

Poetry Series

Sylva Portoian
- poems -

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Sylva Portoian()

The Author's Stanzas from

Eleven Poetry Collections

(July 2007-July 2010)

Sylva Portoian-Shuhaiber (Sylva-MD-Poetry) is a pediatrician trained in England, who has articles in well-known medical journals: The Lancet, Archives of Diseases in Childhood, Tropical Pediatrics, Annals of Genetics (Paris) , Journal of Inherited Metabolic Diseases and Journal of Cardiovascular Surgery. She has presented her medical publications at international medical conferences. She started rhyming at age seven and discontinued after specializing in medicine. Recently she was able to start poeting once again; she has released eleven collections of poetry in less than a three-year period. Each book breathes a genuine, passionate new poetic story that may be modified to a humanitarian theory.

The author is a Winner of The Carnegie Prize for Poetry, Spring 2009

Eleven Poetry Collections:

I: Lance My Hart at a Glance

She had written this collection for her husband, who had a difficult life performing bypass operations on failed hearts during his early years of cardiac surgery. She is praising surgical hands and the dedicated life of their families, the medical team, and the patients in distress.

Lance my heart to feel your delicate lance.

Fancy absorbing pains, of your fatigued hands

How many hearts you revived—survived.

Your hands are respirators for failed fading hearts.

~~~~~

II: Delete Depression—Type Inspiration

These are poems to alleviate depression for every age; however, this is explicitly meant for students. The book can be the student's friend when crisis curses the mind.

Fears have no end if you bend.

May impel you to far end.

Shine your bright eyes see clear sky.  
Hear echoing songs from highest mounts.

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III: Angel "Lilit" Liting via Internet

This is a scientific love story conveyed in a poetic thesis that expressed the sincere relationship between a mother-in-law (the author) and a daughter-in-law (Lilit) . Every mother must provide love to kin, creating lifetime and after then leaving narrative happiness.

Support is the road to proceed in life.

Support is the kiss of life, each second in need,
For every creature from birth to old age
For gaspers of their last breath, sight yet alive.

~~~~~

### IV: A Poetic Soul Shined of Genocides

These are real stories from my grandmother of known genocides still epidemically invading and crushing the principles of human rights.

Let us help every soul who speaks in a true voice.

In terrains where flesh decays, uncanned,  
Recognition of human rights is mighty just,  
Since all related crimes are committed by vicious hands of vile minds.

~~~~~

V: Sons: Take My Heart and Transplant

These are poetic stories expressed by a sincere, unselfish mother to relieve a mother's torments and throbs.

Transplant "My Hart" in real human soil

Assess recipient humanitarian role.
With grants long life gifted to live,
Saving innocents from slain of grief.

Mothers are mothers wherever they are

Tears will not dry until they die.

~~~~~

### VI: Millennium Brains' Lacrimate

These are new events, expected and the unexpected, needed by honest brains.

Sylva wrote the poems just before the credit crunch. Do poets possess a mysterious Seventh Sense?

Chromosomes, when primes in crime.  
Millions die, without mercy rhyme.  
Firing darts, into mothers' hearts.  
Cursed powers must end as putrefied palms!

~~~~~

VII: Politics Play, People Pay, Poets Proms, Pledging Pray
The poetic genuineness sings stronger than history as it bleeds from bleeding hearts.

Politicians before my birth did and still do,
Their job trains them to fool laymen's crew.
Teaching selves to sink the blood in ink—
Thus can vanish, showing the sky stays still blue.

~~~~~

VIII: E-mails: Beneath Blossoming Trees  
With the world entering one cascade through the Internet, things changed and will continue  
to change, educate, cohorts for the best.

Have you dreamed about sending your president Obama  
Only one letter asking, how he achieved his dreams?

Can another human do what He did? Did he change  
His dermis or aim his talent to serve humanity?

~~~~~

IX: Songs of Searing Desert Storms
Some people can change their character like their dresses, some can never do
they remain faithful for principles born with them real, genetics true.

I am the one...
Whose passion is stronger than her mind.
Her priorities must persist even if she can't apply.
She cannot lie and change colors.
She can't bend when things seem unjust.

