too deeply too painfully to tell

If I ever should meet you
After long separating years
How shall I greet you? Or welcome your view
With thundering silence and dry tears
Or as new acquaintance under courtesy and cheers
I may never know
The ceremony how

Nor shall I ever wish that day to be

And yet, until and when convulsive throes deny my last breath
The faintest utterance of my dizzy fading thought
Will be to you; only but you; even in the last gasp under dire death
My soul turned in tempest and turmoil more than it can be bared, oftener than it
ought

Thus and so much more and yet you love me not
Never did, in spite denial; and never will; love never sustained as my will
Where ever I turn
Acidic pain of gnawing burn
Upon the burden and twist of memories it be my lot
To helplessly, meaninglessly, wrongfully, vainly love you forever still

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In The Inferno Of My Love Session

In the inferno of my love session
And in the madness of my passion
It was heedless on my part
To empower and to delegate authority to my heart
Once bestowed merely on my reason

Herein my reasons I construe
Because my feelings were so full and overwhelming
I could see you in my soul
So much in my soul whole
That I spoke to you within my soul

To such madness I had come
In the blessing of your love
That even imagined your slightest boon
Could drive me to delirium

This I find in my affection
And even more that I cannot convey
But you, from all I did not say
Will sense the love beyond expression

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Indian Summer

In that time of year of Indian summer you may see my days old
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, in warm crimson orchard do hang
Upon those boughs which will soon shake shrunk against the pacing cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the summer sweet birds sang.

In me, old brittle me you see the twilight of such day
As after sunset fades at dusk in the west;
Which by and by black night does take away,
Death comes to me like a night to an owl to seal up all in rest.

In me you see none of the glowing of such youth fire,
Any youth that on the ashes of his self does lie,
As the death-bed, whereon one must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

In this Indian summer day, along the line of smoky hills
The host of trees waiting for their renewal, in the depth of forest stand,
As I sit on the porch listening to an all the day blue-jay calls
Throughout the vast autumn land.

Now by the running nimble brook the maple leans
like an adorable woman in a ball gown with all his glory spread,
And all the ancient palm so tall and so proud on the hills
Yet the cider trees has not turned their green to red.

Warm evening by great marshes enfolded by rising mist in gray,
The soft water murmur of some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still warm autumn day
A huge commotions in the skies; wild birds are flying south.

Must it be for us that the sweetest things run sour by their own being and deeds

Yet time and seasons are separated from us by their renewal and re-breed

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Innuendo

One day it will come; one day it will be
Like the rushing waves in the see; without us noticing; without us being in the
mind to see
Something will change within us, obscure; quietly with no turmoil or alarm
Some thing will congeal within us; something will shrink and will become dull
and calm

One day it will come; one day it will meet us under the chase
Like any other natural case; with no fear or trepidation or any heart breaking
pain
As the rigorous river surrender to the mighty sea with cordial grace
As the nights of summer yield to brutal autumn; our summer from its strength is
drain

It will come it will happen; I know though those things are without comfort or
charm
So confident and assured I am; that it will come; like a clock is set to beat
Like the drawn line in a gypsy dark patina palm
Like it was always there for us to acknowledge, waiting for us to make an
acquaintance of it

It will come, the draught and the blast that shrink lovers hearts
By then we will be bored, insensitive; not everything would shutter us
Not everything can hurt; not even dull monotonous depart
The river once overflown will be dry and so will our lust

One day it will come; one day it takes place
No regrets; with no fear or trepidation; just with some awkward grace
And the heart guarding itself from pain and grief
Will normally beat; blood will naturally throb as in a cold heart thief

And we shall be

As all other things in nature of final end, of flowers and trees
We shall be far and whole, and in screeching peace
Ears dump, hands holding our broken love lease

For we could not change, as others do,
We took no heed of the monster that breeds our scorn;
And I was that poor swain that sighs for you,
Once I used to think that for you alone in the whole world was born.

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Is It Gone?

Is it gone? Is it Silent? My pulses beat
What is it a mock trick of the brain
Yet not, I thought I saw her stand
As a shadow, a speechless phantom with awe at my feet
And then like a lightning flashed vanished from the land
She is gone, and heaven start falling in gentle rain
When they should burst violently and drown with deluge storms
Uprooted sturdy trees; blown rocks into air as morsels grain
Turn the earth on its face and call upon it the vexed sea
The feeble vassals of tormented blood boiled with anger, love, lust
The little fragile robbed heart that knows not how to cope or to forgive
Summon God or devil to strike death and canker to be just
For I cannot breath

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Is It Love?

Oh, is it love or the devil in me
How can her eyes so slaying be?
Is it infatuation or the gypsy of my heart
Her image from my eyes would never part

For she has sown her shadow so wide and fair
That it follows me constantly, relentless everywhere
It awakes me in the middle of the night
Making me watching the moon and the stars's bright

Oh, her image so firm in sight
It has the wings of hot desire
In the day it draws me like a guide
And at night overwhelmed me with fire

Nero CaroZiv

Is It Possible?

IS it possible that I cannot die, I who drank with delight
From the cup of the crescent orbiting moon
And as the birds sing and migrate to the West
I watched them loving the scented nights of June.

Is it possible to connect to nature; be part of it
Is there not some shining strange escape for me
Who sought Beauty in flowers and the bright grass
Oh universal; a forever immortality out of human grasp

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Is It Possible? Is It True?

Is It Possible? Is It True?

That I would walk again under my childhood sky hues
I would run in ancient fields, and re-live again those innocent walks
And I see the rising sun with birds in the skies and the circling hawks

Is it possible? Is it true?

That there would ever come days of plain and gentle childhood
And I will play in the field, and it will be an innocent walk.
And my feet on the medic small leaves will be gently caressing in a shady wood
And sweet will be the stings, when I am re-stung by the rye broken stalks!

Is it possible? Is it true?

That I rush again brushing ankle-high in a sea of flowers
And I hear the wind behind playing in thousands waves of golden wheat
And I be free from rebuke, admonition and chide and I breath with nostrils wide
the field sweet
As the cows thick with milk and the buzzing bees honey my child hour

Is it possible? Is it true?

That the same drizzle will catch me in pounding raindrops
On my shoulders, my breast and my neck, as I raise my head to the clouds ups
I will walk again the wet field, and the soft pure silence will fill me as it has been
As does light in a dark cloud rim, and I will breathe the furrows in breaths calm
and clean

Is it possible? Is it true?

That tranquility and calm will extend within me, as newly bred
As a ray of dusk breaks through the edge of a dark cloud
And I will be free from scalp to sole of any background echoing doubt
Like a bird in the sky my soul will fly without a dread

Is it possible? Is it true?

That the pond golden mirror will show me the sun up above,
And once more all the things will be amiable as any child would care
And once more I will feel love – yes, I will, yes the natural given love
Never hurt by the blazing inferno of fires fed by horrors too awful to bare,

Is it possible? Is it true?

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Is That Your Face?

Is that your face that deprived me of my sleep, a curse or a bliss
Is this the image that burns my whole inwards like dry summer grass
Sweet nymph of the forest make me immortal with a kiss.
Your lips suck my soul: your nose your cheeks what a lass!
Come, sweet maid, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips or I be insane

You blessed my face with a gaze from your slaying eyes
And I walked in the world under enlighting skies
Across the night abysses bloom and grace
In my dream the sea mirrors painted thousands of your saint face
I walked in fantasy land, until I reached an utter stillness within:
Then, it seemed, something might begin.

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It Does Not Fade

It does not fade
It does not let
When it gnaws when it hurts

It does not pass
Day and night with me it lasts
Like my shadow
Or my image in the glass

When I laugh when I smile
My pain with me to torture to beguile
It is so insistent
It is utter and persistent
May be it will release its grip soon
I will have relief and peace by noon

Yet it does not fade
It does not let
Being alone is like being dead
It drives me sad; it stirs me mad
I am losing my mind
Where have I tossed my head

It has no reasons it mocks all senses
Me alone while all eyes around devour me by glances
This emptiness, this suffocating fence
It is foul; it is the demon dance
Against this dire consequences
I have no remedy I have no defense

Is it a fate, is it a joke, a destiny hoax
To prison my life under a nightmare of locks
What is the end of it; what is its progress
Can I ask for a pause?

Bad does not fade
And foul does follow its glare
No use to sit, to wait, to mourn, to fret
But from the deepest inner me I draw strength and dare

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It Is Not The Way That You Smile

It is not the way that you smile
And it is not the way that your fire eyes beguile
It is not even the things that you say or sway in the dance
Make me barely bare your side piercing glance

It is nothing to do with wine or the around air pure
Nor this divine music that is flooding my mind
But never before have I been so sure
You are that someone I always dreamed I would find

It is just the way you make me feel
The moment I am dancing so close to you
It is a feeling so unreal; I am so afraid to reveal
Somehow I am delirious; cannot believe it is true

I hope no one can hear the pounding I feel in my heart
The hopes that we will never part
I cannot believe this is really happening to me
The flood of joy and excitements and glee

We were strangers few moments ago
With such unrealistic dreams and nothing to hope or show
The world is now such a different place
And tomorrow what it will be? , I don't know; even a frown on your face

It is not the way your curled locks give your neck caresses
I could swear each clustering lock could In freshness
No other maid in the hall can match, be she from the best lasses
It is not your lengthened flow of raven tresses

it is not the way your bosom does steal
From these eyes that cannot hide their flashes
In fiercest glances seem to ever roll in kill
The fire that through those silken lashes

It is not your eloquent gait or your light walk
Nor the way you stare, lovingly laugh or tall
Oh hell, from which heaven you did you steal
Where did you get this hailing tail? Oh gracious hell!

It is the way you make me feel
When I stand close to you I so reveal
As your smile at once set my heart into throbbing glow
And the countenance on your cheek and over that magnificent brow

But the way you make me breathe and feel
The moment I am close to you
Makes this moment seem so far and unreal
Somehow I cannot believe that reality is true

Tomorrow I dread; will you still be here?
Tomorrow will come but I fear it will be a daunting gleam
My thoughts are scattered; my eyes unclear
Zeal and rapture havoc my dream

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It Is That You Have Fled From Me

Dear love, shall I repent? for stealing a kiss
From your lovely cheek? just above the lure valley of your breast
Succumb to the temptation, when I first saw you: such a grievously amiss
That by no means it may be undone? or by somehow amended? regretted?
No revenge you have pursued, and the next to come
Another kiss that I had in raw passion my life succumb
Vising the bright beams of your fair eyes
Make me wander in orchards of paradise

But then you have fled from me, which makes me deliriously seek
like a drunken man with barefoot stalking your ghost image in my chamber
Where once I had seen you so gentle, tame, naked and meek
Roaming in the kitchen I loved at your two breast doves to peak
That now you broke free, wild and our days you do not remember
That since you have left me, oblivious to outside great danger
You the one that fed bread at my palm hand, now you range
Busily seeking in foreign fields other love with a continual vain lustful change

True I shall admit my fortune for crossing path with your life; otherwise
What joy or happiness could have been so rare and special
I recall in thin array after a pleasant guise
When your loose gown slid down from your shoulders beyond the ankle it fell
Exposing the silhouette of lovely stature, breast too intoxicating to tell
And then you caught me in your ivory arms warm long and small
There withal sweetly as ever sweet you did my lips passionately kiss
And softly and lowly in divine voice whispered "Dear heart how you like
this? "

Was I delirious? not entirely, it was not a dream, I lay broad waking
But now all is turned through my gentleness
Into a strange fashion of forgivable forsaking
And reality is forcing me to let go of your goodness
Abandon, as you continue to roam in this world to search pity and kindness
But since I, so kindly of you, have been generously served
Forsaken I stood at pebbled shores and your sailing ship I observed
I fain would know if life has bestowed you what you have deserved

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Jealousy

He is the supreme divine in my eyes
The man who is allowed to sit beside you
He who listens intimately
To the sweet murmur of your voice
Were it only me being your choice
This enticing laughter
This beguiling look
That makes my own heart beat fast
If I meet you suddenly my breath in my lung lasts
And I cannot speak
My tongue will not obey
The commands of my brain
A thin flame runs under my skin
Seeing nothing hearing only my own
Ears drumming, I drip with sweat
Trembling shakes my body

I turn paler than the dry grass
At such times death is not far from me
Yet the man, he sits tranquilly at your side
To enjoy the secrets uttered from your mouth
Ugly surmise turns me into an ass
Come, come sweet death
Better you than this bitter jealousy of jess

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Joy

Conjuring up those past days of childhood makes me wild
Just to feel and to run again in wide meadow a barefoot child
I would talk to the whitening leaves of lofty trees
And listen on hot summer day to the humming of the wild honey bees

I chase the wind with bare feet and with youth flame,
I have heart-fire and singing to the world to give,
I can tread on the grass or the summer night stars,
There in my childhood, then at last I can live!

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Katherine Look

The wanton winds kissed me in one bright morning spring,
While the Robin birds teased me with their chirrup and sing,
But Katherine with her slaying fiery eyes just looked at me whole
And never even once spoke to me at all.

The sweet winds kisses were lost in frigid winter, dark and decay
And the Robin songs in my ears stopped their nimble play,
The birds left the iron cold barren boughs and flew away
But the look in Katherine eyes haunts me thru winter night and day

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Last Dawn I Rose From Dreams Of You

Last dawn I rose from dreams of you
Such a sweet sleep of a long summer night,
When the winds were breathing low thru orchards with gloom hue
And the stars were flickering, shooting their shine strips bright

I rose from dreams of you,
And in my dream a spirit; a saint; a fairy of the night
In my feet had led me - who knows how
To your chamber-window, sweet window under the moon light

The wandering airs of summer dawn broke into your chamber wall
On the dark, the silent stream, -
The burst of flowers odors beguiling fall
Like sweet thoughts in a calm wondrous dream,

The nightingale sang its song with no complaint,
It was under the kingdom of the night baring forth upon its heart,
As I must be under your magic kingdom
Oh, beloved as you are; I am under your wisdom

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Late Contemplation

I keep asking myself the question, but myself has no answer for me
I am either overwhelmed with happiness or being gilded with gloom
And I bounce between peaks and depths of moods with dreadful time at my trail
looms
Age has made me what I am not now
And every wrinkle tells me where in my youth the plow
Of time has furrowed, when an ice shall flow
Through every vein of mine and all my head wear snow
I wish, not even that for I am bald even before my time
I will be deprived of this glorious aging, the contend with death
will bare no signs of glory
When death displays his color of coldness in my cheek
And I, myself in past own picture seek
Not finding what I am, but what I was
In terrible doubt and confusion which to bless, this or my glass
Yet though my outer has altered, I remain the same
The same spirit and the same soul trapped in a frail, failing frame
And the sight of first complexion in maiden; here as wild as it can be seen
As blood rush on cheek and chin
The first thrill and rapture of youth in high school yard, such a pleasure to the
eye
The ruddy lips of giggling maids and hair of youthful glossy dye
The picture of me in a middle of wide meadows in early spring
Where wild tulips called their reign upon hills in expending rings
The cheery stood proud with balmy bloom upon the boughs
And the grass wrapped with smell of fresh horse hoofs
A beautiful maid passed in the meadows
And her hair waved in whirling gales and dappling shadows
I was a free child then, enfranchised and at large
The immense struck of pleasures that her sight
On me bestowed, her forms of beauty often stayed with me
Passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration these feeling
Of unremembered obscure joys.

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Late Summer

Along the rows of smoky hills and mountains tall
The crimson forest gloom stands,
And all the day the blue-jay quivers and to the air calls
Throughout the autumn-reign over the vast calm lands.

The heat of the day is high by the brook where the maple leans
Summer is back tenacious with all his glory head spread,
Though all the wild trees are prepared on the hills
For the cold era they have turned their green to purple and to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in foaming mist, that floats to nearby trees
Encircled by lofty reeds past some the river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still summer day the expecting autumn teases
Wild birds are indulging to delay a little more the fly south.

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Late Summer Days

Late summer days, I linger for the soft veil dimming the tender skies,
And half way thru concealing from pensive eyes
The bronzing tokens of the approaching yellow brown fall;
School days were soon and ominous; calmness brooded upon the hills,
And summer's parting dreams and happy time no longer did distill
The divine charm of silence over open fields and sandy paths in whole

The stacks citrus groves in balmy green array,
Stood waiting through the placid dormancy day,
Like wild trees with shelling bark in the plain;
I still fathom the kids who played and found shelter there
Picture of long ago past; phantoms to thin air,
And ghosts and shadows of vanished joy and pain.

Late summer days, I used to observe the Eastern empire rise,
The hawk making lazy circles above spying on flocks wanton in the skies:
Those birds emerging from the forest gloom clap their extended wings,
While with the clattering sound the wide expansion rings:
I saw the shepherd in an usurper cow chase,
With his dusty red clay cloths he tried to retrieve the beast into its proper place;

Late summer days when taken as a child one day to the field a dandelion I had
found
That tempted my hand with light and white feathery ball round
I was longing to finger it; I tiptoed near
And blew on it my full mouth air until all plumelets did disappear
Floating in the wind; and all that in my hand was left of them
Was but the naked hairy shaft of a green stem

Summer evening calm; the crimson crest
Of sunset sinking down the sapphire gored West,
I heard the voices of people from hard day work returning;
Farmers and herds from close by fields, of elm and oak,
I saw the invigorant lights of central square, I smelled the smoke,
My zeal and rapture were bursting and burning.

Among the shrubs and boughs sweet zephyrs indulge in play,
Around them all were pleased, and all were gay.
And the shadow of the vile voice; dare I still my grief express,
As if I wish it is gone, my inwards are still gnawed no less,
Hark! Hark! let me muse the scene of the birds who come again,
In this summer chilly morning; each renewing their sweet melodious strain

With imperfect blurry memories and trembling heart
I conjure these past summer days like a kind of art
Thru the years pensive life has already taught
How in vain and flickering is hope and how vexatious thought
From my growing childhood to declining age
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage

And this path of vanity in life almost complete
Tattered and tired of in the field of life; I now facing retreat
In the still shades of Death; for dread and pain
And grief will find their shafts lanced in vain
And their memories broke, restored from my head
Safe they will be in my grave, and free among all dead

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Late Summer Evening

Late summer evening, the sun went down in gore and stream
At orange dusk hue, the hot and feverish night succeeded
There was a windless calm, a dismal pause the succumb world greeted
The moon showed, the splendor of clearance, and deadlier gleam

Sitting on a porch under the night dark stark pall
Life weaken like the flame in a waning torch, a gripping stall
The moon climbed in sloth through the dilated orbit
Her ridged face scared, her surface uneven and morbid

My spirit grew fragile, weak and withdrawn; the ever mortality
Of all creatures of this amazing world, and adversity
Weighed heavily on me like unwilling, unwelcome sleep
Hovering like an ominous shadow; breathless feeling engraved inside me so deep

And each imagined spiritual pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship and religion tell me I must perish and die
Like a sick wounded sinking eagle plunging from the sky.
Yet this is a gentle luxury in me to sadden and to weep,

That I have not the cloudy winds to keep insane
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
Such dim-conceived glories of the mortal brain
Bring round the heart an indescribable feud and inner cry

So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
That mingles human grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old time -with a surging main,
A sun, a shadow of an awesome reverence and magnitude.

Glory and loveliness have passed from my life away
For if I wander out in early morning towards the glorious East
The blemished splendor, the incomplete happiness encounter my way
A feeling of estranged departure; being taken; un belonging deprived of rest

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Learn To Obey The Rout Of Your Destiny

Learn to obey the rout of your destiny
And follow the horizon to its final edge
For you do not abode where the internal are
Nor your nostrils breathe air among the stars
Your path in the universe is not an endless orbit
But too straight line, narrow and languid
Short without the touch of heavenly infinitude
Brief upon the face of earth
Scarcely touched by happiness and mirth
Your pace never crosses and never runs with these orbs
Of mingling lights
And you estrange in the harmony of universe delight
Sweet mother earth's womb
Where you feed and thrive
Is your final end and your dark tomb

Go search the great cities, the pride
The paradise and glory of ancient days
Now in grave of wilderness hide
Their wrecks like torn waves of vexed sea foam plays

Their monuments like shattered mountains rise
And wild weeds and baleful corses, dress
The bones of their desolation's nakedness
By the edge, gray walls molding in their duds falling prize

On their mow dull time feeds
like slow fire upon a hoary torch lulling peaks
While the laughing flowers along the grass are spread
As an infant smile over the coffin of a dead

Those mighty ages those power full empires
Dreadful tyrants and savage emperors
The all lie buried in the ravage they have wrought
For what their memory can lend you borrow not

Submit to the laws of thee nature
And follow the lights whose smile kindle the universe nurture
The ORA and splendor that in the firmament of time dwell

That may never be eclipsed or veiled

The glory of mountains's peak blazed with morning sun

That at early dawn to its extreme heights climbs

Leaving death, down beneath collid clouds

To roam in our celestial world

with low mist that cannot blot

The eternal light or veil the human spirit

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Leaves

A cold whirling blast from behind the house and hill
As it rushed over the gloom of lush wood with startling sound;
Then all at once, an ominous silence, and the air was still,
And showers of frigid hailstones start falling in pattern round.

Where leafless fig trees with cold wires boughs bare
I walked with my book back within a barren cold dry grove ever been
Of tallest naked trees, at the peak of autumn; spring seemed so far
yet I miss the fairer bower of past days that is never to be seen.

From year to year the spacious grove floor
With withered crimson leaves was covered over
And all during winter the bower was green covered with wild clover.
And at early spring the bloom comes and the world opens its door

The sighing hiss in the wind of withered leaves all skip, jump and hop;
Yet there's not a faint breeze; no breath of air,
And here, and there, and everywhere
Along the wide floor, beneath the shade beneath high trees top

By those embowering hollies made, the birds pert and nimble in sing
The leaves as a background choir in myriads jump and spring,
As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin made their strong presence there,

And all those precious happy bunch of leaves, in festive glee,
Are still dancing every day in my eyes without my conjecture or plea

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Nero CaroZiv

Let Me Not Count The Clock That Tells The Time

Let me not count the clock that tells the time,
Let me not sink as the brave day sinks in a hideous night;
When I watch the pale hue violet past its prime,
And sable curls all silvered over with head white;

Oh lofty trees that stand tall; I see you barren of leaves
Which from scorching heat did once canopy to protect the herd,
And summer's green all dry girded up in sheaves
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,

Then of childhood beauty days do I question make
That their memories are among the wastes of time; must go,
Since sweets and beauties of early times do themselves forsake
And in endless circle; die as fast as they see others grow;

And nothing 'against Time's keen scythe can make a defense to come
To this world we come; we prolong; and like the chaff to ashes we succumb

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Nero CaroZiv

Let Me Wake Up Young

Let me wake up young at early dawn again
And welcome the showers of spring first rain
Let me love and peer up at the morning sun
With half shut eyes and comfortable fresh cheek
Let me live a sweet life tale full often to seek
Through meadows and pathless woods where rivers fall and run
Let me love again my brightest beautiful one
Of heaven and divine let me slowly speak
These love tunes to the night and the starlight meek
Or the moon, if that her hunting be begun
Let me know, let me relive these delights and be prone
To moralize upon a smile and a tear
And find at once a region in a world of my own
A meadow, a bower for my spirit where it will steer
To alleys of forest gloom where pine tree dropp their cone
Where foxes hide, robins chirp and leaves are fallen sere

Let me wake up in strength and vigor hope
Worship the morning, the mystic night, the light the shade and lush lea on slope
Let me glance again fresh on wide plains, fair foliage trees, and at sprouting
flowers
Call on birds over clear streams, smooth calm lakes, and long stretched bowers
Let me lost in the happiness of pathless woods with tall towers

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Nero CaroZiv

Let Me Woo You In The Wee Of The Hour

Let me woo you in the wee
Of the hour when we are sitting beneath a shady tree
Among its boughs we laugh and kiss
There no adder dares to hiss

When kissing speaks with lustful language
Troubles would be gone, oh vanish anguish
My lips will roam in your garden of roses
Missing none of your thousands posies
Seven kisses short as one
Would leave the work undone
And even one long as ten
Would not bring our happy scene to its end

The day will seem as an hour short
When dealing with such pleasures and sport
Your lips cloyed with loathed satiety
Turning red and pale with fresh variety
You lie tied and tangled in my net
I cannot tell
Is it content or is it fret?
Though you tender panting shows you are unripe
I will let none of your advantages slip

Do not be so shy and coy to play your part
In our time-beguiling art
This primrose bush on which we lean
Never can guess or deem what we mean
None of its buds can see or blab
The gaudy grasshopper is too busy after its pulp
And the heavy smug frog
Into the bottom's lake plops
We can hide well behind the vermilion-veined tulip
On its flowery bed we can rest or sleep
The crowds of cowslip ahead never prattle
Nor their distinguished neighbor the shy myrtle

No doubt our scene is not in sight
So be pert nimble and full of conceit

From your tempting lips I will rob a drop
And my blood in my veins starts to throb
Who can believe that one dropp from such a barrel
Makes one's eyes see but pearls

Then we can our pose exchange
And let your voluptuous lips do the command
Mine, what love-slaves would love to obey
While yours never feed on such luscious prey
As a fierce falcon sharp by fast
Your lips on mine forever last
At dusk we can love on the lawn
Where no one peeps or glances except the moon alone
Leave our lure on the bosom of a lush lea
Never the world has known such glee

At midnight we lave at the falls of the vales
Encircled by lofty trees and sturdy dales
On the glassy face of a spangled bay
We chase the moon light quite a way
You are naked and gilded colossus
Against the moon-luster blazes
Outdoing in beauty and grace
Any ocean nymph with human face

You bask in the starry string of a night dark
Amazing the heavily sleeping lark
Dive and plump in the silent lake
Leaving around circulates glittering idly without a break
Until they all melt into one glamorous track
To contend with the moon sheen
Such a war of lights was never before seen
Then dip and leap and dive again
Splashing liquid pearls on every lane
Some watery stones took a longer pass
Falling on the long bladed grass
Turning it to studded swords of mighty kings
The imperious supreme of all mortal things
Only one stubborn watery gem earnestly craved
To use the lovely vale of your breast as its internal cave

At dawn we site upon lofty hills

And watch the farmers lining furrows on the fields
Or we can mount the craggy rocks
And watch the shepherds lead their flocks
By shallow brooks and rank springs
The melodious morning birds would for us sing

Come love; gather our flower days on their prime
Or they would be consumed and wasted by rushing time
The days of our youth are sweet but short
They race to their end as the foaming waves to pebbled shore

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Nero CaroZiv

Let The Devil Take Her

Heaven knows why she has been so dull, pale and wane?
Love at dull will have no gain
Even when she were looking well, beguiling swell
In her voice there was no sound of love bell

And when looking ail our love never did prevail
She is so cold, so dull and mute, sad and so un soothing
Good will, when speaking well and wisely cannotwin her,
While my heart jump in my chest with no comfort or cooling

Shame! this will not go anywhere or do any move,
None of my efforts can take her
If of herself she will not love; this I can prove
Nothing can make her; then let the Devil take her!

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Nero CaroZiv

Like Clouds That Rake The Mountain-Summits

Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits
Or waves that own no curbing hand
Thus I followed the hollows of your craggy mountains
From sunshine to sunless land.
I paced my legs silently in what was once
My beloved moorland, my beautiful streams glide
Along a bare and open valley
You were my shepherd and my distinguished guide

Like unearthly ghost in your lands I wander
Touching and feeling the plants of time
I study the vaults of your skies,
I embrace the chambers of your heart.
When I take this arduous journey towards you
Through this arid and harsh land
As merciless as it is to my feet
I follow my heart towards you love
As long as there is a breath in my nostrils
So go my feet in this pilgrimage
I know it is a long way towards you love
With waving long and languid paths
But your roots have sunk so deep in my heart

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Nero CaroZiv

Like The Dark Night To An Owl

You came to me when the dusk sinks and the wind of night moans
To open my soul and my eyes; the naked body was in thirist view,
A window to torrid passion, and sweating flesh in strange groan
A mirror, you came as the dark bewitched night comes to an owl of night hue

In that darkness I saw the show of all forbidden things
And I learned there is a name to each eyelash and fingernail,
And for every hair on the exposed warm flesh; so far from fairytale
And the scent of summer starry night with birds in chirp and in sing

The scent of cracked pine, is the night aroma of the body in awful lust
If I endure the torments of that night; in soul and in sinew
They belong to you; they have sailed towards you
My white innocent sail into your darkness had been crushed

Allow me to go, on me the burden of sin is gnawing duress
Let me kneel on the shore of repentant and forgiveness.

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Nero CaroZiv

Listen To My Voice My Lost Love

Listen to my voice my lost love
Within me it pants and cries loud for you
From the depth of my soul my sighs reach above
Wherever you are; for you I endlessly rue

Listen my love in far land to my heart's throbs
Wherever you are in this wide wonder globe
Within me rages the tempest of your sweet memory
Since long you left, you abandoned me in agonizing misery

There was a time I remember when you were kind
When your voices were softly waving into my mind
And their words gently inspiring and inviting
To yield these divine thoughts so exciting

There was a time when love for us was blind
And the whole world was a dreaming song
And the song was lastly maddening
Then it all crashing went wrong

And now I dreamed a dream of time gone by
When hope and joy were high
And life was so worthy of living
I dreamed then that love would never die

Then I was young and unafraid
And dreams were made and used and wasted
There was no ransom to be paid
No song unsung, no flower unsmelled, no wine untasted

Where are you love in this wide world
With ways crossing and paths mingling
Where humans meet in thin
And part for ever not to each other to be seen

A human soul craves and yearns
Yet the feet fail, and body shrinks

It will never find nor meet
What was eternally lost

I dream that God would be forgiving
And the heart persistently prays
And wish you well beyond the touch of time's prey
From the maze of my heart my voice longs for your living

My final days upon the land
Are closing near at hand
The day of sad mourning
The finale of anguish and yearning

Yet I will wait for you my love until
The last of my moments upon this world is killed
Until all pages of life are flipped and that day will come
And I to my cankering age succumb

As the dark night tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing sheep linger slowly over vast lea
The field ants homeward plod their weary way
And leave the world to darkness and to me

Soon far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife
I will lie away from sober wishes never tamed to stray
Locked in coffine in cool sequestered vale without life
As this whole world keeps its on going noise astray

My spirit huants my lifes last hours
Over the window hangs moulding flowrs
The air in my room is damp, and hushed and close
My life before the angle of death takes repose

My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
As my wish fades to see you just once before I leave

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Nero CaroZiv

Listen To The Mid Night Falling Rain

Listen to the mid night falling rain
It has such a magic divinity sound
when it hits the tardy ground.
I am going now to spend some time contemplating and warming
The rain has stopped suddenly without any warning
As if it will not disturb me in thoughts of you
Or may be it is curious about the lines I owe
to you and to your pangs and pains.
It is good that it stopped with no regain
The drops of rain that fall in the dark of the night
On their way down without a guide of light.
The moon is shy and behind a cliff cloud it hides
They fall they tumble and bounce
Reaching every corner in the garden without announce
One from the lap of a balmy rose under the moon gloom
The other from the earring of unknown bloom
And the third just slide along the blade of a longitude grass there
To face a frightened rabbit in its lair.

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Nero CaroZiv

Live And Love

Live and love
Young as old
Like a running brook
Bright, distilled in spring
As Love strengthens its wings

Summer and vigor
Passion and quiver
Autumn changed
Soberer hue
Don't miss love queue
Love again

Until all love leaves
Are fallen at length
Look at love, it stands
Bones and boughs
Naked strength
Die loving
Not love dying
At the end of your sky

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Nero CaroZiv

Longing

Summer, a long day staggers by, as the heat of the day ends
I realize how long ago I have seen your face,
The old wild, restless sorrow gnaws my inwards in a persistent trend
As it steals like a voracious beast from its within hiding place.

I thought it will never come, I thought I overcome
These days; of barren and broken time; yet to idleness again succumb
Bereft of glee and light, laugh and song,
A day like a windy beach bleak that moans and mourns the whole day long.

People walking in dunes; an empty beach at ebb no place to hide,
The solitude and seclusion in a quiet shore that bares with its rocks and sandy
scars,
If you could only come back like the sea high tide
And light my continuous night with whole sky of stars.

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Nero CaroZiv

Lost Childhood

Hills and dales of ancient land, bleak, barren and glaring
Where my thoughtless, happy hours beguiling childhood strayed,
How the sand with ages of patina on me is warring,
Howl, moan winds of the past above my tufted shade!

No more, gone the days I went out on an April morning
All alone, for my heart was high with the wind sigh
I was a child of the shining meadow, tulips on hill, and willow low in mourning
No cloud on vast blue heaven, just this sapphire eye of the sky.

Now in the windy winter flood of morning in rear
Longing lifted its weight from me,
These happy days are lost as a sob in the midst of cheer,
They swept me out to them as a sea-bird out to sea.

Oh, those summer days when the air was fresh, fearless and untangle
And every leaf in the wild field was lustrous blazing new,
The world at night was abound with moonlight spangle
The lilac brimmed with morning crystal dew.

There in the moving shadows and silhouettes
I caught my breath and in joy and in sing
My heart was free, fresh and fearless
And over-flow with young spring.

Now no more, yet I shall chase the hours beguiling,
Former favorite haunts I see;
Now no more my fields and trees of back days are smiling
Makes that seems a lost heaven to me.

