

Poetry Series

**Pavel Markiewicz**  
**- poems -**

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## Pavel Markiewicz()

Pawel Markiewicz was born 1983 in Poland (Siemiatycze) . He published his english haikus as well as short poems in the best literary magazines of world such as: Ginyu (Tokio) , Atlas Poetica (USA) or The Cherita (UK) . Recently he has published a long poem in by Tajmahal Review (India) and Better Than Starbucks (USA) . He published furthermore his poems and prosa in Internet: Blog Nostics - to wit his mystical flash- the Druid...about fungi...

Pawel has published more than 40 poems in German in Germany and Austria and 3 chapbooks in Polish in Poland.

# 1, Poem As A Tribute To Anna Akhmatova

The small poem

Anna, You were a flower  
with your heart you looked  
at the stars  
at trees in the garden  
you bathed in the dew  
you have cuddled your  
head so beautifully  
like luck

Lady Gorienco, You werethe  
flower  
you liked everyone  
You did not know suffering or regret  
you died in the dark  
trampled crushed destroyed  
like the earth and a man

Pavel Markiewicz

# 1. Sestina

1. ABCDEF
2. FAEBDC
3. CFDABE
4. ECBFAD
5. DEACFB
6. BDFECA
7. (envoi)ECA or ACE

winged poetry in the heart  
I carry a wreath - the laurel of the winner  
magic flutes form a song  
like a wonderful hero from the star  
which is called the star of destiny  
my heart wants fulfillment

I really need fulfillment  
one thousand fairies dance in my heart  
tears are not destiny  
muse is not afraid of the winner  
when the dream is created in a star  
the golden fleece can sing the most tender song

I love the noble song  
it heralds herculean fulfillment  
sometimes I approve a Zeus' star  
because it ennobles your heart  
that loves the poetic winner  
from my dreams - your destiny

poetries are my destiny  
which loves also your song  
the fire smolders for the winner  
the wonderful flames are in fulfillment  
muses and goblins with a golden heart  
gulls are flying towards the star

dear star!  
my magical fulfillment!  
a dreamy heart!  
and a romantic song!  
you are a tender fulfillment  
of a crimson winner

I am a Pyrrhic winner  
You are an eternal golden star  
we are Adonis' fulfillment  
you are floral destiny  
we are the delight of songs  
everything is an existential heart

creating of romantic poetry is destiny  
falling meteorite is the dreamy song  
its heat is the essence of my heart

Pavel Markiewicz

## 15 Other Winter - Haiku

10

the first winter fog  
eagle can't find ways to its chicks  
the rights of nature

11

bay in the winter  
I'm finding dead swallowtails  
in cold frozen sea

12

winter and sharp frost  
spider's web is cracking now  
spider in hide-out

13

every morning dawn  
squirrel damages spider's web  
during its walking

14

valley - Siberia  
flock of foxes and one wolf  
friendship of wildlife

15

winter mood and snow  
are hearts of queen ants warming  
in this magic time?

16

icicle under nest  
of bird - Look at the last stork's  
cold feather in ice!

17

hundred foxes - pond  
they are gathering before  
the winter full moon

18

altar of winter good  
in the frozen temple with stones  
I dream about bear

19

snowy owl on the tree  
wolves under oak - sounds  
of winter wildness

20

winter wildness and  
You - are pretty boar but I  
am winter poet

21

in the winter time  
I am hiding my stone in  
the safe owl's hollow

22

under winter sun  
piglets over ice of pond  
- good hunting! - hunters

23

dark grove and hunters  
good hunting! - thank you! in all  
depths of the wildness

24

small fox - small wolf  
playing the last time before  
their maturity

25

partly molten pond  
all animals are drinking water  
wolf next to red deer



## 2. Poem As A Tribute To Anna Akhmatova

The long mathematical-philosophical  
poem *senso stricto*

1889 + the birth in Odessa

= Your poetic star has flashed in the philosophical sky

1900+ Your first poem = you counted then the falling stars as well as the  
shooting stars

1907 + the end of education at the gymnasium in Kiev = the dawn of knowledge  
has dwelt in your soul

1907 + the first public debut = you love the ring of muses at the bottom of your  
heart

1911 + the first publication in Russia

= You painted elf's dreams in words

1912 + the travel in Italy

= You love touching the soul by time

1943 + the poem: "Courage" = Cranes of Ibycus under Your poetical  
philosophical and mathematical  
star

1945 + twice the guest at home: Sir Isaiah Berlin from England = a real soul-  
satisfaction with amazing dreams

1962 + the Nobel Prize nomination = creativity fulfilled in the crimson rainbow

several dates and 1966 + bad events and the death = forgetting forever Your  
death anim

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## 2. Sestina (Wolf)

1.

I feel the paradise  
I have seen it in your eyes  
my good young wolf  
the best under red sky in the morning  
wolf-feelings come true in rainbows  
or in shooting stars

2.

angelic - the shooting stars  
as If the soul brightened your paradise  
I like your dreamy rainbows  
a tenderness decorates eyes  
the dew smells in the morning  
your starlit night became the heavenly wolf

3.

philosophical times are for the wolf  
fulfillment like dreamy shooting stars  
my dreams in the sky of the morning  
you are the part of paradise  
the golden fleece in Your wolf-eyes  
has been created by the rainbows

4.

philosophical poets under the rainbows  
have charmed many hearts of the wolf  
the tender soul creates reflections of the eyes  
You ought to perpetuate all silver of the shooting stars  
in the most marvelous paradise  
with wonderful dew-fulfillment of the morning

5.

my soul shines in a charm of the morning  
You are really the tender rainbows  
in a heroic of the paradise  
I am adoring the crimson wolf  
the heaven becomes the shooting stars  
and the golden fleece became muses eyes

6.

charm of angels in yours eyes  
wings angels in the fabulous morning  
I like several shooting stars  
dew comes true in the rainbows  
in my soul of the wolf  
winged by the melancholy of the paradise

7.

You - wolf - are the paradise  
I am the starlit wolf  
we love a fairy of the rainbows

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## 25 Fall Fairytale-Like Haikus (Without Any Japanese Rules)

1.

chestnuts in the parks  
ruminating about chill  
you are fallen leaf

2.

the birds migration  
cogitation about wind (AM)  
a yellowed leaf

3.

volcanos legends  
all is noticable cold  
I sleep throught the fall

4.

watching of the birds  
the most of them are flying  
I will fall asleep

5.

our meteorite  
pretty flowers are wilted  
ancient parks in fall

6.

the herd ghost-gnomes  
a foggy morning in us  
fulfilment of fall

7.

cold wind is blowindg  
I am dressing as Zeus-son  
forgotten forest

8.

chestnut in the rain  
a legendary walking  
into world of thuth

9.

cold rose and poem  
Im creating the haiku  
about Adonis

10.

old cementary

the noticable legend

I am missing moss

11.

time cogitation (AM)

wind and breezes are pleasant

in beautiful world

12.

an anshore wind

romanse of breezes and hill

my eternity

13.

earths ruminations

romance of walks strolls and winds

mysterioius power

14.

bird migration there

I am telling about chill

I like wind-breeze-time

15.