~~~~~

X: Sylva's Serenade dative Eyes

Singing is part of our daily life. These collections of poems are for world singers, songwriters and musicians who contributed in our life to make us happy by singing their songs, and for those who enchanted our straggling life and continue to enchant.

Charles Aznavour: You Sang 'She' I will sing 'He'

He is the man I can't forget the genes that I carry without regret.

He never left treasures what he worked for. Gone with the wind—

He left His smile, endlessly gracing My fiery hart.

He was a saint 'Unnamed'.

When I was young I never knew His Hated-Mind

So wonderful, so kind.

~~~~~

XI: "My Son—My Sun": Chants Ann, Obama's Mother

Poetic story of a man no-one expected him to become president specially the white people. Although he has half-black genes, he worked and he achieved.

I loved a man. He had black skin,

His love was tender serene.

From him I gave birth to my Son, my Love.

His father called him Barak (the blessed)

I left in pain after blessing him,

Teaching...to save innocents' skin.

All Poets Awake To Stop Wars

All poets help me to stop wars...

Sylva Portoian

All Poets Of Poem Hunters Awake...Let Us Stop All The Wars

All Poets of The Poem Hunters
Awake on This Site-Let Us all Unite

We are poets from every site
From States and further than New Zealand
Thus, We represent poets of the world
We represent every ethnicity...religion...race.

Let us feel with every soul
Let us all unite
Let us fight...Abolish...Vanish...
The wars with our gifted stanzas.

Let us release our pains
Let us clear our oozing veins
Fore it is bleeding endlessly.
Let us open our burning chest
To show our smoking hearts
And stop mothers' weep on lost sons.

Awake all poets on this site
We had enough of the genocides.
We can no longer pen poems on Love...Moon...Mars
While innocents' voices bursting our membranes

And their blood raining on our heads
Blinding our eyes not to see more...
Sticking our lips not to speak...
We are fearless...no one shall slay our pens...

Sylva Portoian

Election: A Political Jazz

Jazz that circles
To keep voters confused
Keep them hysterical
Drinking effervescent juice.

Jazz with unusual tunes,
Awaking most senses
Realizing later
All were earthy mortals.

Everyone entering the jazz—
Playing lottery, most can try.
Some were overfed
Some starved yet can rise.

Fortunes lost for political jazz
Populace clapped, bulling their hands
Some heads end in loss,
Some others on crying cross.

Election jazz is pleasure for the poor
But for the rich, wealthier hinge.
At the end, nobody can win.
The jazz will plunge, and faces hang unsound.

Sylva Portoian

E-Mails: Beneath Blossoming Trees

Imagine your self somewhere
Sitting under blooming trees
Sending from your hearted mind
E-mails, helping others to feel free,

Feel with pained hearts—
How spirits shrinking distressed,
Being ill, being blind, being deaf,
Being handicapped, depressed.

Can you delet their agonies, pains? ☐
If you can't, try at least to send e-mails.
To make them happy
Release their sufferings.

Even for a second, for a moment
Turn every instant to a treating prayer.
To say, 'I-Me, e-mailed others, amazing words.'
Your tree will blossom after freeing others' pains.

Look above your head, touch buds and the leaves
Of your gifted tree, feel, how it feels
The same feelings you felt others may feel—
For whom you, through your letters have cared...!

Yours Soulfully
Sylva-MD-Poetry

Sylva Portoian

Faith Is Dead

“What should I say?
Since Faith is dead”
Sir Thomas Wyatt penned,
Before five century
It is still true...After so long...
To repeat... 'Faith is dead'...;

Faith is dead
In many hearts...
In many minds

Although many pretend
They are faithful
What they show
Is grey though

You feel it...
As the days run
Start avoiding those spirits
To repeat... “Faith is Dead”

Faith in some, still exist
So...pray...wait...view
To say, 'Faith is alive'
Thus...will abide...
Serenade In Faith
Continue...

Sylva Portoian

For Happy Poets... Never Met Tragedies

￼ I feel Some happy poets
Never met tragedies...

So their poems...
Are composed
Of cheerful life stories...

While we suffered...
Hearing genocide stories
Through our childhood dreams

That forth...we started to pen...
Shan't see end...!
Till we sigh...

Still might continue...then
Yelling from our graves...!

' A Soul from Genocide of 1915'