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Nero CaroZiv

Love Aches

Have you ever craved the waves of flowers perfume
That float in the garden of roses under the moon sheen loom
They come and go whence no one knows at night gloom
As spring renewed his reign in colors and in splendor bloom

Thoughts of sadness wave and sail in my mind
They come and go leaving memories of pain and agony behind
Like that keen fragrance in the garden, born on the wings of soft wind
And yet none of the flow of thoughts is soft, soothing or kind

But in the instant the thoughts of air remain
To ignite the memory I knew of laughter and of joyful pain
Of times unlike now that will not come again.
The mountains of aching thoughts the earth under heavy clouds of rain

I try to catch and subdue my mind of these many tunes
Like tears of light fallen from the forlorn moon,
Flattened, scattered and bright on a dark lagoon,
Where high reeds lull and sway by echoing duns

But my mind is dissolved under such bare
My anguish floats away, I am too timid, for who can hold
The pain of Youth, the perfume of a flower or a moon so bold?
Where one can ask the strength to dare?

Nero CaroZiv

Love At First Sight

There comes time when I watch an ancient sea at its slow ebb
Long hours with howling winds echoing over vast sand
Since I was entangled in your beauty's eyes web
And trembled at the touch of un gloved extended hand

Since I met you I never looked at the midnight ora of summer sky
But well remember each moment your slaying eyes memorized light
Nor I can look or compare a wild rose vermillion dye
But your cheek where my lips will crave to dwell in bright

Can I look in adoration at any budding flower
When my fond ear adores every sound uttered from your lips
And heartbreaking for love sound, passionate wording- it does devour
Any sweetness you may speak under the sun eclipse

Every delight you may bestow is a sweet remembering
Followed by subtle grief this may into my heart bring

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Nero CaroZiv

Love At The Edge

Oh love, I remember when our humors were alike, and our souls did agree,
On everything we saw or breathed; how sweet! how pleasant must that union
be!

But oh! that bliss of love connection is but by only few possess,
Rarely, if few are with the joys of long lasting friendship blest.

Marriage? you say, this is but a fatal engagement made,
Where very few are gainers, but the most of them or all are betrayed:
The mild and forward, the cruel and the kind,
Are in unequal chains by fate and events confined:

Most in marriage are a sacrifice to greed made,
Interest, greed, power and gold, now more than love persuade:
To the conquering of power, the most themselves submit,
That has more charms, attraction, seduction than beauty, youth, or wit:

Mostly unhappy they whom riches thus unite,
Whom wealth does to the sacred cold band invite:
The languid passion quickly will fade and expire,
Wealth, money can never keep alive the dying fire:

Human beauty is worthless, it is fading like May flowers and flying;
Who would for such frivolous trifles think of dying?
Who for a face, a shape, even those that move ships; would languish,
And wander in forest gloom telling the brooks, and the groves his anguish

Shall I? Till she, thinks fit to prize me?
And all, and all beside despise me?
I shall stray from these values; I shall fix my thoughts on what is inviting,
On what will never bear the decline and the slighting:

Wit and virtue claim my duty,
They are much more worth than wealth, power and beauty:

Only to them, my heart bares resign,
And I will no more be tempted or repine.

Virtue, and human spirit to me are a great estate,
I wish no more, I hope no more, but leave to destiny my fate.

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Love At The Lips

Love at the lips was like a heavenly touch
As sweet as one can bare or breathe
Never close to satiety never seemed too much
On the contrary a lightning a dream too brief
A passion written over running water
Time and again she conquered my lips for another slaughter

The hurt that followed was never enough
It made me long for reason and strength
To bare the ripples of pains the waves of agony so rough
The throng of aches through all my body length
The sword of love like I never knew before
Was cutting me faster than the sword of war

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Nero CaroZiv

Love At Wonder

Shall I tempt to wonder, by my inner truth, that you and I
Whatever we did when we loved, have we now this daring treasure
Weaned from it; obsolete, out of passionate greed by any measure
And all other flesh desire when we daily sucked on lusty pleasure

If ever any beauty I did quest or I did see in any shape or hue
Which I desired, and got, in plenty queues,
It was but an only dream of you
All other pseudo loves I adamantly deny and rue

And now it is a good morning to our waking souls,
Which we watch one another out of regret and fear
Counting and tallying our love tolls
Wondering how love us betrayed; how it flew us out of controls

Yet I do wonder in my soul that our love,
Exceeds and controls, all love of other sights
And makes one little room, an everywhere precious light.
Let cede discoveries to new worlds we have gone above,
Let map to ourselves the worlds no one have known or shown,
Let us possess our world; each has one and is one

Look love my face in your eyes, yours in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces calm soothing rest;
Where can we find two better hemispheres,
Without sharp North, without declining West?

Remember the days I used to observe you from far
As the moon woos the earth among the watching stars
Whatever dies, was not attended uniformly with care;
If our two loves be one; or you and I
Love so alike that none does relax or slacken, none can die.

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Nero CaroZiv

Love By The River Bank

Once there was a maid that caused me pangs of a lover
When day and night I had sighed all in vain
Ah, what a pleasure it was to gaze at her and discover
In her eyes rare beauty that caused me ecstasy and pain

Once early morning when the sun rose in the East
She took herself to the margin of a river and set by the bank
I followed her foot print on the white ivory sand
I became delirious by what my eyes had to feast

Never did I know was it from heaven or from hell
That I at once was transferred to ferocious giant whale
Into the cold river with hat and cloths on I jumped
Struggling through waves of that magnificent swamp

Moving through elongated kelp and tall erected reeds
I went through the water gashing deep
And I reached the silhouette of her fine legs below
I bit her lovely maiden toe

'Go away' she yelled, 'you rotten villain'
She would not hesitate to let me apologize or explain
The dear rush of hormones in my brain
As if I was like that every day, normally insane

She pushed down my ugly face into the river depth
Until I faint and lost the control of my breath
But once this love saw that my breath became too heavy
She tightly pressed my head to her lovely levee

I would never imagine by what measure
This utterly heaven bestowed upon me pleasure
Is scaled, I can only equate it to a divine holy treasure
If that is how people meet their dire end
Such sweet death every Friday I will pretend

Her neck upon my shoulder was pressed
Her swan-like breast upon my manly chest
'Don't die' she exclaimed, 'Be brave and breath'

As she was overwhelmed by sincere seethe

And as I watched the varied hues of stalks and ears
By the river bank a shining mist like canopy appeared
Of butterflies with glorious riotous colors bright
And gossamers with wings transparent light

Scarcely seen when they were hovering above
And though they hummed they hardly seemed to move
The fierce eagle clasped the rock with crooked elongated claws
For once he delayed his thunderbolt fall in blow

Nero CaroZiv

Love In Ashes

When I have opened unto you the gates of my inner being
Like a tide stirred by storm you have flowed into me
And I have embraced you in my holding arms like the foamy waves by the sea
So blindly that my innermost recesses of my spirit are full of your seeing

And then we were as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How with impetuous restless they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
Streaking the darkness through woods and dales, and yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost forever, as we were.

Our times were like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
Give various response; unpleasant sound to each varying blast,
To whose frail frame no second motion brings
One mood, comforting modulation or a regulated cast

Ah, dreams and expectations have the power to poison our sleep;
Yet the day with wandering thoughts and doubts pollutes itself;
We feel, conceive or reason, laugh or weep;
Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away without self strife:

It is all the same, be it joy or sorrow,
The path of life departure still is uncontrolled and free:
Human's yesterday may ne'er be like his tomorrow;
We learn to endure love what ever it may be.

Nero CaroZiv

Love Is Stale

Once, how much we loved each other, never to be parted
We swore that our love would never lessen and would never fade or go
We were young then, proud and fresh-hearted,
We were too naive to understand the fickle ways of life, too young to know.

Is it fate? it is like a wind unexpected, uncontrolled, with red autumn leaves
swept before it
Far apart in the whirling gust, far away in the blast cruel time of year
Seldom we meet now, but when we do it erupts trepidation and fear
How far we fell; how more we fall behind this unexplained un witty split

Love is stale now, there is no magic in it any more,
We meet as other ordinary unconnected people do,
Your presence works no miracle for me as it used before
Nor mine for remote you.

Once we were as the wind and the sea -
There is no splendor any more, to feed and exalt on
As a glaring stare in the wide universe tone
That has its halo turned off for eternity

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Love Lessons

Will our love for ever
Run like a vivid mountain river
And Time's fierce jaws
Be avoided by sublime laws
And age's endeavor
Be tried in vain
To take a walk with you love,
A crave descends from heaven above
No other pleasure
With this could measure
And like a divine treasure
I would hug your chain
In sunshine in cold in rain
To eat with you the sweet field oat
There is so much to aught
To listen and lessons to be taught
End not my elongated sighing
In an abrupt dying
And formed for flying
Love plumes our wings
Then for this reason
Let us live and love a season
But let the season be only spring

Alas! Love not for ever meant
And soon harsh years yield its dent
When lovers parted
Betrayed and broken hearted
And all hopes thwarted
Expect to cease to exist prepare to die
Rather than perpetuate love of lie
But behold Time's remedy a few years older
Ah! How much the days are colder
You might behold her
For whom you vainly sighed
A girl of the nose not tiny
Hair stiff not shiny
The once piercing glow of her eyes is no more like the sun

Her skin brittle and dangling dry, her breast are dun
Stubby fat fingers
And a mouth forever spraying on linger
A language of aged refinement
Regard her fall!
With the darkest moss your flower plots
Were thickly crushed one and all
The rusted nails fell from the garden knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moat grange
When linked all that together
The sun, shade, rain sand and wind cruel weather
Pluck love's feather
From out its wing
It will stay forever
But sadly we shiver
Without love's plumage when past spring

Wait not you young fond lover
Till years pass and age is over
And then recover
As from nightmare dream's ardor
While each be wailing
The other failing
With wrath and railing
All hideous seem
While first it starts decreasing
Yet not quite over and ceasing
Wait not you young lover till teasing
All passion blights
If once diminished
Love reign is finished
Let it recover
The heart, the ever lonely hunting lover

True, you young fond lover, separations
Ask more than blind patience
What desperations from such have risen?
But yet remaining
In what is but chaining

Hearts which once waning
Beat against each other as against wall of prison
And their recover is beyond the reach of reason
You may find it an elongated torture
Though sharper and shorter
Is to wean and not to ware out the joy of love

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Love Lost

She was so cruel and capricious making me bury our love
Not in a grave yard under a sluttish tomb stone
But beneath a tall oak tree of a forest dark, wide and alone
Where none can come across or see from above

There will be no memorial days or sad hours
And I shall never visit the tree or put flowers
Yet the mouth I loved so much to kiss and to treat
Was none like so daring and bittersweet

I shall never go to the under tree love grave
For the woods are hostile, dark and cold
My time I shall for new love save
New love, new joy, constrain the rebel heart, forget the old

All day long I shall stay in the sun
Where the wide winds blow and flowers bloom
But oh, I shall cry at night for my sorrow is still undone
When none will know my time of agony and gloom

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Love Oscillations

We knew the flames of fire; we heard desirer's roar
When our love's inferno to its heights soars
Not once, nor twice we tried from each other to flee
Yet we were swept again by our love as by a vexed foaming sea
To its steep depth, to its sweet pains
Engulfed, from our love's locks escape was in vain

This chamber where I now dwell
Still bare the sweet memories of love's hell
Dappling grace, of more glorious days we knew
The trace of sweet storm that passed without anew
Here nothing is like it was so clear
Nor like it felt when you were here
Elusive pictures, shadows glooms, pale reflection
Of yours haunt me, mock my heart's devastation
Yes, nothing is like it was, and what was
Follows no clues, it obeys no laws
It does not resemble what happens now, what carries on
In my life, the living of love's deserted pawn

My dear love, my sweet witch
You are unique in my world, out of my reach
From dawn till dusk
About your being I wonder and I ask
Still love you dear, love you more
Than ever before

I know, as I knew, all your secrets, all your lies
Your beguiles, your deceits, your disguise
Yet their traps I failed to avoid
Your charm my vision, my sanity cloyed
The tormenting madness of forbidden love's cage
Rapture great, zeal of sighing sweet, suffocating rage

And yet in the dark of cold nights
Other knights had bestowed your flesh with satiety
Of fresh lust's variety
Upon the diminishing light of a rusted lamp

They left you lying jaded sweat in a bed lump

Time goes on, singing its own mourning themes
And each day is like a dagger, each moment like a scream
That never departs the throat
As it usually does, as it always aught
How can I tell our love that was but a flower?
Now turned into swamp of boiling sour

For now I know the danger of lover's trap
When it tempts us to lull in its perilous lap
If after all these decaying years
There are left for me few dangling tears
My heart will less explode, if you would cry
I have within me this caution of a lie

My dear love, my sweet dove
You are unique in my world, out of my love
From dawn till dusk
About your being I wonder and I ask
Still love you dear, love you more
Than ever before
So it will go on, and so it will be
As long and as far mine eyes can see

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Love Wonders

I often wonder for the sake truth
Does any one can tell where is Love bred,
Is it in the heart or is it in the head?
And where can one find for love hurts, remedies and sooth

How begot, how nourished and how lead
is it engendered in the lovers eyes,
With gazing and sharp glances fed;
And what makes Love wanes and dies
In the heart cradle where it lives and lies

And what is better to be preferred
Love breed and nourished in the head
Or be dare, and take love breed and nourished in the heart
Which love lasts longer to the end, without a damnably depart

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Nero CaroZiv

Love, When you And I Are Old And Grey

Love, when you and I are old and grey and our days full of creep
When rough winds our days of glee and youth shook ,
I will always yearn and dream of the soft yet sharp look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows beautiful in deep;

How many loved your moments of glee and glad grace,
And loved your beauty with tendencies be false or true,
But I love you and the free spirit soul in you,
And I love the same the tempests and the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing heaven bars,
I reminiscence; murmur softly, sadly how our days of lust and youth fled
As if they paced upon the mountains high tops overhead
And hid themselves amid a crowd of sheen oar and stars

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Nero CaroZiv

Meditation

Childhood, so often a meditation rose within me on long idle summer nights
Upon the lonely cow-house with black tint roof encircled by cactus bushes and an
old red stone wall

The scene would appear to me in dimming flickering sights
With sedges clipping, climbing, grasping the hot red stones when at night the
howling wild coyote call
The balmy citrus orchards would lend their intoxicating scent
As the evening closed on earth and the sun did descend

Perfect images invoked, in mystery thoughts
Of calm pure child world dorm in its infinity of dreams and naught
That exalted by in under presence of holy aurora and Nature sounds and
euphony
The strong sense of Nature under its perfect holy harmony
And every time my head from that earthy beauty turned
My soul on hellish fire burned

My child days though remote being absent long,
Their forms of beauty and the summer afternoon wind song
As it was whitening the rippling leaves of heavy foliage have been to my soul
calm and shy
As is a holy landscape to a religious man's eye:
And in lonely office hours, mid city roar and din
I have owed to them, In hours of weariness, sensations so rare and sweet in
ways I never been

I had given my heart away to meadows and vast fields, under tyrannous hand
what a boon!
An escape to the silvered waters of a bay that bore her bosom to the moon;
The winds that were howling and moaning at all day winter hours,
And were up-gathered then at houses walls like sleeping flowers;
For those precious moments of magic, for everything, I was in tune,
With the thorny sedges along cold hills of dunes

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Nero CaroZiv

Memories

Summer evening, the warmth of the scourging day still staggers in the air
I remember then, I was lying in bed toiling the waning heat there
In the East, broad rose the moon, first like a bacon flame
Observed on the far horizon utmost verge, the eye could claim
Its appearance of red eruption like from the fissured cone
Of a tall volcano cloud captured altitude; thus was her glory cloned

By then the sun went down, the hot and feverish night
Succeeded but the parched unwholesome air
Was un-recruited by the dampness it did bare
There was a windless calm, a dismal pause in sight
Yet the night was fresh and young; with excitement and aliment
Summer sounds echoed from the streets pavement

I remember the time, I knew what happiness and youth was
A memory of those days lives again inside me so vivid and close
Every streetlamp then seemed to beat a fantastic snakes dance
Like a wordless story; someone in the dark allies did mutter;
And the streetlamp did shake, flicker and gutter
A phantom of delight in this precious past glance

I remember; the moon still remembers; it showed clearer yet with deadlier
gleam
Her ridged and uneven surface stained; sending a feeble beam
With crosses, fiery streaks, and mingled wandering lines
Splendor of impression and a star or two combine
Peered through the thick smoky atmosphere
So favorite was that moon; that night with lunar light sanguine yet clear

I see the fresh dew of morning chill on the sunflower
And a rose that is fading in the bower

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Nero CaroZiv

Memories In Ripples

Sweet slumber I knew in long hazy summer nights
That did seal within me all visions of beautiful, wonderful sights
The pure innocence of childhood blasted when I was not accompanied by worries
or fears
Then of her beauty my mind was overwhelmed; she was lovely; eternal;
untouched by earthy years

She dwelt at the edge of the village among the seldom trodden ways
Where people rarely walk beside the nearby citrus orchard gloom
Maid so modest and of such concealed beauty whom there were none to praise
Her vision always appear at night against the moon loom

There I lied in bed accompanying, tracking the moon along the sky
It sailed so tranquilly observing the world behind
To see all that was hidden from mortal eye
Only now and then the roster call distracted my mind

The strange surge of waves of passion I had known
Which I never dared hint to anyone or tell
Unless it was for her ear alone
That feeling of rapture, once inside me the demon dwell

When she, I loved was beautiful and strong like a morning day
Blooming like a balmy rose in June
To her abode I strayed my way
At summer night under the sheen of the moon

Beneath the evening moon, upon its glare I fixed my eye
Full of joy at my love vicinity my soul scudded all over the wild lea
I trudged on the field; I did yell and neigh
When all the paths converged towards me

Under the vile hand I sought the comfort and the strength in love
That would compensate and make my youth endurable
Which else would have broken the heart

scattering to pieces across the floor

Love, where we all begin and end; looking back to youth
All grandeur, the bloom of everything; all the truth
And beauty from pervading love last
Once it was gone; shrunk to end of horizon; I was as a dust

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Nero CaroZiv

Morning In The Ides Of A Spring Month

It was morning in the Ides of a spring month: pure and clear
A small rivulet by tall reeds, delighting in its late showers and vigor strength
It ran along pebbles and sand, and yet the voice
Of distilled waters which last winter had generously bestowed
Was softened down into a vernal tone of the Passover commotion
Days off school, red tulips on hills and the spirit of enjoyment and desire,
And hopes and freedom, and wishes, were for all living things around
The scent of citrus groves went circling, like a multitude of waves of the sea
The budding flowers and groves seemed eager to urge on
The steps of upcoming Summer; as if their various multitude hues
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object: but, meanwhile, prevailed
Such an entire blessing contentment hanged in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy tree late to bloom bud
Even when still late and leafless, or unopened, showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on this delightful off school day
Were native to the to strengthening Spring
Up the whispering brook I roamed in the confusion of my mind
Such a precious memory Alive to all things and forgetting all
And the spirit of Spring and Passover were like encircled walls

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Nero CaroZiv

Morning Spring

The foul mist has been replaced in the greening plain,
And the dew-drops shine on the ear lop of a balmy rose, not rain,
The coquette rose awakes facing East again
Its lovely self adorning in such fresh scent morning with no strain.

Oh, the vast plain is grassy, untamed wild and bare
Wild, wanton and wide open to the morning air
Which has built up everywhere
Making the little rabbit to the meadow tread and dare

upon the far horizon blue peaks in the distance rise
And ivory white against the cold sapphire sky
Shine out of the crowing crests of snow
Beneath their line the bushes stretching in a dominant grow

The morning wind is hiding, sighing, dodging among the trees,
A sighing, soothing, laughing tease, of glee, not tears
The sun is rising in bright dusk skies
Veils his fair head of glory while contently he spies

This morning it is my love unclouded luster of her eyes
Her beauty shines as nature does; and once it descried
The jealous vanquish roses lose their bursting pride
And back into their home buds their blushes hide

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Nero CaroZiv

Moth's Love

You have loved me one whole day
A sweet short summer dream season
Tomorrow when you leave, what will you say?
What will be your reason?
Will you then antedate our love's vow?
Or say in disdain
That our love was in vain
And now we are no longer those persons who we were?
Or that oath made in reverential fear
Of love, by love own wrath may be foreswear?

You have loved me whole life of a moth
To abandon me to throw me into a dungeon of loath
Was it me? Was you?
Can anything be done or undo?
Or as true death does true marriage untie
So lovers knots be by time unchained unloose?
Or is it your own mortal end fear to justify
Having your course and your purpose change
Leaving me out of your circle and your chance
You have no way but falsehood to be true

Vain lunatic ways
Gaudy wanton thoughts with little substance to pay
Against these skeptic thoughts I could
Dispute and refute if I would
But I shall abstain to do
For tomorrow I may think so too

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Nero CaroZiv

Mulling Childhood Scenes

As that fierce lion through the green woods in rash galloping it comes,
With roar and wrath trodding heavily which startle the hushed savannah
solitudes,
Yet, soon as he sees the lioness bride, that like a white dame
To virtue and to flirting is readied, beguiling in her smooth fur and challenging
youth, quiets his rude
And savage heart, and at her feet he falls tame
As a pet lamb, so does wanton March, which though his first mood

Upon the earth is boisterous and wild, savagely feeling that shame
Would follow his falling steps, if Spring's young brood
Of buds and blossoms stamped withered where he trod,
Calming his fierce ire and its mood turns less dire; and now the violets
Breathe their new lives; Spring embracing the cow-house; the tawny primrose
sits
Like squatted old man on the route side clod;

Passover, early bees are all day since dawn on the wind with furry coats and
gauzy wing,
And working laboriously, yet in pleasure they collect, hum and sing.

Cold head month of the year, slugging year, January comes in winter's chariot
car,
Thick hung with swinging icicles its heavy wheels
Cumbered with clogging snow, which cracks and peels
With its least motion or concussive jar
Against hard hid ruts, or hewn trees buried far
In the heaped whiteness which awhile conceals

The green and pastoral earth; approaching Spring feels,
That well-fed on bare tree top a singing bird, a wassailer
With all its feasts and fires, it still feels cold and shivers,
And the red runnel of his indolent blood
Creeps slow and curdled as a northern rouge flood.
And lakes and winter frigid rills, impetuous rivers

And headlong steep rapids frozen, are in summoned winter silence bound,
Like trammeled tigers lashed to the unyielding rigid ground

Not farther than a fledgling weak that tests its first flight,
In a low dell, stand out old huge trees of an antique grove;
Colossus trunks they stood, making the forest dusky by day, but when it is night,

None may tread safely there, kindled by curiosity of nature and love.
In lonelier childhood days, it was my mood to rove
At all hours there; contemplate, discuss with lofty trees and to hear what mirth I
might

Of the passionate dark Lark, the ivory white brooding Dove,
And the strong Thrush all breathers of delight of love
When night drawn curtains darkened the deep vale,
And the rich melodious music of the day is ended,
Out gushed a sudden song of the saddest wail so captivating, so not dull
It breaking the silence with sweetness mended

It was the voice of the dawn waked lonesome Nightingale, the forest bell
Who would come with me to the fields in seclusion and hear her melancholious
yet melodious tale.

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My Creeping, Crabbing Age

My creeping, crabbing Age and my far sailing Youth
Antagonists to each other, like two foes beyond any measure
My sweet Youth was full of excitements and days of pleasure,
My Age is now full of anguish, worries, care and unpleasant truth;

Youth has the freshness of summer morning; the scent of spring
My Age now is like winter weather; knots and heavy things
In my Youth the whole world was like summer brave and dare,
My Age is like winter bare and tare:

Youth is new and full of sports,
Age breath is solemn and suffocating short,
Youth is gay and nimble, Age is sloth and lame:
Youth is wild with expectations, and Age is brittle, fragile and tame

Youth! Which will never come back was hot and bold,
Age! Which will lead me to my grave is deforming and cold,
I so adore my Youth gone days, sweeter they grow within me
Oh Age how much I abhor the essence of thee;

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Nero CaroZiv

My Days Of Youth

My days of youth were faster than fairies, swifter than ghosts and witches,
The scenery of ravines and houses, the glimpse of green hedges and brimmed
rain ditches;

And I charging the winds along fields and meadows like troops in a battle
All through the wide moor rich with grass for horses and for cattle:

All of the sights of my heart for the beloved thorny hills and the plain
Sweet painful memories that now fly as thick and clear yet offer no gain
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
The small painted school, kiosks along the road, fresh gardens and citrus
orchards whistle by.

Here is I an aloof child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself in mid summer day, gathering brambles;
Here is a curious cow who stands and gazes;
And here is the green for stringing the daisies in summer days

Here is a horse with a cart trotting and dusting the unpaved stony road
Lumping along with patina faced man and with full load;
And here is a bakery in the shade of palm, and there is a small shy ravine
Each a painful glimpse, each a precious picture that appears, flickers and gone
forever!

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Nero CaroZiv

My Days Of Youth Will Come Again

My days of youth will come again
My happy days will return with that blowing winds and that whirled rain
It is true, my days of childhood will come
With divine forgiveness, grace and calm

I will trod in the fields as I used to; innocent happy child
My naked foot will fondle the Lucerne grass and the turf wild
And the Spica's thorns will prick my body and limbs
And the pricking will be as it used to, sweet like a wine to its brim

A shower will get me with all it's pounding, bouncing drops in wild call
On my exposed shoulder, chest, neck and it will refresh my soul
I will walk in the wet fields, and tranquility will grow inside me, for me to bare
Like a beam light that breaks at the edge of the cloud to the open air

I will inhale and breathe in the smell of the furrows plough by a ploughman
Breath and relax and watch the new sun
That will reflect like a mirror in the golden puddle
Simple are the things and life naïve; things can be touched and felt; to love and
to huddle

I will roam again alone in my childhood fields
Being free from rebuke and the vile hand; I will not be burnt in the heat
And the scourging fires in the roads, stiffened from panic and fear
And with all my honest heart I will be modest and cheerful; like the lawn like the
lea, like a human being.

It is a summer evening now; the haze on trees foliage and the air is still like a
nun
The wide staring owl on an ancient bough is watching the descending sun
The night pall is spreading over city and hall
Against tall towers peaks, so proud standing above all

Oh tell me it is true - there will come days of forgiveness and mercy
And I will walk in the fields, and it will be an innocent's child walk under trees
courtesy
And my bare feet will be gently caressing, on the medick's leaves by wild beasts
stumped
And sweet will be stings, when I am stung again by the rye's broken stalks and
stamps

Oh bring back the drizzle that will catch me in pounding raindrops' folly
On my shoulders, my breast and my neck, while my mind will be clean and holy
I will walk the wet field, and calm silence will fill me to my soul brim
As does light in a dark cloud's rim

And I will breathe again the furrows in breaths calm and even,
And the pond's golden mirror will reflect to me the sun from heaven
And once more all the things will be simple, moving and living in motion and
drive
And once more I will enjoy - yes, I will, yes, once more my days will thrive

I will roam, all alone; never hurt by the blazing inferno at hand
Of the fires on the roads fed by horrors too awful to bare or to stand,
And in my most inner heart of hearts I will be able to humbly live
With those trees; with those wild weeds in the meadows and freely breathe

Oh that it were possible my days of youth
Return after long grief and pain with just and truth
And I walk in the amiable path out of the vile hand shade
Days of innocence and repentance plain; free of rebuke and chide in my head

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Nero CaroZiv

My Dear Beloved

My dear love, to me you are my fair friend, you never can be old,
Or look bend and tattered, for as you were when first your fiery eyes I eyed,
Such seems and survives within me your beauty and vividness still; fifty three
winters cold
Passed, have from the forests glooms shook fifty three summers' pride,

Over your face, fifty three beauteous springs of balmy bloom to yellow fifty three
autumns turned
In this cruel time process of the seasons have I seen,
Fifty three April perfumes in fifty three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you young, jovial and fresh, which yet are in my eyes green.

I have watched you in summer field, Oh, were I the roses, that lie against your
palm hand
The heavy burning vermilion roses you touch as by them you stand!
Dear, soft hands that hold the roses, where mine own would love instead to be,
Oh leaves, leaves that engulf the roses, and bring to it the buzzing bee

Your bosom endeared with all grace and chastity of all hearts
And there reigns but tenderness and love, and all love's loving parts,
Your smiles and your frowns, their images I love, I adore what I view in thee,
And you, all of you, have all the all of me.

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My Dear Friend

I guess my friend, you as well as I must die, dumped under a stone in dust
And all our deeds and beauty stand for in vain over our eternal beds
This flawless, vital hand, this perfect young constantly thinking heads
This body of yours and mine; of flame and steel, before the gust
Of Death to devour to come upon us like autumnal first frost
We shall be as like any leaf of the field; be no less dead
Than the first leaf that fell in the forest gloom, this wonder of our life fled
Altered, estranged, disintegrated, forgotten, evaporated and lost.
Nor shall my love avail you in your final hour.
In spite of all my love, you will fall to dust or to the sky arise
It mattering not how beautiful we were how many things we strived and achieved
The curtains dropped on all else that dies

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Nero CaroZiv

My Dear Love

Love, I shall never compare you to a bright star,
Humbly, would I were steadfast as you naturally are
Nor in compare to the lone splendor hung aloft the long night
And watching, with eternal lids apart the stars bright,

The moving waters of ocean and rivers at their holy task
Of pure ablution round the earth human shores,
Nor in measure of gazing on the new soft-fallen white mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the vast dark moors

Yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon your fair ripening breast,
To feel for ever the lovely valley and its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet rapture of plaguing unrest

Beneath that breast, to hear your tender-taken breath,
A picture, a scene I worship to my final death.

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My Dire Cry

Oh, she has these fiery slaying eyes as she lifts her head to look at me,
And her ivory smooth hands by the slightest touch can make my hands rejoice,
But to me this lover must be
Courtesy, a decorum with only a voice.

Oh, no choice, there is the lovely valley of her breasts if ever to bear my head,
And her voluptuous lips whereon my lips crave to lie,
But I must be still near her, till I am stunned dead
My chest can no longer hold my dire cry

Nero CaroZiv

My Heart Is Heavy With Fruits Of Love

My heart is heavy, loaded with the burdening fruits of love
Like the bended clusters of a ripe pomegranate tree bearing down
The green lush canopy branches of the tree
But I can never give you one fruit from the top above
In truth, my fruits of love do not belong to me; taken, they are not free
My fruits are waxed and sweetened by rain and sun, shining, tempting as jewels
crown
The pomegranates are full of juicy red grains, plump as purple cherries
The forest gloom releases at night the moaning winds my heart can no longer
carries

Yet in the evening, at dusk twilight, I dare entreat you to hide low
When bats chase the moths that encircle and wander in streets lights glow
Under the huge, crimson dark dusk skies' pall
A fruit from my tree may slip or incidentally plucked, as down it does fall
And then in the gray hour of the night it drops to advertise its lust for a prey
Would you take it? Would you succumb to its baiting allure?
No one will ever find out, no one will ever say
Once caught, beguiled, you can never escape its taunting call

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Nero CaroZiv

My Home Town

The last time I saw my home town, her trees were dressed for spring,
And her people walked beneath those trees and birds found songs to sing.
The last time I saw my home town, her heart was warm and gay,
No matter how cruelly they change her, I'll remember her that way.

I dodged and hid in the fields of golden corn where I had roamed for years.
The chorus of the wind blowing the heavy loaded stems was music to my ears
I thought of happy hours and pure childhood lost, and laborious people who
toiled their day
Old women, selling flowers, in markets at dawn, kids rushing to their play

Lonely I was, scanning with lonely eyes, seeking her in vain
Her streets are where they were, but there's no sign of her; the pain is insane
Where are the children who ran in the park and in sun sandy paths
And those who danced under summer night looked at the stars and laugh

I used to watch as a child the fair morning fog clearly chiming in its flowing
before my eye;
Warmly and broadly the south winds were winding and blowing over the sky.
One after another the white clouds over the fields of wild tulips were fleeting;
Every heart that gorgeous May morning in joyance was brimming and beating

Ah, my home town, a place I love to come back like to music,
A place that hushes me and heals me when I am forlorn and tired;
I still see the phantom oak woods at the East with birds of sharp peak
In a flare of crimson by the frost old yet newly fired

As a child I spoke to the primrose that had opened her pale yellow flowers
And wandered under heaven lighting star after star after a day of spring
showers.
A Place I love to come back to, be a child free, boundless and smiley
Mid-orchard, midnight, as the leaves are lulling drowsily;

The violet in mid field hidden in veil, on veil of evening calm
The hills across from the University sky line grew dreamy and far;
A wood-thrush was singing soft betraying no harm
In the heart of the hollow where the dark pools are;

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My Life Crept Long

My life has crept long; so long like a bird limping on its broken wing
Thru hardship and dismays, abuse, haunts of horrors and fears
Nowadays I come to be grateful at last for one comforting thing
My mood is changed to vigor and strength being with my love for time in years

Changed, when the face of the night is soothing; fair as a nun on dew dawns
Bringing back the happy summer nights of childhood sandy dunes
Remembering all along past years stream of agony that flashed blinding white
Kept me tossing and turning all night

All along the years I saw the days rushing like water flow
I was lucky to walk thru life with the one I love since so many years ago
Yet I cannot ignore the pain when I walk along my childhood place today
The long years of my life were a mist that rolled away

How dear are to me the fresh memories of the plain that was grassy, bustling,
wild and bare
Does reminiscence constantly in my mind; wide, wild and with citrus orchard
scent open to the air
Which had built up everywhere; under winter heavy rains sky turned deep gray
Folks run for shelter and warmth; as a child for me it was a day of fear and
dismay

To fill the dry swamp bed where cows were chased and run
And then it became a sanctuary for one alone non-migrating swan
The plain became dump after the rain; creeping mosses and clambering weeds
And heavy swell of well nourished sighing, murmuring host of reeds

The old fat fig tree branches hoar and dank
And the lush growth of thick grass huddled along the river bank
The yellow marshy flower that did throng
Following the season full creek along

These pictures were to be newly made within me when I turned old,
And see my blood vibrant, warm whenever I feel it is cold

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Nero CaroZiv

My Love The Shrew

For my love, rebuke or reproach will seldom mend her being young,
Although I think she is greatly left to need it;
And the breath of love, my deep love to her must stir the tongue,
If I just would have her to consider it; for a moment to heed it.