I am creating

poems and legends at nights

its dawning in fall

16.

fall clothes are too wet

migration ruminations

my - your empty time

17.

haiku of autumn

legend of meteorites

I am writing now

18.

intense wind above

the trees without herds of birds

storks are flying off

19.

romance of fall wind

death volcano in the rain

falls saga of moss

20.

my empty garden

autumn-dreams are dying out

the unpleasant rain

21.

tender autumn ghost

fall-recapitulation

romance of my breeze

22.

angel in my heart

is dawning with gnomes dwarfs ghosts

autumn tender time

23.

wind autumn-mirror

tender angel came flying

into world of dreams

24.

yellow fallen leaf

yellowed wind of angels

tender autumn-dreams

25.

intense and cold wind

coldness of autumn-angels

cranes of Ibis

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## 25 Spring Fairytale-Like Haikus (Without Any Japanese Rules)

1.

leaf is greening now  
butterflies are dyeing earth  
the old luxuriance

2.

the storks and sparrows  
are sensing the silence now  
early morning dreams

3.

kind good springfragnance  
an ant is magnificent  
beauty of nature

4.

flowers and blossoms  
I am feeling green and smell  
beauty of the thuth

5.

my bees and springs smell  
springtide in tempting blossoms  
dreams are coloured as you

6.

hatching brood of storks  
the luxuriance and the truth  
ants in the green time

7.

a forget-me-not  
Is beeing pollinated  
by colored bees

8.

pleasure of brightness  
fresh cawslips are feeling cranes  
which are coming now

9.

noble butterflies  
are nostalgia for delights  
beautiful spring leaf

10.

freshness of morning  
wing of crane is morning good  
of time-nostalgia

11.

I like well springtide  
I love theild geese at night  
red sunset in me

12.

starks will follow bees  
In a distance I see ants  
beauty of kind spring

13.

crane will sing paint here  
I will see luxuriant wings  
spring shall be fragrant

14.

my forget-me-not  
I like love all butterflies  
strong of waking up

15.

insect is buzzing  
the ants are tempting today  
I am dreaming here

16.

greenery blossom  
brightness and freshness of spring  
butterfly-angels

17.

v-formation geese  
birds are singing whimpering  
they are coming now

18.

my mash marigold  
I have the fragrance in heart  
a bee is humming

19.

town speeds in valley  
homes of Zeus and Hekules  
springtide is mervellous

20.

your stream is burbling  
I can conjure up a green

bee is infesting

21.

spring nestof bears

wolves are following ghosts

of beautiful spring

22.

storks are whimpering

you are pointing spring picture

my nature spirit

23.

bloosom green and smell

the flowery springtide-time

noble greenery

24.

greenery I soul

my best dreams about the smell

my forget-me-not

25.

greenery In heart

cawslips wild geese in nature

beauty of springtide

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## 25 Summer Fairytale-Like Haikus (Without Any Japanese Rules)

1.

Adonis roses  
lightning and rain are pretty  
its dawning with dreams

2.

rainbow after rain  
I like red sunset with wolf  
I am admiring

3.

lynx in the full moon  
dreams and feelings awoken  
magic world in us

4.

Adonis roses  
are drinking water of stream  
the dreams-fulfilment

5.

red sunset above  
I am idolising rain  
lovely summer

6.

hedgerow is mine  
I am adoring roses  
garden of fairy

7.

lynx and herd of wolves  
are following the eclipse  
bewitched summer

8.

july forest dwarfs  
I am following the moon  
watching the new moon

9.

new moon is above  
I am philosophising  
about the stars dust

10.

grapes picking and sun  
both are magic fairytale  
the dreamy summer

11.

I am soaking  
I am marveling at lake  
water is preaty

12.

lovely summer  
feeling lightning rains and storm  
magnificent dreams

13.

magic grape picking  
I am idolising sun  
its dawning with moon

14.

stream under rainbow  
there red sun in the morning  
visible picking

15.

dreamer loves and lives  
dreamy morning grape picking  
he is admiring

16.

rainbow of angels  
full red sky in the morning  
eclipse of the sun

17.

gnomes dwarfs are coming  
wild bear lynx wolf in full moon  
I am bewiched

18.

I am picking friuts  
I am approving of sun  
no weeded garden

19.

I am observing  
beauty of summer garden  
time-eternity

20.

there is lightening  
wet morning is marvellous

rains-dreams of angels

21.

sun is glinting here

where angels are admiring

gold moons yellow stars

22.

I am cutting rose

Adonis rose in blossom

our stream and rainbow

23.

stars-dust is falling

apart in the time silence

yes small star will splash

24.

bat in a distance

red sunset before lightning

I am admiring

25.

mirror of summer

ghosts and angels are flying

in silence distance

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## 25 Winter Fairytale-Like Haikus (Without Any Japanese Rules)

1

winter queen fairy  
is dreaming about the ice  
delighting the depths

2.

kindness of fairy  
snow queen is making snowforms  
its old prophecy

3.

icicle in the warmth  
is being found by angels  
fulfilment of time

4.

upright noble bear  
he is hunting for the dreams  
about winter queen

5.

melancholic lake  
kind fairy is freezing time  
the depths of kindness

6.

the rime and icicle  
I am philosophising  
about your frostbite

7.

whiteness of the world  
I am waiting for the thaw  
crushed ice in pond

8.

snowform over me  
I am finding fairys sleight  
and footprint of wolf

9.

the bed of wild wolf  
I am dreaming about lake  
frozen - never melt

10.

melt water of pond  
I am finding beds of bear  
In winter distance

11.

Zeus and the frostbite  
I am charmin a icicle  
Fulfilment in truth

12.

Lake pond and the depths  
I am wading throught water  
I am delighting

13.

the lake is melting  
nobility and kindness  
the bear will awoke

14.

noble cold bear-bed  
In the distance i see you  
you are good fairy

15.

the molten rivers  
snow queen ist falling asleep  
I am charming truth

16.

the melancholy  
a magic rime and frostbite  
fairys propecy

17.

sleght are beautiful  
i am experiencing bears  
gnome whitewashes world

18.

spell-bound lakes ans ponds  
I am delighting in wind  
kindness of footprints

19.

philosophising  
i am relishing the thaw  
I am tracking wolves

20.

Frostbond ponds and lakes

Magical sleight are upright  
my ice-cold-river

21.

rime ice and snowforms  
frozen stars about the lake  
sun and sky are cold

22.

broken heart of ice  
I am discovering ghosts  
cold sky without stars

23.

Kindness of fairy  
thousands stars are singing now  
about winter dreams

24.

The spell-bound ice castle  
where dwarfs gnomes are living now  
dreaming about sky

25.

a gigantic castle  
honourable queen in the snow  
thausend winter birds

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### 3 Tanka

wind is swaying leaves  
I am picking an one leaf  
to my haiku-book

I decorate this book with  
illustrations like miracle

fog and volcano  
poet is writing poems  
gazing at crater

a bird is flying above  
with melancholic beauty

a way into temple  
I am moving over carpets  
of lotus flowers

the flowers hide boleti  
and wonderful healing herbs

Pavel Markiewicz

# By The Fire

warm friends  
are sitting  
by the fire  
they are laughing  
they are proud  
of the spring wind  
which are carrying the  
eternal lilac fragrance for  
the best friend  
by the fire  
the friends  
dream about  
feelings  
which the dark  
night is carrying with stars  
my friend Olaf  
cherishes a hope of  
the stimulation of sea  
of lights  
over us  
in the starry sky

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# Cherita 1

charm of butterflies

they are now carrying ballads  
to the volcano

where dreams come into being  
and the seasons become  
dreamed and dreamy

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# Cherita II

wings in the heart

charm the world of dreams  
born of muses

the muse of perfection  
is waiting for the wind  
carrying fulfillment and peace

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# Die Hymne Des Hundes An Die Ewige Freundschaft/The Hymn Of A Dog To Eternal Friendship

The German Version:

Die Hymne des Hundes an die ewige Freundschaft  
in einem Zauberseelendasein

oh anmutiger freundlicher Gott der dichterischen Literatur  
verzaubere eine Freundschaft von Flügeln mit deiner Zaubernatur pur

verinnerliche die schönsten Träume mit ibikusscher Heimatmelancholie  
auf dass sie Freunde äolischer Musen verwandeln - in senlichste Melodie

oh du Freundschaftsgeist - sei selig wie eine Berührung eines Schmetterlings  
der berauscht von den Zauberspuren des Erlkönigs wonnig und melancholisch ist

Hey du Freund - der Elfenherrscher sei ein Ewigkeitsreiter  
der Träume führt - immer heimwärts und ins Feenland weiter

durch paradiesische Fluren  
Gefilde von Jenseitsgeistern

die sanfte Freundschaft, die meinige  
harre auf einen Zaubervogel - die unsere Eule

in der Freundschaft erfüllen sich die Sternschnuppen  
sowie Kobolde aus ewiglichen Daseinsphönixträumen

die selige Freundschaft - uralte Schwermut  
verwöhnt mit Musenschmetterlingen voll Anmut

sei goldig und niedlich  
sei verträumt zärtlich

beim Zittern apollonischer edelmütiger Fittiche  
sowie im Falle herkulischer Oden-Meisterstücke

The English (translated) Version:

The hymn of the dog to eternal friendship  
in a magic soul-being

oh gracious kind god of poetic literature  
enchant a friendship of wings with your magic nature pure

internalize the most beautiful dreams with native melancholy of Ibykus  
so that friends of aeolian muses make them - in the most melodious tune  
□

oh you friendship spirit - be blessed as a touch of a butterfly  
which is cheerful and melancholy intoxicated by the magic traces of the Erl-king

Hey you friend - the Elven ruler is an eternity rider  
wholeads dreams - always homewards and into fairy land

through paradisiacal open fields  
sceneries of otherworld spirits  
the gentle friendship, mine  
wait for a magic bird - our owl

in the friendship the shooting stars are fulfilling  
like goblins from eternal phoenix dreams of being

the blissful friendship - ancient melancholy  
spoiled with muse butterflies full of grace

be sweet and cute  
be dreamily tender

at the trembling of apollonian generous wings  
as well as in the case of Herculean masterpieces of Ode

Pavel Markiewicz

# Dreams 1

I

crimson rainbow intimidates me like spherical falling stars  
black venerable cat follows the wonderful round trail of Hercules covered with  
rose pollen

in the distance a pale glow is burning - You can not quench it with dreams

the colors of the moons herald the fulfillment of being for kith and kin  
enchantment has unearthly squirrel's power or fantasy of a bat

only longing is the center of my golden existence  
it divorces wild boars in a dark grove  
where the charming and melancholy nymphs are dancing

Pavel Markiewicz

## Dreams 2

longing likes a crane from wanderer's dream or a secret heart conjured from a fairy tale

in a grove, one thousand butterflies seek an eternal treasure, or a ribbon of the ancient queen

the little nymph is in love with the melancholy of the evening- which leads through druids' secrets

fulfillment sometimes means creating of lilac poem

I want to be the master of power of this noble wind imprisoned in an ewer

in the rainbow is the fulfillment of glow-worm

or maybe cat's mewing at dawn what is cuddling the beauty of dew

the glow of wisdom is always hotter than the false flame

Pavel Markiewicz

# Enchanted

i am enchanted by  
your magic  
by spring  
sparks of  
the fulfilled hope  
your Galaxy and  
your mysterious ways  
towards the distance  
stay with me  
in the spring memory  
i am enchanted  
by the green  
willows  
and by spring trees  
which leave their  
foliage in the  
eternal ponds  
enchanted  
is a simple word  
however it has  
Herculean power

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# Enchanted Friendships

many fabulous heroes are very happy in souls  
because of them friendships are tender like marvellous embers

dreamy ghost of the homeland likes cranes of gentle Ibikus  
the fairy appreciates visits of melancholy Erl-kings  
the goblin seems to be shrouded in dwarf's friendship

and I alone now without human friends - woe is me  
I am jealous of the friendship of tender night birds  
But I can only dream with an angelic twittering

I found the true friend in the eternal dog  
he can enchant the soul like a being of fairytale dream  
the dog can gild Egyptian cat's soul

the blue-eyed Artemis from undisturbed dream of a grove  
just came kindly to me my phoenix-spirit

with her I flew to the nest of magic owls full of melancholy  
Owls - Artemis cherish golden friendship with each other me

be blessed you hunting dreamer with multitudes of silver owls  
simply enchanted in friendship by aeolian spirits

I and dog dream of poetical fulfillment of muses  
like sweet kind Olaf Apollonian contact of thor

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# Experimental Poem

the buzzard in the heavenly cloud of Artemis  
is flying over the dreamy king-of-the-Alps at a rock

the orange tip is sitting on the poinsettia full joy of muses-melancholy  
all philosophikal ways of butterflies are beautiful

the angel is crying and creating the angelic tear of luck  
this tear as well as ambrosia are falling into the calyx of the poinsettia

and the paradise lily is full of the eternal dew  
the divine flowers like my poetical time of fulfilment

the Little Red Riding Hood is shouded in the fairy tale writing  
the fabulous druid is picking  
red-capped scaber stalk boletus rufus  
foxi boleti  
and the dwarf hears the words of three mushrooms full of glow of hope

trooping funnel mushroom:  
I idolize the throne of Apollos' muses

horn of plenty:  
I admire wonderfull wings of an owl

yew's ear:  
I adore thousands of butterflies over the marshland

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# Four Seasons

the springtide  
a tender mirror of  
love  
it is carrying dreams  
towards the night  
moonlight

the summer  
something new  
is sleeping in the dream  
of a heart  
and ist giving gorgeous  
spiritually fulfiment to us

the winter  
is a hero  
he is falling out  
of the sky

he is freezing deep  
in the beautiful earth

the fall  
dream of colours  
which we are  
drinking  
with every  
lovely evening

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# Haiku About Autumn

Autumn

1

cold fall wind and oak  
the route of ants in its bark  
is washed by rain drops

2

dawn in the autumn  
I'm finding ancient antlers  
in dark forest-temple

3

mossy forest glade  
red deer is shedding antlers  
next to ferns with bees

4

wind is swaying leaves  
I am picking an one leaf  
to my haiku-book

5

fog and volcano  
poet is writting poems  
gazing at crater

6

dawn with autumn wind  
falconer is releasing  
his hawk in the air

7

ruins of druid-temple  
antlers of deers lie around  
moosy time is here

8

autumn rain

moss in the antlers of deers  
will be surely big

9  
yellowed ferns in the fall  
ancient druid-tomb under them  
the mouse underground

10  
the last autumn sun  
is warming the antlers next  
to ancient stream

11  
heather and early morning  
butterfly is drinking dew  
from the small calix

12  
moon in starlit night  
mirrored on stream-water -  
look out! boar will drink!