Sylva Portoian

How Unlucky The Poets Are...!

How unlucky the poets...are
They don't know
How unlucky they are...!

They tear their Harts*
In many ways
To write only few stanzas

Most they who read
Might give little praise-

And some have geniusness
Are able to read with many sights

Appreciating cavernously
Inspiring each Poetic Painful...

Yet, Painlessness
With tears
With grace...!

May 14,2012

* Hart; Heart- without 'e' based on anatomical structure of the heart...

Because it has four chambers with four valves...

As well as grammatically...Why we say Hand...Hard and we can't say Hart...

English is a hybrid language as my professor Tim Cullinan of Cambridge
use to say often...!

So my poems are based on 'Hart' and not Heart since my First Poetry Collection

' Lance my Hart at a Glance' dedicated to My Heart Surgeon (HS)

Sylva Portoian

I Can Read Mothers' Hearts Like Mine

I cannot read minds, but I can read harts,
Harts of mothers, whose offsprings are ill,
In agony, in pain, in cry, in tear,
Thy mine, my baby, my soul, I can bear.

I can feel harts, but I can't read minds.
Lacrimating eyes avoid the lights.
Had sleepless nights tired beside newborn—
Just saw sun rays after being nine months in haze.

I can feel harts, but say not minds
As I have harts away from me.
I cannot sleep full nights,
So feelings beat equally.

I can read when she asks me to read,
Help when she sounds, Not all Mums
But some blocks for you to reach their sick kin.
Needs cranes to pull, to feel, to treat, and to preen.

Sylva Portoian

I Can See The World's Dismays

I see the world's
faces in dismays
Where mothers yell
awaking deaths.

I see the world
with its mountains
Some people ski
some others dive.

I see the world
full of green fleshes
Kind people cry
slayers dine, dance.

I see the world
souls vanishing souls
To confirm recent sayings,
"Who can end the Y's crimes? "

Sylva Portoian

Joy In Sadness

Find in your sadness,
 The utmost joy
The spelling's different,
 Both are cloy.

The cold needed
 When the hart (heart) is hot
You can search
 For the little heat that blows.

Find in sadness
 The ultimate joy
As you must serenade
 Prevail to sway raw.

When you turn your face
 By your bright mind
You will realize
 You can't exist, no more.

Appreciate the sadness
 If you're waiting on the joys.
Without weeds of sadness
 Joy can't rise as roses in rows.

February 11,2008

Sylva Portoian

Killing Initiates Killing

Killing initiates killing none can stop
In between who hates killing...
Innocents will sigh...out of hope

Killing initiates killing
No one should feel happy
Today's happiness cannot last too long

Awake don't celebrate...
But pray...for
No more criminals to be birthed on this earth
Who want to kill populace
Those wish to live in peace...

Thus, pray for the inventors
Who works to vanish all bombs...

Sylva Portoian

Maternal Holly Eyes

Maternal Eyes intently lights,
Eyes look to sky with thanks,
Have delivered many spirits,
Heavenly prized in hearts.
Scenting each breath with every birth,
From near or far never resigns!
Maternal Eyes stays unrest,
Anxious at dawns, fearful in dusks.
Tense part of her senses calms
If she insures souls in her surrounds.
Feeling in endless blinks
As if, a horse in a racing ring.
Maternal Holy Eyes
No rest, no hibernation seeks.
Stays stars in any price,
Always alert, sharp, wise.
She always prays and says,
"Lament me, by happy tears.
I am alive in your harts,
I will depart soon to old dears.
So I mean as a mother
I can't bear your grieves."
Please kindly obey
As you hymn the prey.
Even after keens
Do what mother says.
After passing far
Still she stays with sunken eyes,
Counting the days:
"Don't come, don't see me soon."
Stay and prune...
My planted roses are waiting June.
I don't miss you, wait!
As long as a decade untraced yet,
Stay four times my age in my
Happy castles build for you, uncaged.
Don't knock at my door.
The rusted key can't enter fore.
I love you while I'm in heaven.

Don't come near more!
Heavens aren't yet for you,
 Stay away, inhale humans' air.
Maternal Eyes obey souls born
 of her, harking yieldingly in dark.
Real Maternal Eyes blaze till flames,
 Not to see beloveds in any crack.
Maternal love is holiness none seen alike
 Even in lover's heaven, the flowery park!

Sylva Portoian

My Black Tears

My black tears
Can't turn into pearls
Dark may turn light