How often did I have her voluptuous locks of hair be caressed
For here and there of her little faults and failings,
Which should have been at first delayed or suppressed
To save for more appropriate time save the railings!

If we all succumb to temptations; and the heart would go astray,
One would, for the truth should, the inferno of passion smother,
One must not tear the charm away,
But substitute the lurking temptation by another.

She claims to lead, that it is pleasant by her to be led,
If she who would lead will first measure
The heart's affection by the head,
And then make pursuit love pleasure.

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Nero CaroZiv

My Lover And I

When the ever resilient nightingale to his date
Chirrup his songs day long and night late
My love and I keep our sweet state
In the lush and balmy bower
Of varieties bursting blooming flowers
Sweetening with love chat the fresh young air
All day from rose cheeked morning till dusk we are there
Till the watchman guarding in the tower
Announces the approaching close hour
The gored vermilion sun sank in the West
And the night rests on canopies and on crests

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My Love's World Is Wrong

Rough wind, that moans loud; my heart filled with doubt
When grief overwhelm me; it is too sad for a mirth or a happy song;
Wild whirling wind, when white sullen cloud
Knells at tempest all the night long;

Oh life is a sad storm; my tears are in vain,
Bare dark woods at cold bleak winter with branches strain,
Deep chock caves and dire dreary main
Wail, for my love is fickle, full of frauds; her world is wrong!

Pardon me for an acidic hater I become as I sat by a ditch,
And I took an old cracked rotten lute;
In desolation of love I sang a song which was more of a screech
Against that woman; the one who was a cruel brute.

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My Stone Grave

Why stand at my grave to mourn and to weep?
Yes I am there wrapped with vile worms; a phenomena called eternal sleep.
Search for me not in thousands winds that all seasons blow.
Nor shall I be in the diamond glints on winter snow.

We all lie equal under our blemished stone tomb
The same equality when we came out of mother womb
In the kingdom of eternity we all dorm well
No taxes; nor can death brag under its shadow we no longer dwell

Let the gorgeous sunlight strays and carcasses the ripened grain.
Followed by the gentle autumn rain
When you awaken in the dawn's hush
Remember me in your swift uplifting morning rush

The flocks of quiet birds will perform wild waving circles flight.
The soft stars of dawn that shine as if it is a night.
Stand at my grave and do not cry
My rotten brittle dry bones are there, my soul not in the sky

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Nero CaroZiv

My Sweet Star

I used to have a sweet star, which gleamed over childhood dark some scene
Through high fleecy floating clouds of silvery radiance newly seen
Spangled of light on my summer evening's shadowy veil,
Which shrouded the day-beam from the long day tale

I used to watch it Lighting the hour of pure holy love; more sweet
Than the expiring morning star which fires from the East
Sweet star! When wearied of rebuke and chide I sank to sleep,
And all was hushed, all, save the whisper of the tree foliage I so crave to keep

Those broken murmurings swelled the balmy blast in the vale
Of soft citrus trees, which at intervals
Sighed in my ear of the stillness of holy hour
Lulling the leaves who were ready to repose in the bower

With that mild, pitying gaze Oh, I would look
In my dear star beam till every bond of sense became enamored

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My Tattered Spirit Is Too Weak

My tattered, old spirit is too weak; quenching; declining; mortality does hover
and creep

It Weighs heavily on me like compulsory, mandatory, eternal, endless sleep,
I never contemplate or imagined an imagined pinnacle and feeling steep
Of Godlike hardship; looking around it tells me all have an end; I so must die
Like a sick eagle; with broken wing looking at the universe sky.

With questions and wonders; yet a gentle luxury to weep,
And mourn I have; and the cloudy winds and fearful thoughts to keep
Fresh for the opening of the morning greyed eye.

Of childhood, evoking such dim-conceived glories of the brain
And bring round my heart an indescribable yearning; gnawing feud;
So do these wonders over nature; I am not in it; a most dizzy pain,
That mingles ancient events of grandeur with the rude
Thought of my wasting of old time; with a mass main,
A sun so dear, a meadow so green; over my head a shadow of world spell and
heavenly magnitude.

Bare feet, run out again from childhood modest house
Into summer morning dewed dunes sands and scare the field mouse

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Nero CaroZiv

My Tomb Stone

Far from the human path; in solitude dig my grave,
On some green mound beside the hill where the winds moan and wave
To westward, the vexing sea with silver foaming gales and sky long alone,
And gore sunsets against my mossy stone,

With my mortal name and my dates, a harp
And bunch of wild flowers, carven sharp;
Then leave it free to darkness and to wild blasts that blow,
And patient mosses creeping over it by date and night; patient, sloth and slow,

Those wandering wings, visitors scarce and footsteps rare
Of some human creatures pausing there
Oh the dust upon my chest would not let it go; what a dire ordeal to bare
Eternally neglected; abandoned no attention and with no care

For who would come to stand across the brink
Of that deep dire hole into which I was thrown in sin
Come and visit me; for I cannot sink
So far- how far down should I been

As far down I shall lie; I shall know
The voice, and I shall answer from below
Oh let the willow whiten in the evening winds; aspens quiver
Little breezes of dusk and twilight wave and shiver

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Nero CaroZiv

My Utmost Fears

My utmost fears that I may one day cease to be
Before my quill has gleaned my still teeming brain
Too long before my piled childhood pains have been expressed in plea
Being held like rich garners full of ripen grain

As I behold, upon the deepened vaults of night's starred face
All decorated with high symbols of divine icons and romance
And to think that I may not forever live to adore and to trace
The secrets, the shadows and their magic chance

And when I see any piece of beauty presented by the hour
In full lament I shall be for I never look upon thee any more
How I relinquish the relish in observing the universe power
The skies, the sea and the vast sand on elongated shore

Upon the echoing dunes of solitary shore
I stand alone stunned with the beach stones to think
How what is, becomes no more
How love and fame are closed, to nothingness sink

Nero CaroZiv

My Verse

There are those who dip their quill in honey
Before they verse the lines of love
There are those who soak it in agony
Before they lay the lines of solitude and loath
I am none of the above
My verse is simple
It puts a smile between two dimples

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Nero CaroZiv

My Worst Nightmare

My worst nightmare I dread and fear
To be buried beneath a street far from my dears
I will be long dead and my heart full of dust
The place, the dwell of my wherever lost lust
The wheels and hooves of machines and beasts rolling over my head
My bones will be shaken with pain and dread
This is how it will be
If no one is going to take a heed of me
If into a shallow grave my tattered skeleton is thrust
Imagine only inches beneath a heavy traffic street bust
The gallop of horses and the trot of goats and cows
Will keep their relentless beat with a chorus of crows
Beat into my scalp and my brain
Like never an end to the stream of rushing ants under rain
Heedless of poor me carrying, traveling, hurrying, leaving
In my life I shun away from front busy street living

When the wretched age catch up with my bones
Not a bell will be rang, not a pray or eulogy will be read
It is that which makes us noble in the world of the dead
Just like this lowering me down to my eternal tomb bed?

Ah, my spirit where does it wander where does it pass
My soul where does it dwell in heaven or in hell
In the face of immortality and ancient laws unveil
Deep sleep, eternal doom comes to every sinew and lust

No more pleasant summer night dreams, no more morning first shine
But this eternal entity; all formless kingdom divine
Along my bones the creeping tattered flesh will quake
And my all damped besmeared hair stiffened with dust and thus it spake

Do you find God there in this colossus universe of ultimate justice pure
Or you be-left to deem and contemplate in land of spiritual desolation insecure
Among creatures of grave clay; the vain dwellers of tomb dust
A moth out survive you; a mold digs and borrows under your gravel rust

Things of normal routine day you never see nor attend the dusk of night

Heedless, stale and blind to wisdom and light

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Nero CaroZiv

My Years

My years and seasons are engraved, etched in my verse
As a tree soul is wreathed in encircles in its rings
As my days are slowing encircled in furrowed brittle skins
So hard it becomes to bare and live with this burdening duress

I have no hard words
To hamper my visions, my views or my thoughts
My images, my feelings
Are as clear and fresh as my childhood visions and memories
They are the source of my muse, through them one can see
The unfortunate changes in our light outside
How my days are being exhausted and tarnished
Like dead birds falling from the sky

My verse has not this powerful captivating rhyme
That outlives marble and gilded monuments
Of kings and knights to let my memory shine in these contents
When I at final end lie beneath un swept tomb besmeared with sluttish time

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Nero CaroZiv

Never

It never happened, it never came; it never matured to be,
This existence or proof that I longed for, of you and me,
I looked for any hint, sort of type or a shadow of sign
Of these promising together hours; smiling, flickering, an instance shone,
In my infatuation, yet cruelly evaporated, seemed dead and gone
Without the enticement and the lure of an old-world wine:

It never passed through the loral love gate
I had never asked or longed for a richer, a better fate,
No boon from the moon or treasure from the sky above,
I was a child; inexperienced; youth days in consternation, cowboy,
I searched my gift of life, the treasure in an amorous joy,
I looked for you, for your gift of love.

Last time I saw you, though it was an unfortunate final farewell
Never against you would my heart rebel

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Nero CaroZiv

Night Of Dew And Tangle

I recall a night of dew and tangle
As the dew fell on the cobweb from a wind at angle
To leave it threaded with stars
A night of scattering jewels on fences and pastures bars

As proud dawn rose against dry grass bright
Yet to come under human sight
And tangled boughs and weaved weeds
Bearing a rainbow gem on each of their seeds

Come again you blue dust of evening over slumbering city,
Over this ocean of roofs, walls, streets and tall towers
Where the window-lights innumerable claim skies without pity
And bloom from the walls like climbing flowers.

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Nero CaroZiv

Of Human Bondage

When my love and I mutually swear that we both are made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she is fickle; full of frauds and dry lies,
Making me wondering if she might think me some untutored youth,
Unlearnèd in the ways of the vast world's false cunning subtleties.

Thus lying to each other, I cannot tell if she thinks me young,
Although in her mind she knows my days are past their best,
Being an occasional adulterous myself, I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides hypocrisy thrives and thus is simple truth suppressed.

But wherefore I can never say or guess when and if she is unjust?
Consuming fresh young flesh wherefore say not I that I am old?
The thrusting thought that love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love, loves not to have years told.

Therefore I do bed her, and she does bed me,
And in our faults by lies and by false evasive excuses we flattered be.
Beware when being seduced by sweet fresh younger nymph's kind
Love becomes a monster that plays havoc with your mind

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Beauty

Oh beauty, immortal, eternal beauty! Sweetest sweet of all things and
contemplations
How did I wasted my youth in sighs and frivolous endless meaningless be
And now I only crave to sit beside your feet reminiscing the pleasures bestowed
on me
You knows I dare not look back into your mocking taunting evasions

How I yearned to speak, to kiss one of your beautiful maids; I dare not fold
My arms about the neck of those beauties; scarcely dare to speak.
To any; and nothing seemed then to me so wild; so maddening and bold,
As with one kiss to touch their blessed smooth cheek.

In my fantasies and dreams I did kiss your maids, no control
Within my thrilling brain could keep insane and afloat
The subtle spirit filled with emotional nourishment I never mentioned
never spoke,
The views and the sounds of beauties hath made my inner soul

Tremble, shiver and quiver; the zeal and rapture
Lovely maids of childhood for ever in mind did settle and capture
The divine sound of a lute string, ere the note
Hath melted in the silence that it broke.

Who could have dreamed that beauty and youth pass like a dream?
In such horrible haste; these red lips and smooth cheeks girls, with all
their blooming pride,
Flourishing in new wonders and in eternal surging tide,
The days of youth and bursts passed away in one high gleam,

Too swift we and our laboring world are passing by:
Amid our agitated tattered souls, that waver and give place
Like the pale cold waters in their winter race,
Under the passing stars, foam of feather thin clouds in the sky,

Before I leave this world I should bow down, in my dim abode:
I cherish and wonder at every creature and its beat,
Weary and kind I still linger on my seat;

Our world must end; for us it is the ebb of the road

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Ever Present To My View

Oh ever present to my view
my warring, wafted spirit is with you
and soothes your budding fears
Which other conceive as gestures of leers
I see you all oppressed with perplex gloom
Wrap in dark shades of hollow room
Oh me see you all in sighs
The invisible trace of tears upon your check dry

Sometimes you are like a deep blue lake
I throw stones to its bottom with no response and no wake
other times I can not tell
the lake is full or it is but a phantom, a fairy tale
yet by its bank I still stand and my head shock
watching a jealous Narcissus craving its image in the watery nook

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Hunter, Catch! snare Me my Childhood shadow!

My days of childhood cheerful; nimble out of the mid-wood's twilight
Into the slumbering summer groves and meadow's dawn,
Running barefoot on Ivory sand and curious brown-eyed,
Yet those days of innocent, beautiful life are irreversibly gone

I skipped through the hill and dale; full volume singing,
And my shadow danced in front along,
And I did not know which I should follow,
My shadow or my song!

Oh Hunter, catch! snare me my childhood shadow!
Oh Nightingale, catch! sing again my boyish strain!
At these memories I am moonstruck with music and maddening lost meadow
I track those happy days in vain!

To prop on beds of spring flowers of the legendary moly
How sweet time; while warm airs lulled me blowing gently slowly
As I walked on garden with eyes open wide and air still
Beneath late spring heaven bright and holy
To watch again the long bright river brimmed with reeds and drawing slowly
His water flowing coming from no apparent hill

To hear the echo of dew drops calling
From leaf to leaf through the thicket vine
And to watch the fresh distill waters in soft murmur falling
Through many ornaments of the field divine
Once more to hear the sparkling cold at summer brine
While I rest in the shade of old sticky trunk of a pine

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Lofty Trees

Oh lofty trees at my childhood so rich in appearance and bloom
Now I see barren of leaves standing naked in forest gloom
Which used from heat to canopy the grazing herd,
where is all summer's green; all girded up in sheaves
Borne on the meadow with white and bristly beard
Those sparkling foliage of past years of whitening leaves

My days of beauty do I seek and revisit and question make
That I am among any other the victims of time, must go,
And my sweets memories and beauties do themselves forsake
Travel away from me, die as fast as they see others around them grow;
And there is nothing against Time's scythe; no avoidance no defense
A fate we must all accept; monarchs and commons same duress

There are times when I do count the clock that tells the days of time,
The solitude of evening when the brave day sinks into a hideous night;
When I observe the violet at my window past its prime,
And my reflection in the glass; sable curls all silvered over with white;
I know behind a night a day will shine from the East
Unfortunately I have not a morsel of optimism when it comes to death; the dire
beast

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Love!

Oh love, my beloved, have you ever contemplated
Of leaving me? A thought so un natural and over rated
Since I have sown you so completely and so wide totally filling your sight
That you will find it everywhere in the day and in the night
It will awake you in the night dream,
It will enfold you wherever you be or whatever you deem.

I set my shadow, my image, and my thoughts upon your sight
And I have winged them with such desire,
That they may be clouds by day bright,
And in the night dark shafts of fierce fire
Entangled like a bird in my web
Why continue to rant and to fret

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Me, Oh Poor Shrunken Brittle Me

Oh me, oh poor shrunken brittle me
Dead cold sunken eyes that will never see
Oh me why have they buried me so deep
What they were afraid of? What they want to keep
How deep is enough?
Is it kind to dig my grave in soil so rough
Oh me that was an ever quiet gentle sleeper
May be still I am but just half dead
Yet to be dumped so wholly deeper
I will never hear the steps over my head
Please some one, some kind heart
Will come and rebury me higher
Ever so little higher above this hole of dire
Some one must realize this horrible mistake
And please rebury me in scenery near a lake
And take this heavy soil that my chest bares
So I can breathe some lighter air

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Prophet!

Oh prophet! Oh prophet! get up and flee
The dormant city
Is vicious, merciless without joviality or glee

Oh prophet! Oh prophet get up and run
The dreadful city before the rising sun
The gentle night welcomes with cover and calm

Oh prophet! oh prophet get up and haste your retreat
The night city drums thunder and beat
A place so foul, no man is liberated or free in solitary streets

Oh prophet! oh prophet get up and hide
This city is filled with bigotry and shameful pride
The night is pure with divinity and delight

Oh Prophet! oh Prophet wake up and rise
Large treasure rapture city eyes
Their sins are blotted in shape and size

Oh prophet! oh prophet take a warning heed
Tomorrow God's wrath will over the city take lead
And with fury and fire burns her towers and her peaks

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh That It Were Possible

Oh, that it were possible
After long grief and pain
You walk in the path of amiable
Innocence and repentance plain

You walk in the field with your barefoot exposed sole
It will touch the field scudding in the wind chaffs
The cut meadow wheat elongated spikes will dagger your soul
And the wind will blow your skirt in halves

A throng of persistent rain drops from the sky caress
Your neck, your shoulders and your fresh hair locks of your head
And as you walk wet and soaked and careless
You shall see the vermillion canopy of the rising dawn's shade

And you stand breast high amid gilded wheat field
Clasped by the golden light of a bright morning yield
Like a sweet creature, a beloved maid of the sun
In the open meadow you draw many glowing kisses, many as one

And you rush brushing ankle-high in a sea of flowers
And you hear the wind behind playing in thousands waves of golden clusters
wheat
And you breath nostrils wide the field's soul so sweet
As the cows thick with milk and the buzzing bees honey your hour

Tranquility and calm will extend within thee, pure emotions newly bred
As a ray of dusk breaks through the edge of a dark cloud
And you will be free from scalp to sole of any lingering doubt
Like a bird in the sky your soul will fly without fear or a dread

And you shall smell the fresh cut field's furrows
As your breath grows calm as a nun
And you will watch the waning sun
In the mirror of a rain puddle, wrapped in golden rows

And things turn so simple and apparent in life
Calm without a struggle or the din of a strife
And you can touch, and you can live under secure heaven above

And you can love! And you can love! And you can love!

Oh that it were possible
After long grief and pain
You walk in the path of freedom lane
Untouched by scourging fire along the way or by storms of evil

And you fall into innocence and repentance plain
And the divine spirit will canopy your life a whole
And you will be shy and innocent again
Like a lawn; like a lea; like a newborn soul

Oh that it were possible after long grief and pain
You walk wandering towards your beauteous hours
When summer haze hangs over short simmering showers
To be welcomed by lush grass and sprouting flowers

And you wonder in peace while you pace along
As the fields and woods are full with whisper and song
And shall be without a slough, a crust of sin or any other touch of wrong
And you shall stay away from the basest of mankind; debark with a clear mind

And let them be who harm you all these years
For them you shade no vows; from them withhold your tears
Let them keep battering the gates of heaven with fruitless pray
"Have mercy Lord, Take my flaws away"

Oh that it were possible after long grief and pain
From this fearful thing you abstain
Of glancing back at the gloom of miss-spent years
When your heart sweats and weeps with a thousand tears

And you shall forgive these wild wandering cries
Confusions of wasted years; a beam of hope breaks through
Portrayed in shapes and shades of feeling of yearning true
To illuminate your night of darkness and to cheer your aching eyes

Oh that it were possible after long grief and pain
You walk these pastures after a pausing rain
A pleasant gale urging breaks from behind
Rain drops aflutter with gentle wind

And bruit your song to the very creatures in the grass down
Will fall on your goddess like shape gown
And on the wilding brooch of your dress
From which gilded drops fall on your breast

Oh that it were possible after long grief and pain
You reseed your heart with new love grains
And you break forth from all past enslaving love
And you adore the freedom bestowed from heaven above

You bridge back the river of your early youth years
To the first fountain of innocent love smiles and tears
And you would not trace again the stream of human lukewarm hours
Between outworn banks of life withered flowers

Nor shall you ever bid your time flow until it ripples and glides
Into number of meaningless, nameless love wavelets tides

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Where Are You The Lost Lamb In Pain And In Sour

Oh where are you the lost lamb in pain and in sour
You who have strayed from your pastor
where have you gone along
To a land without a tree and without a song
where do you wander
straying from me, from life you are sundered
You now in stranger land drink water
From broken wells

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh Wordsworth! Wordsworth!

Oh Wordsworth! Wordsworth!

In vain you have scattered thy heavy words
Unanchored by human character, sighing, suffering or thought
They to be scudded by the winds towards
Nothing, but a pile of chaffs and morsels in midfield of naught

But once you did captivate the heart of a lad and lass
When you wrote about the splendor in the grass
Tented with the canopy of the glory of the flower
Since then your prose froze, sank never again to tower

Yet to the above well deserved praise
one small correction I am obliged to raise
This is done without any malice or bad intention
but the fact of truth should not be snaffled its mention

That these soft lines of human treasure
were buried in 'ode' beyond any measure
under the weight of ten stanzas that ware wilt any reader pleasure
Oh Wordsworth if you had just written half less
your message and verse would have so much more grace

Failing to recite your long lines of 'nature' at school
The teacher called me loud and clear 'You damned fool'
Stone cold at heart she could never feel or tell
How arid, dull to death and ludicrous was 'Peter bell'

Oh Wordsworth! Wordsworth!

In your rather long and tedious "Excursion"
A quarto that hold several hundreds pages
You have given a sample from the vasty version
Of your "new system" to perplex the sages
I assume that he who understands it would be able
To resolve the confusion at the tower of Babel

Oh Wordsworth! Wordsworth!

In vain you have summoned the earth, sun and creeks
That rush in the maze of forest gloom

Your verse is doused with heavy dunces to be a doom
And never your pen treads with your colleagues peaks

The wording of your prose in human aspect is low
It teaches me the nothingness of things
Word after word line by line about nothing
You gathered winds and storms but never let them see a show
The anticipated climax that never culminated into its conclusion
The converging clouds dissipated leaving the reader struck with illusion

But some dignitary scholars of the world idol you
As the distinguished poet of nature
They teach your philosophy in every college lecture
"He who has mourned and wept to know
The sweet memories of childhood, friendship and love first glow
Once they leave us, we forever live in vexing pain of their shadow"

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh You Angel Of Pain

Oh you angel of pain, wherever I turn I think of your face
It will be, in every heavenly, holy place,
You the sweetest face that deprived my eyes from sweet sleep
I wish I can see you closer and your swiftest face to smile on me; a smile I keep.
All other angels faint; dimmed and tire;
My joy; my wearies, and forsaken desire;

Hope falters, diminishes; a face to face with cruel fate,
Hope gasps; yet not dies even in face of a long wait;
And Love cuts short each loving unanswered day,
I ask for the night; because fond hearts cannot obey
That subtlest law which measures bliss
By what it is content to miss.

But you, Oh you loving, faithful pain
I feel hated, reproached, rejected, slain
When I think of you; does only closer cling and bless
In sweeter, stronger steadfastness.
Dear, patient angel, to your own
You appear like a phantom in the grass; you come and never known

Till late, in some lone twilight place
The light of your transfigured face
Sudden shines out, and, speechless but my lips movements I pray
Know I have been with your spirit all day
And for once your gnawing face turns grief
To comforting relief

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh, A Maid Of Mine

Oh, a maid of mine, where are you going?
Stay and hear! I am your true-love in fire glowing
let me whisper in your ear, I can sing tunes high and low;
Wander no further from me, my lush voluptuous pretty sweetening,
A Journey is the end in lovers' meeting
Every wise man this truth does know.

What is lasting love? This is not what comes hereafter;
Present mirth has an instant glee and laughter;
And what is to come is still mystery, surprise and unsure:
A delayed love may be stale and empty; in hesitations there lies no plenty
Then come kiss me, one long passionate sweet and another short twenty,
Youth has this stuff of eagerness that will not endure.

There is no long enduring, nurturing, fostering love
Either one separates from partner or God takes what is ours from above

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh, How I Love Late Summer Eve

Oh, how I love late summer eve

When rays of light rush pouring from the gore golden West

And the balmy night wind comes tranquil into rest

The silver cloud in the moon sheen has been long on its way to leave

All mal thoughts and fears take a sweet pause and calm retrieve

No more little gnawing cares, but find with easy quest

The night music, the fragrant bush, the silhouette of flowers with Nature's beauty dressed

And there comes delight my innocent craving a miracle soul to deceive

That is the time when my heart is warm in ecstatic lore

Musing about the beauty of the haze under summer night and the flower lure

Oh, adventurous creatures of the night rise to take your dinted shields

And I see the beauty of the glory the wild summer night yields

Nero CaroZiv

Oh, If It Is Not God Utmost Forbiddance

Oh, if it is not God utmost forbiddance that you make yourself love's slave
Obedience in thought and discipline under the control of his domineering
pleasure

Or at his hand the account of time with him to enjoy and to crave
Being his vassal, his dispensable tool, you bound yourself to stay his leisure

Shall you not suffer being constantly at his bidding beck
The imprisoned in the absence of his calm and cool liberty
And patience, tame to sufferance, bow and bide each check
Without accusing him or holding him account of any injury

To be where he lists his character is so strong
That he himself may provide his account and time
To what he will, to him it does belong
He to pardon himself of self doing mischief or crime

You wait for a change though waiting is hell
But it never comes,
Your comfort, your amends far delaying for years some
Yet you never blame his pleasure be it ill or well

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh, Never More!

My life is devoured by the fierce relentless jaws of Time!
Never to trace again all dales and mountains I did climb,
Just trembling at the thought of that where I had stood before;
Ever when will return the glory of my prime?
No more to be -Oh, never more!

During day and night
Any past joy withdrawn, oblivion, has taken flight:
Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint old heart with grief, but still with memorial delight
No more the glory of past days -Oh, never more!

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Nero CaroZiv

Oh, Pretty Woman

Oh, pretty woman strolling down city streets
You change my thoughts, my heart throbs beat, beat

Oh, nymph of downwards smile and sidelong glance
In what diviner moments of the night or the day
Are you most lovely I wonder? Is it when you go astray
In this city maze of paths and parks with labyrinths of human utterance?

Oh, pretty woman, is it when serenely wandering in a trance
Of sober divine thoughts, or when or when starting away
With careless red robe to meet the first morning ray
You out do the flowers in your hazy mazy dance?

Oh, nymph when your ruby voluptuous lips part so sweetly
To please the ears of men as a whole sound completely
Is it not more gentle than a wind in summer
What can be more soothing than your harmonious hummer?

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Oh, Who Is Afraid Of Life

Oh, who is afraid of life
The passion the sorrow and the strife?
In front of my window the multitudes are asleep
Sheltered so easily in their beds
Happy in their sleep as if they were dead

Yet I am alone and not dead
I wish not to lie in bed
Dead, dead, dead
Dead without any company
Here alone on my bed
with all these gracious thoughts about the world
These thoughts are fed by the sun

O life there is about you
This deep sense of sweet being
I would not have been without you here
Yet, you without me would have been the same
So let me stay, and stay more with you
Sweetness, joy, breath and rebirth
Keep away the death

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Nero CaroZiv

On God Laments

Oh mighty God you have allowed us to choose,
And in loose ambition we lose all we have
In making life choices, which meant only to those among us who are brave
Yet the majority of us toil in the maze of world fragile and loose

Rather than guide each soul to its destiny, fate and ball
What kind of creature to be? , what act to perform before the dust fall?
Much I have been raged since my early days as young
For being so oppressed in your world and lacking a shrewd tongue

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Nero CaroZiv

Once Two Friends

Once, Once upon a time we were friends an elder and a youth
Bond together in the quest of the light of truth
But what whispering tongues' poison what rough winds wedged to set us aloof

A riddle of constancy which lives in realm above
And life is a thorny path of youth in vain
And to be worth with the one we love
Does work like gnawing poison, a demon of madness havocking the brain

Alas since then neither of us could find the other
To free the hallow heart from anguishing painting
We still stay apart; the scares we meant to mend remain ailing

Like giant steep lofty cliffs we stand asunder
A dreary sea now follows between
Which neither heat nor frost nor quake nor thunder
Shall wholly shakes it away, I dream to wean
The marks of love which once had been

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Nero CaroZiv

One Morning In April

It was an April morning; before Passover day
So fresh and clear; a day that swept all worries and anguish away
New invigorated rivulets from last winter were delighting in their strength and
glee
Running they were with a wild speed; and yet the voice to be
Of murmuring waters which the winter had supplied
Was softened down into a vernal tone

The spirit of enjoyment and desire
Childish hopes were at their peak; wishes, from all living things
Caught me in tempest; went circling, like a multitude of phony sounds.
The white budding groves seemed eager to urge on
I could feel the steps of May in queue; as if their various hues
Were only hindrances that stood between them and their object

But meanwhile, prevailed and exalted
Such an entire contentment in the air
That every naked ash, and tardy, sturdy tree
Yet leafless with expectations for bloom showed as if the countenance
With which it looked on that delightful day
Were native to the upcoming summer;

Up the brook I roamed as a child in the zeal and confusion of my heart,
Alive to all things and forgetting all agitations and worries
At length I to a sudden turning came
In this continuous glen, where down a rock
The stream, so ardent in its course before,
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound,

That all which I till then had heard, appeared the voice
Of common pleasure: vermilion tulips; beasts and birds
The shepherd's dog strolling with the cows spread into banana orchard;
the linnet and the thrush vied with that waterfall encircled by proud reeds and
made a song,

Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth
Or like some natural produce of the air,

That could not cease to be. green leaves were here;
But it was the foliage of the rocks; the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent furze:
And, on a summit, distant a short space the house in mid citrus groves
By any who should look beyond the dell,

The meadow of tulips in gored hues had been everywhere seen.
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said back then
'These thoughts and emotions and this view of wild nook,
Are like precious treasure beyond any measure '
Soon did the spot became my other home; my shelter from the vile hand
My shrine; my dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode.

Long lived in me the scenery of the Shepherds who had seen me there,
These thoughts; that contemplation to whom I never in my frivolous idle talk
Have told these thoughts of fancy, to anyone around
Years after I am gone and shunned in my grave,
None will recall these fantasy; it will evaporate into the thin air,
As if they never happened; they never lived; never did zeal the human mind

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Nero CaroZiv

Our Beloved Cat

My beloved dear, I was summoned to go up to my place in heaven
My time is up in this earth; short, I doubt if I can count my days until seven
It is the final journey we all must take on unknown track
From which no soul has return back to tell his adventures and luck

They say it is a good world up there
I will not suffer a head ache; a tooth break or a cold winter to bare
The authorities can never pursue me for any reason
Filling taxes? is none at any season

Meanwhile you my dear can renew and recover
From long mourning and suffer
And you can choose an old man; gray hair with average head
To fill my empty cold place in bed

But make sure he is my size and about my length
So he can fit exactly into my cold empty place in bed without effort or unneeded
strength
He can wear my pajama and my cotton embedded slippers
I will not need them in that world of no keepers

I can tolerate his foul existence in my house and in my bed
But I must warn you if he does any thing cruel or mean to our beloved cat
I will appear in his sweaty devilish nightmare like a fire spitting bat
And by the early dawn he will have a heart attack; to be pronounced dead!

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Nero CaroZiv

Our Marriage

So once I have thought how sweet it is to love!
And so I did follow in aught how beguiling is young desire!
And thus I have endured the pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach our love's fire!
And in truth our pains of love were sweeter far
Than all other pleasures were or are.

Our early sighs which were from our love blown
Did but gently heave and calm the heart:
Even the tears we shed together and alone
Cured, like trickling balm, their smart:
As young lovers, when we lost our breath,
we bled away in an easy soothing death.

But now I ask why should a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago in years and seasons was made,
Still oblige us to each other now,
When passion is lost and love decayed?
We loved, and we loved, as long as we could,
Till our love was loved out in us both;
But our marriage is dead when the pleasure and fun are fled:
It was pleasure first made it an oath.
Yet with time and in years it grew into despise and loath

Yet now I ask not the cause why it turns sullen spring
That so long delays her flowers over our heads to bear;
Why warbling birds forget to sing, and quite are the lake rings
And winter storms invert the year under its gloom we lost our cheer
Roses are gone; and fate provides
To make it spring away where she resides.