13  
heart of elephant  
is bigger than the fall rain  
- of falling comets

14  
peacocks and fall fog  
tail like a fan of poet  
who likes tanka-books

15  
park in the autumn  
haiku-notebook is falling  
into dry fountain

16  
sacret side and you  
a blue butterfly on the  
highest and old spruce

17

the flight with the wind  
as well as against this wind  
time of insects - bees

18

By pretty rainbow  
storks are flying off  
from their wilderness

19

my sacrifice  
from chestnut for Your sun  
- before its sunset

20

the meteorite  
wing of hawk touched it in flight  
chick see this scene

21

the brook in valley  
water is carrying a leaf -  
boat of the spider

22

bay of the fall sea  
red sky in all its glory  
gull-flight with the wind

23

after autumn rain  
drops - flowing down on cobweb  
in the huckleberry

24

last leaf on apple tree  
is being touched by wind  
in rhythm glow-worm's dance

25

last leaf from apple tree  
is being hovered by wind  
rhythm - ladybud's heart

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# I Am

there are: the angel's diamonds in You  
the most lovely and gorgeous eyes in me  
the herculean strength in the veins  
the gold from a distance in the hearts  
the silver at close range in the soul  
i am a lily of the valley

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# In The Rainbow

a spring painter  
lives in the rainbow  
he are panting  
golden  
the Milky Way  
his dream means  
to find and feel a lyric way in  
hearts of spring  
fairies  
a wonderful spirit  
lives also in the  
rainbow  
which has created  
recently  
the Galaxy  
it loves the sun  
the wonderful  
spirit left  
gold feathers  
from his wings  
on the rainbow  
which are as  
beautiful as an angel

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# Man - Wolf 1

Man:

July morning in my heart  
intimidates the poetic muses  
a thousand stars in the sky  
heralds lyrical fulfillment  
You - wolf do not even know how much  
I like the dawn full of dreams  
I love the morning dew  
sometimes the star falls to  
my pond and warms it up like  
a spell from a fairy tale

Wolf:

and I like shooting stars  
which shine very brightly  
like a star of fantabulous kinsfolk  
born of my wolf's dreams  
I like secret trails of You - man  
to the homeland of the fairies  
sometimes I dream about  
lilies and their wonderful fragrance  
that bring dreams  
with the most beautiful diamonds

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# Man - Wolf 10

Man:

the colors of the world are  
more than a rainbow  
these are red sunset or  
glow of dawn  
your wolf's color is blue  
blue wolves are such my wicked topcoat  
in my wizards  
thoughts and create ballads  
about fulfillment in the fields  
illuminated by the moon

Wolf:

firefly and cicada  
they are friends of poetry  
you are a poet who is fulfilled  
what loves red sun in the morning  
and a star morning  
above the volcano  
an insect pair flies  
a heat warms their hearts  
and the volcanic smoke  
just golden them

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 11

a stream like a pond  
can carry sometimes  
you - the wolf friend  
sometimes a letter of my tremendous kith and kin  
sometimes a wonderful poem  
the eternal stream gives strength  
to philosophize  
about the beauty of dawn  
about the miracle of red sunset  
or the fog of the fairy

Wolf:

the stream can be sometimes  
mirror of dawns  
or evening silence  
or your friendship  
the crimson friend  
the stream sometimes cries  
sometimes she laughs  
when the morning mist  
touches the most tender  
philosophy of the evening

Pavel Markiewicz

# Man - Wolf 12

Man:

sun with diamonds  
this is the best work  
of fairies as a gift with a baronial sweetmeat  
for elves of dawn in morning  
and a wolf for you  
the sun is also  
made of brass  
a bit like a bell  
which announces the moment  
of poetic fulfillment

Wolf:

the diamond sun  
is for the poet that  
can beautifully  
philosophize about  
a true pearl - words  
your pearl is sunny  
thought or stream of  
gold-plated thoughts  
or silvered thoughts  
like a magic decoction

Pavel Markiewicz

# Man - Wolf 13

Man:

dew in the calyx  
wolves love the dew  
do you drink the dew?  
mixed with a honey  
or an ambrosia as terrific viands  
I also like ambrosia  
but with the dew  
and petals of roses  
born for my  
magnificent magical decoction  
which charms everything

Wolf:

dew in the calyx  
of a lily of the valley  
or of an Asian magnolia  
it can capture flowers  
and your philosophical considerations  
you poor man  
sometimes the dew flows  
with shooting stars  
when they are fallen  
after fulfilling in the fog

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 14

Man:

the mountain is always secret  
sometimes it can shine  
like a magic pond of an awesome urchin  
on top your mother  
the she-wolf nurslings the deer  
sometimes the piglet visits  
up with paradise birds  
the mountain can be fiery  
when the lava becomes  
center of being and enlightenment

Wolf:

the mountain is home to you  
but also smurfs-poets  
I can dream about the top  
together with the mountain  
I am able to discover homelands  
a mountain that can move  
must be lunar or of paradise  
coming from the island  
of a lyrical perfection  
or simply of the philosophy

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 15

Man:

the parrot is flying over the volcano  
the bird is losing its feather  
the ball of parrots is beginning  
in the fog in the rain  
at night with riders of eternity  
in aurora and infinity  
parrots love you  
wolf like this dreamer and the gorgeous simpleton  
from extinct volcanoes  
your parrot likes to touch souls

Wolf:

parrots adoring new  
the lyrical and human fulfillment  
their soul collect an ambrosia  
and the heart of a parrot  
is an eternal flame  
the parrots are collected  
around the lilies of the valley  
druids on this romantic night  
are waiting for dreams  
also of wise owls

Pavel Markiewicz

# Man - Wolf 16

Man:

rice Buddhist fields  
all the treasures of the world  
I'll give you a wolf  
if you tell me  
what has so far  
delighted You?  
the most marvelous  
eternal poetry of a cracking philanderer  
she-wolf or I  
ancient or medium  
or something from dreams

Wolf:

tell me the man  
what impresses you most  
in a falling star?  
Is it fulfillment in  
the rainbow or maybe  
melancholic heat?  
which gives a velvet light  
which also can  
cuddle to sleep  
of eagle or Adonis

Pavel Markiewicz

# Man - Wolf 17

Man:

herculean forces  
power of the endless winds  
melancholy of the evening  
my anxiety and your  
beating of wolf's heart  
all this creates my  
fantasy with delightful philandering and my  
inner world of wonderful dew  
which loves and worships  
every sip of ambrosia

Wolf:

the temples of Zeus  
there I found your  
traces to the world of dreams  
a dreamer - wolves  
can also dream  
but in the loneliness of the night  
like any poet  
loving endlessness  
of a wasteland and of  
a thousand diamond dreams

Pavel Markiewicz

# Man - Wolf 18

Man:

Noble hearts  
of poets charm  
existence and delights of Zeus  
beautiful clouds and small clouds  
as well as the whole sky of delightful swain  
you have dreamed  
wolf during memories  
at dawn and morning fog  
remember druids  
and the heart of the poet

Wolf:

flocks of birds are flying off  
the evening camp is dying  
in the ancient temple  
you have set up a poet  
your temples of musing  
of the philosophy  
they love our magic  
time and a dreamy  
charm of a starlit heaven  
with beauty of a hummingbird

Pavel Markiewicz

# Man - Wolf 19

Man:

in a happy cloud  
there ancient  
gods live with charm  
though you cannot see their wolf  
you have not seen  
you have to believe me  
in the clouds of a resplendent gentlefolk  
the most sincere  
feelings rule  
there is a romantic silence

Wolf:

in the clouds of fantasy  
fairy reigns - a dreamer  
she conjures up  
diamond rainbow  
above the cloud  
under the cloud  
the herd of cranes is being  
saturated with melancholy  
the cloud long live  
like poet and dawns

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 2

Man:

Sometimes a dawn brings dreams  
to your silvered heart  
and a soul smelling of a lavender wolf  
the star of eternity illuminates  
a secret way of destiny  
the way of the romantic ladybirds  
is covered with stardust  
which comes from the heart of a butterfly  
the butterfly carries all  
dreams of a palatial wedlock into distance

Wolf:

golden dawns and the diamond sky  
tiny star over our homeland  
all this says that I am inspired  
man your thoughts are wonderful  
sometimes the star of eternity  
becomes a thousand shooting stars  
which I adore like a rainbow  
homeland-philosophies  
become velvet poetry  
and phoenixes who are dreaming

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 20

Man:

garden in the sun  
the fruits ripening  
bees are dancing as a muse - exquisite sentinel of dreams  
you are watching the summer  
the young wolf - friend of feelings  
in the philosophical distance  
the poet admiring this garden  
a drop of eternity  
he is writing a poem about  
fulfilling melancholy

Wolf:

The autumn garden  
the fruits were collected  
you think about the new  
spring the dreamer  
blissful man  
sometimes the fall  
can perpetuate and color  
garden with rainbow colors  
like a springtide  
fragrant with violets

.....