If it emits some rays.

My cheeks cracks are dark
Of tears like tar
Can be removed—
By kind spiritual sparks.

My black tears
Can't round my face
With a happy frame—
Mirror reflection seems sad.

The earth's people
Live like beasts on the flats
No one can cover them
Other than jets of sands!

Sylva Portoian

My Hearty Poet: John Clare Diagnosed Unfairly As A Mad Poet!

John Clare: My Hearty Poet

I cry for those unfair hubris physicians
Who diagnosed you as mad
They were literate but criminals...

￼ I never heard about John Clare...

I thought he is a new poet
I was reading one of his poems
That passionated me...

Forced me to read more
Of his trustworthy natural poems...
What an unfair world we live in
I think who neglected him should be punished
Never too Late...

People are born with bad genus
They criticize creation they can't understand,
Hence...can't achieve
Like sometimes I read readers on this site
Give bad remarks for soulful poems! ! !

As slayers did for poor John Clare..
My Dear Poet...
How can such a human
Thrown inside the mad caves
Did he kill any one?

Who did this he should be punished
I do repeat: 'Never Too Late'
Still illiterate soulless people do the same mistakes-
Judging people sadistically because they are penniless.
How can we CHANGE their DNA...sss...

Sylva Portoian

My Morn Friends Thrown In Bins

Writers write and write.
Next, daily papers
Torn, thrown out
Gone griever's site!

Countless hours
Thinkers stay sightless
Thinking to write on what?
I wish ideas were flown like kites!

Can we collect? I tried, I failed
Words dearer than cents
My dears can't ever accept.
To leave friends round, where!

One collects newspapers.
One throws in bin.
We can't reciprocate
Life explication stays on screen.

I only want to find some time
To read all the thoughtful papers
Otherwise, why minds work intense
If papers are ghastly cleared of seen shades!

I neither threw nor will throw
My lover's words in dustbin.
Treasures of mind squeezed
Distributed to homes, with news of field.

Do you throw your jewels out?
Throwing can't answer our dart
Why are we tearing, burning words?
In dirty dustbins piled for carts!

Shedding tears don't give means
Think to find a way to understand beings!
One throws...one collects
Like bones to feed the trees already died!

Sylva Portoian

My Songs In Me...I Want To Sing

My Songs in Me

My songs in me,
I want to sing,
Echoes of my hart
Should soundly ring.

I want to sing.
Hear once again
What I would sing
To reach a mother's terrain.

I want to sing
For the lost, meek.
I want to sing
For the feeble, weak.

I want to give
To those that rise fast,
I want to be
A kind soul to the last.

I want to hear
That I can sing
Till dusk enters
And breaks sad strings.

Another day
Waiting to sing.
When I can't sing
Carry me away
In your arms... sane.
Pray for echoing songs
That will remain.

November 15,2008

Sylva Portoian

Nelson Mandela ' They Say Mandela Died'

The Mandela (1918-2013)

Sylva Portoian

Obama In Onerous Times

Obama passed through difficult times...
Avoidless to say,
Still facing many
onerousnesses.

Impersonality can't take grace
In his notion;
Every tragedy,
He has to face.

He should face
And face... And face
Never resent
Yet dance with grace.

Accepting raps
Accepting slaps
Accepting the unacceptable
Through artful courageousness.

If he is a Real Black,
The whites will try to push him into the dark,
If he is White,
The blacks will do their ways...
Send him back... singing with Larks.

He is lucky, he is in between.
They say who is in between
Has all the genes that others lack

So he will stay playing
at 'Political Art'
Neither White nor Black.
"We all wish him the best of luck."

Sylva Portoian, MD

February 28,2009

Sylva Portoian

Politics Play Yet People Pay

Politics silently plays
Guess and say, who will pay!
The grievors from stars
Or the hazy moon in dusked sky?

Politics have a designed show.
Humans treated unevenly
In every place, row after row
Who belong to this politics dwell

Treated differently, ignoring no.
Called dedicators who heed.
Born of political royalty, new breeds
Are unsound crawlers, them, none can hear.

Every democratic government says,
"All humans must be treated equally."
Why shouldn't we be treated unequally—
As earth may flatten in the same enormity.

So populace—other than politicians royal—
Stay unsound, stamped to die.