And in this world of prison and loath in which we stubbornly stay
Your indifference of a spectator who is idle and aloofly sits
An icon of more a beholding than caring in a cold detached play
Of estranging and abandoning rather than amending my troubled wits

Take for instance the times when I enjoy glad occasions
Or in sad times when I wail and utter my pains and woes
The first kind you encounter with sulphuric retreats of desperation

While on the second you offer no kindness, a total cruelty in shows

Finding no delights in my mirth nor rues in my successes
Mocking me in my laughs, and when I cry
You laugh hardening ever more your remote heart and withdrawn passes
Where are this love and passion that used to dwell in your eye

And nothing in me can move you, nor mirth nor moan
Oh love, what is the process that has turn you into senseless stone!
How great our mutual grief, our joys how few,
Time have the slow years not brought to view

Your voice once so sweet encouraging and calm
Now can shedder glass and is heard through like drums
It beats to battle; dreadful bells that awaken alarms
Your face, once my phantom, delights of fancy, comes
In front of me to give the battle its utmost climax

Ah, the neighbors and other bold acquaintances
On us they have drown their social acceptances
claiming we have the perfect life in pure marriage
little they know the horses hooked behind the carriage
Would ever such horses and carriage move forward
Sodomy and agony; suffocating oppression I feel so awkward

Shall I long and yearn to be happy again when I am alone
Do the things I want and call the day my own
Stop being dependent, be secure within and can say
Be your worse darling I have lived my day

Ah, be fair or foul, rain or shine
Who cares, my joys in spite fate are mine
No one on earth and nor you over me has power
Free from what has been I will seek my rebirth hour

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Our Orli

Of all the girls that are cleaver and smart
There is none like witty pretty Orli
She is the darling of our heart
Where she lives within chambers' alley solely

Of all young ladies of the land
none walks in such beauty and youth of proud descend
her master of art and math of high command
like cloudless climate of starry nights skies
you can meet the aspect of her eyes

The war of shades and lights
of rebel frowns and innocent smiles bright
are so softly lightened over her glance and face
where thoughts sweetly serenely express
How pure how dear is their dwelling place

And on those cheeks and over this brow
the soft and calm yet eloquent
smiles that win the tints that glow
but tell of budding life of respect and in goodness spent
A mind at its peace with all the universe show
A heart whose love and thirst to the world is innocent

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Nero CaroZiv

Over A Hill

Over a hill with an old stone structure,
Over dale with balmy roses and a roaming vulture
Thorough a familiar loving bush, thorough a brier,
Thorough winter flood, thorough summer wild thorns fire

There I did wander everywhere, again in my dream I did not share
Sweet childhood swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I saw phantom of delight in the woods of the forest queen,
The morning zephyrs dance to dew her orbs upon the green;

The cowslips were tall her pensioners to be;
In their gold coats spots I could see;
Those be my rubies, fairy favors;
In those freckles live their savors;

I must go now to the meadow and seek some dewdrops there,
Like old days to hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear with fresh scent of the air

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Nero CaroZiv

Past Days Melodies

Who would bring back the beauty that lives in mystic past day's melodies?
And all the light and air I breathed when summer dawn was in a song.
The sweet voices; the moan of the wind that awakes the dreaming airs that
throng
Within my cherished and haunted memories

The scent and voices of the past that sank within the time seas
When I was a boy who forgot to listen, floated in fields and meadows along
The summer wind moaned undercurrent soft and strong.
And a shepherd piped for lambs and goats beneath the trees;

Along the purple hills of drifted sand,
A lone in solitary boy played an ancient flute;
At dawn the house cow silhouette gave his old salute
Beside the dry river bed the reeds by desert breezes fanned.

The music faints about me as I contemplate
In my head the sound of that remote flute
I wish I was an orphan; my soul trembles mute

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Nero CaroZiv

Past Love

Is it you I keep thinking of, dreaming of still?
Should I feel like I do; shall I do like I feel?
I come to realize that I do miss your love and sooth
While I am not missing your harsh manners and capricious reproof

We ran our love; the golden largess of our praise
Till it was gone, and phase
So it came; so it fell to the flower of cankered mal
It would not let it be as it was; sieged in fatal

It is not a word spoken or a gesture token,
Few words are said; silence is pure innocent guide
Nor even a piercing look of the sharp eyes from heart broken
Nor a bend or a nod of the head, can bring back the tide

But only a calm hush overwhelming the isolated heart deep
That has too much to contemplate and to keep,
Only memories waking, running through the unsettled mind
That sleeps so light a sleep; if rests such a short kind.

There is no magic between us any more,
We meet; we behave; we react as other people do,
Your presence works no miracle for me as it used before
Does mine play any perfumed reminiscence to you?

Nothing will be changed now in coming years
After so many years all unshaken stand;
Like sluttish ware out tomb stones in grave yard sand
Life has not broken it with parting or panting tears;

Death will not alter it either,
My heart against you will never rebel;
My feelings in my heart do live on
Long after love past; they are in all my songs
When I am perished and gone.

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Nero CaroZiv

Picture Of The Past

Often, too often I recall back the beauty of past childhood days,
The wandering in early summer morning against raising sun in wild fields all
alone
There I heard the free birds singing; calling their friends in pert and nimble fun
plays
Even now at this moment in my ears echoes their song; a yearning feeling of
forlorn

Around me were the echoing yellow wheat fields being combed by the wind,
beyond me
The magnificent citrus orchards with rich lush foliage as the sea
I may go thru whatever transformation; pass through death and ages in my
quest to be
Once more in the air with the scent of these citrus trees

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Nero CaroZiv

Rain One Solitary Night

Oh, rain a midnight pour in unrelenting persistence, nothing but the wild falling rain

On this bleak isolated hut, where suffocating solitude reigns grasps and rules
It reminds me that I shall end and die with every drop again and again
How long this rain can last; listen to the voice of rain cold with wind so cruel

This purposeless rain is it about washing the world cleaner than it has been
What purpose it may serve, being born into this solitude with no aid around to be seen

I wish I was dead for blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon
Unlike me waiting the rain to pause or cease before the rise of dawn

The frigid rain gathers in cold springs among broken reeds,
A throng of broken brown reeds all tattered, still and stiff,
Like me who have no love which this wild rain on tin roof beat beat
Has not dissolved except the share of misery and grief

Solitude grabs me in this night of relentless rain
It is the time when I compelled to search through all I felt and saw
The springs of life, the depth of pain and extremity of awe
The chain of our very knitted purport, all gone in vain

The sporadic rain with fitful alternations and day light has no gain
When the chill wind as it moans, languid as with acidic pain
With its own heavy moisture, lingering in the open air
And drives through the gray and beamless morbid atmosphere

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Nero CaroZiv

Rain, Rain, Rain

Rain, rain, rain
Why it cannot be another rain
The one that comes down
Whirling and smashing under a gust
With force with joy and with thrust
Bouncing from leaf to leaf
From earlobe to earlobe
Shines like a pearl
In the vermilion lap of a rose
And in the morning sun
A playful rabbit will chase
The vapor of its breath
On a lush green turf

Rain, rain, rain
Exits and ends are not joyful trend
Mortality, a monster ambushing life
Lurks our essential being
Craves its victims young and fresh
Devour like fire any piece of beauty to ash
Prey on any joy of ever
This horror of feeling, this dreadful sadness descended on me
Like a night on an owl
To rough and to shake me with dreadful foul

All things are hushed with the falling rain, nature's self lay dead
The mountains seem to nod their dawn drowsy head
The little birds in dreams their songs not repeat
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat
Even lust, Envy and hate sleep, yet loves denies
Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes

Oh Dear, lay your trouble head to rest
Calm the palpitations in the breast
God renders our fortune sweet
If we aid him with our bravery and wits

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Nero CaroZiv

Recollections

Circling recollections with the scent of spring bloom tulips
And landscapes of long stretched meadows to the horizon lips
Are the idyll of early childhood taunting years
Haunting me in shadow and in light; in dark and in clear

Cruel Time you so generously, graciously glorify, clarify the skies
Of these accompanying, flickering hazy memories
Returning them to a welcoming wounded heart to bare
Flocking like white butterflies, oh sweet fantasies of childhood days free of care

I remember dewy, white, bright, luminous, luring summer morning,
Helping a blazing sun to rise on wings of the breeze
Toward skies dotted with drifting thin floating clouds that tease
The fading cool night in mourning

Skipping school was never in the mind of the fools
To organize a clamorous battle against an irritating ant hill
In which rocks rattle and flow like bullets from dale and rill
Trenches and moats are dug, sticks and logs and many other war tools

Childhood of hallowed valley, of blessed calm and coolness,
Where holy rays and divine winds blast our days in goodness
How saintly your pure innocence, how fleeting your brief happiness
How sweet to rest in thee sweetness in hours of rough bitterness

Childhood memories circle and float like a circle in a spiral
A dream within a dream like a wheel within a wheel
Relentless, no never ending never beginning; intoxicating ale
Ever rotating, ever bursting on an ever-spinning reel

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Reflections

Dark winter night, a window-sill is crystallized with frost,
Outside a world is bitter, dump, cold

The moon is cruel, prudish and the howling wind
Is like a two-edged sword to sheathe the escaping boughs

City streets deserted, shops are closed against avenues glow
Only scattered papers are chased by whirling winds on the streets below

Shadows of feral cats stalk in the dimming lights; a frightening show
Who would walk the lamp-lit streets of snow.

My past child memories so gentle, full of glee
Against the warm window glass do return to me

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Reflections On A Winter Night

If you go away and you have set the day
In my heart I foster a blessing, in my lips a pray
That you shall guard and protect yourself
And your life be under these heaven and sun safe

And if you wish to say 'Good bye' and if for ever
Still for ever... as 'ever' is such deafening, I do wish you well
Even though my heart with painful pangs gasps for air, never
Against you shall it bare to rebel

Yet quietly and reclusive it retreats to dark solitary
To vanquish its sorrow and sweet pains and deals daily with adversary
It has to unchain to unwind and to wean
Itself from her, the one that had been

I, I his master have locked it in the chamber of my chest
Where shaken and frightened it will seek but never find rest
For I have thrown the dungeon's keys
And condemned it to live by fading memories

And If I hear it sobbing long into a cold winter night
I will command it to be a proud daring knight
And so I shall say:
Dear heart! There is not a joy life can give, like that it takes away

Oh it is such a fearful thing to glance and bare
Back on the bloom of love long wielded
It is a flower beaten down with rain and wind
Which once they fostered up with gentle care

Your words sounded like the howling winds on barren branch load
When the joy of laughter ceases
Suffocated love dries out and frizzes
And there are no morning breezes to move away the ominous cloud

And the heart within me crying in the bewitched night
It is crying for its deprived light
With no language with a wordless cry

And yet so potent is its sigh

Howling, howling, howling the wind over dark land and sea

No refuge no comfort can come to me

Wailing, wailing, wailing the sounds of the night

The ominous moon stares at the snow and the downs are as a day bright

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Nero CaroZiv

Regrets

My old days are rushing faster and faster
Gloom; blurry; bereft of any light, hope or luster
Trepidation pierce my heart, it is a fearful thing to glance
Back on the darkness of dire childhood in mid of mis-spent years
The vile voice; what shadowy of breaded guilt advance
And wake within me turbulent; pains and old forgotten fears

The faulty vices; the no vices of my life arise
Portrayed in shapes and forms so false ultimate untrue
My childhood days and long nights when not one beam of hope breaks through
No happy memories to cheer my old rusted bones and sunken eyes
None to inspire; to illuminate my long child nights wretchedness
Nowadays; days of age in anguish, languish and distress

Damned as a child I found not
The innocent glee and naïve scenery of flowers in the meadows of this earthy
spot
That long sailed world, and the youth days to come
Were both to me a scene of dark and gloom the days had become
Lest ought of solace I should have seen
My days would so much happier had been

Memory; shade your grace and light
Relentlessly over this worn soul; let it be gleaming
Like some far fire at starry night
Along the dull deep streaming
Like an oak-tree old and grey whose trunk dry pilled with age is failing
Through its cracked boughs the winter winds are moaning and wailing

Yet I do remember April mornings: fresh, gleeful and clear
The world breathing, delighting in its strength,
Spring rivulets ran with speed and vigor; along the brimmed banks length
And yet the voice of waters which the winter had supplied in sheer
Was softened down into a vernal inner earth tone.
The spirit of enjoyment and desire overwhelmed me as the wind did moan

And hopes and wishes engulfed me, from all living things around
Went circling, like a multitude of vivid gay sounds.
The citrus budding groves seemed eager to urge on
The steps of June; as if their various scents and hues spread and flown
Were only hindrances that stood between
Them and their object: but, meanwhile, prevailed and did the season wean

Such a blessing; an entire contentment in the calm fresh air of glee
The restless ass under that single naked ash, and nearby a sturdy tree
In full foliage, showed as if the countenance
With which it on that delightful day did look
Were native to the warm happy summer; up the brook
I roamed in the confusion of my heart, at that observance

Childhood days nevertheless I was alive to all things and forgetting all.
Roaming in deserted fields at length I to a sudden turning came
In a continuous glen, where down an outcropping rock craggy tall
A running stream, so nimble and ardent in its course, so untamed
Sent forth such sallies of glad sounds with different tones of choice
Which I still remember the music of that divine voice

Of common pleasure: soul, breathe of nature; beast and bird, the lamb,
And the shepherd's dog, the linnet and the thrush, vegetation's throng
Vied with stream waterfall, and made a murmuring song,
Which, while I listened, seemed like the savage dram
Or like some natural produce of the air,
That could not cease to be. Green leaves were there;

I remember a cold windy winter night; up to my head
I lied under my blanket as the cow manor scent floated into my bed
The wind began to moan and to rise
It roared from the East as in the West was dropping day
The leaves were falling to the ground and whirled away
A flock of alarmed crows were blown to the skies

In the morning I could see through my fogged window
Behind the wet piles of straw in the mow
The citrus grove cracked and the waters in the tiny stream vigorously curled
The black white cattle huddle along the foaming lea
The fresh sunlight stroked along the rising world
And wildly dashed on peaks and foliage tree

I staggered through life; time came and taught me the anguish of many years
The suffering was not imaginary only in my dream
Looking back how strange, unusual do these things seem
The endless moments of suffering in confusion without tears
And I should tell who all my pain
Who would acknowledge the turbulent I possessed in my brain

And yet, even yet if all this had happened to me
I, falling on my faith and self conviction heart
I would rejoice; lucky me on my lips impart
The life that almost on me were not to be
The life that dies not but endures with pain
And slowly formed me as a man with strong firm mind
Though treasuring the look backward which I can never find
And the vile words that are not heard again

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Nero CaroZiv

Remember Me

Remember me when I am no longer near but gone away
Gone far away into a remote unknown land
When you can no more reach and hold me by the hand
Nor I half hesitantly turn to go, yet prolong the turning stay

Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of life and love netted and planned
Of changes, rehashes and plans you must attend
With courage without pretend or from the truth astray

Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to console, to rebuild or to pray
A murky river falls into the sea in a shore of vast sand
And the swift footed time will claim its prey

Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember again, please do not grieve
For if agony and anguish leave
A morsel of the thoughts that once I had
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than you should ever remember and be sad

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Nero CaroZiv

Rise Up Child

Rise up child and wipe clear your blurring eyes
Why stand all this rebuke, toil, and mastered trouble
Ignore tyrannous, manipulative presence and observe the cerulean skies
No doubt you find the beautiful world around you growing double

The sun above the gray mountains head
A fresh morning breeze, refreshing luster mellow
Through all the long green fields are calling, has spread
The holyday sweet evening scent dusk is red yellow

Move away from chiding lectures which are endless torture strife
Go out to the fields of spring and listen to the woodland linnets
How sweet invigorating, soothing is his music to life
So much wisdom bestowed on it

I remember it well, it was almost the end warm day of March:
Childhood at its best, each minute sweeter than before
Preparing for Passover, the redbreast sang from the tall larch
That stood outside beside our hens door.

There was that rare blessing in the air,
With blooming tulips on hill which seemed a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and remote mountains bare
And grass scent in the stretch of green field

Sweet child there is nothing left to do or say
But this, that childhood fantasy and joy are never lost
Fierce winter stabs the breasts of our lovely May
Yet its crimson roses burst his frost

Ships are by rouge waves tempest-tossed
Eventually will find a harbor in some bay at a sailor pray

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Nero CaroZiv

Sacramento's Sacraments

Sacramento, Sacramento a city under twilight dusk
From your deserted streets the people one by one will not last
Where are all the lights and the young lads gone?
Where are all the flowers and the nightly gowns?

Solely and slowly the homeless roam in the ghostly streets
Searching morsels and shredded company in dark allies pits
Poverty and desolation scream from every corner wall
An inferno wall of fear cankering the human soul

A shady tattered figure with torn vomits on the side walk stone
His lungs and soul all widely, publically blown
His pal lays his liquids in comfort on a bank of murky creek
while a salty dropp slides down my dusty cheek

Sacramento, Sacramento in your elongated gardens
the black bat night has flown
In his path a wooden bench of lovers lane is unattended alone
And the roses by the hush of the moon lost their pardons

The nightly beasts will not come out of their den banned by fright
The little birds winged their way shrieking out of their natural game
As the broad moon rises looming like a beacon flame
against the red murky evening light.

Gothic ornaments attached to buildings with granite pillars broad and tall
Standing in support shoulder to shoulder, brother to brother
as the night shades on the weary city fall
their claws grasp and wrap your avenues like blight
Lovers will not whisper to each other
'be by the roses tonight'.

A granite bright silhouette appears streamed into the air by the gable wall
As slowly steals the moon in a silver flame
Along her rarely naked breast she announces the starry night her proclaim
There among the tall pillars the glory of the night holds its fall

I muse upon her high state as the broad moon laves
The lawn by the cathedral through the door
Hearing the holy organ waves
Of sound rolling on roof and floor

Odd ominous is that lunar light
The granite rock column which stands on
Confronting the sanguine beam bright
Seems to change into a pillar of crimson

While its lower part is doused in darkness half averted
Shrouded in the densest pall of dark
And the vaults of blending beams of nightly arc
And a bronze snake twines his black folds and glossy neck converted

Sacramento, Sacramento the meadows around you are shining with splendor
haze
As the sun daily gilds the wheat stems with glaze
And the night desert winds blow and the palm tree arms stir
a star barely peers through the thick heavy atmosphere
You are far from any native shores
Where waves roll high and foaming breakers roar

Sacramento, Sacramento the charmed sunset lingers in the West
The hot feverish night succeeds with parched unwholesome air
That softly falls on petals blown from roses crest
And your inner land cannot see the silent pinnacles of snow aged and fair

The hills around are full with flowers in bright bloom
Grow green and broad and take no care
except sun-steep at noon and nightly dew-fed at the moon
far from misery and despair

Sacrament, Sacramento no crocodiles in your briny creeks
The sun scorches mercilessly your mountains peaks
in the sand fields of your river foot
reluctantly avoiding the banks outcropping tree's roots

The plain is not grassy in your wide river, but wild and bare
Whirl, wild and open to the hot afternoon air

which has built up through the streets everywhere
Under high elevated train rail concrete gray
With inner voice the wide silent river runs
In it floats a dying half plucked swan

The willow trees sagging over the floating swan weep
On their shades on tangled blankets the settlements of the homeless sleep
the sadden trees with boughs drooping in deep lament
As the weary wind sighs and calms the grieving reeds tops at ascend.

Sacramento Sacramento

In your field the thundering steed
Rushes aimlessly struck by the long day heat
There is windless calm a dismal pause beat
The dust of hooves cloud the inferno air
Towering to the vaults of colossus blue without a stair
The lonely shaded spider's thin gray pall
Waves slowly widening over between a pole and wall

The bat hangs by the whispering reeds in the bower
And waits the kingdom of the night by the fortress of his power
The ominous owl usurps the beacon tower
The stray dog howls in despair over the river brim
By his emaciated human both baffled thirst and famine grim
As the line of dust on the human face lingers
The hands idle with patina of skin and sot on the fingers

Though the river never shrinks from its sandy bed
There the weeds and desolating dust spread
Unable to cope with the sultriness of the day
The children hide and do not play

A dark shadow flits before me where I stand
Murmuring old themes of ancient biblical days
He holds a worn out book in his hand
Trance in delirium he conjures prophets in his prayers

Oh lo, finally approaches an old city bus
Making its way heavily across a track of phantom city cars
Its image faint against countless closed shops and abandoned bars
Its engine vocals its core in a choir with a shuttered glass din
Oh bus, where so long have you been?

But thank God you came at last!
Blessed the Lord, you are real and well seen!

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Nero CaroZiv

Savage Time

Savage cruel Time that in your claws we deposit our trust
And youth, and our joy, and our all, whole we have and hope
And what we are paid back by your deceitful trade? earth and dust
In that dark eternal final state of grave with no upward slope

You take us, pluck us from the world; before we mature our ways
Shut up, closed and wrap in shroud the story of our undone days
Ah, from this earth, this grave this dust none of us revive or last
We are gone abandoned by all around; left with no trust

Daily we count the clock that measures you Time
And we watch bereft of a brave day sinking into hideous night
Our violet timid and shy yields to you its prime
as our heads all silvered over with white

And nothing against your scythe can make defense still
Unless we breed our beauties forth to escape your eternal skill

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Nero CaroZiv

Scold Me

Scold me for your eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing your heart torments me with deep disdain,
Have put on mocking mourners of nature to be,
Looking with pretty wrath upon my pains.

The morning sun of heaven knowing what my night been through
Better becomes the gray sobbing cheeks of the East,
And that full star that ushers in the heaven sees my day's blue
Loses half of its glory to the sober dark west,

And your two glorious eyes embedded in such complexion face:
Will there be some pity there for me to beseem your heart that I adore
To mourn for me and torture and despise me no more,
Since even mourning does your beauty grace

Oh, fair creature of the field let me speak and your heart yields
I would my rude words had the influence without offence or guilt
To lead your thoughts as your fair looks do mine
Then my world would never know a brighter sun shine

God knows I cannot force love as you do upon me
My words will be for sooth and spotless as my youth
A diamond set in lead will retain its worth and its truth
Though I am base in respect to thee

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Nero CaroZiv

Send Me Some Words

Send me some words that my gasping hope may breathe
That my agitated thoughts may release my mind to sleep, to rest in peace
Send me a message that my panting passion may survive
That my mind pantomimes on sweet honey memories stolen from our past hive

Send me some tokens of our love
I expect no rib bond written on paper white dove
Nor letters in scripted in your own hands
To knit back our love in strong strains
Of new touched youth of a ring and vigor to sew the stands
Of our affection, souls connection that as that round ring is plain
So should our love regain its youth its origin and simplicity
No, send me not the coral that your fine wrist enfolds
Laced up together in harmonious congruity
To show that our thoughts should rest in the same hold
No, not your picture though most divine and gracious
And most desired, popular and the best
No, not witty lines, which are most copious,
Within the writing which you addressed

Send me none of all
It will increase none in my store
But swear you know
I love you deeply so
Stall, hash and say no more

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Sessions

Some nights devoted to the sessions of the mind and sweet silent thought
I recall, I summon up remembrance of things long past,
I sigh, the lack of many things I craved, and sought,
And so these sessions go thru with me like a friend, the whole night they last

And with old woes and miss happening new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, the past memories so used in my mind to flow,
For precious days of youth hid in death's dateless night,
And I weep afresh on unmaterilized loves in days of youth long since canceled
woe,

And mourn the happy hours slipped; the expense of many a vanished wondrous
sight:
Then can I grieve at childhood foregone in chide and rebuke shaken
And heavily from woe to woe tell over glory of haze in summer night
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan by a ghost taken

On aggravations which I newly pay and repay as if not paid before.
But like a lithe reeds by a river bank upon these atrocities I do not break but
bend
And by this strength all losses are restored and sorrows end.

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Shabbat

It was the hour of childhood Fridays, when from the curved boughs
The sparrows were shimmering and the nightingale high note was heard;
It was the hour when soft pure voices of boys choir sounded like lover's vows
Pure holy prays coming from a temple so sweet in every whispered noted word;

Just before Shabbat, gentle winds and waters near,
Made such secrete, murmur music to my lonely ear
Each flower in coming Spring the dews had lightly wet,
And in the sky of early evening where throng of stars were met,

And on the forest gloom the shadows were deeper blue,
And on the young leaves dwelled a green hue,
And in the Heaven that was clear and yet somehow mysterious obscure
Such an hour of pleasure, with softly dark, and darkly pure,

Blessed Friday was declining at the end of day
As twilight melted beneath the rising moon away
The choir boys continued their holy graceful pray
And an old man was listening oscillating lull on his sway

Look there the Moon of Shabbat along the Spring sky
Sailing in her happy orbit unhidden from mortal eye
At early dusk she was dimly behind clouds seen
But later the clouds asunder did fly; how happy I had been

The holy Shabbat was spreading its presence on the air
As group of ghostly silhouettes rushed under white shrouds to a temple of pray
The scent of baked bread and soft cakes would engulf the scene everywhere
Trees and grass would stand serene at the descend of a holy day

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Nero CaroZiv

Shall I Care?

Shall I care at all, that in the dreams and in the languor of time
My poetry does not show me and my inner most being and prime
For my poems are fragrance, and not a credible reflection
Words like shadows in disharmony dance and daunt imagination

But I do care, for life will be over so soon,
And I will be lost, forgotten as my being never happen
Like a small candle in mid day bright noon
And my quill idle, blunt and not sharpen

yet, like barley bending in harsh summer winds throng
And rising again and again
So would I, free and unbroken rise from agony and pain
Day long, night long change my sorrow into words of song

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Shall I Ever Let

Shall I ever let my fancy and dream to roam
To bring this rare pleasure and conjure it back home
At touch this pleasure and memory melts
Like bubbles of water when the rain pelts

Nature has withhold Catherine beauty across the wide skies
What an adornment for the human eyes for next thousands of years
She has taken their cream of beauty, fairest dyes
And shaped and tinted sweet Catherine above all peers

When I behold her on the earth descend
My heart begins to throb and to burn; only in pains
This is my fancy and dreams that melt and vanish; my sad life's end
Love has poured her slaying beauty into my veins

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Shall I Make Peace

Shall I make peace and shall I accept this eternal enemy death
This unseen unfelt subtle that suffocates us out of last breath
And why shall I call it foe? Is it not our safest end of all our woe
We sinners the undeserved wretched do try to avoid it so

Does it not being a gentle drier of all love afflicted tears,
Is it not which nobly ends many times the cowards fears;
Does it not has this sweet repose to lovers sad despair,
Is it not the calm of human ambitions and rough over stretched care

Does it not move the seasons around to turn in different hues
Does it not make all things bloom, grow and replaced anew
If in regard of bliss and fortune he is but damned curse,
Yet the joys of Paradise were to Adam and Eve worse;

Since Adam had failed to sustain Paradise and from grace fell,
And God from Eden Adam and us the decedents did expel,
Death is no more an evil we so fear, but a relief;
The balm and cure to every Humane harm, sin or grief:

As impartial he is we all lie balanced equally under sluttish tombs
The same equal form or status we first left our mother wombs
Under his reign we shall suffer no illness or tooth ache as before
What man had forfeited, we now enjoy, and never can loose it more.

Nero CaroZiv

Shall i Compare my Life To A Sizzle Summer Season

Shall I compare my life to a sizzle summer season or winter crabbed cold
What I have lost, the anguish toll; with what I have gained,
What I have missed, all regrets with what attained,
Little room do I find for my own pride at this age being old

Shall I count in stride
How many days of boredom have been idly spent;
How like a star in murky skies, vanished; the good intent
Has fallen untimely short, or out of queue been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this way of compare
Defeat and loss may turn to victory and gain in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the highest tide.

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She

She never left the comfortableness of forty plus
Although her look is progressing to the point of collapse
Sometimes she may be seen in a dark cafe or flickering bars
Legs crossed; top buttons loose to announce the world her love scars

Some men of the past; some more than few
Knew her under better skies hue
To call themselves the noble term husband
But they all disappeared the relationships did not stand

Especially to one lover she is gone, the cruel fair;
For him she cast not back a look of pitying eye:
But left her lover to sink in desolate despair
To sigh, to languish, like a flower to wilt and to die:
Ah! how can those fair eyes endure
To give the wounds they will not cure?

To him she was the great Goddess of love that made
A face that can all hearts control and command
That all religions and cultures can invade
And easily change and reverse every law of the land
Where has such power been placed before
She should have mercy on him the more

Now lonely and lovely she is strolling in the market place
Carrying a basket of fashion to emphasize her waning grace
And still she steals whistles and shrieks from creatures standing by
Which she absorb in hidden content and with victorious sigh

Upon her head she wares a hat with a modest wreath
From whence her veil reaches to the side walk beneath
No one can tell her veil is artificial flowers or genuine leaves
Whose craftsmen either way left all beguiled by a total deceive

Many will praise the sweet smell as she passes
Is it her natural scent, a perfume, or her breath she casts
A kind of smell that the honey bee seek in vain
They would pursue it in high winds and tumultuous rain

About her chest hangs chain of crafted pebblestone
which is lightened by her neck like diamonds are shone
She never wares gloves, for neither sun nor wind
would burn or parch such skin on hands that make birds sing

What is her substance, from which she is made
that millions of strange shadow hues on her tend
Since everyone reflects one and only one shade
But she? She can every shadow of the rainbow lend

There are those who were lucky to observe her from close
To see a beauty beauteous framed in web of wrinkles and lines
As if by now is spared and skipped by years and by time
This beauty is preserved as in a book rests an eternal rose

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Nero CaroZiv

She Came Down The Stairs

She came down the ivory mosaic sturdy stairs
In movement of sport and glee just few steps behind my back
With gait so light and nimble as the lulling air among boughs at dusk
I never turned, to show her how much I did take heed or care

But my heart was bouncing heavily every down stair
Wishing that long stretch of stairs will never end and be so much longer
At the bottom of the stairs for a moment I stole a glimpse of her fiery stare
But soon our paths spilt and were together no longer

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She Said Good Night

She said Good-night! and disappeared behind a door like in a drill
Two so estranged words which sever those it should unite;
I wished to remain together for a while; the night was young still,
'Good night' that never was in essence good night.

We spent pleasant time in a café yet how can I call the night good,
If my sweet wishes were winged in the air into a flight
Summer night calm and bright; be it not said, thought, understood
Then it would have been a great day following a good night.

I guess we were not two hearts which near each other move
From early evening dusk close to morning Eastern light,
Then the night would have been good with full stars canopy above
Because we never would have said good-night.

The next morning summer was pure and sweet in sounds and rings
As a dew splendor did wrap and fall
On the little flower from my window which did cling
To the turrets and to the mossy wall

I remembered last night her light foot along the garden walk
By the moon sheen the light prattle and talk
And it shook my heart for a moment to think she might come once more
The echo of her steps as she closed the door

Left me behind; the gates of heaven for me were closed, and she was gone

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She Stood There

She stood there on the street not too far, as pale as Greek statues stands
Or more like cunning and fierce fire Cleopatra when she turned at bay,
And felt her strength above the savage Roman sway,
So did she stand and did feel the asp's writhing in her hands.

Her face is steadfast toward the shadowy land,
For dim beyond it loomed the light of sinking day;
Her feet are steadfast; all the arduous way
That foot-track hath not wavered on the sand.

She stood there waiting for a bus like a beacon thru the night,
A pale clear beacon where the storm-drift was astonishingly bright
She stood alone, mysterious calm; a wonder deathly white;
She stood there patient, nerved with inner might,

She stood there not unnoticed by passengers and passers by
Her demeanor was compelling; so was her presence and sight
Indomitable in her feebleness, and stature musing and shy
Her face and will athirst against the light.

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So Sweet

So sweet is the corner glance in her eyes
And so sweet is her voice in a morning greeting
How saddening are the adieux and the elongated goodbyes
To catch a peek at her beautiful face as time rushes retreating

So warm is the nerve in her welcoming gloved hand
It rises the earnest to bestow a kiss on her lovely brow
Oh, when and where shall I see her again in sea or in land
inexperienced with humane trade as unfurrowed field is new to the plough

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Sodom And Gomorrah

Out of highest buildings in a city the fairies emerging each under a tiny umbrella
One by one they creep and follow the route to the queen Cinderella,
Cinderella the tale of all tales; her song is sang by them a cappella

He who saves his soul, he who guards his call
Leaves the city behind, his fortune is abandoned completely and totally whole
The city is vanquished: the saints are leaving behind any roll

Oh prophet! Oh prophet! get up yourself and flee
God relentless wrath; concludes the dormant city
Is vicious, vile and merciless without joviality or glee

Oh prophet! Oh prophet get up, hastily dress and run
Off the dreadful abandoned city, before the rising sun
In the gentle night shelter, it welcomes the refugees with cover and calm

And there are more fairies stepping down from tall buildings; flocking towards
the forest gloom
Where Cinderella stands guiding them away from the city loom
Cinderella the tale of all tales; they are closing the fairy-tell gate upon the city
doom

Oh prophet! oh prophet get up and haste your retreat
The night city drums thunder and beat
A place so foul, no man is liberated or free in solitary iron grasped streets

Oh prophet! oh prophet get up and hide
This city is filled with bigotry and shameful pride
The night will protect you, it is pure with divinity and delight

Oh Prophet! oh Prophet wake up and rise
Large treasure rapture city eyes

Their sins are blotted in shape and size

Oh prophet! oh prophet take a warning, take a stern heed
Tomorrow God's wrath will over the city take a lead
And with fury and fire burns her towers and smash her peaks

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Nero CaroZiv

Solitude In Childhood

Solitude in childhood, long and warring
Sad, staggering days under the vile hand were heavily baring
From early days of childhood I could not had been
As others were, nor could I had seen
The world as other kids played, laughed and saw, I could not bring
My passions for expansion and knowledge, from within me blocked spring

Confused, bewildered and oppressed not knowing from which source I had taken
My pain and sorrow, days of bright summer were dark; I could not awaken
My poor heart to the joy of innocence of others same tone
I had resorted to Nature; trees, groves, vast flowery meadows; all by myself
alone
Then in my late childhood in the dawn
Of a most stormy dire life was drawn

And yet my sanity I had kept; from every depth of good and ill
Which is a mystery which binds me today still
From which source I drew power; torrents, and fountains
From the red cliffs or sapphire hue at dawn of the mountains
From the sun that around me rolled
In its warm summer tint of gold

From the swift lightning in the sky
As it passed me flying shooting by
From the roaring thunder, and the wild storm
And the cloud that took the unusual form
When the rest of heaven was calm and blue
Of a demon in my rocking distorted view

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Sometimes I Think

Sometimes I think; I would not categorize myself as a mood of sour;
That your love hath been so steady and sweet; just not long ago,
A fountain coming down from mountains heights; a migrating bird at winter
cold, at my door,
That your love mainly goal was to haste to peeks and keep flow
And flow it did; in sickness and in health; not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or the boundaries of my need.

Countless were the happy moments did I count!
Blest was I then in heaven all bliss above!
Now, for that cherished fount; when love did flaunt and taunt
The murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I left with? shall I dare to consider and to tell?
A comfortless? or a reflection of love past and hidden quite well.