(After the conversations

Having spoken, the man and the wolf wanted to drink something.

Having drunk the decoction from:

both lilies of the valley and Judas ears with some dew cooled in an ewer, they were drunken of melancholy, that they created haikus as well as one chërita)

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 3

Man:

you are a poet - the wolf  
the beauty of words is fulfilled  
in shootings stars from  
magnificent ruby rainbow  
beautiful thoughts about  
philosophical times are ours  
poetry is fulfilled such as a superb ewer  
and fills the cup of the soul  
with feelings from this world  
or the land of fairy tales

Wolf:

Do you sometimes think  
about poetry born of a thousand  
dust from butterfly wings  
I like the charm of your poetry  
man - romantic philosopher  
the starry night heralds  
fulfillment of the winter rainbow  
and June good beetles  
their homeland is the way to the stars  
where the magic of words rules

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 4

Man:

which the philosophical crystal  
does decorate a noble soul of  
a romantic charm full of dreams?  
wolf I am touching your mark left on  
path with roses as grandiose counterpane  
the philosophical path  
to the wizarding world  
embellished by ambrosia  
so ambrosia wraps me up  
like a bird in the morning wind

Wolf:

the star is smoldering  
but it does not burn  
because it's like crystal  
of existence - of dreams of perfection  
Man where is your scarlet garden  
on the hill?  
or maybe in a lush valley?  
in the heart of the romantic there  
are 1000 stars they envelop him  
for them they create poetries

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 5

Man:

stars and moons  
are our forgetfulness  
in the melancholy of the evening  
or revival of the cup  
of your wolf's marvelous soul without vexation  
sometimes a dream can  
warm the whole heart - deeply  
if I were a fairy I would charm  
noble time and the memories  
of flight of angels to the stars

Wolf:

lovely burial mounds  
romantic druid altars  
I left for you  
a pebble dear man  
near them in the wilderness  
this forest knows a thousand sweet  
secrets of the soul of the druids  
the soul is crying but  
it is always romantic  
like ways to the lavender country

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 6

Man:

the hourglass measures time  
the Spartan warriors began  
expedition for gold  
of silvery pirates from dreams  
they saw you wolf with grand vinaigrette  
during a walk and druidic dance  
at red sunset before a starlit light  
there was fulfillment at  
the morning rainbow  
a falling star was created

Wolf:

The Spartan warriors  
they have won gold  
of pirates - stolen  
from tireless pharaohs  
on a starry night  
I saw you man with shooting stars  
among bars of gold  
when you admired the beauty  
of the volcano in a distance  
dreamy thoughts were over me

Pavel Markiewicz

# Man - Wolf 7

Man:

the dog is following  
some cat-trails of a glorious dormancy  
he is an a companion  
of the philosophyand of your  
relatives nice respectable wolves  
the dog is your blood  
he is sometimes loved and  
unearthly dreamed  
dog roads lead to  
happy being

Wolf:

the Samoyed dogs  
passed the arctic igloo  
of a man of the north  
they gave you the man  
many sparks of hope  
sparkles in the eyes  
of the gentle Samoyeds  
charm the fullness of winter  
tears of the Snow Queen  
are being frozen in ice

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 8

Man:

poetry can be proud  
like Ibykus cranes  
above the thermal lake Heviz  
there is a poetic wind  
the poetry is sometimes like  
you - wolf and your shooting stars  
friendly romantic beings  
they may love of the illustrious mage  
world and fantasies  
such as morning dews in calyxes

Wolf:

poetry can be infinite  
like the eternal flowers  
over a cliff in the mountains  
it can also be a shelter  
for your philosophy  
the perfect man  
poetry raises people  
to live and give you courage  
the muse from the heart is also bold  
at the time of fulfillment

Pavel Markiewicz

## Man - Wolf 9

Man:

The Erlking is awoken  
with him a thousand water nymphs  
that live underground  
in an ancient distant forest  
the Erlking has become a wolf  
let the song of hope decorate  
the wonderful forest  
it is the home of many Erlkings  
and druids from fairy tales  
who love honey as if they were groovy landlubbers

Wolf:

The Erlking sings a song  
about the ancient druidic  
fulfillment of philosophy  
the bat is looking  
darkness in the forest  
to be able to sing about  
starry mornings  
love and like  
sometimes Erlkings  
give them power

Pavel Markiewicz

# Miraculous Cherita A

starry being

secret butterflies  
are swaying in the wind

the world is enchanted  
by mythical breathing  
of ancient heroes

perfect heart

Pavel Markiewicz

# Miraculous Cherita B

are you a hero?

that loves the dearest  
star from your dreams

your soul is a volcano  
silver-plating constantly  
melancholy of birds

ambrosia

Pavel Markiewicz

# Miraculous Cherita C

the glow of your eyes  
enchanted the world  
of thousand fairy tales

the glow can be longing  
for the sea of flowers

and a miracle of wings

dreamy muse

Pavel Markiewicz

# Miraculous Cherita D

wings of dreams  
are speeding through time

to the rainbow

the poet loves the world  
glow and red color  
of every morning

dreamed-of sun

Pavel Markiewicz

# Miraculous Cherita E

an ancient fairy tale

forest and Druids  
praying to moon

golden star  
is sending  
a silvery rain

fulfillment of melancholy

Pavel Markiewicz

# My Poetic Art

my poetic art  
about the spring  
likes me you  
us and our  
time  
this spring poetry  
laughs at the  
every crack of dawn  
i am feelling the warm  
spring joy  
and i see a  
spring star  
in the remote world  
spirits have masterded my  
poetic art  
utterly  
I have found a fulfilment of  
the lyric Erl-king and  
your memories of  
a gold Pharaonic temple

Pavel Markiewicz

# Some Classical Dreamed-Of Cheritas (According Lady Ai Li)of The Dreamy Poet

I'm alone

at night  
the loneliness has  
the delicate wings

that enliven my heart  
with all kinds of imagination

.....

I am happy

in love with poetry  
enchanted

the soul likes  
romantic  
night-touching

.....

I am hold

my yearning  
hovering in you

gentle nights  
dreaming with a  
Fox in imagination

.....

I am tender  
in love with night dream

like Apollo

who loves the  
fullfillent  
of time miracle

.....