A well of our love; we so crave together it may be deep
I always thought it is; a one that never did rebel or mutiny
But yet if the waters within the well know no storm and does idly sleep
In a strange cold unfamiliar silence; a potential prelude to tyranny
Such change, and at the very my door
Of my heart, had made me strangely sour in soul

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Nero CaroZiv

Spring In The Holy Land

The sparrows are flying in the holy land, and the desert winds are not still,
On the green grass now the nightingales are lying, now mounting the hill,
The spring from the desert now boils in the wakening land like a fire from the
East;

Fresh fountains through stones past as it bubble and murmur; at the banks
Biblical beasts

Oh ground parched and cracked like over baked burnt bread,
The greensward all wracked is, waiting for the rain bents dried up and dead.
The fallow fields glitter like water indeed,
And grasshopper twitter, flung from weed unto weed.

Hill-tops, mountains of old patina like hot iron glitter bright in the sun,
And the rivers that flow waters into the holy city burn to gold as they run;
Burning hot is the ground; liquid ancient gold is the air;
Whoever looks round sees the holy Eternity there.

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Nero CaroZiv

Stars And Moon Are Watching

You stars of bright steel and your crony the moon of brass,
How mockingly with disdain you watch me at night as I pass
You eternal creatures of the sky; you know as well as I do how soon
I shall be blind to your glory stars and to the pale orbiting moon

I will be deaf to the wild waving wind of dusk in the foliage tree,
Dumb when the brown dry earth weighs on me.
With envious dark rage I do you forlorn bear,
Stars, your cold complacent stare is too much to bare

Heart-broken I am in my frustration; ware out; look up,
Moon, at your clear immortal orbit
Changing to gold each night, upon dawn from dusky orange red
Even age after age when I am gone, forgotten dead

Thankful to be filled up with light, life and vigor and then
Be emptied, never to be refilled, reborn, revive again.
What has human done that only we
Consciously are slave in the shadow of death; to dwell there brutally

To be so savagely ceased; beaten back into the earth
Impatiently in a haste so short time since my birth?
Oh let me not live; not know the world; shut my eyes, close out
The sight of those beautiful glorious stars and the earth to me be blackout

Sheltered for a minute by a green tree.
How I love to talk through with its fragrant boughs
Nature generous courtesy there moves no anger and no doubt,
No envy or greed of immortal things.

The night-wind murmurs autumn at the sea
With veiled waves music ceaselessly,
That to my shaken spirit sings at close

From their frail nest the heedless robins rouse,

The wind of dusk waves and moans

The bird sings her song alone

The forest gloom whisper its pray

Nature compose its sounds and music; I hear but not say

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Nero CaroZiv

Stars In The Canopy Of Summer Sky

Bright eternal stars, flickering steadfast stars, immovable as you are
Yet drifting along universal canopy so vast in lone splendor hung aloft the night
And watching, with eternal lids apart, the earth from such distances far
Like nature's patient, sleepless, recluse in your endless paths of bright,

Bright eternal stars when you watch the moving waters upon the earth womb at
their nourishing task

Constantly occupied in the pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or when gazing on the new white soft-fallen concealing mask
Of snow upon the mountains edges and the flat open moors

yet still steadfast, still immovable, still unchangeable,
Pillowed my childhood dreams upon my vexed breast,
To feel for ever their soft sweet fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet delirious unrest,

Still, to lie and contemplate back memories and to hear the tender-taken breath,
And so live ever in that childhood beauty and holy faith.

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Nero CaroZiv

Stay Away Foul Death!

Stay away most foul and vile death
My heart and soul still beat in vigor of breath
Stop flipping so rapidly in my pages of years
My time is still far from mourning and tears

Yet my spirit becomes too fragile and weak
Your imposing mortality worse than the sharpest beak
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling, unwelcome sleep
And each imagined thing of pinnacle and steep
Of Godlike hardship or hell conclude my final bed
Must I like all creatures of this world be ultimately dead!

And how can I ever bid these joys of the world farewell?
Never, I must take them with me to a nobler life,
Where I may find great agonies and heroic strife
Of the human hearts, sages of all past ages with glorious rebel

And how do you imagine my final voyage to land so far?
Over sailing the blue cragginess, a car
And sinew steeds with stream manes, and a charioteer
Guiding out upon the winds with glorious fear

And then the chariot numerous trampling quiver lightly
Along a huge white cloud's ridge; and then with sprightly
Wheel downward we come into fresher skies
Tipped round with silver haze from the sun bright eyes

I have seen many scenes of hill side grave yard
And none I found fit for my final depart
The town around the streets and the setting sun
The clouds, the trees, the rounded hills all seem
Though beautiful, cold, strange macabre as in a dire dream
The haunted clustered spirits of the dead in their nightly dance begun

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Stay Shadow Of Contentment

Stay shadow of contentment too short live
Hover over my head float not your image
Fly not your inducing divinity
An illusion of enhancement I mostly prize
Fair image for whom I happily die
Sweet action for whom painfully I live

If to your charms attraction I submit
Obedient like steel to magnet fly
By what logic you flatter and entice
Only to flee a taunting fugitive
This is no triumph that you smugly boast
That I feel victim to your tyranny

Though from encircling bonds that held you fast
Your elusive form too readily slipped free
And though to my arms you are forever lost
You are eternal prisoner in my fantasy

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Summer

Here comes the happy season, the gay and gaudy comer
Is there more a gentle thing than soft wind in summer?
What is more soothing than the bee's pretty hummer?
The endless dark vaults of summer night glamour

Look the happy butterfly stays one moment at the gate of open flower
While the busy bee buzzes cheerfully from bower to bower
At a solitary forest wood rests in full glory and tranquil, a musk rose blowing
Hidden in lush greenery shy and secretive far from human knowing

Regard the healthy myrtle in the lap of dales
Where secluded nest is built by the melodious nightingales
And the Cornelia bursting countenance
Yields such a scenery for high passion romance

Bring your love to these summer pathless forest wood
All lovers quarrels and rifts will be vanish, and in truth understood

(2010)

Nero CaroZiv

Summer Thorns

The green sepal that warps and holds the vermilion petal,
A pair of love birds on a bough sweetens with caresses and chirps its longing
prattle
And those thorns that scratches and pricks my limbs
Upon a common summer's morn - yet their yellow flowers nectar full to the brims

My hands and leg bleeding as I walked to school up the neighborhood hill
The world is pert, nimble and wild with motion colors and thrill

And a cluster of dew and early morning buzz of a bee or two
A dry cool desert breeze caresses the face; as the sun rises to pay its daily due
A caper of birds in a morning pause bathing on the white sand
Old Biblical palm trees starching into the air trunk and open hand
A rich proud foliage over the patina of sturdy old tree
All these scenes haunt and play witchcrafts on me!

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Summer Twilights

Summer days of childhood; enchanting dreams
The fields were over bare with flowers; air with bees buzz, hummed and beams
As imperceptibility as embedded grief
The summer suddenly lapsed away leaving me hopeless with no relief

Summer evenings, a quietness, distilled calm
A twilight long began over citrus orchard full of balm
Nature kindly spreading itself over me in a sequestered session
My thirst was enormous for such heavenly lesson

The day of summer was long; the dusk drew late in
The following morn foreign shown; chilly, brisk over white dunes
A courteous and holy grace as a guest that would be gone soon
As the sun grew scorching from the East; its canopy grew thin

And thus without being noticed or proclaimed it did eclipse
My childhood summer made her light and warmth escape
Diluted in my mind
Into the beautiful it left behind

And then as school had started
The morns grew meeker, softer sun; summer departed
By routes and paths the thorny bushes were hardening and brown
At evenings cold air grasped the fields; the glory of the rose was out of town

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Sun Sets On Beaches

The sun sets on beaches with a light echo wind blowing
From the immense sapphire, blue circle of the sea depths
And the soft thunder roaring, where long waves whitening in vigor showing
These were the same in my childhood as for me now to watch left

Like thousands of years for me, from back then
So much has gone by forever, year by year never to return
But here on the beaches that time passes over
The heart aches now as then; the soul raked, restless, not savor

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Sweet Childhood

How can I not remember the years when I roamed as a boy
When I went out with innocent welcoming thoughts whistling for joy
Across the fields and blooming meadows; no fence; no obstacle to bar my walk
Nor was I heeded when I crossed a neighbor balk
I roamed in pathless woods; dark and dappling where ever I was please
As a ship wandering upon the vast seas

Childhood, dear, sweet and sunny beloved childhood,
With its careless, thoughtless naive air,
Like the verdant, tangled wildwood,
Wants the training hand of care
The days of childhood are so near; available close; summer, winter or fall
Yet dodging wildly like dancing shadows upon a wall

And like a prophet I looked up to the traveling skies
And in the forms of the scudding clouds I could many signs descry
All kind of animals and strange figures communicating with the earth
None were known to adults around me; or to any human of city birth
Yet they spoke to me; they whispered their prays when I drew near
A multitude of saint voices caressing tenderly my ear

Unseen, a hidden land rail from the meadow screamed
Scurrying away like a pike on a near by stream
While overhead the early springtime bell
The impetuous lark was ringing unrevealed deep as well
And there in the vaults of the sky an eagle whirred with widespread wings
Alas the sparrows they feared him as comets are feared by kings

And other times I watched a hawk poised in the heaven high
It hanged itself fluttering like a transfixed butterfly

Till sighting a bird or a field fowl afar
It swooped upon it like a soundless lightning or falling star
When will you God allow me to return
And live again; dwell and fall fainting among the fields of past days I so crave
and yearn

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Sweet Dawn

The day's sweetest moments were in the summer, at dawn;
In a break from school; I would observe the refreshed by his long sleep, the
Light

As dawn starts kissing the languid lips of the slumbering Night,
Before the Night can rise and hasten to its orbit on
The pure calm Night, all glowing from its dreamless rest
I could behold the Light holding, embracing the Night in its air breast,
Like two lovers, warm lip to lip and limb to limb,
Until the Night disappeared in the Light dim

I wok up; removed the sheets and left my bed
When the summer chilly breeze canopied my head
In the yard the guardian cock stood up proud and still
And throwing back his red head he pointed up his bill
His ruddy comb upon one side inclined
That so his eye its aim or its foe may find
And its sharp eye or intuition has a roaming hawk espied
He stood on its oracle and screamed; the hens within our garden huddle to hide
And even geese and turkeys were by sudden fear
Surprised, the doves with long eyelids for whom no eaves were near

Morning of summer breeze when Mom sent me to pick some eggs
Which I had to do cautiously, swiftly in a haste with light legs
Since the master of the court may puff and bluff with claws, peak and wings
As a matter of territorial display, as he usually rants and shrieks and sings
'Do not mess with my girls! '

Summer morning; the world was new and there were no danger from the sky
Except the summer sun fierce scourging ray
That used to join the world later in the day
The trees were full of birds chirruping, hiding in our plot of land
Other would lay on the dewed grass or bath in the sand

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Nero CaroZiv

Sweet Madeleine

This night is so starry, divine over a busy street lane
I am waiting for beloved, sweet Madeleine
Out of this sea of faces like a phantom of delight she will appear
I am so anxious, I am so expecting and jaded for my dear

Among the crowd of city walkers I am waiting for Madeleine
In front of the theater with gothic gates and notorious picture show
Every night I wait thru all the week at half past ten
Sweet Madeleine, please hurry cause I love you so

Ah, it is already ten minutes passed the hour
I forgot my umbrella against this spring late shower
Ah Madeleine, sweet Madeleine she does not come
To boredom cloudy night of desperation I would succumb

Oh let it go! this evening I am waiting for Madeleine so beautiful, shy and meek
I have brought her some balmy vermilion lilacs
I bring them to her fresh every day of the week
Madeleine, she is like that, she really is her own like

This evening I am waiting for Madeleine
But it is raining on my lilacs with heavenly drive
It rains like this every day of the week
But Madeleine is delayed, she does not arrive

Oh Madeleine there is nothing in my veins except Madeleine
I will wait for her for hours in this pouring rain
May be something happened; may be she is a little late
May be she forgot tonight we have this wonderful date

Oh Madeleine I cannot count the clock that continuously does tick
May be she forgot; Oh may be she got sick
Oh I am tired to wait
For this wonderful date

I am waiting for Madeleine
But I am getting cold, soaked and wet
I have been shivering soaked since half past ten
Madeleine, Madeleine is not here yet

But tomorrow I will wait for Madeleine
I will bring some balmy fresh lilacs again
I will bring them the entire whole week
Madeleine, she will really like that beautiful, shy and meek

Tomorrow she will be coming, my own, my sweet
Were it ever be so airy joyful breath taking tread
My heart will hear her street steps and will throb and beat
Would it be my final eternal dust bed
My dust would here her walking and would beat
Had I been laid in my grave for centuries dead
I would start to tremble and to shake under her feet
Just to watch her white legs under her skirt in purple and red

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Nero CaroZiv

Sweet, Remember Our Prime Days

Sweet, remember our prime days; now there is nothing left to do or say
But the preeminent conclusion, we must accept that our love is never lost,
It is never dead, fierce winter wind stabs the breasts of lovely emerging May
Yet its crimson poses of roses burst out of his frost,
Ships are by rouge waves dreadfully, violently tempest-tossed
Eventually will find a harbor in some bay at the request of a sailor pray

As dusk sets, our life are concluding, there is nothing left to do
But to kiss once again, and at the hour for eternity part,
We lived our life to the full, there is nothing we should rue,
I have your beauty, wit, and divine loyalty, you my devotion and art,
We explored the surrounding, one world was not enough for two
Two souls like me and you.

The days of wild birds chirruping and chittering as they reeled from bough to
bough
Are so remote now, busy wild bees followed with furry coats and gauzy wings
In an instance in a lily-cup flower, and then upon a lily hood roof
They were visiting the water hyacinth bell a swing,
Bending closer to the balmy grass I remember I trowed
And solemnly I made that bounding vow

Then, young and unskilled, I swore that our two lives should be like one
Naturally as long as the sea-gull loved the sea,
As long as the sunflower sought the rising sun
It shall be, I said, for eternity between you and me!
Your fire is blowing fast and fierce in my cloak
Too late, too late, in spite being surrounded by egregious foes, to set back the
clock

Within that childhood field limit, there was relief enough,
The sweet bottom-grass and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter us from vile tempest and from persistent rain
There roamed the herds of white tail deer in vast park;

No dog could rouse and bay the grazing flocks though a thousand bark.

Upward those hills of past years where the poplar trees
Sway and re-sway in the lazy summer air,
There in the valley never a breeze
Scattered or roughed the thorny cerulean thistle flower, but there
Great winds blow fair behind rocky nooks
As they emerge from the vigorous murmuring brooks

Look upward where the white gull screams,
I asked you then and do now, what does it see that we do not see?
Is that a star? or the lamp that from far land gleams
Or else on some outward vast sea a heavy loaded voyaging argosy
What ever it could be, we have lived our lives in a land of dreams!
We made it so, how sad those days have traveled far, never to return so it
seems.

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Nero CaroZiv

Take Heed Of Loving Me

Take heed of loving me;
At least remember, I have warned thee;
You may ignore and look back with longing eyes and know that I will follow,
We can rush thru meadows and dales and let the wild wind lift us up as it does to
the soaring swallow,
we can contend with floating high clouds and chase the winds of blowing rain
But what if I hear my previous love is calling me again?

At no avail, since you may love and you may hate me too;
But these extremes shall never their achievements do;
You may hold me on your lap as the brave sea holds the vexed waves in foam,
Take me far away to the hills where in hidden meadows we may roam;
Let peace thatch our roof and make our love bloom like never before
But what shall I do if I hear my recent love is calling me once more?

Yet I insist that you love me inspite of my past love, that I may live the gentler
way;
And do hate me to balance, because your love is sometimes too burdensome to
bare for me
Or perhaps better let these two, themselves, not me, in your heart die and
decay;
So shall I live in your stage as an ordinary pal or a friend, not a triumph be.
Don't let your love or hate, me undo,
Let me live in your heart, as my past love in mine does too.

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Nero CaroZiv

Take Me

Take me and be my love
Embrace me like an ivory white dove
Take me and let us live dear
Embrace me and never know fear

Take me as your honest obsequious pale
And you never know a moment dull
Have me as a sinner sick with passion
Our hearts will go through all love lessons

Take me as a fool sick with love on a string
Have me as an ordinary simple thing
That may blossom one day
Take me now don't listen to what they say

Take me as a dream that once may be fulfilled
Or have me as an idiot of lazy time killed
Just have me
Take me now not tomorrow
And I will be with you in happiness and in sorrow

Take as a thing that may happen soon
Take me as a dream that may bloom
Take me as fool sick with love and without pardon
Take me as scare crow to guard your garden
Take me as a spider to weave its web over your bed
Take me as moth encircling your head
Take me as a violin to play a tune of lament and sorrow
Just take me now, for a failing tomorrow
Just take me and then lose me
Just take me out of my anguish and agony
Take me have me as any thing
Inspite the trail of failures I may bring

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Nero CaroZiv

Take Me Back

Take me back to the days of roses that drink the fountain rising chill vapor
In the pleasant air of calm wind blowing slumbering noon,
The roses that Grow pale and blue with altered as their scent pour
In the gaze of the nightly silent floating moon;
For the planet in summer warm and bright
Makes it wan with her borrowed light.

Such is my heart at the glorious days of childhood; roses are fair,
And that at best a withered dried blossom;
But my life worries and care did idly slowly wear
My life withered leaves in my faithful bosom;
Fed with love, like air and dew,
Humans lose their colors as roses lose their hue

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Nero CaroZiv

Temptation Lurks

There is a pleasure in unploughed fields and in pathless woods
There is rapture and boyish excitement on lonely pebbled shore
There is freedom where none intrudes
The deep moving sea and the music in its roar

I love not my lover the less, but whole humanity more
Especially the feminine walking creatures; the look I steal
From all the beauties in crowded streets and fashion stores
They are like blossom of fresh flowers in throngs
Of dull existence; weeds of insipid wild thorns

To be with them all; among them whole and feel
what I can never express, yet cannot from within conceal

And yet, the expense of dignity is in the waste of shame
When lust is in action, how long does action last
Is it not perjured, murderous, bloody, irreversible damage full of defame
Indeed it is savage, extreme, rude a habit not to trust

All this is well known, yet none knows well
To shun temptation that leads men to shame and to hell
Who but fool to enjoy the fresh flesh which no sooner despised straight
It skips reason warnings and sooner had
Reason and logic hated as it swallowed the bait
A tempestuous bait on purpose made to make the taker mad
Wild and obsessed in pursue and in possession
In zeal and in delirium for the next adulterous session

A bliss in question that breeds lies and counterfeits vast as the sea sand
A world to collapse, the slightest true wind blow it would not stand

So let not my love in adultery be called
She is kind, fair and true

Fair, kind, and true so often lived alone in none
This triumvirate until I knew my love never kept a seat in one

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Nero CaroZiv

That Night

That night, the summer night I first met you
I can close my eyes and see that night shades of glow and blue
A strange procession was passing by me, the years before I saw your face
Went by me with chaos; heart longing and fears, except my dreams and longing
for success and grace
The years passed, the sensitive, precious, zeal and rapture years
Years of stolen happiness, confusion under chide and un-compensating tears

The years went by and I never knew
That fate which brought me in that night near you
Years of languid paths which were narrow and apart
And yet it led me that night to your heart
Oh sensitive lost of misery years, oh lonely solitary years,
That strove to exile, bloom and burst with voices drowned in tears

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Nero CaroZiv

That Night I Walked Home

That night I left her; I walked back home through the world
As though someone adored me; she, a fresh feeling of pride bold
Laughter unfurled through heaps of craggy stones,
And a wind through fathomless skies shook my rattling bones.

Yes indeed, then I walked through the world without any burden or care
As though someone so gentle and fair dreamed me fair;
Across the starry night abysses bloomed in grace
And the sea foaming mirrors painted my face,

The blessed night I met her I walked on air home
As though someone were writing poems about me; never ending summer roam
I walked, until I reached an utter stillness within
And then, it seemed, something so special and beautiful might begin.

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Nero CaroZiv

That You Have Abandoned All Will And Strife

That you have abandoned all will and strife
Discard any other activity which implies getting on with life
You do not want to break away forfeiting any bail
And you are punishing yourself, putting yourself in jail
put yourself in some kind of curfew under powerful bolt
put life and the world around in complete halt
Until yourself will give you what yourself has taken away from you.....
All in the name of this precarious love so divine and dear in your view
It melt you down as dawn stars are melt in blue
And all other suitors you disdain discarding so many
It raises doubt if you ever find true love with any

Your heart is always heavy for him with fruits of love
Like clusters of ripe pomegranate fruit bearing down
The canopy branches of the tree
But you never intend to give him one from above
It is waxed and sweetened by the full sun as jewels crown
The fruits of our love are subject to your status; they are not free

On the other side of the wall
He the fox is waiting for your fruit to fall
He knows this tree will shed its fruits
It always did, it ever will whenever ripe its shoots
Punctually by the season queue.
December, followed by May all season thru

And then on evening time, at dusk twilight, this fox dares to hide low
As bats chase moths encircling wandering in lights glow
Under summer night night with crimson skies' pall
The emotional muscles ware out and a fruit from the tree may fall
And when in the gray hour it drops as lust's prey
The fox feeds fiercely on its flesh, no one will ever know or say

As for me in all of this...
My work is done closed in uneasy halt

This heath, this strange calm and quiet scene
The memory of what has been
And never more will be
But it will ever live with me

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Nero CaroZiv

The Air Around Me

The air around me is like an odour from the flower that is gone
Only memories of your young kisses in early spring breathing on me;
My complexion is the colour from the flower that is flown
Gone that glow of thee, the one and only thee!

My setting days like dusk, are shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
As they pass over my abandoned breast,
And mock the heart which yet is throbbing in unyielding warm,
Within the cold sinew of me and the silent room in rest.

Let me weep, my tears revive not my heart waining
I sigh, and no comfort breathes any more on me;
I observe the world being mute and uncomplaining
Is such human being end, or should be?

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Nero CaroZiv

The Butterfly

I have often watched a butterfly in my garden, a full half hour
So self-poised creature upon a yellow balmy budding flower
What a huge winged butterfly with all rainbow colors flaunted indeed
I watch it not knowing if it does sleep or if it does feed

How in pure calm motionless it stands on leaf so bouncing thin
Even more still as it visits a stump pale with hue of green
And then what a joy waits it when the light breeze
Has found it out among the high foliage of sturdy trees

It carries it up, whirls it down and away
over the whole world on a spangled ray
As I stand confused and perplexed; long alone
My vexed heart as the sun has gone

A plot among cottage-ground, and orchard-tufts green is ours
Our family trees and bushes bloom are my family the field flowers
Stop here dear butterfly, whenever you are jaded and worry
And take a reviving rest in our green sanctuary

Visit our rich wreath glorious foreheads of lofty pines
And breathe ambrosial passion from their veins
By the balmy waving flowers seek refuge from human eye
And smell their scent being shoot to the vaults of the sky

Come often to us, fear no wrong
Sit near us on a balmy bloom of a bough leafy and long
We will talk of sunshine and praise in song
Our summer days long lost, for ever gone

When we were young and strong
Our days of youth; vigor and delirious joy sealed in our memory's throng
Who can bring back the time of overwhelming rapture
Aching child joys that can never be recaptured

My fragile creature, stay, do not take off in haste your flight
A little longer stray around, delay it, dally in my sight
So many converses I have with you in a summer day bright

Our plot is clean of vile bats chasing moths at night

You are the historian of my infancy
With you around I can relive my past fantasies
Float longer near me, do not yet depart
Tell me again the days of my childhood, of lost untamed heart

My sweet times in you I revive
Gay creature as you, are to you I owe my strive
You bring solemn images of happy times to my heart
Unload my childhood days from my sluggish tattered cart

These innocent days of sun and joy free of care
With no worries no burden of life to bare
How sweet, how pleasant were these days
The times when in our childish plays

Some giggling budding girls, few boys and I
Together chased you the evasive flying butterfly
A very obsessed hunter did I rush to pursue my child's bell
Upon my prey I leapt, I sprang, I fell

And the heavy odor of the trodden spring grass I did smell
Oh, that precious moment in me forever does dwell
I lay on my back aloof and watched the sky
The thin gray cloud was spread on high

Sealed and carved in my bosom stone
Inside my very marrow shaken bone
I got up and followed you from brake to bush
In open meadows in dales over brooks and creeks

As the sun of dusk sets behind the mountains peaks
When I caught you, at the very last moment I feared to brush
The feathered dust from your wings
This sweet joyful time makes my heart in bliss sink

Under a huge broad-breast old oak tree lush and green
With trunk and boughs spread with bubbles old skin
There under the tree in the warm summer day
The climate was not harsh, no clouds in welkin gray

I kissed a young maid with gems entangled in her hair
The forest was in full foliage, blooming not bare
And the wind moaned sougning bleak
As I kissed her warm entralling cheek

Yet there was not enough wind in the air
To move away the bright ringlelet curl
From her lovely soft cheek
The swans' lake flapped their wings

And trumped their shrieks in full beak to sing
And as I was sunk in this heavenly bliss
My eyes caught in swift a glance of the lovely valley of her breast
The smell of her silken robe and the scent of her inner vest

Shy and perplexed at her first maiden kiss
Panting in passionate pangs she looked for a liss
She folded her arms beneath her cloak
And she stole to the other side of the oak

At once into the summer air you bounced and flew
And took my joyous soul to fly away with you
Even nowadays I wonder what an immortal hand or eye
Could frame or design for the maid such a thigh?

Fly, Fly and tower into vaults of heights and heavenly bowers
Creature of sun and joy, wind and sky
My memories of past glory, my soul are with you even as I die
And return to us right after spring thundering showers

Guard yourself from the evil behind your magnificent wings
Hide yourself from the storm, the rain, and the howling winds
The forest gloom foster danger with deadly weight
which haunts us in some sad reverse of fate

Pass by lakes pores and ocean shores
Leap and rest on the back of cloudy rack sailing in ore
A child born out of his mother sweet womb
To turn into a hovering ghost over his stone tomb

Fly butterfly over earth and ocean with waving holy motion
Ride on winds that shake the dew drops that wake

The sweet budding spring flowers in balmy bowers
Carry these divine memories of joy and love to contend eternally with stars
above.

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Nero CaroZiv

The Dancing Whirling Leaves

I will befall into my tomb
As a waning river falls to the sea
I embrace death the existence of 'not to be'
As a child welcomes his calm night dream

I walked in the shadows of darkness and sorrow
Unfriendly and cold and alone
As dismally gurgle besides me
The bleak river desolate moan
The rise of the volleying thunder
The mountain's lone echoes repeat
The roar whirl wind around me
The galling autumn leaves at my feet

I stooped in shadows of darkness and sorrow
Uncheered by the moon's spangled ray
Not a friend that I love but is dead
Not a hope I have but have faded away
Oh Shall I rest in the tomb
Wrapped about with the chill winding white sheet
For the roar of the wind is around me
And the waving yellow leaves above my head

I heed not the blasts that sweep over me
I mind not the hail the storm and the raging sea
I blame not the tempest of night
They are not the foes who have banished
The visions of youthful delight
I hail the wild sound of their raving
Their merciless presence I greet
Oh let it be! Let me join these eternal elements
And roam the land and rove the vexed sea
Yet my fate is the roar of the wind engulfing me
And the piling reddened leaves at my feet

In this waste of existence and solitude, for solace
On whom shall my lone spiral call?
Shall I seek shall I fly to the friends of my bosom
My God I have buried them all

They are dead they are gone they are cold
My embrace no longer they meet or feel
Fall to the roar of the wind around me
The yellow leaves hissing in a macabre music at my feet

Those eyes that glanced love into mine
With motionless and cold slumber are pressed
Those hearts which once throbbed are no more in line
They are chill as the earth where they rest
Then around me my wan withered form
Let the pestilent gale beat
Submit to the howling wind around me
While the mocking leaves dance at my feet

Like the voice of the owl in the hall
Where the song of choir and the banquet ceased
Where the green weeds have mantled the hearth
Where raise the proud flame of feast
So I cry to the storm whose dark wings
Scatter on my eyes the wild driving sleet
Let the roar of the wind around me
And the dancing whirling clan leaves at my feet

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Nero CaroZiv

The Day You Stop Being Mine

At stormy morning rush, I had left my house at eight,
Half dormant, still in my night dream through city broken roar
With all the rest of metropolis crowd this is how I always do without a moment
late

The train platform so crowded, with people agitated ants coming, flowing thru
revolving doors

My train, I'm certain, left the station just when it was due
I must have read the morning paper going into down town
And having gotten through the editorial, no doubt I must have frowned
The gray morning had that crowd of clouds churning into tarnished hue.

I must have made my desk around a quarter before nine
With letters to be read, and heaps of papers waiting to be examined and signed
I must have gone to lunch at half past twelve without the stomach to dine

All as usual as the day before you stop being mine
The usual place, the ordinary food the same table
And still on top of this I'm pretty sure it must have rained
For few moments I sat there after lunch, my mind totally disable

The lose is immense, a phantom vanished, water in the drain
I sat by the window of the restaurant on a busy street
Watching lovers hand by hand, walking along a fountain creek
My heart bounced heavily inside my chest
A rebel that would not let my thoughts be calm and rest

I must have lit my seventh cigarette at half past two
And at the time I cannot but notice I was so empty blue without you
I must have kept on dragging through the business of the day
Without really knowing anything, I hid my whole being away

At five I must have left, there's no exception to the daily routine
A matter of habit or rule, no excuse to the broken hearted as I have been
From the rainy track to the train and back home again

Undoubtedly I must have read the evening paper then

Oh yes, I am sure my life is well within it's usual normal frame
Just as it was the day before you came
But I lost my strength to hide my pangs and cover my shame
The throng in the train probably read on my face all about my tortured name

I Must have opened my front door at seven o'clock or so
And stopped along the way to buy some fruits, I watch my diet you know
I'm sure I had my dinner watching something on shows
There is not, I think, a single episode to sooth love blows

I must have gone to bed around a quarter after ten
I tried to occupy my painful head, I must have read a while
But none can take you off my thoughts no matter the tale or the style
It's funny, but I had no sense of living without aim
So deep are my wounds since the day you left and never came

And turning out the light the dreadful foul night had fallen darkening my sight
I must have heard the stray cats moaning to welcome the creatures of the night
And rattling on the roof I must have heard the sound of persistent rain
And the whirling winds banged the shutters on wet walls again and again
Even in my bed I carry the burden of a day you never came

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Nero CaroZiv

The Death Of All Things

All Things will Die
And unfortunately so do I

We watch the clear blue river chimes in its flowing
Under our eye;
At its beauty and vigor the heart melt, sink and sigh
We admire the warm and broad winds from the south as they are blowing
While above us the canopy of ever colossus sapphire vaults of the sky.
At coming and going winters, one after another the white clouds are fleeting;
Every human heart on blooming June morning in joyance is beating

Full merrily, unaware, inattentive discarding the end
So we all ominously pretend

Yet we cannot shake off the end;
we live with it; all things must die.
Once for us the fresh stream will cease to flow;
The world will shut; the wind will cease to blow;
We all go where the clouds will cease to fleet;
Our heart stoned, will cease to beat;

We all will die; as all things must die.
Spring for us will come never more.

When we leave our house every day Death waits at the door.
See! our friends and beloved ones are all forsaking
The wine, the sounds of merry and the merrymaking.
We are called; we are all summoned -we must go.
Go to lay low, under the dust very low,
In the dark coffin we must lie.
The merry glees, will be dark and still;
The voice of the pert and nimble bird
Shall no more be heard,
Nor the wind shall echo on the warm side hill.

What a looming terminating misery
Death is such unnatural, undesired thing

When I think
Of long cold rogue murky winter; I know behind it
There will come vital full of growth spring
Yet I cannot be optimistic the same way about death
Since death is eternal, constantly is calling
Kingdoms and icons are falling,
The red cheek into old age sickening and paling,
The strong limbs of our youth are failing;
Ice into our warm blood is introducing and mixing;
The eyeballs sinking and fixing.
Here are the tolls of the passing bell:
Merry souls, adieu! farewell.
The dying old earth
Had a new birth
And we are not there

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Nero CaroZiv

The Din Of The Metropolises

The din of the metropolises has dimmed
My whistle
My faint brittle whistle
That never left the sill of my lips
The lips that were sealed with silence
the words that chocked my throat
left inside me in awe....
never left just lingered inside and gnaw

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Nero CaroZiv

The Eagles

They come flying on high sapphire vaults, from far away,
Traveling by savage winds through dales and peaks, night and day
As I watch them in the skies enthralled under their spell
I love hearing the stories they to the morning breeze tell

They have seen places beyond my reach land
And they have found new vast far horizons of dwell
They speak strangely as they fly but I do not understand
Oh I wish I can fly like them and listen to their tale

Over steep mountains slopes and pathless forests and raging seas
Shall I be like them; Shall I go anywhere that I please
Roll in the waves of wanton winds and chase the morning breeze
Toss the air; scud the high foliage of the trees in glee and tease

But watch as one clasps the sandy crag with crooked yellow hands
A statue close to the sun in lonely secluded lands
The canopy of the azure sky world over where he stands
As he spreads his wing wide across the rock a majesty in grand

The wrinkled spring meadow beneath him crawls
He watches and stalks from the lofty mountains walls
As like a thunderbolt into the air he folds and falls
Swift and sharp in the air, shrieking like a canon ball

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Nero CaroZiv

The Fall Of A Crimson Leaf

Have you not ever be amazed at the fall of a crimson leaf
How your heart feels a languid, gnawing suffocating grief
At summer decline watch the leaf as it falls down in slow spiral motion
How your heart rebels against these saddening emotions

As it joins its spread over, the waving in the wind clan
Helpless, you would want to prevent it as much as you can
Yet the gray golden Autumn is back in full reign
The fall of a leaf; a herald to cold Autumn and dumping rain

Cold damp frigid Autumn night grips the roads around the ranch
In the middle of the garden dark, trunk piling tattered wood
A folded crimson leaf is wooed from out its root
With wind rising and gusting upon the barren branch

It floats and falls down to the dark dreary air
And now bouncing between barren boughs in a macabre dance
To the sound of the music of the whispering wind there
As it is traced by an inquisitive wide staring awl glance

This crimson spotted yellow leaf joins its clan
That dances as often as dance it can
To be a member of a back choir hissing leaves at the curb
Of deserted streets in a slumbering city suburb

When the dark night pall on the deserted world falls
The whirling moaning winds woo the windows of your chamber
Against the wet dump with thicket moss walls
The leaves glitter against the window glass as precious amber

And how the swift beat of the brain falters because it is in vain,
In Autumn the skies turn dark at the fall of the first leaf

Have you known not? and how the chief
Of people joy seems to be pale; inhibited with pain

Watch the ominous skies and listen to the moaning wind
The fall of the leaf; how the soul feels like a dried sheaf
Bend and bound up at length for the season harvesting,
And how death everywhere seems a comely thing
Ah, Autumn at the fall of the first leaf

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Nero CaroZiv

The Flowers Of My Youth

The flowers of my youth that flickered and smiled back then
Nowadays are no more; they will never pass before me again
All that I wish them to come back; to stay; to tempt and then fly
What is this world delight? Vanished, evaporated into the vaults of the sky
Flashes of lightning that mock and torture the night,
Sudden, unexpected, brief even as bright

Nowadays virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship, how seldom it happens, how rare!
Love, found me at last, yet usually how it sells poor bliss
For proud souls in deep despair!
But I, though soon I fall,
I survive the vile hand, and all which mine I call.

Back then the world was innocent, while skies were blue and bright,
While flowers were flourishing, waving in the wind and gay,
While my eyes that change before the fall of night
Made glad the summer day;
While yet the calm undisturbed hours creep,
I dream the days passed and from my sleep I then wake up to weep.

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The Gloom Of An Hour

I have at times gnawing fears that my days may soon cease to be
Before my quill has exhausted itself in teeming my brain,
Before my high-piled books, in character, and in gallantry
Hold like rich wheat, the full ripened grain;

When I behold, upon the night's vault starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high youthful and fresh romance,
This blessed moon lending its sheen where I shall never trace
Its shadows, with the magic hand of zeal, rapture and chance;

And when I feel the air of a fair creature in the gloom of an hour,
That I shall never look upon or company my kinsmen more,
Never have relish in the fiery power and emotional tower
Of unreflecting love; youth on echoing dunes of an isolated shore

Of this stage wide world a human stands alone, and thinks
Where are all love moments and banners of praise
The human soul they try to cherish and to raise
No answer; his love collapses forgotten; his fame to nothingness sinks.

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Nero CaroZiv

The Glory Of A Cloud

The glory of a cloud at childhood days withdrew from my skies
What a divine and superior glory it was; a moment dies
But that cloud and its members auxiliaries
Are forever lost to me

Had I but further scanned and looked and grasped
Had I secured the moment of breathless glow
In my memory for later reminiscence and air gasp
It had availed and lived with me now.

Whoever to pass the moment of glory of meadow and grass
With a penurious glance; a heedless gaze upon a beautiful lass
Never in heaven can he bring back or find
What he had lost from his consciousness and mind

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Nero CaroZiv

The Grave Digger

I am a quite, humble, honest and very generous man
who likes to aid people around as much as I can
And I should not be utterly, viciously despised for my vocation
Just because I am a dignified grave digger by profession

Indeed, I do not desire or wish on anyone the dead
People should live long and loved with relatives side by side
Pure life with no baseness, shame or sin to hide
But if no one dies? how shall I pay my debts I dread

I pray and mourn any human that rests below
And as the grasses in the cemetery in the stenchy wind wave
I passionately take care of every written stone grave
In passing the dirt and dust, I sweep and blow

I never wrong a grave with fears and tears untrue
Nor can I be blamed for carrying on my job with no faith
People have to understand; there must be wisdom and sense in death
Life cannot continue forever, once we all must be thru

And yet even death is natural people find but faults in my case
I have never been saluted or greeted in a friendly grace
They pass me by without leaving any salute or embrace
In a sublime whisper to each other: Here come the funeral face

For I am near you when your light is in halt
when the blood creeps, and the nerves tingle and prick
And the heart heavily throbs with thuds it is overused; tattered and sick
And all the world comes to a close; the wheels of being thwart

Come with me at night within the cemetery walls
When the moon light shines on time wracked besmeared stones
And watch those who lie with legacies and dreams dead, unfulfilled, unborn
As the lunar splendor stretches its shadows and lingers as it falls

Those who lie beneath their fancies and fears
when alive, sorrow and grief dug deepening down
And with muffled motions blindly drown
The agony and anguish of their life in tears.

People hate me with deep unexplained rancor and loath
Because I am a grave digger though in truthful oath
And I am upset, full of anguish and misery
Impossible to get a friend, were it not better not to be

Can't they understand all human things are subject to decay
Life do not go forever upon the land
For every beginning at its birth, there is an end
When fate summons, even monarchs must obey

We all as humans of any color or faith
Hold common scorn and defame to eternal death
The creaking sound of cords lowering us down
As earth returns back to earth with no rising dawn

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Nero CaroZiv

The Happy Days Of Spring

The happy days of spring; over a vermilion tulip hill the warm sun thrusts its beams
The time of Passover; that was the time when lush meadow, grove, and trickling distilled streams,
The earth, so calm and beautiful and every common sight,
In that childhood world to my joyful soul did seem
Appareled in celestial yet holy, unique unduplicated light,
An entity that would not return; a glory and a freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been in the beloved days of childhood; the days of yore;
Wherever I turn, whosoever I may,
Be it in any season; by night or day,
The things which I have seen then; I now can see no more

True, nowadays I notice the seven colors rainbow comes and goes,
I adore the odor of a lovely full bloom rose;
And the moon shines over nocturnal cat with solemn delight
Her orbit so fresh around in the vaults when the heavens are bare;
I watch the drops of waters on a starry night
How they are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is everyday a repetitive glorious birth;
But yet I know, wherever I turn, venture or go,
I cannot avoid the awareness that there has passed away some glory from my life my earth

Who would forget the time when the birds would sing a joyous song,
At the dusk of summer day while the young lambs and regurgitating cows were bound
To the temple young boys choirs sound,
To me alone in these reminiscences there are sadness and grief:
Mingled with some utterance that yields thought strength and relief,
That I strengthen me and again I am strong:
The desert water nourishes the yellow flowers of cactus and blow their trumpets from the steep;
Even though more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains blue hue throng,
The winds rise and come to me the same way in days of yore from the fields of sleep

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Nero CaroZiv

The Haunting Of A Hunter

Once upon a time in the early hours of dawn
A man got up and sallied from his cottage door
Athwart his shoulders a bow and arrows he carried
And towards the forest his steps he hurried.

All day he searched a target for his arrow
Finding none, his anguish grew sharp and narrow.
Hunger and thirst tortured him all day till dusk
And fatigue and pain settled in his limbs to last

Toward the evening as the sun sunk
He by the lake watched a pair of dove white swans
Tall and amorous they looked
As they court their image in a shady nook.

At once an arrow he lanced at a one.
A stream of blood red gashed out of the swan.
Late at night his heavy limbs upon a pallet he laid.
Seeking comfort from an adventure long and languid

An unfamiliar dream claimed his haunted rest.
A tortured maid into his slumber burst.
In her one hand she held a white snow feather.
Her tearful, beautiful eyes at him all night were fixed for ever

'What sin what crime you have found in my white dove love? '
She cried engulfed in her loath
Back and forth walked the man in his chamber
Trying to shake off a day not to remember

At the early hour of the next dawn
A man from his cottage door was gone
Across his shoulders a bow and an arrow he took
And in the forest gloom for a well known lake he look

Against the morning sun a single swan he found
With statuesque grace and divine virtue she circled around
A long hour he spotted the sailing swan, alone among none.
Recalling his dreadful dream he knew she was the one.

His inwards were gnawed by regrets
He wished he had never so far strayed
Despair and sorrow dried his tongue
And then at once, he lanced the arrow in his lung

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Nero CaroZiv

The Left

Infatuate left will you still persistently proclaim
Your own mother land final doom, your direst foulest shame
Dis-patriate yourself in insanity so deformed and by the devil damned

Ah, when I hear your traitorous lying cunning bell
This gallant betrayal vane knell
It pains my wounded ear; the lies you tell

An ignorant and unsettled crowd of pretenders in self invalidation
Rush to culture their homeland destruction
And nourish a bantling who has already learned to lisp sedition

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Nero CaroZiv

The Letter

I sent her a letter; whatever my courage carried
With words of courtesy and cordial dull style
About small petty things and frivolous daily hours
Where none of my stormy raging, roaring feelings are buried
How she would know that it is merely grammar and syntax
And all essential verbs and pronouns I have left out
Who would tell her that my fingers were coward; shut
How they waded and retreated slowly from the pages I wish to write
If she can only read between the lines
Excavate; dig and find the fountain of my love
A volcano of torture that would engulf her heart
If she can only disassemble the words into single letters
And reassemble them all into inferno of words
That bounce but never came out; never written

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Nero CaroZiv

The Lonely Maid

Her tears fell upon her smooth cheeks with the dews of summer evening
The birds were at the bough choirs chirruping and singing
She could not observe the sweet heaven of stars night
After the flittering of the bats when thicket dark threw a trance on the moon light

She drew her casement curtain by
And glanced athwart the glooming room anguish and dry
She only said ' The night is dreary
And I am lonely, forlorn and weary'

Upon the middle of the ghostly night
Alas, when waking she heard the night fowl crow
The cock sung out full one hour before first dawn light
Dark streets and allies, no one was walking down the avenues below

To her, the pounding waves along the shore were the sea's foaming daughters,
And raindrops were the children of rain which make rivers full of waters,
She bitterly wondered: 'Why does my shimmering waning body driving me
insane
For it, I have to be a mother of anguish and a world of pain? '

The starry divine night fosters the amazing stars in their sky duty,
And the wind brings relief from a summer heat day long
She said: 'The whole world around me is brimming with beauty,
But I must stay at home, alone without a song'

At the morning appearance the brown sparrow chirruped on the roof
The slow clock monotonously ticking with a ominous sound
With it there was the wooing breeze aloof
She loathed that long dragging morning hour; in a lonely house confound

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Nero CaroZiv

The Lovely Valley Of Her Breast

There is the vale; the lovely vale which none has seen,
Where lustful claw or palm of man has never crawled, prowled or been,
Such it is and such it lives what I watch with toil and strife,
The pangs the sighs and the turmoil and my an anxious sinful life.
There in the lovely valley of her breast every virtue has its birth,
Ere she descends to walk upon the earth,
And thither every deed of her returns,
Which in this generous bosom burns.

There in her breast love is warm, and youth is sprouting young,
Music is yet un composed and poetry is yet unsung.
For virtue still adventures there,
And freely breathes from her nostril her native sublime air.

And ever, if you hearken and watch the surrounding well,
You still may hear her voice of violins and bell,
And tread of every man who walks by,
His thoughts will be conversing with the spirits in the sky.

And she is not mine; would she ever be; I wish I was lost in all of her
And who would not long in such personality to be
I shall be lost as a candle lit against the glorious moon air
Lost as a fragile snowflake in the vast vexed sea.

She who possesses such rare beauty without vanity,
Elegance and strength without Insolence,
Courage without ferocity,
And all the possible virtues of Mankind without its Vices.

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Nero CaroZiv

The Man Who Loves A Coquette

Why lost man
Your heart is sour with complain
Over this pretty damsel's disdain
Why thus let your despair
Yields hellish chest tare
For months you may fret
But this will not get you your coquette

Ah! How can you teach her to love
Frustration compel you to ask
As time runs out to spin and to rove
It is not easy and simple task
At first they all frown like a house pet
But leave her alone for a while
She shortly will show you her smile
And you may sit or stroll by your coquette

For such are the fickle airs
Of love and flirt mingling in fanciful fairs
In king's palace or in a cave-man lair
They all think our homage is merely in debt
Fulfill it with projection
Without a touch of neglect
And as you show your strive for perfection
Soon takes the effect
And humbles down the proudest coquette

Dismantle your thick thought brain
Dissemble your pain
And lengthen your chain
Let her think she is using you
False or true
Let her self conviction be in taking advantage
It will all be to your vantage
And show her what a banter she may regret
If now you sigh
She can no longer deny

And you may caper in your coquette chamber

And still if out of false women pride
Your panting pangs she may deride
Be brave and full of thoughts and conceit
The trail is on; hold the raging thorns tight
Let not this untutored whimsical girl forget
That you have other admirers
Who would melt in your fire
That no one but you
Who can quench their burning desire
And thus laugh at you little coquette

Take an advice from me I adore
Some twenty or even more
And loved them most dearly but yet
Though my heart they captured in an enthrall
I will abandon them all
Did they act like your capricious coquette

Young loves' woes no time now to think
If your love to your arms you want to bring
Idol thoughts will make you sink
With no solution or a link
No longer repine
Adopt this design
And break through her defiance fence
No longer despair
No longer anguish care
Now you may kiss your captious coquette

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The Odor Of Her Love

Like the odor that from the flower is dissipated and gone
So are her kisses that once from voluptuous lips breathed on me;
The color from the favorite flower is faded and flown
The glow of stars, the smile in the eyes of she

Her face once a darling of all views, now a shriveled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies like a stone in the scorching sand of desert, on my abandoned breast,
And it mocks my heart and vexed soul which yet is warm,
With that cold and silent, ears numb rest.

Shall I weep for my fate, my tears revive love not
I sigh but in vain, it breathes no more on me;
For hours I mull Its mute and complaining lot
As harsh is the anguish, my strength strong as should be.

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Nero CaroZiv

The Queen Of The Night

Time wears her not; she does our chariots guide;
And below her elliptic orb human mortality is placed.
She moves poets and prophets to their muse and verse
Who would imagine without her a night

The full-orbed moon with unchanged holy ray
At summer haze mounts up the eastern sky,
Not doomed to these short nights for aye,
But shining steadily on wide forests and sapphire bay

She does not wane, or dim but my fortune,
Which her rays do not bless,
My wayward path decline soon,
But she shines not the less

And if she faintly glimmers behind mountains crest there
And paled is her divine light,
Yet always in her proper sphere
She is the reign; the queen of the night.

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The Rose

A vermilion hue decorates your gracious head
An enticing bloom for any man's eyes in the universe
Some men will find you in life rush and haste
Other will miss you in a futile search; in a vain toil late

Bless he that on timely found his rose
Alas the one who his rose did miss
At the path of his life no joy, no bliss
His light did wane and did vanquish
And he left like a blind in solitude and anguish

At calm, anguish evening of forlorn winter
When meadows hide beneath dark clouds
Look at your image in the mirror of your life
Your lovely rose plucked by a stranger hand
And you left naked to bare time to pretend

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The Scent And The Memories Of Past Days

The scent and the memories of past days sink deeply in my breast;
The gentle moments, the innocent infant thoughts stir now anxiety there;
A reflection back to childhood has disturbed the only rest
That was the portion of despair living under heavy cloud lair

I was subdued to vile stiff hard control,
I could have borne my wayward lot:
The heavy chains that bind my shaken, anguished soul
Had cankered it then but crushed it not.

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Nero CaroZiv

The Screen Is Down On Our Show

All rivers end in the sea sand
All things must come to their final end.
The sound the drama; the sigh and the pray
The audience hopes at the end of a play

The screen is down on our show
The girl with the villain will go
The last laugh, the last sigh on our stage
will echo in the audience ears as long as an age

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The Sea By Night

The sea at night is not peaceful, it is utterly uncalm,
The struggling, scudding foaming waves sound the dreadful alarm
The savage winds abrasive, feverishly court the waves
Rejected, they continue upon the surf to sweep into the rocky caves

The night-high tide solemn, rakes upon the stony shore;
its echo moaning along the rugged cliffs and chalky ivory caves
Mourns the hoarse ocean, suffocating seeming to deplore
Expose all shipwrecks that are buried in his restless agitated craves

Into the mined by corrosive tides, of the hollow rock
The waves rushed pushing, climbing, sprinting to its turf height,
Falling back to relentless shakes with long-resounding broken shock,
Loud, dire thundering on the ear of sullen dreadful night;

Again and again in relentless endless train of unearthly attire
Like the long swaying, dancingtongues of consuming fire
The waves bounce hitting the fall prone rock
There once upon its peak thrived a nest of a family duck

Above the desolate and stormy deep unrest,
Gleams the wan moon, in gloom by floating mist depressed;
The light towers on vexed shore stand wrapped in blanket of foam
The sea is not quite, the sun is shy reclusive at the bells of withdrawing dawn

Where is Nature's nurture and calming soft nurse
By wrath or by rage Nature lend us it's curse

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The Shade Of Death

The shade of death is made of a canopy piercing icicles cold
That mortal eyes ache upon its view and cannot comprehend or behold
Yet when mortal eyes are in eternal darkness closed
And death, cold and pale upon the length limbs stretched, reposed
Shall the disposed soul then wakes and roaming it seen
Asking: 'where are Eden's Golden keys? ' a question to heaven's queen

Some claim that grave is Heaven's gate
Where rich as poor, royal as commoner, all around it wait
A tale? , a fairy? , a feeble since old age been retold?
Yet, no one from there returned to this story unfold

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Nero CaroZiv

The Shechinah At Eve Of Shabbath

I remember upon one Friday spring night the holly hush fell;
Twice sacred was the Sabbath-queen dwell
When the folk gathered solemnly to an evening prayer;
The village streets were dressed, clean, holy and fair
From wholesome drench of before Passover gusting rains;
And, on the village western windows panes,
The chilly sunset sank, calm with adoration faintly told
Of green tulips buds enticed by spring cold,
And of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
And of numerous rivulets new with spring-tide sedge,
And of primroses by sheltered rills,
And daisies on the aguish yellow hills.
Twice holy was the Shechinah setting under Sabbath-bell:
The silent streets were yet crowded well
With staid and pious companies,
Warm from their houses oratories,
And moving with demurest air
To even-song and vesper prayer.
Each arched porch and entry low
Was filled with patient folk contemplating slow,
With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,
While the pray for the Sabbath-queen was loud and sweet.

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The Shell

Look what a beautiful shell of ivory white
Recently thrown at the sands by the rushing tide
See what a lovely shell a pad of a soft sloth snail
Small and pure without the notoriety of a pearl

Lying on the back of sand hill so nigh to my foot
Brittle, frail spared by the violent breakers loot
Oh what mind what hand has made it so fairly well
Ah, empty, vacant from the creature that within it dwells

Its delicate spire and whorl
How exquisitely are weaved its stripes of colors in whole
A miracle of design, that lives through ancient time
No less in beauty and charm than a poet rhyme

A piece of beauty is called a 'shell' by man
Not a pearl, not a jewel but unmoving dull clumsy name
A 'shell' which does not recall any treasure or historical fame
Let him who did not create it call it as he can
He who passes by it without notice, this pleasure from his eyes to ban
Yet this beauty holds in the sands and its charm contends the same

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Nero CaroZiv

The Ship Has Left The Empty Coast

The ship has left the empty coast
Leaving behind him who is worried and lost
The ship has departed the desolate port
For ever or for a while short
The ship has sailed into the dark hazardous sea
An unretractable track, its fate what it to be

You are walking away from me love
A most dire constancy descending on me from above
If you are, I bid you farewell
Fare well to you and if forever
Still forever farewell and be guarded well
Even though gnawed with anguish and pain, never
Against you my heart rebel

Walk down away like a cold rivulet to the sea
Thee steps and the waves their tribute deliver
No more by thee my steps will be
And if forever let it be forever a never

Walk down away by lawn and lea
Walk a rivulet and hurry a river
No more by thee my mind will be
And if forever, let it be forever a never

Yet in vast pastures still for thee sighs a tree
And by thee a bush will shiver
Among sprout of balmy sprouts will hum the bee
And if forever, let the world be shaken and quiver

Let thousands of suns stream on thee
Followed by thousands of moon shot over thee head
But not by thee my steps will be
And if forever, let my heart forever be dead

It is in vain to struggle, let my love perish young
It lived as it lived; it loved as it loved dwelling in my breast
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung
And then at least my love can never be upset

Rather be it weaned than be ware out
To keep what it left behind beneath the cloud of doubt

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Nero CaroZiv

The Soul And The Core Of Every Language

The soul and the core of every language
lie in the lines and rhymes of its poetry
As the divine poets spirit should
Guide us to built our emerging human hood
With universal sublime inner soul nurturing food
Drawn and scale in select proportion fair
From honest mold and vagabond air
From that foul awful dreadful night
Into joyful rebirth bright day light
From antique ashes, whose departed flame
In us a finer life and a longer instated fame
From injuries and wounds; pains and balms
From the quiet after storm that calms

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The Star

Watch the vaults of a sky in summer evening; spot a falling star
Brush away city broken roar and its air suffocating soot
Tell me where all my past memories and sweet years are
All past and gone memories, leaving no trace nor root
Teach me again to hear mermaids in calm sea singing
And keep away human evil and envy stinging
I never knew, nor found what wind serves to advance honest mind

Pitch me against ever strange seen sights
Things sublime and invisible to see,
Have got the wisdom when riding ten thousand days and nights,
Till face deformed by age and snow white hairs on thee,
You, now when you return will tell me,
All strange wonders that befell on you on land and sea
And swear, anywhere did you find your true love; rose true and fair

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The Strength Of Childhood Is For Ever

The strength of childhood is forever

Remember when all the birds were faint with the hot sun,
School days were off as the birds were hidden in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead; a holy hour; a precious
endeavor

I recall that green grasshopper's, on a back of a cow he took the lead
In summer luxury, the cows were moaning; dogs barking yet undeterred it had
never done
With his delights; and yet the nimble big butterfly for when it tired out with the
wind and fun
The butterfly so close to the grasshopper rested at ease beneath some pleasant
weed.

Who would forget the bitterness of a citrus leaf
When the trees waved and whitened in summer gale brief
Bursting from a rock by the red stones wall
From its heights the shrubs hanged down in boughs all

The strength of childhood is ceasing never:
My childhood days on a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrilled the lost
Hidden cricket's song, in holy warmth increasing ever,

The strength of childhood alive within me; forever it rises
It bestows one the face for all upcoming challenges and crises
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost, among mountain towers
The picture of that childhood grasshopper's among some grass and
flowers

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The Sun

The sun, we all admire her great glorious red eye
So in the depth of the universe it may roam high
Yet, does it see and comprehend as much as I
Even on warm hot summer day when to the earth it is so nigh

And regard her kinswoman the solitary moon all sliver proud
As she floats and travel in her ordained orbit, she spread no doubt
Of her divine state with the divine scenery of night cloud
The amazed owl usurps the tallest oak will shriek and shout

Oh, the lovely young season of spring
How many happy hours to human it may bring
Rolling in trodden lavish season grass
I had observed in so detail every pretty lass

I do look in curiosity where no one dares
I examine as a child where no one stares
And as the quite evening behind dusk draws nigh
Creature of the night, lambs in bars sweetly bleat my lullaby

Nero CaroZiv

The Tree

I stood and watched a naked barren tree
with its branches spread wide along the blue sky
They sailed into the cold spring gales with their happy destiny;
A tall tree often hidden from mortal eye of a passer by
Its boughs plump with thicken buds; when the clouds asunder fly
How bright the tree mien; its buds jumped to sprout in mutiny

Far different I am; of such different remote race,
Oh thousands thoughts rushed rich of that tree beauty and grace
With cherished sullenness of pace
Would I ever be in renewal pursue
Like that tree; ingrates who wear a smile less face
A creature like me has only one season the whole year through.

If child memories ever would make
My spirit droop low for drooping sake,
From fancy and fun of gone days conjured in my wake,
Bright blooming tree under spring gales in the meadow break
A counter impulse; a breaking sigh let me take

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Nero CaroZiv

The Umbrella

One morning in a city of din and broken roar with no pause
A maid walked along into my wandering glance
So pretty, so pure, like a sprouting in spring rose she was
under her feet the cobble stones lulled in a dance

Such a beautiful maid jumped into the street
And in the middle of gushing rain over a rushing creek
I am such a reserved, shy, modest guy
No aim no purpose under dark ominously pouring summer sky

So swiftly, intuitively, gracefully I extended my umbrella
To that lovely flower, bare orphan Cinderella
Her still small voice whispered to me
'Thank You', as she joined with a youthful glee

And by that she washed away all my misery
Ah, was there ever a better way to be
When the rotten street edges tear and drip
Ah, what a face! what cheeks to my shriveled lips

When coal black blanket wraps the sinking day
And the shaken leaves are stamped to muddy clay
What music cannot passion raise and quell
As we walked closely under the umbrella shell

All streets walkers and merchants stood around
And a stretched wondering on their faces fell bound
So lucky were I that rainy low clouds day
The precious umbrella so handy under showers of May

Like the fisherman net on the bank of sandy bay
What a price for such umbrella I would make a pay
And the blessed rain kept gushing as if it just began
Through all the compass of notes it ran

Such a diapason closing full on me
Was there, is there ever a better way to be
And so I walked with comely maid young and tall
She with such elegance and grace of gait that all

The crowd turned their heads as in greeting parade
They stopped for an instance whatever they made
She saw me, I was smiling pleasantly
Quite plainly grateful for her beauteous courtesy

Observing which she lowered long lashes eyes and hushed
And like a budding rose all over blushed.
Then I stood soaked in wet streets long alone
My soul like the earth after the sun has gone

And it grew slowly cool and numb, drawing a darker hue
I mused what could had been but from my dreams no comfort drew
The girl had gone and all the magic scene
Had vanished. Had that divine tracery been

No more than an instance of fantasy, rain on the land
I stood frozen lonely under an umbrella at my hand
Gnawing my inwards like poisonous minerals so eagerly
Gone, gone was the spell, the charm and the mystery

Under that summer flood gorging down ferociously
Into Noah ark I would have prisoned ourselves eternally

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The Village

In the village where I usually stroll along in its streets and live
An ominous plot against me is put into high contrive
These villagers do not like whoever is not rich as their vague glamour
They hold deep rancor to whoever does not march and sing their tunes and
hummer

I would not let you for long guess or think
What would happen if into their hand a silk noose will sink
Right upon my fragile neck they will happily let it fall
As they push and tight me against an ancient stone wall

Once when my leg by the river side was broken
No one stopped by to offer any help or even a wordy token
Beneath an old oak by the village side
I sat in long weeping session, in front of the whole village wide

There was no one to ask me why I wept
And so for hours under summer heat I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Dry and cold as my immense ominous fears

In other time when walking innocently down village streets
A guy passed me by and kicked my butt as a vile treat
He laughed and encouraged his fellow to follow the same drag
But the other poor wished he could, since he was missing a leg

Those people of village who are unassumingly friendly and kind
They are who will not put an obstacle out of a mockery sooth
In front of my legs since practically in plain truth
They are themselves disabled, feeling the streetblind

If a thick noose falls into their hands
That will be my dire end
If they see me in the forest among the wood clear
They will shoot me as if I was another deer

And those who will not mock
Me are simply mute, they use their look

And around they go to hide behind a rock
With some friends who are deaf and cannot rebuke

Oh gentle folks of hostess village who owe a grudge
To my calm and unintegrated, unmingled distant existence
Stay on your own hellish foolish trudge
In spite of my unprovoking survival persistence

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Nero CaroZiv

The Visit

The angel of death went up and down dark city alleys and streets
Unseen, unheard not being felt by his tracking treads
Trailing twilight robes past coffee shops where people chat and laugh with thrill
He paused, yet not hesitated at every door and window sill

And he listened to the living breath
Of those who did not know or wish not to know
How near they were to become under his reign, and wrath of heavenly glow
Who would live and who would die; who tonight will leave the living earth

who will live and who will die;
who will die at his predestined time
who will succumb and fall before his prime;
who be drowned by water and who be consumed by fire,

who by sword or sharp dagger, who by foul savage beast,
who by long famine, who by mal thirst,
who by wrath of storm, who by incurable plague,
Who by some harm, who by smoky earthquake,

who by delirium, who by pandemonium,
who by strangulation, and who by stoning.
Who will rest and who will wander,
who will live in harmony and who will be harried,

who will spared and enjoy tranquillity and who will suffer,
who will be impoverished and who will be enriched,
who will be degraded and who will be exalted
This is all enfolded in the angel cover

The angel of death went up and down dark city alleys and streets
Unseen, unheard not being felt by his tracking treads
Not seen by nurse, doctor, priest or nun

He quietly in deathening silence passed by many doors
And behold, alas! he did enter one.

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Nero CaroZiv

The Wagon

I pushed a wagon through a muddy road
I pushed and I pulled all for naught
The wagon did not move nor did it stir
Its rear wheels stuck in the murky mire

I withdraw thinking...
This wagon did not want to see the truth
This is why it will never change course or move
A wagon is a wagon
It trots the roads or be dragged on
It lives its life and endures its truth
It is only me
From whom the truth may hide
This plain truth engraved on a rock
Yet boggles taunts and tantalizes in a mock

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Nero CaroZiv

The Well Of Love

I think in these quiet moments of the night
That love and despise are two feelings of close side
Although we prefer one and shun the other
Nevertheless we do confuse between one another

Like two branches emerging from the same trunk
Of tree, nourished by roots of the same rank
Yet they are so different upon our mood.
Love turns its head towards the EAST
The dawn of day, the sun of new hopes
Despise turns its head towards the west
The end of the day, the dusk before the dark
The pause, the end, the death
The cease, the change.....

There is a change, and I am left poor
The love that had been, nor long ago
A fountain at my heart's door
Whose only tread was to flow
And flow it did; not taking heed
Of storms of tempests
Of its own bounty, or my need

What happy moments I knew
What divine thoughts I drew
From its existence
Blessed was I then all bliss above
Now for this consecrated Fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love
What have I left with? Shall I dare tell?
A comfort less and a hidden well

Yes a well of love
I guess
It may be still deep
With water fresh and distilled
I trust it is, and never dry
What it matters if the waters sleep?
In silence and in obscurity of its deep

Such a change, at the very door
Of my fond heart, has made me poor

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The Willow

How beautiful is the willow in April gown
Delicate and gleaming under the sun
Never minding the seasons and years gone
It stands, long flowery drippings and soft wind sigh

Spring does not call me as it used to
With sprouts in vast meadows and balmy flowers of variety hues
No more shall I renew myself with the world every spring
With heavy leafy boughs crowded with birds in sing

Willow, Willow sway, twinkle, lull in the sun
Your leaves, same leaves of my past days gone
Welcome me as the spring use to in wild laugh and fun
Oh let me answer the spring again for my days are still undone

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Nero CaroZiv

The Winds

From the meadows her walks have left a balm so sweet
That whenever summer wind wilts and sighs
It sets the jewel print of her lovely feet
In violet blue hue as her slaying eyes
To the woody hollows in which we hide and meet
And the heavenly valleys of daunting Paradise

A slender bird in foliage high, his wings would not shake
One long white bloom of a tall sturdy tree
The white bloom reed fell bending into the fresh lake
As the pimpernels dozed in the summer sun on the lea

But the rose was all night advocating her sake
Knowing my love promise to me
With the lilies they were all night awake
wondering what my love acts and takes will prove to be

Four winds blowing through the bright sky,
My heart is heavy with forlorn love
You have seen poor me under the burden of love I die,
No remedy from the mountains around or the heaven above

I asked the winds: Tell me then what I shall do
That my maiden love may be honest, virtue and true.
Shall I be stern with her to the haughty
Or shall kisses and sweet talks will sway the maid so naughty

Oh, sighed the spring wind from out the South,
'Lay a kiss upon her voluptuous mouth, '
And the winter grumpy wind from out the West without mercy or taste,
'Wound the heart within the lovely valley of her breast, '

A prompt protest came from the summer wind from out the East,

'On the contrary! Send her a banquet of a lavish feast, '
With disdain and mockery breaths the autumn wind from out the North,
Exclaimed: 'In the tempest winds thrust her forth;

Shall I be cruel and harsh as she
Then her love will pacify and relent to be kind to me

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Nero CaroZiv

The World Beauties

Shall I let my muse on the flowery treasures sing
And prate over the humble glories of past youthful spring
Shall I ever be again where the opening roses breathing sweets diffuse
And soft Carnations shower their night balmy dews
How I long for the past picture of Lilies smiling in virgin white
To welcome in my home town the summer morning ray of light

There varied Tulips capture my heart as they show such dazzling pray
Blushing in bright diversities on a hill to herald the day
And each by nature painted floret in the bank of a lake below
Surveys its beauties in the sun whence its beauties its power to draw
The pale Narcissus on the bank, introvert in vain
Transformed, idly checks and gazes on himself again

Here in my mind still the aged oak tree stands compose
And mounts its shade on the school yard where we stood in rows
Around there the greenery vegetables in their beds were laid
The green gardens that people expected harvest and from summer heat shade
Around the village the Orange trees with bloom and pendants shine
And vernal honors to their join

The old fig tree turns her beauties from the invading beam
To shelter the wild weeds that grow by the running stream
The stream distilled water preserves her virgin five fingers leaves
A cool shade shelter to any wanderer from her boughs receives
Hot, lazy summer day off school dwells upon the land
Bare feet upon cool dawn dewy white sand

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There Are Times When I Recall The Sweet Scents

There are times when I recall the sweet scents
Of our friendship in its prime youth
What vile winds, what whispering sands,
What foul thoughts poisoned the truth
Constancy thrives only in heavenly realms of above
Life is painful and thorny, and it wares us into vain
And to strive to be worth of the one we love
Does work like havoc madness in the brain

But never either of us found the other again
To free the hollow heart from gnawing pain
Stubbornly we stood aloof and far, the scars remaining
The soul wounded and ailing
With no end to suffering and painting
In the reign of wrath, doubts and never reaching
There will never be souls bridging
Like lofty cliffs which had been set asunder
The cold dreary sea now flows between
And neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder
Shall move this ocean away from within
Oh Dear me, Oh Dare me to wean
The marks of her who once had been

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There Will Come

There will come upon the earth, calm spring time
When soft rains fall and raise the adores of wet ground
And flowers leap and bloom into their prime
As the swallows circle and bounce in vast meadows, shimmering sound

And no one will know of my time under the sun
And no one will reflect or contemplate of my days, not one
Not even one would mind, neither happy bird on a bough tree
That I have perished; erased diminished with no memory utterly

Come red black Robins and wear your feathery fire,
Whistling your whims on a low summer wind stirring fence-wire
And fat oily frogs in a garden pool, sing your rhythm all night
And tree heavy with late season foliage play the wind that turn you white

The world will go on as we do when an acquaintance dies
We hurry to burry and move as if it never concerns our fates; blinding our eyes
Oh that first Spring after death, herself when she wakes at dawn
Minding her course would scarcely notice that we were gone.