I am dreamy  
in my soul  
is a sail

I adore the sea  
in my heart

melancholy

Pavel Markiewicz

# Springtide In Dreamy Haiku (25)

Springtide

1

dawn with fog in spring  
a nestling of humming bird  
eating first glow-worm

2

first flight of parrot  
bird is losing its feather  
over waterfall

3

thousand ladybugs  
resting on cheery-bloosoms  
during sun-eclipse

4

everywhere sping rain  
boar is drying in the glade -  
carpet of lotus

5

humming bird will fly  
towards young boars into  
Greek ruins of temple

6

life under rainbow  
meadows with four-leaf clovers  
they are watched by hawks

7

the heart of my frog  
hits faster than falling rain  
- the rythm of nature

8

volcano and dust

the puffball is bursting  
pollen in wind

9  
the herd of wildcats  
cheerful good hunting - the shout  
from far and near yes

10  
the early spring time  
ladybug is building nest  
in cold chernozem

11  
notebook with haiku  
I am hiding in hollow  
of oldest redwood

12  
in early springtide  
flowers in all its glory  
dew in the calix

13  
wind blows in evening  
swallow - flying against wind  
next to butterfly

14  
under the rainbow  
harvest are being made but  
mouse in hiding

15  
the altar of sun  
on mossy walls of temple  
- cabbage butterfly

16  
the meteorite  
having fallen in crater  
of old volcano

17

wooded mountain - brooks  
by the stream butterfly is  
washing pretty wings

18

bay of the warm sea  
flock of dolphins and above  
white gull is circling

19

before the dark night  
butterfly is breaking cobweb  
spider is coming

20

under the rainbow  
in the ancient forest glade  
thousand of cobwebs

21

in the forest  
magnificent butterfly  
sitting near queen ant

22

in the early night  
bright glow-worms and dark bats in  
romantic nature

23

bats in the mild wind  
they are following routes of  
intelligent owl

24

spiders and beetles  
they have made cobwebs  
yes since the year dot

25

under the rainbow  
meteorite is falling  
at flight of barn owl

Pavel Markiewicz

# Summer In The Haikus

Summer

1  
a way into temple  
I am moving over carpets  
of lotus flowers

2  
my cheery blossom  
moonlight and night in garden  
ways to volcano

3  
toucan and krater  
air above warms his tail  
like Japanese fan

4  
night expedition  
on the way ancient antlers  
until the volcano

5  
eclipse of the sun  
offering-forget-me-nots  
are waiting for moon

6  
in a starlit night  
we are gathering in glades  
sacrifice to oaks

7  
heart of a grow-worm  
hits slower than dew falling  
on boleti - down

8  
flock of sheep

I - shepherd - see two chamois  
that will visit them

9  
oak in wilderness  
hause of squirells - habitat  
of carpercaillies

10  
karst spring in summer  
a butterfly is drinking  
little drop of water

11  
pond behind castle  
pollen of quince has fallen  
into depth of water

12  
cranes under rainbows  
flying highter than bussard  
romantic nature

13  
the wind over me  
hundred ladybugs in air  
with many maple leaves

14  
rainbow and a stork  
I see it thinking about  
nature fulfilment

15  
burnt offering from  
butterflies flowers but  
not herbst - they are mine

16  
the meteorite  
falling in pond near grove  
with the Druid's tombs

17

brook next to hill  
hawk having drunkis flying  
off in wilderness

18

low tide in der sea  
water is leaving shells and  
old handkerchief

19

evey summer dawn  
resin streams down on cobweg  
to self-heal calix

20

before the mild night  
bee is releasing ant-queen  
from the spider's web

21

after the rain time  
a queen ant is leaving drops  
on the smaller leaf

22

chick and the spider  
a dubm friendship without sounds  
since the last sprigtide

23

spiders and many ants  
live in separation  
its old nature right

24

meadow in the summer  
hundreds butterflies on herbs  
but dwo on boleti

25

red sky before night  
kingfisher and swallowtail  
still on the same branch

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Angelic Children

the angelic child with golden eyes and golden hair!  
I want to be so much like You  
I can dry my wings in the sun  
after the swim with the goldfish  
I will write a poem about Your wheat  
and be enchanted because of Your stars

the angelic child with silver eyes and silver hair!  
I want to be so much like You  
I can find silver next to wasteland of a canyon  
with the silver little bird that lives in a temple grove  
I will write a poem about Your moon  
and be enchanted because of a silver fox

the angelic child with azur eyes and blue hair!  
i want to be so much like You  
I can touch branches of a delicate blue spruce  
after a picking of the bilberries  
I will write a poem about the cetacean  
and be enchanted because of marine loneliness

You angelic children!  
Let's go into a blue  
(such the Adriatic)  
poundin which silver swans  
and silvery cranes live!  
May the golden will-o'-the-wisp be  
sprung always from fire for Pegasus',  
phoenix' and Ibikus ' sake

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Beyond

the tears are glowing like your magic heart  
an angelic dream is from the Sahara  
my marvellous gift is from the eagle owl  
the Pegasus has left me the gold  
he took the cristales from the Phoenix  
the lunar memories are clear

I like Apollo's magic of a temple

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Distance

every distance  
becomes like  
an intimacy  
if your dream  
wakes up  
when the moon is full  
the gold birds  
are seeking their  
silver nests  
in the spring distance  
as well as in the  
existence of the spring  
time  
in the distance  
stars behave marvellous  
sensibilities which are stronger  
than the time  
Adonis' fire  
and the real magic come  
into being  
anyway  
in the distance

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Draem In The Springtide

the dream  
is everlasting  
like the moon  
i like dreams  
which come from  
spring angels  
i am painting  
my purple picture  
its the colour  
of the lively spring  
which has been silver-plated  
also by the moonlight  
the dream in the spring  
is in me deep  
i like the refreshment of souls  
for the sake of the spring  
the ardend picture  
are looking for my emotional  
spirit as if i was an angel  
which dreams endless  
of the violet universe  
with sparks of the miraculous  
hopes

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Dreamy Heart In The Spring

the living dreamy  
heart of the springtide  
touched yesterday  
a rainbow  
which walkend on ways  
into hope  
as well astowards  
the starry fulfilment  
your tender spring  
fulfilment woke up  
my way into the heart  
is the poetry  
the dreamy heart  
belongs to poets  
and to ta spirit  
of the wind  
who tauched tender  
an elder with him  
friend  
hey you dramy heart  
follow now and then  
ways of a grey Egyptian cat

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Evening Wind

wings of an charming  
angel become dry  
many spring legends  
about the  
evening wind  
and his spring power  
have come  
into being  
spring power is  
carrying hope  
for us people  
hey You spring wind  
you have been a guest  
in hot Egypt  
You are giving  
sand out of desserts  
to me  
which has turned  
into a diamond for  
the sake of my  
beauty

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Existence

i like our spring  
poems  
and your lyric god  
who likes some  
spring dreams  
my feeling is  
memories of  
the spring suns  
which surround  
Zeus' planet  
and my feeling is  
spring wings of the  
melancholic angels  
which have awoken  
they come from my poem  
the existence can  
transform the Galaxy  
into the gold  
a pharaoh  
dreamt about  
the beautiful existence  
the dreams are more vivid  
than ever  
because of the existence

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Fall

the fall lives in us  
it lives magnificent because of us  
you are writing a letter about peace  
i am writing to You about contact  
we have liked us since time immemorial  
as well as the peace which lives the contact  
the peace dreams of Apollo's temple  
feeling the autumnal wind with golden sparks  
the contact is building a silver rainbow

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Moon In The Springtime

the moon in  
the springtide  
is warming me up and you  
more than the sun  
in the moon  
i have found fulfilment  
and spring silence  
of the yearning  
which have been  
transformed by fairies  
into the Milky Way  
as well as into  
the silver universe  
i have admired the moon  
since time immemorial  
i have built on a star  
the moon-temple  
where the eternal fire  
are shining  
the fire lights  
up phoenix' ways  
into the lyric universe  
and my internal marvellous  
land of existence

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Night Mood Of The Beaches

the heavenly cute Atlantic!  
the infinitely sonorous California Bay!  
the dreamlike eternal Lake Ontario!  
all these places enchanting a night goddess

= starry lady with comet dust

(the fog over me  
lava is flowing slowly  
in rhythm of spiders)

so that more seagulls are touching breakers  
sirens sitting on beaches and sleeping

= miracle of winged poets

(dew in the ewer  
I'm drinking like ambrosia  
with melancholy)

they - from the sea depth -  
tell the fisherman  
a legend about a pirate treasure  
when the ebbs are carrying sea feelings  
a night flood is just beginning  
Poseidon is there