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Nero CaroZiv

They Say Death Is Good

They say death is good; not terrifying enterprise no matter where one shall lie
In some deserted grave or high visible place; I cannot tell why,
But I should be terrified to be eternally put to sleep in some neglected spot
Unknown to every one, without any mark to the world; by every one forgot.

Let me count the beneficial of death; one can taste with owns dead breath
The utter lack of life, the fullest sense of the kingdom of death;
And one should never ever hear a note of jealousy, vile conspiracy or foul hate,
Nor the sympathy and pity tribute paid by passersby to tomb of one's state.

Some even hastily take to death, leaving behind mourners with prayers and tears
Who assume futilely that death brings torture to dead and dying ears;
Who is the fool that lies and annihilates one's own dead heart bless
Of oblivion? the shroud and envelope of nothing; a world with no grace

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Thorns And Petals

A green sepal that warps and holds the petal,
And those thorns that pricked my limbs
Upon a common summer's morn
As I walked to school on the hill

And cluster of dew and early morning buzz of a bee or two
A desert breeze caresses the face;
A caper of birds in the trees
All these scenes haunt and play witchcraft on me!

Nero CaroZiv

Thy Nightly Gown, Thy Shoes, Thy Shows And Bed Of Roses

Thy nightly gown, thy shoes, thy shows and bed of roses
Bring back thy cap, thy kirtle and the thousands of poises
Soon, too soon they break, too soon wither, hast to be forgotten
In folly ripe, in dash to edge, in madness or reason rotten

Belt of straw and ivy meadows with sprouting buds
Coral clasps and spring with amber studs
All these in me no means can tarnish or move
To come to thy and be thy eternal love

But can youth last, and love still breed
Have joys no date, no limits no age no need
The shades and memories of these delights of love
Will prove any age or time's blemish of you my precious dove

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Nero CaroZiv

Time And The Vile Hand

How soon and swiftly; Time, the subtle thief of youth
Has hastily stolen on his wing my years of youth; of evasive zeal and rapture
My hasting days rash and fly now on with full speed
With no measure to slow down Time and its scudding days
It did not let my late spring to bud or to blossom under the vile hand
My semblance over the years might deceive the truth
That I to manhood am arrived so near with scars hidden virtually deformed
With soul stiffened and stone burden on my heart that stayed un lifted
And my inward ripeness does much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits nevertheless I did endure
Yet be it less or more, or soon or later
That sweet memory of childhood haunts me

I never lost as much without being aware
The depth of lost and the absence of care
Now I stand a beggar
Before the door of the world!

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Nero CaroZiv

Time In Change

Time in change, and change in time
As we grow old stripped and gnawed of our prime
People fading, people dropping to where
No one ever comes back from there

Each figure that vanished and your life has left
A block of hollow is dropping, sinking into your lose
So much of you is plundered and bereft
The world has irreversibly changed in such a profound gross

A whole part of your picture is dropped to fall
Like a giant iceberg shading its edge into the sea
The landscape dreadfully deposed; stand upon the cemetery wall
Would it not be better for you- not to be

People in pictures left; precious moments of the past
The days once in moments of light and glee, sand and sea
The days we never contrive of termination and last
The days of endless sun and roses with hammering clans of bee
Busy buzzing in circles around every blooming spring tree

Nero CaroZiv

To A Woman Like You

To a woman like you experience might have told me
That all must love you once they catch a glimpse of you
For there is no measure to one's pleasure invoked from your view
Yet such treasure as you does not come without a plea

And surely experience of my age might have taught
That your firmest assurances are naught
But being placed all your charms and vulnerability before me
Age failed me, all I forgot except adoring thee

For sure the numbers of replacements are vast
All eager to fulfill your urgent as trivial tasks
I have never been an advocator of quantity
When it comes to friends, in the contrary, of quality

But why shall I be stern to the haughty
By all means and good intends let me bless them all
The dwarf, the round and the tall
Guarding you from your friends never has been my duty

Nor shall I draw your attention
To a noble madam with a daughter in a mansion
Both pretty with shiny feathers and lush falls from head
Trying to lure and corral fresh young blood to the Madam's husband bed

A woman of thousands enticements fair and fond deceiver
How prompt are we like naive striplings to believe her
How throb the pulse, how chock the throat
Little we know it is all show of naught

The manly weakness that fails me when I view
The eye that roll in glossy haze I knew
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A piercing beam from under hazel brows

How quick I applaud and credit every oath
When I hear your plight the willing troth

Amorously I hope it will take us around the globe
When, Lo! She changes all like stones rolling down slop

A woman fickle like you, her nature is so false
Her character full of frauds, a beauty with so many flaws
Yet I never reach apprehension or satiety
With such complex of beauty and fallacious variety

I shall be glad to say farewell to you deceitful maid
It is in vain and fruitless to regret
Nor hope nor memory yield their aid
But pride may guide me and strengthen me to forget

I shall seek other endeavors and joys
Yet to think nowadays, would drive my soul to chaotic madness
Even in careless throngs in thoughtless empty noise
I can conquer only half of my bosom's sadness

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Nero CaroZiv

To An Anonymous

I still remember you thru time's sea silhouette of long years in slow ebb,
Dappling shadows over your image; long hours have to and fro let creep and
howl the sand,
Since I was tangled in your amazing beauty like a moth in a spider web,
And I remember being snared by the dream skin of ungloved hand.
I was standing isolated among a throng at your first sight; carved with stone
A feeling that always comes back whenever I stand alone
The days of youth, zeal and rapture staggered the mind
Suffocated any word in the way out thru the throat; a moment so unkind
stunned, paralyzed I let you, my eyes phantomlike image slip into oblivion
Far into the crowd; small shrinking far into Maldivian
I ever look on midnight floating sailing stars in the sky,
Just that I behold your eyes well memorized light;
I would look upon the rose's lurid soft dye,
Just to free my soul to your cheek where it does take its flight.
At every early spring upon frigid boughs I look on any budding flower,
But my fond ear, in fancy illusions and dreams at your voluptuous lips
And hearkening for a love-sound, does devour
Its sweets in the wrong sense: you do eclipse
Every delight with sweet gnawing remembering
And grief unto my darling joys it does bring
Then I stood among market walkers all deserted and alone
My soul like the earth after the sun has gone

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Nero CaroZiv

To Be Alone

When I weep or when I mourn it does not mean
That I have a misfortune of any kind or that my heart is torn
Something undecidedly, unfitting in my mind to plague and to groan
When I sob or when I fret I have not encountered anything bad or mean

Yet to be alone is not in the land of fun
From my shadow I cannot hide, from myself I cannot run
It does not let, it does not fade
This awful, painful, empty, sinking, suffocating, solitary shade

O Sweet Solitude! if I must with you dwell,
Please comfort me among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings; and stairs to climb on the molding steep
With toiled and jaded throng, people stretched to utmost swell

Long awaited darkness in my heart sinks and falls
Casting shadows, scudding past images on my walls
In this twilight hour in my little room I am alone
And the macabre memories into my vision are drown

Sitting near the sighing goring fireplace
Jumping, dying embers rushing towards my face
With cracking din, this is a serene and peaceful solitude
The whole world seemed detached, introvert and subdued

Everything comes back to haunt me again
your clear picture is so sharp, real and plain
In these shadows of my chamber gloom
You like an angle pass, a silhouette roaming in my room

Half awake and in and out of delirious dreams
Conjuring long forgotten scenes
So strange how the present mingles with the past
Awaken passions and unfulfilled lust

And as they entertained and entwined
They play havoc and sweetly torture my mind
As the embers of sighing furnace burst and fly

So does love converges to terminate and to die

To close my eyes I so much try
Yet your twilight image goes by
All persisting, all in agonishing loom
Like an angle passing through my little room

Nero CaroZiv

To Dream Her

Is it a dream or is it a scene
Is it a phantom only in my imagination seen?
Do I see her shadow in the forest's gloom?
When the moon is in its nightly orbit loom
The sun has long sunk in the dusky skies
To veil its fair glories while I spy
The unclouded luster of her eyes
Her bashful beguiling beauties once descried
The vanquished roses lose their pride
And in their thorny leaves their blushes hide
Myrtles have lost their balmy girdle
And dropping lilies seen sadly to tell
A melancholic story how much her sweets their own excel
Watching her withdraws into the forest dark my soul pauses in pray
For the light breaks out and goes away
And I am on the look for the vanishing ray
But once she gone the lilies their heads rear
And with fresh balmy scents perfume the air
When the glory of their rival is not there
Again grown bold and proud the spreading rose
Its blooming buds does disclose
And into the vaulting skies its incense throws
..
..
I languish at her beguiling charms when she drew nigh
But if she disappears again I will die

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Nero CaroZiv

To Her Who Writes A Novel

I know that everyone in the holy land nowadays is touring
And the fields with fragments of citreous and flowers are blooming
One may be intoxicated by these heavenly holy scents
In the land of milk and honey and the patina of the saints

Lately my interest in your on going Novel rose
I wonder about the inditement, the excitement and the prose
How many characters strong or meek do you have
Are they coward, blood thirsty, evil, bold, fearless or brave

Are you done portraying the heroes, the villains and other characters
Do you make them labor hard in their act and toil
It is a laborious excruciating work without the miracle of oil
So hard and intrigue this task is, nevertheless you would not consider contractors

Don't let them roam idly, hardly working in their secured domicile
Don't let them sleep or delay; hastily they should bestow
Lines and phrases uttering loud and clear their lust, failures or an urge to kill
Stay on their top, spur them to rise to heights away from words low

Think of a tale in the middle night by a castle rock
Surrounded by secluded mysterious sturdy trees oak
And a lovely lady inside moated castle walls
As the starry night approaches the moon light fall

The night is chill; the forest foliage heavy to bare
The owl of the night moans in sharp bleak
There is not wind enough in the calm air
To blow away the ringlet from her cheek

Leave the reader to wonder what makes her in the woods so late
A far furlong from the secure castle gate?
You may hint though at the beginning of the play
That she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover who is far away

And while our female hero is all in dreams during the night
Of her own betrothed gallant knight

Let us draw the plot of his adventures to dare
All wrapt in fear, suspense and courage
As being encircled by enemies of foul plight and cunning urge
The reader withholding breath unable the scenery to bare

Write a Novel of great glory of that wondrous light
Its words and phrases throbbed in all encompassed around
And hide in its own brightness from the sight
Of all that look thereon with critic unsound
That underneath the readers feet are to be found
Roaring thunder and lightning and tempestuous fire
The instruments of your pen avenging raging sire

Nero CaroZiv

Tonight All Windows Are Opened Wide

Tonight all windows are opened wide
Tonight all hearts blasted in pain converge to heal
Tonight all gentle soft words pay to mend and to appeal
Between us they flow said undisturbed by vain pride

Time has traveled us so far
Broken heart shall we let it journey us forth more
To the end of our painful path; till the last dropp of love's soar
Where finally we may find the virtue between us, the goodness of our stars

Someone is weeping on a pillow dry
Someone is gasping at the door knob asking why
Let all soft gentle words flow between two of us
And heal and cure all pains to the very last.

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Too Young

Once, how much we loved each other, never to be parted
We swore that our love would never lessen and would never fade or go
We were young then, proud and fresh-hearted,
We were too naïve to understand the fickle ways of life, too young to know.

Fate is like a wind unexpected, uncontrolled, with red autumn leaves swept
before it

Far apart in the whirling gust, far away in the blast cruel time of year
Seldom we meet now, but when we do it erupts trepidation and fear
How far we fell; how more we fall behind this unexplained un witty split

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Traveling Through The Orbits Of Love

Traveling through the orbits of love
You always followed me
Hiding yourself behind hideous secrets
The tedious question I always asked
At mid way meeting as train pulled in
Who is the one you love?
With whom your soul yearn to be
Are you ready to accept me hence?
From all my mad habits I recovered
It took me a long pause to ask
It last more for you to answer
The train pulled out
The earth beneath me trembled
My world darkened on me
So strange you did not stay
So inhabitant is the station without you

Against trifle and ecstasy that we knew
Love is the remedy
Hidden thoughts meaningless words
Again iterate the question
Who is the one you love
Would you love me?
Would you accept me?
Since I shelled my old rascal skin
So I contemplate while lying in bed
You where no where to answer
I waited long in cold bed for reply
My heart pulled out of my chest
The earth beneath the bed shock
So strange you are not here
So lonely the world is without you
So deafen is the air clear

Who is the one you love

With whom you will be
The freighted earth shook
The mad lighting shot
The birds to the air took
So strange you are not
And I am abandoned in the knot

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Nero CaroZiv

Truths And Lies

This suffocating ache rises to my throat
This rushing horrible thought
A Mountain sits on my lips
would not let my secret slip
Stay coward stay shy
An infant so naive would not cry

Submit to your eyes beguile
And let it walk you through this dark aisle
Not an inward gnawing question asked
The whole world before you is masked
Darkness is your light
Lies are your guide

Hash no more words, they would reveal
what your heart craves so much to conceal
Hark no more lines up to this point
Where truth and lie, two adversaries reluctantly joint

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Nero CaroZiv

Try To Remember

Try to remember late Indian summer of September
When life was breathless before school days started and the fields were calm and mellow.

Try to remember the falling leaves in innocent world and the particular crow, a member

Of a wider flock on a wire fence as the grass was green and heavily bending under grains so yellow.

Try to recall the kind of warm sluggish days, meadow full of grass so yellow
Leaves were still helplessly hung on rigid peel of weaving boughs
When you were a young smooth face, before growing into callow fellow,
Try to bring back those happy days when you strayed in vast fields free and aloof

Try to sail back into past time when life was so beautiful and tender
The flowers bloomed till end of November
In your window swayed the dangling willow until late in December
Try to remember the hills to school full of pricking thorns on morning splendor

The gentle nights when your dreams were kept beside your pillow.
And you waited for the night to finally sink on the world
Since you knew the pleasant dreams would keep you not so bored
That love of nature and the world was an ember in your heart about to billow.

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Nero CaroZiv

Two Beneath A Shady Tree

They were two beneath a shady tree cover
An old oak tree with blistered trunk and bark failing over
Like the hand of an old man with frail eyes
Yet leaves and fresh sprouts from its boughs shot to the skies

An old sturdy oak tree under summer sun
In mid of golden wheat clustered by the wind run
The waves of the wheat heads combed by gale and breeze
As the two set and made themselves at calm ease

They set and watched the golden field swaying in dance
The broken roar and the dim din of a remote city at horizon glance
She was beautiful and shy like a violet by a mossy wall stone
She set by him hidden and through his eyes she was only his own

They set beneath the tree, their life yet untrodden path
They spoke the first verses of love with joy and laugh
What was to come they knew not; merely the glory of that hour to bear
since they were innocent and pure; the masters of the days that were

They gathered roses from the field while they may
Unaware of old time that was still to carry them flying
A world so harsh where love grows and fleets away
They fell to play losing no time in grieving and sighing

And so they sat beneath an old oak before the sun in dusky skies
veiled his fair locks of child hair while he did spy
The unclouded luster that dwelled in her slaying eyes

Her bashful beauties once descried
The vanquished flowers around lost their pride
And in their vermilion buds their blushing they did hide

Losing their balmy fresh summer smell
They would never admit or tell
How much her sweets by far their own did excel.

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Nero CaroZiv

Uncrowned Lovers

Two uncrowned lovers, each one of them stood alone
With no green weight of laurels round her or his head,
Their sad eyes to tell as one isolated and uncomforted,
And linger weary with human's never-ceasing burdening moan

For sins against love no bleating victim can atone,
Remembering sweet time; long lips with tears and kisses fed.
Girt were they once in a garment glamorous black and red,
Where the road would lead; the mark of a broken stone

Oh send up lilies, dove-like, up to her knees.
Now at her sight, your heart being lit again with flame
The sensation of glee; the suffocating yet pleasant unease
And she may answer, knowing well your name

For then it was the good morning of their waking souls
Last night love, they could not watch out of confusion and fear
To map world to world and to match word to word was not in their control
Love and its wrath comes in savage storm; none could endear

The memory of her standing breast high amid gilded wheat field
Clasped by the golden light of a bright morning yield
Like a sweet creature a beloved of the sun
He remembered how he drew many glowing kisses like one

And she rushed brushing ankle-high in a sea of flowers
As he could hear the wind behind playing in thousands waves of golden wheat
He breathed the spring air nostrils wide in the field sweet
As the cows thick with milk and the buzzing bees honey their hour

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Unveiling Lines Without A Rose

The white moon gleams in the wood
From every bough there comes a voice
Beneath the bower with a meaning of one choice
The pond reflects a shimmering mirror of a hood

As dawn breaks the silhouette of thoughts
Projected by the dim willow shade
Where winds lament what dreams us taught
We crave these dreams to last and not to be dread

Yet I ought to content with the thought....
If a woman ever loved
 In faithful truth
 As you by me
If a love faith ever found
 So true in faith
 As mine in you

To draw the strength
To seek the faith
That comes of self control
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved
And in harmony we flow and lull soul to soul

Our livings will that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock
We shall rise in the spiritual rock
Out of which the holy water of cure
Shall flow among our deeds and make them pure

Now I hold these lines in sin
To put in words the love's anguish that I feel
For words like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within

Oh, horrid heart how fares it with you now

That you have leaded me to failure by my own desire
And not once to stall, to repent at all or inquire
What makes me fall so low

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Nero CaroZiv

Watch A Falling Star

Watch a star that slides above a mountain silhouette and down the sky,
It Blinds the eyes as it shoots by, noiseless and shy
Yet too glaring, too burning and too quick to hold,
Too remote to succumb, too lovely to be owned or bought or sold,
Good only to quickly aspire wishes on in any language or tone
And then forever to be forgotten and from our world to be gone.

Nero CaroZiv

We Shall Stroll No More

We shall stroll no more
On pebbled white elongated shores
Or go wandering on dunes so late
Into the meadows by the night of date
Though the heart be still as loving as ever
Yet in aching pains in tears in sighs in quivers
And the moon be still as bright
Yet an orphaned and out of sight

Time wears out things and the sword outwears its sheath
And love outwears my tortured soul in my empty breast
The heart must pause now and catch a breath
And love itself seeks but soothing rest.

By night we no longer linger on a lea or on a lawn
For an underfoot of herb that was dry
And genial warmth, hovering over the sky
The silver haze of late summer night drawn

Though it was a night of our supreme delight
As pure as holy as perfect as a pray
The very source and fount of beams and rays
It dashed with stern isles of blight

Though the night is made for loving
And the day returned upon us too soon
We will go no more roving
By the light of the pert and nimble moon

Twisting, waving, dancing shadows roam the desolated sands
vague sceneries of ghosts and voices of past time;
Disconnected frames in fading memory past their prime
Touch them; feel them extend your hands

Yet in vain, at the solitary beach no one stands
Just the silence of echoing dunes and howling winds leading

The foaming waves to their final end.
And the air, water and sand sigh pleading

The soft sauntered through the velvet dunes along the beach
Where the scudding waves strife as far as they can reach

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Nero CaroZiv

When All My Youth In Years Be

When all my youth in years be
Fallen at length
And you see me
Lying trunk and bough naked strength
No longer mourn for me when I am dead
You shall hear then the solid sullen bell
Announcing to the world that I have fled
From this vile world, with the vilest worms of earth to dwell

When on your bed the spangled moonlight falls
You know that in my place of rest
By a running rivulet where a bird keeps her brood and nests
There comes a divine glory to the cemetery walls

My marble tomb bright in dark sheen appears
As slowly steals a silver flame
In a sway of lights and shades game
Along the letters of my name
Inscribing the humble living of my fame
And over the number of my years

A soiled vase bares flowers wane and wilted
And stones around with salt of tears are gilded
My soul in its clay cold bed lay forsaken
In the place where I sleep and never to be waken

The daunting haunting piercing owl's cry
Shall burst upon my slumbering ears
Not a single seraph hovers in the sky
While I lay wrapped in my shroud of fear

The mystic sliver swims away
From off your bed the moonlight dies
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
You sleep till dawn arises dipped in grey

As time claims its bounty my friends become scarce
And the letters of my name will fade into less
With blackest moss the letter-plots
Will be thickly crusted one and all
Over grown weeds with blades tall
Claim my grave with girded entangled knots
As the splendor falls in the cemetery walls

They say every soul has a star
That glimmers and flickers through channeled wind far
Till it fades and fails and die
So the soul converges to its archetype in the sky
Yet no angle clad in light by golden heaven gated
None which clad in light my spirit waited
To embrace me into the divine eternal sky
Here below the yellow autumn leaves I lie

Who would have thought that thus
To be thrown under the dust
He who had man under what pretensions and why
He made him think he was not made to die

Spirits of the dead haunt every day's last hours
Roaming amid these yellowing bowers
At eventide they dance in macabre lock
Mocking the sobs and sighs of mourners in shock

At times kind rains their vital moisture yield
And swell the flowers beds and the harvest of the fields
The river at the cemetery hill strengthen along
And bides his willows to listen to the shepherds' song
And the sun raises her energy for the trees to have
As the shepherds lead their flocks around my grave
They sing while besides the shaded tomb you mourn
And the sumptuous squirrels your stature shrine adorn

The kindest words are said yet now useless grown
Kind words inscribed on the fading relenting stones
In the mute world of under we scream to heaven and to earth we deplore
For we are dead and love no more
The silver swans take rest our hapless fate to bemoan
In notes more sad than when they sing their own

I always hated the dreadful cemetery behind the little wood with old trees
wrought
Where funerals were led in the field above through harsh dry heath
The hills around it were horror stricken and I was a little boy distraught
watching the echo there whatever I asked her answer was: 'Death'

Were you there the day I was put down to the pit? Was there love in the
passionate shriek
Love for the silent thing wrapt in shroud that made false hast to his grave
Covered with a cloak, as you saw me and thought that I would rise and last
speak
And rant and rave at the world and at God as I always rave

You saw the hands tightly intertwined
Pale palm against pale palm laid
Bereft of any living movement they consigned
What the frozen lips left unsaid

The days at the cemetery
Are anguish and weary
But would you keep yourself aloof
Nor wander once into the cemetery ways
I lie here not lacking your harsh reproof
Yet missing the golden largess of your praise

When in the darkness over me
The blind four handed mole shall scrap
Under the dark lush bush tree
And the visitors wreath their heads with doleful crape
But you? When you come pledge me the vinery grape

And now here approach shake hands across the brink

Of that deep grave where I was thrown
Shake hands once more; I cannot sink
So far – far down but you shall be known
By me in your voice and I will reply from below and the birds shall sing

As the moon's splendor falls
Along the grass in the cemetery walls
Come back and take hold of me
A sensation that I long and love
Come back and take hold of me
When body's memory awakened
And old longing again moves into the bloodless veins
When lips and skin stir and remember
And hands feel as if though they touch again

Let Time sooth you and your scares heal
As on my clay bed his twiggy weeds grow
Come when you feel but only when the days are still
And at my headstone bow and whisper low
And tell of yourself that I should know

The damn dawn down over my grave fly away!
As East and West without a soul with suffocating breath
Mixed their lights like life and death
To broaden into a boundless day

And when you read these lines remember not
The hand that wrote it but he who loved you namelessly
And yet named his love to you sublimely in a knot
Out of whispering tongues which foul pure love carelessly
I would rather in your sweet thoughts be forgot if so
Thinking of me should make you woe

Even if by chance you look upon this verse
When compounded I lie with mortar and clay
Does not so much as my poor name rehearse
But let your love even with my life decay
Unless you bare your sorrow unnoticed, a nameless moan

Lest the world around mock you and me after I am gone

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Nero CaroZiv

When Cold Winter Winds Grippped The Air Between Us

When cold winter winds gripped the air between us
And howling storms vexed the calm of my elongated nights
Driven to the extreme of painful delirium and lust
I strolled around your place with heavy heart

Who would assemble shame stricken to an offending banquet attire
Under such heavy incense beg this occasion spare an acquire
Once feelings unblemished luster bloomed no lose their pride
But once shaken their cankered buds blushes burrowing to hide

What breaks cannot be fixed the way it was any more
What have been lost will none be re-established into a gain
All efforts tears and toils are wretched in vain
And nothing can bring back the happy hour laugh and glamour

Nero CaroZiv

When I Am Dying

When I am dying, let me know; would I wander with the clouds
Would we float on high over dales, meadows, orchards and hills
Do tell what would happen; I must know; I must resolve all doubts
Would we scud over host of golden fields
That kiss the lake, with banks beneath the trees
Shall we flutter and dance in the wanton morning breeze

When I am dying let me know that I loved the stars that shine
The glory and twinkle on the milky way,
The wild flowers that stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a sapphire bay:
The ten thousands of them I saw at a glance,
Tossing their heads in spring sprightly dance.

When I am dying remember that I loved the endless dunes
And the waves beside the white sand dancing; as they
Out-did the sparkling stares in movements and glee:
In such a jocund company I could not but be gay,
I walked along and gazed and gazed, but little thought
What precious wealth the show to me had brought:

When I am dying would it be as when on my couch I lie
In vacant, sloth or in pensive mood,
The cow house flashed upon me to be studied by a curious cow shy
Which was the bliss and comfort of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills
And my spirits dance; as the ceiling of the room shields

When I am dying who would know
That I loved the summer winds that in gentle way blow
Although it was rough sometimes like thorns and whips;
Oh, to be taken from all that I loved, all the world lovely things

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Nero CaroZiv

When I Catch My Falling Star

When I catch my falling star
Many friends will be there to tell where all my past years are
When I catch my falling star
I will take with me songs of glory repertoire

When does fall my star from the skies
Let no tears fall on checks from loving eyes
When does fall my star from the skies
The birds will sing and trees indulge in breeze free of human sighs

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Nero CaroZiv

When I Go

When my bells toll a melancholy saddening sound
Calling the people to lend my final end their honest prayers
In some gloominess, more dreadful condolence and chilling cares
More hearking to the sermon's horrid round

Surely the mind of every man in the mourning throng is closely bound
In some black spell; seeing that each other tears
Are shaded in self lament too, and gnawing fears
Sending a man to the grave is not a sight of glory crowned

When the bells drum my time; I should feel a damp
The same chill I felt when passing by a grave yard; did not I know
That all creatures are dying like an out burnt lamp
That all are now praying; sighing, wailing knowing their time to go
Into oblivion will come; and by their tombs fresh flowers will scent and will grow
For most humans without the glories of immortal lasting stamp

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Nero CaroZiv

When I Look At Other Women

When I look at other women

I always think of you, but you a holy token, a blessed omen
Of sky and earth that captures my eyes; my soul and breath
With lovely war of lilies and roses a blush, a dance of mirth

When I hear other women voice

You are my one and only choice
You come to my vision with music played
From that blessed violin whose motion sounds
Off sweet fingers; a phantom of delight gently swayed
As my ear is only to your voice confounds

Your words are like no other words or play

The things you say to me are like no other women say
Your words are ever keener and wittier; in context extreme
As they come out from your mouth oh what a dream!

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Nero CaroZiv

When It Will Be My Time

When it will be my time to lie down with my ancestors
Mourn me not; since it is the wish of my creator
I will go as a virtuous man passes mildly away,
And I shall whisper to my jaded soul to go
Whilst some of you being sad may say,
'Hold your breath not yet, NO! '

I beseech you when it is time, let me melt, go, and make no noise
No weeping, nor mourning, no tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move
Let me leave life without profanation of our joys
Sobbing your sorrow to the laity is in vain; nothing to prove

Moving of the earth and into the earth brings harms and fears
I have reckoned what it does, and what it does mean;
But trepidation of the unknown, the colossus universe and its spheres,
And face God the ultimate judge pure and clean

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Nero CaroZiv

When Love Starts, When Love Ends

Who knows when love starts and when love ends
When emotion in inferno ascends and in ebb retreats and descends
I have waited so long for you to return
Counting the days when our happy days adjourn

Yet when you finally came back
Nothing inside me remains; my heart congealed into a rock
Empty of all songs and strains
Like a candle at winter night burning itself without rekindle again

I thought it will be the end of the world
Soul cankered and chest of heavy human mold
But none of that happened; the world continues on its path
The birds are singing and taking sand bath

Not one does mind, neither wind rain or sun
The world will forward roll its events without any hiccup or groan
And in next Summer or Spring, when I wake up to a new dawn,
I would forget all our days since scarcely anyone knows that we were gone

And If anyone asks you, say it was forgotten
What ever had been is like it never did happen
As a flower in fall loses its vigor, as a waning fire, long ago
As a hushed footfall in last winter long-forgotten snow.

You must in your inner heart to let it be erased, forgotten and keep us apart
As a thing of beauty that fades and shrinks in human heart
Forgotten as the fire that once was singing, swaying violently to keep us from
cold
Time, the eternal crony of death; yet kind to make us forgotten and old

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Nero CaroZiv

When She Passes, A Sovereign Beauty Which I Adore

When she passes, a sovereign beauty which I adore
A world witness how worthy of every wonder praised
The light that has kindled the heavenly ore
Oh my frail spirit by her from baseness raised

And being in vicinity of her huge brightness dazed
Other women I can no longer endure to view
But gazing still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of such divine hue

And ever when my tongue would speak of her commanding due
It choked and turn to stone with thoughts of astonishment
I wrote her some times her titles true
My pen ravished with fancy's wonderment

Then in my heart both when speak or write
She, the wonder that my comprehension cannot indite

Nero CaroZiv

When She The Glamorous

When she the glamorous one returned back to mother earth
And all her joyous body and prime beauty are claimed by worms
That consumed off the red and white from her lovely cheeks
That once had been so proud and so widely notorious,
Oh, men should you pass on ground above by her grave
And see her tombstone feeling false and feeble pity,
Her dry bones wrapped in dust will find a voice speaking
To answer you aloud:

'No need to pity me, stop the flow of your tears, be still, lying here I am content,
Take back your poor compassion and sad contemplation
Joy was my life; a constant flame torched in me
Day and night; too steady to destroy too vital to forget or ignore
I was lithesome to the changes of life as a bending reed
Loving the storm that swayed me and shook my vitals
And yet I found joy everywhere in shine and in sorrow
Than any one can find happiness in time of joy.'

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Nero CaroZiv

When The Balmy Roses Cease To Bloom

When the balmy roses cease to bloom
And the shy violets by the mossy rock are done
When the honey bees in buzz under the forest gloom
Have passed beyond the sinking sun
I will be there no more
In the world that has shut on me its door

A childhood winter night; sleep well; who put the candle light out
A jealous zephyr at dusk wooing its image in my window glass - no doubt
In the cold air street lights flickered with last ebbing spark
Soon the whole kingdom of the night be enfolded in dark
Although nothing can bring back the joy and the graciousness of those days
Yet still the memories taunt and haunt me; torture as if it was yesterday

No celestial soul wandered outside; the angels of the night
Labored diligently; save the stars they distinguished every spot bright
The petals of the sleepy daisy were already close
The fig tree wore a gayer gray scarf, widely in the meadow it did show
Dear memories of childhood days; dear enchanter
Why conjure up to my view dreams of youth; to mock and to banter

Those were the days when flocks of birds came back
At first few, a bird or two followed by throngs on trees and track
Those were the days of late February when skies put on
The old sophistries of early June folding the cold to be gone
Oh what a fraud that could not cheat the bee
Yet the graciousness of those days was plundered by a vile hand from me

Calm evening was nearing; I the shutter drew
A swift movement on the tree boughs; an owl flew
The old stone structure on the hill its secrets from me did keep
By its stone fence a placid lily from the day heat did sleep
Who would forgive those wild wandering cries
Confusions; ecstasy and rapture of wasted youth under young canopy skies

Roaming breezes with their brooms sweep vale, hill, dale and tree clear
The fairy Queen in the meadow gloom hang a dew peril on a daisy ear
Oh let me have one more look at my childhood hills
The Tyron with vile hand the air with vicious atrocity fills
Who would forget the glorious summer sunrise after chilly dawn
And the deep twilight on the green lawn

Days of happy youth are now shaded
By the twilight and hardship of too short childhood years
The flowers that I saw in my youth are now faded
Washed and bathed through sorrow's tears
And it is a thing of fear and withdrawal for me to glance
Back on the gloom of past years; shadowy revenge and guilt advance

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Nero CaroZiv

When You Are Gone

There will be calm soft rains invoking the smell of the dry ground,
Being wetted, and swallows circling the air with their shimmering sound;
And fat sleek frogs in the pools singing at summer stars night,
And trees burdened with song choirs on boughs high and wide

Robins of different hues will wear their feathery fire
Whistling their whims on farms with a low fence-wire;
And not one will know in this world that you have left me, not one
Will care that we are thru and our love is done.