= magican and the dreams fulfilled in pearls

(winged poetry  
angels are flying in pairs  
above volcano)

he is showing me a thousand shells  
I am simply shrouded in tidal melancholy  
on the beach you can hear the winged trembling of terns

= charmant wings of melancholy  
(the fog above me  
all dreams are being fulfilled  
in ways to the stars)

a seal is resting  
waiting for sea loneliness  
and perpetuates the most beautiful sea feeling  
in the dreamy fantasy  
the fisherman on the beach

= man that loves each red sun in the morning

(ewer and calyx  
the dew is being cooled here  
ready to drink it)

counting the philosophical night stars  
the first waves at night  
are enchanting me after the last sunset  
in the paradisiacal night stars  
I am finding the loneliness of the spirit  
I am building a fairytale sand castle on the dune  
and what is my dearest angelic  
homeland's friend doing- the moon - asking my soul  
it is sending the sea of lights  
I am dwelling on the every light as well  
a noble king-of-the-Alps  
the little light from the moon conjuring up  
also a necklace from small seaweed  
at the bust of seafaring fairy

= clandestine paths to poetry souls

(poetries with wings  
winged angels in glory  
heaven loves the world)

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Person

i follow at night a way  
into the nightstar  
the sunlight in me having  
there is the sky with  
Adonis'-fire about me  
i follow the beauty  
beginning with the red sunset  
finishing with the red sky  
in the morning  
the way is covered both with  
the star dust and comet dust  
as well as with the shooting stars  
the way was dusted and cleaned  
by the angel's wings  
at night  
there are: the angel's diamonds  
in You  
the most lovely and gorgeous eyes in me  
the herculean strength in the veins  
the gold from a distance in the hearts  
the silver at close range in the soul  
i am a lily of the valley

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Poetical Way Trough The

a way with roses without  
thorns goes through  
the springtide  
i found a pearl  
of an angel  
on the way  
as well as  
a spring poem  
of the spring spirit and  
of the spring angel  
the spring way goes furthermore  
through Muses' souls  
and through Athena' heart  
in addition through my strenght  
of trust  
the golden Erl-king  
tarries on the way  
his heart was light and with the  
full strenght of the magic  
as well as with ful thoughts

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Silence Of The Time

my silence is  
sweetness of stars  
our roads go  
to the county  
of wanderlust  
and to the time  
of full moon  
in the silence of time  
dreams become  
a longing song of  
sun beams  
i sleep sometimes  
in the spring silence  
if it lights the fire  
of a poem in me  
but eternal silence of the time  
lives in fire of the spring  
it likes You  
for the sake of your  
warmth  
because of your beauty

Pavel Markiewicz

# The So Called P-Cherita According To Mr. Markiewicz (P-Picture)

1.

I am god

master of muses  
winged

which create  
wonderful  
poetry-being

2.

You are butterfly

what can with longing  
wait?

for fulfilment  
over the comet  
in my star

3.

We eternal riders

we are carrying  
dreams across

the river that  
loves and feels  
beauty of melancholy

4.

He Elven ruler

travels through time  
of excellence

embellishing the land

from dreams  
and memories

5.  
owl loves feathers

and wings full  
of secrets

discover a  
paradise in  
magic grove

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring

the spring  
is my most beautiful  
sweet times  
the longing for  
spring flowers  
wake up  
with everybody  
the kind spring spirit  
looks every day at  
the surface of the eternal pond  
yes the sheer and endless  
spring madness  
i like the spring  
pleasant smell of croci  
i see as well pansies  
which have bloomed  
in a garden  
I like if the wind  
touchs the sky-blue  
Muses' hair with tenderness  
the wind is my best  
companion

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring Angel

the spring angel  
likes the spring feelings  
if butterflies fly towards  
the sky with  
the red sunset  
out of love for  
the longing  
for a hopeful spirit  
and for the time  
the spring angel is  
refined  
if stars throw the power dawn  
volcanoes of the existence  
at midnight  
angel's feathers are touched  
by the cold wind

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring Craziness

the nice springtide is mad  
if thousands of  
dreams hover  
during the red sky in  
the morning  
with birds  
the spring feelings  
are bearing  
lieds and legends  
as well as pomes  
of the real magic  
and miracle  
the craziness has power  
of wise Zeus and rule of  
honest Herkules  
i am crazy  
if my heart is intoxicated  
with the poems and if  
happiness lives in me  
in the spirit

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring Fairy

a soft being  
a good queen of  
the croci  
she are singing her song  
about spring mood  
which are warming  
all sping Muses' hearts  
theirs warmth is worth  
happiness  
the spring fairy  
wanted to  
entice me  
she was willing  
to become  
my etenal girlfriend  
i don't live her  
I like her nonetheless  
very much like a spirit  
of the pond  
which worships  
water  
for all time

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring Imp

the spring imp  
from the faraway  
world  
are transforming  
stars into a rainbow  
he is sitting now  
on the rainbow  
it has put down  
the angel's sand  
and the golden sand  
of a dreamland  
a fairy has decorated  
the house of the spring  
imp with the amber  
which she had gotten  
out of the goldenhomes of  
golden sirens'  
in the ocean with the red  
sky in the morning  
the imp waits a morning  
shooting star and a comet  
splinter

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring In Me

the tender spring  
in me  
is the magic of  
the time  
i am finding  
the love and  
the fulfilment of  
the spring spirit  
in the spring hope  
as well as the spring  
spirit's memories  
which can be fulfilled  
the springtide  
lives  
in me  
it has found  
his place  
in my tender soul  
i feel safe  
i give shelter to the  
springtide in the heart

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring Silence

the spring is refined  
in silence  
like a diamond  
which a daydreamer  
has left in the  
sand  
the spring awakening  
likes silence  
if it remains silent  
and if it is rose pink  
the Erl-king visited  
the spirit of a grove  
beovre daybreak  
they are totally in love  
with in spring silence  
i create in quiet  
the most beautiful poems  
as well as many different  
legends about  
the awakening of  
spring spirits

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring Spirit

the spring spirit  
is my best friend  
he misses  
the Milky Way  
and a way of  
faraway spirits  
which are  
runnig through times  
they mark  
a rainbow  
the spring spirit  
likes  
velvet spring  
feelings  
strong spring ideas  
and the memories  
of comets and wonderful  
stars  
which are flying here and there  
as an angel

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring Star

the spring star  
is the memory  
of the herculean delight  
the dream of the Galaxy  
are coming true  
the spring star is  
lighting up thousand  
shooting stars  
and a way into the  
distance  
the spring star  
is sending me  
now a golden mirror  
in which dreams have  
been immortalised  
i am giving  
the spring star  
thousand pieces of gold

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Spring Wizard

the intelligent and good  
spring wizard  
wrote thousands legends  
about tender  
force of longing  
and about time of  
feeling  
which arrived yesterday  
to me with a  
flight of a comet  
to my dreamy heart  
the spring wizard  
greeted a spirit  
of the willow  
from Poseidon's  
country  
which has given a golden  
sword of a Knight Templar  
to him as a present  
You the spring wizard  
prepare  
thousands of  
ways for respectable poets

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Springtide In The Garden

the spring has  
mastered quiet  
it is giving  
thousand Muses a hug  
which are creating their  
poems in the sun  
the garden with the  
full spring is  
wonderful  
beautiful like  
my star  
a muse of the art  
lives in the garden  
she leaves traces by  
painting a golden picture  
the garden is in full bloom  
because of Muse's longing  
i am in love with the garden  
and i have fallen head over  
heels in love  
with the pleasant smell  
of eternity

Pavel Markiewicz

# The Walls And Magic Time

I could not sleep in the hotel next to steppes.  
The star of hope revealed the midnight  
I heard sounds behind the wall.  
I knocked on the wall for the first time.  
Someone said: Be a dreamer!  
I knocked on the wall for the second time.  
The gentle voice said: Be a red romantic!  
I knocked on the yellow wall for the third time.  
The mysterious door opened in the wall.  
And the blue Erl-king appeared.

He was romantic and dreamy - a gentleman  
I spoke to him.  
As a bird, the Erl-king took me on wings,  
so that i could look at different walls.

The first wall, black, was the Berlin Wall.  
I saw the ghosts of people who fell here.  
They were drunken of the poetry of hope.

The second wall, red, was the Great Wall of China.  
I saw the ghosts of farmers who worked near them.  
They werd drunken of poetry of poetry of sublimity.

The third wall, yellow, belonged to the winter queen.  
I saw the ghosts of arrested people and to ice frozen people  
They were drunken of poetry of Romeo's love.

The next wall, blue, belonged to the Erl-king.  
I saw ghosts of seduced children.  
They were drunken of poetry without feuds.

And the last wall was my wall.  
It was made of diamonds and it has been broken down  
because of my beauty, the marvellous beauty of dreams.

The fragments of diamonds have been left here and there.  
The Erl-king wanted to take a diamond with him.

Everything is disappeared.

I am back in the hotel room in the wasteland  
and I am only bewitched of Erl-king's dreams  
that will never doze  
but he watches like a falconer  
or a shepherd with red sky  
in the morning

Pavel Markiewicz

# The World

the tears are freezing like my human heart  
an angelic dream is from a castle of the winter queen  
my simple gift is from a sparrow  
the Pegasus has got the sand  
he gave shells to the Phoenix  
the mundane memories are tangled up

I like Zeus' simple temple over clouds

Long live both Apollo and Zeus with  
their beyond and world!  
the Apollo's beyond are muses  
the Zeus' world are warriors

Pavel Markiewicz

# To Be Woken

to be woken  
in you  
in your spring dreams  
to be woken in the  
longing  
i feel safe  
i am embraced  
by star spirits  
of the time  
yes the total  
awakening  
to be woken  
means  
the better listening  
the spring dreams  
on my account  
and it means  
the dearest following of them  
i have woken up  
at midnight  
forbirds are twittering  
magnificent about a yearning  
of a straightforward human

Pavel Markiewicz

# Translation From German

Das Schiff

das Schiff ist durch  
Meere geschwommen  
es ist durch Ozeane  
geschwommen  
um den Zauber Amerikas  
zu erkennen  
mitsamt auf Schultern  
gehaltenen Menschen

es ist durch Tore  
aus Felsen geschwommen  
es ist geschwommen -  
durch aufgewühlte Wellen  
durch den kühnen Wasserschein  
die wie die Welt alten Steine

das Schiff ist geschwommen  
geschwommen!  
es ist an kein Ziel gelangt  
es ist verschwunden

in der Dunkelheit  
unterseeischer Wiesen  
blüht immer ein Blumenkreis auf  
schwarzer Verlustrosen  
der Blumen zerstörter Hoffnungen

Mai,1998  
The ship

the ship has swum through seas  
it has swum through oceans  
to recognize the magic of America  
together with people held on shoulders

it has swum through gates made of rocks  
it has swum - through turbulent waves

through the bold glow of the water  
the old stones like the world

the ship has swum  
swum!  
it has reached no destination  
it disappeared

in the dark  
undersea meadows  
a flower circle always blooms  
of black roses of loss  
the flowers of destroyed hopes

May 1998

Pavel Markiewicz

# Translation From German 2

Das Dichterherz

das Dichterherz zerfällt  
wenn es den Schmerzensseufzer  
erblickt  
die Habsucht entkommt  
und die Eingebung kommt zurück  
um zu schreiben  
zu schaffen  
zu erkennen

aber was?

diesen Stapel der Gedanken  
verworren  
wegen des Seelenleidens  
verweht  
von Dichtern vergöttert

das Herz des Dichters zerfällt  
und ist bald zerfallen  
etwas ist aus meiner Seele  
herausgekommen und hat sofort  
das Gedicht gebildet

ich hab niedergeschrieben  
ich habe geschaffen  
ich habe erkannt

diesen schönen Ausdruck  
dieses Wort

ich habe gewählt  
ich habe dort verborgen  
um hier neu zu gelangen

Mai,1998

The poet's heart

the poet's heart disintegrates  
when it sees the sigh of pain  
the greed escapes  
and the inspiration comes back  
to write  
to create  
to recognize

but what?

this pile of thoughts  
discocombulated  
because of the suffering of the soul  
blown away  
idolized by poets

the heart of the poet disintegrates  
and is crumbled soon  
something came out out of my soul  
and immediately formed the poem

I wrote down  
I created  
I recognized

this beautiful expression  
this word

I have chosen  
I hid there  
to come here again

May,1998

Pavel Markiewicz

# Translation From German 3

Der Mai

der Mai ist gekommen  
mit ihm das Grün  
und die Vögel  
und ich sitze  
inmitten von bezaubernden  
Wiesen  
 Klänge hörend  
sowie ein schönes  
Gezwitscher

ich denke -  
an verschiedene  
Maiblumen  
und an die Sonne  
und an den Regen  
und an das Lächeln  
und an die Trauer  
an die Sehnsucht  
an mich selbst  
und ich schreibe  
nur schreibe Gedichte

diejenigen die duften  
und die leuchten  
reißende Bäche  
der Lenzwörter

Mai!  
wie lässt man Dich  
verstehen?  
wie kann man Deinen  
Gedanken erkennen? -  
gebannt in dem  
gelben Schmetterling  
in dem grünen Frosch  
in der roten Blume  
in der Mitte - in Dir

ach mein Mai

May

the May has come  
with it the green  
and the birds  
and I am sitting  
in the midst of charming meadows  
listening to sounds  
as well as a nice twittering

I think -  
about different May flowers  
and about the sun  
and about the rain  
and about the smile  
and about the sadness  
about yearning  
about myself  
and I write  
just write poetries

those which smell  
and that shine  
raging streams  
the words of the springtide

May!  
how can one understand you?  
how can one recognize your thought? -  
banned in the  
yellow butterfly  
in the green frog  
in the red flower  
in the middle - in You  
oh my may

May, 1998

Pavel Markiewicz

# Winter In Haiku 1

frozen rising spring  
underground city of ants  
queen - the ant in warmth

Pavel Markiewicz

## Winter In Haiku 10

the first winter fog  
eagle can't find ways to its chicks  
the rights of nature

Pavel Markiewicz

## Winter In Haiku 2

frozen pond and I  
I see a frozen butterfly  
under the clear ice

Pavel Markiewicz

## Winter In Haiku 3

the big snowstorm  
bird - drinking not frozen drops  
from ancient karst spring

Pavel Markiewicz

## Winter In Haiku 4

a insect in icicle  
as if he rested after  
the forest walking

Pavel Markiewicz

## Winter In Haiku 5

the cold wind over  
the cemetery with dead tree  
the last woodworm lives

Pavel Markiewicz

## Winter In Haiku 6

the early morning  
my dreams of thousand white cats  
but only one mouse

Pavel Markiewicz

## Winter In Haiku 7

Druid's altar in snow  
I'm bringing warm blubberies  
as gift for winter

Pavel Markiewicz

## Winter In Haiku 8

a meteorite  
falling is being colled  
by many snowflakes

Pavel Markiewicz

## Winter In Haiku 9

valley in mountain  
one frozen brook wolves are  
watching the full moon

Pavel Markiewicz