Not one would mind, neither wind rain or sun
The world will forward roll its events without any hiccup or groan
And in next Summer or Spring, when I wake up to a new dawn,
I would forget all our days since scarcely anyone knows that we were gone.

And If anyone asks, say it was forgotten
What ever had been is like it never did happen
As a flower in fall loses its vigor, as a waning fire, long ago
As a hushed footfall in last winter long-forgotten snow.

You must in your inner heart to let it be erased, forgotten and keep us apart
As a thing of beauty that fades and shrinks in human heart
Forgotten as the fire that once was singing, swaying violently to keep us from
cold
Time, the eternal crony of death; yet kind to make us forgotten and old.

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Nero CaroZiv

Where Is Love?

Where is that friend, that love, that beauty whom everywhere I seek?
When the day dawns, my longing only grows with night wind moans; barely
cooping
When the day flees, I still cannot find her though I fall delirious and sick
Though my heart burns in wild throbbing

I see her traces, wherever any power moves,
Aflower blooms, or a leaf bends in the caressing wind
In the breath I draw, the air I breathe from gloom groves
Her love is mixed; sometimes fickle and untrue

I hear her voice, where summer winds whisper,
where groves sing, birds are shimmering and where rivers with rocky
outcroppings roar
I hear it best in my heart speaking and me her image keeping.
Oh, When so much beauty in every vein and sinew
Of her being, when life so short and frail,
How beautiful must her source be, with her I eternally be!

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Nero CaroZiv

Who Ever Loved

Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?
Love at first sight, is it the love made of right?

Yet sages claim it takes another kind of love to see
How human spirit, in its tactical withdrawal
From aging outworks and tare and ware that are doomed eventually to fall,
Consents to the bewitching of its shell and shake by troubles of sea

As long as it can hold the frame and citadel
Where the progressive intellect has spent
A lifetime plotting the enlightenment
The backward and the beautiful dismiss of it all

Does it not lie in our power to love and to hate
Does it not the will within us overrule and avoid fate
When reason and dice collide
Which of the two most benefits our pride?

What we observe is censured by the brain
Yet the heart sides with fate time and again
The brain has many ways as it weights events and thinks
The heart locked in one, if missed into melancholy it sinks

The night has many stars to watch us from the sky
The sun has just one glorious unique eye
But go ahead and ask the fools and the bright
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

Nero CaroZiv

Who Would Be There To Tell Me

Who would be there to tell me
When I catch my falling star
where all my past years are
Many friends of mine in owe and plea
The ones I stirred for love like industrious bee

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A man to fortune and to fame is unknown
Fair science frowned not in his humble birth
And misfortune with melancholy marked him for their own

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere
Heaven did a recommence as largely said
He gave to misery all he had, a tear
He gained from Heaven, it was all he wished, he never fret

No further seek his merits to disclose
Or draw his frailties from their clear abode
There they alike in trembling hope repose
The bosom of his soul believes and God

Let the moon climb over the grave into the vaults of the skies
How silent is the world, and how with a wane dimming face
What, may it be that even in Heavenly eternal place
This divine archer, this Queen of the night her sharp arrows tries

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Nero CaroZiv

Who Would Stand At My Grave

When I die who would stand at my grave and weep
I would be there rotten, Is It really a calm pleasant sleep?
But If I could I would rather be a thousand winds that in the meadow blow.
Or I prefer the diamond glints on pre-spring snow.
If God allows I be the sunlight on yellow ripened grain.
And I bring the gentle earth soothing autumn rain.
When people awaken in the morning hush
Just to invigorate them, uplifting them to the laborious morning rush
I can lend my soul to the quiet birds in circled flight.
Yet it will be too far to be the soft stars that shine at night

Even though I would be there
Do not stand at my grave and cry
Be calm, reflect at my life, breathe the flowers scented air
I would be gone to the end of the world, with my ancestors to lie

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Nero CaroZiv

Why You Only

Oh how I long for you; how does my heart rebel,
How cruel is the Time since last we said farewell
And yet I wonder why does it anger my heart to long so
For one maid out of the whole world of maids in youth and in glow?

Oh I wish I would live within myself only, so to myself I aught
And build my life lightly and still as a dream
Are not my thoughts clearer than your thoughts
And colored like stones in a running clear water stream?

Now the slow moon shyly brightens in a summer haze heaven,
The stars are flickering like city at night, the night is glorious
Oh why must I lose myself to love you,
Our love full of turbulent and harsh signs ominous

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Nero CaroZiv

Wild Strawberries

It is that time of my life when in me I sadly behold
Around me merely few yellow leaves, or none do still at late autumn hang
Upon those boughs which like my rusted bones and brittle wrinkled skin shake
against the cold,
Bare ruined waning choirs, who were late to migrate, the sweet birds their
melodies sang.

In me, myself I see the twilight of such life, such a gloom of a dusk in abating day

As after sunset fades in the fire gored sinking west,
Which by, and by black night does take away, our soul, hopes and pray
Death's second self, that seals up all of us in eternal unknown rest.

Within my thoughts I see the glowing from ashes of such fire
That on the ashes of its own youth it does lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

My mirror a window within; shall not persuade me any more; I am old
As it used to be when youth and my love were of one package, solid date;
But when in her the cruel time's furrows extending over her brow I behold,
Then I know that angel of death would my days in haste expiate.

For all that beauty that does bloom and cover her
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in her breast does throb and live, as does hers in me
How can I then be elder than her?

O therefore, my love, be of herself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for her benefits and will,
Bearing her heart, which I will keep so chary
Up to my grave; more than a tender nurse her babe from faring ill

My creeping, crabbing Age and my far sailing Youth
Are antagonists to each other, like two foes beyond any measure
My sweet far Youth was full of excitements and days of pleasure,
My Age is now a well of anguish, worries, a fountain of care and unpleasant

truth;

Youth has the freshness of summer morning; the air full of scent of spring
My Age now is like winter weather; burden of knots and heavy things
In my Youth the whole world was like summer, brave and dare,
My Age now is like winter bare and tare

My child days haunt me; I remember Sonia, a child that was smiling at me
pleasantly

I was plainly grateful for her eyes' courtesy
Observing, she lowered her eyes and hushed
And like a fresh young budding rose bush she all over blushed

kindergarten days were long and calm
The air was sweet and quite holly like a nun; no alarm
Sonia was there, indeed a fine and comely girl with fair hair neatly combed
With sharp fierce dark blue eyes beneath locks of plenty hair; the plain yard she
roamed

Every morning I by the kindergarten gate stood long alone
Though it was early morning my soul like the earth after the sun had gone
Grew slowly cool and took a darker hue
Until her mother brought her to school, then my soul revived and new comfort
drew

So many graces in that girl I had found
With such my child imagination had decked her round
I was enthralled to her smooth skin and pretty face
Her slender body as she played with toys; a heavenly creature in grace

Those tender lovely cheeks, that blushing liveliness
Limed an excessive infant happiness
A small child her mind and her heart had no exercise
So rustic and common to the teacher were her replies

Spring time; when taken one day to the field, a dandelion I had found
That tempted my hand with light and white feathery round
I was longing to finger it; I tiptoed near
And blew on it my full mouth air until all plumelets did disappear

And all that in my hand was left of them
Was but the naked hairy shaft of a green stem
Sonia was watching amid the emerald grass; on her red kind shawl
She laughed and in her coral mantle wrap withal

That set off her blond hair and her tiny black shoe
At either end, while in between the two
Her white skirt in spring summer mid day gleamed
She like a gaudy caterpillar seemed

The one that creeps along green twigs and leaves of the plane
The picture of her graces and charms in my mind never in false or vain
Oh lord! Was there any detail I didn't observe on her beauty?
Did I see anything I did not desire urgently as heavenly duty?

My days of youth haunt me like a shadow, they were faster than fairies, faster
than ghosts and witches,
The scenery of ravines and houses, the glimpse of green hedges and brimmed
rain ditches;
And I was charging the winds along fields and meadows, waving my lance like
troops in a battle
All through the wide moor, rich with lush grass for horses and for cattle:

All of the sights of my heart for the beloved thorny hills and the plain
Sweet painful memories that now fly as thick and clear yet offer no gain
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
The small painted school, two beloved huts, kiosks along the road, fresh gardens
and citrus orchards whistling by.

Here am I, an aloof child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself in mid summer day, gathering brambles;
Here is a curious cow who stands and at me it gazes;
And here is the green for stringing the daisies in summer days

Here is the horse with a cart trotting and dusting the unpaved stony road
Lumping along with dark patina faced man and with full hay load;
And here is a bakery in the shade of palm, and there is a small shy ravine
Each a painful glimpse, each a precious picture that appears, flickers and gone

forever!

The days my face was in Clara's eye, and hers in mine did appear,
Our child true plain hearts do in the faces rest;
Where could I had found two better small innocent hemisphere,
Until her mom came to pick her up; the sun declined in the West

I went home such a happy child for our two loves was one;
Love so alike and pure that for ever lasts and will never be done
To see her every hour; to sit and draw her arched brows
Her hawking eyes, her abundant curls more than cluster of wheat in the
meadows

The clear beautiful nights of summer
A wind blew out a floating cloud, gently with no hammer
For then the moon never beams to me without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful gentle Clara

And the stars ever rise from my window bed
As I feel the bright black eyes of the beautiful modest Clara silhouette
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down as by the side
Of my darling- my darling- my life and my dream bride

The days of childhood were long lazy and calm
The sun was shining bright, and birds shimmering without alarm
My eyes and heart were in conflict; a long propagated war
My eyes were in constant effort to drop her image from my heart; put a bar,

While my heart longed for Sonia and the conquest of her sight;
My heart and my eyes both struggle for the freedom of that right.
The plain around the kindergarten was grassy, wild and bare
Wide vast meadow with wild roses which was open to the spring air

Wild wreaths entangled stretched to build up everywhere
My heart pleaded that Sonia picture within me ever did lie
A closet never pierced with unwelcome crystal eyes
But my eyes the defendant did that plea deny

And argued with me that Clara fair appearance within me lies.
I met Sonia and Clara later years when they had grown up
Their beauty was rare and total at any scale top
And by that sum all women are diminished

These walking beauties overshadowed any feminine stature
Two magnets of men, had they not plundered woman's head of all its graces
Flaunting them as her adornments in men faces
Their smile, their style, their laugh, even their fret

Regard them as they walked two beauties in elegance
I listen to them as they talked, such a sophisticated wisdom; total trance
Their look when they rebuked they drew all the attention
Was an expression of a fashion?

I could only fancy, or dream their face as they sleep
Ever such budding two pair's eyes have been seen
And Clara inherited with her blood
Though in perverted ways, a burning zeal

For law, nature and God in her demeanor and mood
Transferred what was perverse to the ideal; Sonia! Was ice as she was fire
You hate her and you love her
And if you wonder how can you do both

I cannot say, but I can feel it as it shivers me
Being torn and tortured between the two
Sonia was a person you can never stop loving or adore
You can only hate her, and abhor her more

The glad summer days, full with happy and pleasant ways
For the wild fields and the and the trees of different hues in the wildwood
The scents, the sights, and the dear mischievous delights
For my innocent carefree childhood

Heavy was the air with a fragrance rare,
Strawberries ripe in the vast meadow,

Luscious and red where the vines were spread
Thickly in summer sun and in a dusk shadow

The glad summer days full with game and play
Chorus of wild birds was to me calling
'Strawberry ripe strawberry ripe; to every child rolling in hay'
From gored dawn till the night dew was falling.

Flowing like a river to the wild strawberries fields
My heart was like a vivid singing bird of fun and glee
Whose nest is over a river marsh with balmy flowers yields
My heart was like a sweetapple-tree

Whose boughs are bent with thickset red fruit;
My heart was like a rainbow shell with rain ringing with a thousands bells
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart was gladder than all these

Because I was a flower; a tree; the whole of nature became me.
Childhood contemplation of introvert soul; there was an enormous pleasure
In the pathless orchards and the gloom of woods beyond any possible measure
Around the kindergarden; the citrus trees were in arapture of fragrant scent

I loved the isolation of those days in my wandering in fields and wild meadow
There society, harsh rebuking adults where none intruded
By the deep ripe field of wheat, and music in its whisper to the wind
I grew not to love man; but Nature, air and trees and meadows more and more,

From these scenes my courage grew, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, the precious world of all and feel
What I can never express, yet cannot all conceal

I visited my hometown, I ran through all the house to find at last
The room in which my precious days of childhood had passed
I entered and drew back, I was surprised to see
How different it was, much smaller, much older, charmless whose it could be?

It was with careless confusion, uninviting disarray
What hand could have left the room that way
It used to have a wide window where fragrant flowers were set
Geranium, gillyflower and the shy violet

To the window I went again to look
And saw where sharp blades reeds once grew by the brook
My memories traveled to the kindergarten window where I stood afaire
As a child I was mused, and breathed the spring flower scented air

I bent down to reach the violets, and then
My curious glance passed over where the kids were playing again
Beneath the window tiny footprints strayed
I was trying to guess by whom they had been made

I was looking up and suddenly caught the sight
There was Clara upon the fence in dress white
A piece of beauty her slender form enclosed
Her shoulders and her swan like neck exposed

Her hair was not in tresses unconfined
But into little paper pods was twined
That view so wonderfully graced her, and the sunlight shed
A radiance like heavenly halo round her head

Her face was turned from me; half way concealed
As if she was looking for someone on the kindergarten field
I looked at her startled her beauty and grace, yet she was no longer there
And so I was confused and perplexed; with heart beating throbbing stronger

I left the window at my house contemplating at that event
How it brought upon me joy, child glee and day long merriment
I was marveling how mother Nature could ever find room
For so many strips of beauty; strange intriguing contrasts in one human bloom

Oh Clara dear who would bring you back here, that you were here
With your brown eyes, that I could never take mine from yours, so bright and
clear.
And your sweet voice, such a pleasant reminiscence was like a bird
Singing love to its lone love mate

In the ivy bower disconsolate;
Your voice was the sweetest ever heard
And your brow so broad and bright
Clara dear who would pluck back these days of fun and youth for me soon

I am sick; I am not well when you are far;
As the earth after the sun goes down, as sunset to the shepherd moon,
As twilight to the western star,
You, beloved, are to me.

In the days of wild youth; pangs and rapture there was Rachael
A lovely maid that swept my world; shook my being so profound well
She came to the class of theoretical physics
And sat by a tall white pillar; never unaccompanied; never alone

An angel watching the board of elongated equations with no lyrics
I sat few rows behind her carved with stone
And once, but once she turned lifting her eyes
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blushed

To find they were met by my bewildered own
And suddenly, sweetly strangely my heart beat stronger
My blood throbbed thicker until I heard no longer
The professor Thermodynamic transformations laws

I was long gone under a pensive dream, an utterly estranged show
The college bell's ring pealed up the vaulted hall
What untimely abrupt call
I stood up on my feet stunned like a child

Would she remember it, the passionate dual of our eyes' meet
Ah well, very well, I might have been beguiled
By some coquettish deceit
Yet if she were not a cheat

If she were all that she seemed
And her smile had all that I dreamed
Then the world were not so shakily bitter
And her gracious smile would have sunken on me so much sweeter

What vile winds had scudded away the war
Of roses and daisies at her garden door
As she fled fast through sun and shade
The happy pine trees winds upon her played

Blowing the ringlet from the braid
She looked so lovely as she swayed
I stood watching her a man in his pride
Or a puppet on a string

The rein with dainty finger-tips
A man who would give all other bliss
And all his worldly worthy for this
To waste his whole heart in one kiss, upon her perfect voluptuous lips

And now at the autumn of my life
When struggle calms; fading is the meaning of strife
When I have ceased to lift sinews and flap wings
Over the faultiness of the world and the annoying things,

And learned to accept that compromises wait
Behind each stern and hardly opened gate,
When I have looked the world around in the eyes,
Grown tranquil and very maturely wise,

Life have given me the whole beauty and its truth,
And taken in exchange my precious youth.

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Nero CaroZiv

Winter

Frigid winter, icicles hang by gutter and by outside wall
A shepherd gathers his flocks off a windy down hill into a dale
Who would brave the storm and bear logs into the cold hall,
And milk with no honey comes frozen home in a pail,
Fingers numb, blood is nipping, the gust is howling in ways to be foul,
At early night hours sings the wide eyes staring owl,

Outside all aloud the wind does whirl and blow,
When human coughing drowns one's laboring saw,
On barren boughs birds sit brooding above the deep snow,
The frost grabs and bits and people nose looks red and raw
As a broiling soap does hiss in the red hot bowl,
The hot pot is handled with a cold towel

The sun barely there; the moon hides the stars with blanket clouds; dark hills
and plains
Winter kingdom is all over in grip and in reign
All is closed and doomed with no soul with no sound of rejoice
But the gusting wind and iron frigid boughs tapping sound and hungry wolf
howling in remote voice
No light in this oppressing darkness, no fume no torch in the gloom
Is this world ever waken, do these trees ever bloom

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Nero CaroZiv

Winter Childhood Moods

Within the circuit of childhood plodding, unrelenting life
There were moments of an azure hue, between struggle and strife
Untarnished fair as is the violet erect and tall on its stem
Or windflower and vermilion tulips on the hill when the spring stew them

Oh, again those meandering rivulets with reeds and paths which made
My soul excel at the view of anemone red
Consoled me; consoled any man for his grievances.
I remember when the cold desert winter came, with harsh winds alliances

Solitary in my little chamber with my books in the long frosty nights,
When there was no joy under the vile hand except in the still light of the cheerful
moon,
On every twig and rail and jutting spout, grew the night gloom
Under the moaning wind the wide stare owl scouted the darkness with no light

Next morning how against the faint arrows of the coming sun,
The shimmering noon of winter yielded and past
Some unrecorded beam slanted across but shortly did last
The bleak pastures the plowing prolonged, yet undone

For happy spring I longed for; it was always on my mind,
The bee's long smothered hum, such a consoling sound gentle, kind
Inspired the scent of flowers and sprouts; loitering amidst the meadow; or busy
rill,
Which now through all its winding course stood dumb and still

Not the winter of discontent; in its own memorial, the rill purling at its play
Along the slopes, and through the meadows cold by winter day
Until its youthful vibrant sound was hushed at last
In the steady, staid current of the lowland stream pass

The Cow-house in front of the furrows shine but late upturned,
And where the fieldfare followed in the rear, a picture I always yearned

When all the fields around lay bound and hoar
Though winter was rainy with frequent showers

Winter held its reign; cold barren iron branches jutting from the hedge
Chattering in the shivering freezing breeze.
The clouds held captive; clinging; no temporary comfort or bail
The rays of the gloomy sunshine in mocking tease
Blades of grass brown, wilted and tattered at the road edge
From the frost sharp fingernails.
Winter squeezed the last breath
Out of all that once so vividly thrived upon the cheerful earth

Nothing will bring back these sceneries of innocence and calm beauty
Though I cherish them so madly
Contemplate upon them like inner treasures; holy duty
An obsession I frequently conjure, recall so gladly

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Nero CaroZiv

Winter Nights

Now winter nights, long nights of discontent that do enlarge
And expand upon us the number of their dark sloth hours;
And host of clouds gathering ominously, never too far, their wrath, storms to
discharge
Upon the sleeping city dwellings and the pikes of gloom towers.

Then it is the time to let our chimneys house hold fire and blaze
And cups overflow with red wine, the odor overflow our table dine
Let then well-tuned words harmonize and amaze
With human soul of soothing harmony divine.

And then the yellow candles of waxen lights
Shall wait on our long un hastened honey love
While youthful revels, masques, and courtly sights
And sleep leaden wicked spells remove.

This is the time that is in well dispense
With lovers long into the winter night discourse;
Much speech has some defense,
Though beauty is a thing no remorse.

The world we love in, all do not all things well:
Some measures in great pleasures are comely tread,
Some affairs are like knotted riddles hard to tell,
Some poems not as we wish smoothly read.

The long lazy days of summer have their nimble joys,
Calm, tamed winter hold its sublime delights;
Though love and all its pleasures are but of nature coy
We wait to exhaust its long tedious, discontent nights.

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Winter Twilight

The sun was fatigue that morning; rising with gore-red gleams
Its broken edges dripping gold, pruned as it were of dissolving beams
Half hidden, obscure in the darkling clouds, hiding half showing
To me it seemed like a horse-shoe in the charcoal glowing
And from the East the moaning winds began to rise
Driving the herding clouds like jagged blocks in a river of ice

Each passing cloud along the day released a gust of a wintery rain
Which by the following blasting wind was dried again
Not too soon behind the frizzing wind another rain loaded cloud rolled
Strange uneasy feelings emerged as the day was wet and cold
And in the ever faster bombardment of heavy falling rain
The evil voice raged, and fumed and did strain

At the start of the cold night darkness deepened; the horizon last beam
And in the wood foxes eyes like candles did gleam
At last the moon with silver clouds canopy came forth
Above the citrus orchards lightning sky and frozen earth
And then a lone star came out to face the pale moon
Behind it others hundreds, thousands twinkled soon

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Winter Wind

Such a frigid winter wind; blow, blow, you winter gust blast wind
Your whistle and fierce keen air is after all not so unkind
As the people village cold withdrawal, harshness and ingratitude;
Your tooth is not so relentless sharp and keen,
Because you rush and blow the flowers fields and you are not seen,
Although your breath be quite and rude to my face in the forest where you
boot"

Oh come love don't look sad be happy smile, laugh the forest is a green holly:
Most village friendships if not feigning, are most loving mere folly:
Come live with me and be my love in the forest gloom
Where the village rage and hate do not loom
And life among the trees, grass and flower of the field are most jolly
And the wind at summer night flows among leaves and the awl sighs so slowly

Something in me grew to like the freezing winter bitter sky,
One can deal with it; it does not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though it the waters does warp,
Its sting is not so sharp
As a friend whom I long remember not.

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Nero CaroZiv

With Faith And Strength

Humans are all alone within the chamber of their heart
With love or without love
They live alone within themselves and from each other far apart
And die alone under the vast heaven above

There are those who brag of immortal love
They too stand alone in front of the mirror themselves to face
They trust faith and faith they embrace
Believing what is not there what they can never prove

Human love often of betrayal nature leaves us in the dust
To be amazed and to wonder how and why
For such divine love and trust never meant to die
We live through agony and despair unrelenting our just

And sometime I want to sink, to fall apart
Down to the bottom of myself in hallow plea
Reach out to the rare remote corner of my heart
Close, collapse, shut within me

And no one else around to see
But my soul and its acidically gnawing agony
In an inner self spiritual pilgrimage
Travel to far lands of my being and face my image

And be a close sustained emotionally circle
A solid refuge from this outer world
Disregard all tales and fairy tales I was told
And wait no more, trust no more human miracle

I would like to run back and play in a meadow or in a bower
In some fresh puddle of water after a brief shower
And be alone with it staring at my image
Swaying under ripples with a lonely floating cloud and fresh foliage

For long quiet hours I can watch a throng of ants
Rushing in newly dried secluded paths
Meticulously carrying and baring their harvest chaffs
Laboriously leading their loads with no relent
Oh let me carry a morsel of grain
And join this happy long lonely train

I will gladly shut myself from my kind
And I stiffen into a stone or a craggy rock
I will not eat my heart for others' brutal shock
I rather feed with lonely sighs a passing wind

What profits lies in disloyal friendship and its barren faith
And vacant closeness and social yearning of short sight
To scale my heaven of highest height
For I alone at my days end will have to face death

What can one find in the highest place?
But one's own phantom of moral hymns
The truthful of our standard in the depth of death swims
Where we lose our courage to encounter it face to face

Am I obliged to take what fruits may be
Of sorrow under the human skies
Even though the belief that sorrow makes us wise
I denounce and defy whatever wisdom of evil may bring to me.

I would rather lift myself from this experience dust
Into the divine voice within me that hears
My triumphs and echoes of happy times of conquered years
To my internal cry that works and in it I put my eternal trust

With faith and strength that come of hope and self control
To seek the truths that never can be proved
Until I conclude and have peace with all I loved
To the very unique what is within of my beloved soul

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Nero CaroZiv

Yesterday I Saw A Girl Walking Down The Streets

Yesterday I saw a girl walking down the streets of a bustling city
She walked in a glorious beauty
Proud, tall and centered pretty
Her hair twisted in abundance of locks so silky, so wavy and fair
Dancing around and over her radiant face
They taunted and denied the morning breezes from caressing their share
Her long legs cast in black shoes with bouncing lace
How pure how dear their dwelling place
The morning sun herald her high in the skies
As she passed me by I had an instance to meet her aspect and her eyes

And on her cheek and over that magnificent brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent
Her smile at once set my heart into throbbing glow
It told of youth in goodness and virtue spent
It concealed a mind at peace and calm with all below
A heart whose love is innocent

Oh gracious hell!
Where did she get this hailing tail?
Oh hell like from which heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In fiercest glances seem to ever roll
From the eyes that cannot hide their flashes

And as her bosom steal
In lengthened flow her raven tresses
No other maid in town can match, be she from the best lasses
I could swear each clustering lock could still
And curled to give her neck caresses

As she strayed on the street along
She imprinted her impression on the amazed gazing throng
Like some bearded meteor trailing light
As she walked swaying side to side

And thus I stood in the street long alone
My soul, like the earth after the sun has gone
It grew slowly cool and took a darker hue

I mused at what I saw but my dreams no comfort drew
A solitary sadness crept into my mind too painful to bare
that sad thought that the world belongs only to her

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Yet Though My Outer Has Altered

Yet though my outer has altered, I remain the same
The same spirit and the same soul trapped in a frail, failing frame
And the sight of first complexion in maiden; here as wild as it can be seen
As blood rush on cheek and chin
The first thrill and rapture of youth in high school yard, such a pleasure to the
eye
The ruddy lips of giggling maids and hair of youthful dye
The picture of me in a middle of wide meadows in early spring
Where wild tulips called their reign upon hills in expending rings
The cheery stood proud with balmy bloom upon the boughs
And the grass wrapped with smell of fresh horse hoofs
A beautiful maid passed in the meadows
And her hair waved in whirling gales and dappling shadows
I was a free child then, enfranchised and at large
The immense struck of pleasures that her sight
On me bestowed, her forms of beauty often stayed with me
Passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration these feeling
Of unremembered obscure joys.

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You Came To Me

You came to me under the shade of the summer night fresh
To show me the things shown at the ecstasy of the flesh
You came to me as the night comes to the prowling owl
And your body was my window and my mirror to lust and foul

And then I learned the name of each hair and nail
On the skin and on the flesh of the exposed vast body sea
And the scent of early childhood persecutes with no bail
The smell of a glue squeezed from a bark of an autumn tree
Is the smell of a body I longed so much by it to be

If there were long nightly jading tortures
They sailed to your foul darkness
My white sails in the direction of your bluntness
Set me free, Please let me free so I know again freedom
So I can fall at the surf of forgiveness sands and not on doom

You came to me under the shade of the haze of lustful addiction bright
And your body was my window and my mirror to sin and to betray
The demons of regrets and blocked conscious yelled astray
As my eyes closed to sleep my battered flesh rebels the calm of the night

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Nero CaroZiv

You Came To Me At The Autumn Of My Life

You came to me at the autumn of my life
At the end of the day at the dawn of my dusk
You came to me so suddenly and so swift
to stir the heart to shake the love I knew

You came to me a sweet flower of the field
Love forlorn, furrows of pain in the beauty of your face
anguish in your lengthy sigh
upon your checks the tears long ran dry

To remind me of forms of love I never knew
To challenge to intrigue life calm and satiate
Although I knew my years were past best
I smiled at your false speaking tongue
Outfacing faults in love with love fickle rest
But whenever you claim of true youth in your veins
Whenever say not I that I am old?
Remind you of love best characters of strength and sooth
And age in love? You mock
Loves not the years to be told

Hush to that false talk I listen no more
Nor shall I grieve for the betrayal in love done
Roses have thorns and fresh fountains mud
Cloud and eclipses stain both moon and sun
And the loathsome canker in the sweetest bud dwell
All mankind makes faults which they never tell
I shall not wear pretentious cloths not of my measure
To authorize your trespass with a moral compare
To excuse sins more than what they are
Is a sin itself
But against your sensual fault I try to bring sense
Your adverse playful nature is your advocator

The love we cherish and nourish at our youth
Will stay with us at old age to sooth

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You Have Stormed Into My Life

You have stormed into my life
You have stolen from me the fire so suddenly without a strife
From the fountains of the past
Left me with none for all others craving lust

All too insignificant for my memory to bother
To glorify the present, you haste and gather
The smoulding ashes to rekindle my low forgotten desire
Stunned as I am against this ancient days fire

Against you I put these lofty steep walls
I fortified my determinations with thick deep trenches
None are a match for the lurid passionate launches
As deep are the moats around me or the towers tall
They are all doomed to melt to dry out and to fall

There, there is the waxing moon in its orbit set so beautiful now
With ore and grace that none can disavow
Goes to the rhythm of the day
Gliding the mirror face of the bay
Gliding the flowers' beds
Gliding the reed's blades
Gliding the golden hours of the night
The meadow, lea and bower under cover bright

Come swiftly come not of late
While the moon is still in its orbit state
Come before the clouds wrapped in morning mists
Strengthen me; enlighten me with your passionate kiss

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You May Leave

You may leave; you may go
For in my depth of heart I well know
No one is worth possessing
No one who is quite possessed in false addressing

Luckily I remember that on my sobbing heart
You young angry dear; I was bewitched by you until depart
This is the truth; this is life hard and precious stone
I shall keep it long; for my life will keep going on

And in hard times of solitude I let this truth hide my tear
Hold it like a crystal when I am alone and out of cheer
And gaze in the depths of the icy stone; I will be blessed.
Without you; you are not worth being possessed

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You Turned From Me

Remember me as I was back then
As a precious memory of comfort in time of agony and pain
You have turned from me; but I always see
The beautiful maid laughing by a flowering spring tree

With the slaying eyes that made the air around so bright
Under shaking, flickering stars of warm hazy summer night
Hands were touching hands
Love grew slowly in such timid shy trend

You have turned from me; but I always remember
The bursting laugh against the night dew of early November
That one careless night of youth and laugh
While outside the spangled reeds in the silver moon did bath

For me, that night is the only night I have
Such a precious jewel against hard times in my heart I save
And how about you? in shine or in sorrow
How far did that splendid night in your heart grow?

You have turned from me time passes for long
The years were harsh leaving me forlorn without a song
I dare you never will see
What time and years have done to me

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Your Faults

Come love and tell all your faults and the still growing flaws in you
Be careful not to skip one; name them over one by one;
I will listen and laugh aloud when you are done,
For I knew them all so well before
Oh, you must be blind not to know that all of them I already knew
Your frivolous faults had made me love you even more!

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Nero CaroZiv

Youth And Sore Love

Who would not remember the wild bees reeling from flower to flower?
With their furry coat and their gauzy wings
Here in a lily-cup, and then roaming the wind wide bower
In such zeal, never miss a tulip lap they set a jacinth bell a-swing,
There was my happy hour, it was there I trow
As a youngster I made to her that eternal vow,

I swore that there were two lives; should be, could be like one
Naturally as long as the sea-gull loved the sea,
As long as the sunflower sought the summer sun,
It shall be, I said, I imagined love for eternity
Between her and me!
Yet, wild, capricious, those untamed times of youth were over and done,
Love's web unknotted and spun.

Who would bring back the long looking upward where the pine trees
Sway and sway in some sublime language under the summer air,
There in the valley and around the village of childhood never a breeze
Scatters the thistledown, but there
Great divine winds blow fair
From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
And the wave-lashed green leas.

We followed upward where the white gull screams,
What did it see that we did not see?
Is that a star? or the lamp that waves and sparks in gleams
On some outward voyaging argosy,
Ah! What can it be?
We lived our lives each in own world; in a separate land of dreams!
How misfortunate for love! how sad it seems.

We had at last to part; there was nothing left to say
But that, that love is never lost, it lives within me at any cost
Keen winter stabs the breasts of May
Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
Ships in foaming seas tempest-tossed
Will find a harbor in some bay,
And so I hope, so I thought we may.

And there was nothing left for us to do
But to kiss once again, last time and part,
Nor there was nothing we should rue,
I have my fair love in time of youth; she had her beauty and her Art,
Then we parted in search of new paths for us to start,
One world was not enough for such inexperienced two
Like her and I.

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Youth In Embers

My mirror is troubled, tired of lying to me
My youth is gone, life torn and tattered no longer to be
Like quenching flames that dance suffocating in the rain
Just the agony, pain and regrets of past years reflect again

Is there a way I thought to throw my ashen cloak
And start my life anew under different clock
Yet the flames of my youth shall never leap and burn
Time flows on me so cruelly with no return

So many winters have besieged my life, quizzes out of grace
And dug deep trenches in my face
My skin is dying, dry, dots and spots, brittle and blasted away
Youth proud of lusty days, against now deep-sunken eyes of decay

For years I stopped birthdays and calendar count to tell my time
As the brave day sinks into a hideous foul night
I watch the shy violet behind a rock that year by year renews its prime
My youth in embers, like ashes all bleak white

Nero CaroZiv