No one can save them, even saints
Thems are victims, how can they save their mates?

Politicians' letters of condolences
Elegantly written, always ready
In convincing alphabetical style
They never lie, are honest nationals!

Sylva Portoian

Son: Go Where You Feel Happy

My son, "Go where you feel
You will be happy."

Don't look at the sky.
Sky shall always cry...!

Don't look at treasures.
All glitters... yet die...!

Go there...
Where happiness can smile
Till, of your eyes shine... few pearly tears

To see sincere human spirits
Help them give your kind grace.

You can create once again
What you have left...on sands

Start new life with dance.
Don't look back...proceed...

Towards a new star...
Stars are plenty...not only...and one

Some people stay heartless.
No one can change their graves.

Go where you feel happy.
Don't look for more false-flames!

Go somewhere... where
Humans breathe love, and heartily cares!

April 6,2007

Sylva Portoian

Teach Your Child Love, Yes, Nothing Else

Teach yours love, Yes, nothing else.
Talent will grow if love enters race.
Teach your child love, watch flowering life
In gardens, in deserts and in chilly space.

Teach you child love, and nothing else.
Do not teach hate for others faiths—
Teach your child love that grows and cares.
Teach, cuddle your child—endless embrace.

Thy, learn giving to others in joyful ways,
For those who didn't taste love, to grow, grace.
Teach the real love, love that has no fence.
Restricted love cannot relieve pains!

Teach sense to love and nothing else.
Can you change minds locked in skulls?
If you teach love, that says and changes.
Try to tutor love, gain fruitful praise.

Teach your child love, Yes nothing else.
Hate will crush, inventing sense from the base.
Give yours, beloveds the utmost love;
Even those who've had no luck will receive address:

See how the life will smile on their faces
And on everyone, hard-livers of this millennial chase.

Sylva Portoian

What Would You Do?

What would you do

If, suddenly,

Love smiled at you?

Would you flap your

Wings like a bird,

Run like a horse,

Jump like a kangaroo?

Or fight like a rooster,

Roar like a lion?

Tell me what you would do.

And I will tell you

If that love is true!

Sylva Portoian

Who Says 'My Faith Is Best'

Who says 'My Faith Is Best'?
They don't recognize what that faith is
They don't feel what is 'Soul of Faith'...
They are illiterate in all faiths...
As there is no faith which is best!

There are faiths who respect every race as humans,
Respect even those who are faithless!
Faith is having real faith in mankind
As it never intends harming any one.

People don't curse others because they aren't like them,
Helping humans in every case.
There are faiths that say that females are half human
Although they are born from mothers like men!

So they are born from half,
Thus they are half of the half.
How can you believe in those humans
And call them a faithful race?

They cover their women in very ugly ways
So they can't see even their god's sunrays.
It's as if they rose from graves
To teach others they have special faiths.
They want everyone to cover like them.

Faiths are faiths—
Understand...faith in your own talented way.
Don't repeat what others echolialy say;
Believe in yourself and create your own faith.
Your faith must be based on harming no one else
As everyone will one day be no more than vestige,

And find happiness by what you created and helped.
That is to say, you're a creator,
Proud to create your own faith;
That is from your own cardiac and brain cells
Stay and believe!

Winter 2008

Sylva Portoian

Wikileak Smells Garlic

Dec 8,2010 at 00: 09: 43 in Politics
From Huffington Post

“Wikileak Smells Garlic

Wikileak smells like a garlic
Every populace should smell
To prevent clogging the coronaries —
For those who never ate or smelled.

Wiki-leaks...!

Our Armenian genocided spirits
Knows all the details... before Internet days
Since they tasted through many centuries.

Are able to act beautifully...
Political theatrical plays
But no one interested to view
Hence it's not the Hamlet of Shakespeare's

Politician are worse enemies of every honest nation
They kill every clean soul
With their twisted promises
Through arranged unfruitful meetings .

And burn every breathing spirit...
Through exhausting ways—
Those...for truthfulness
Have eternal passionate dative beats...!

Sylva Portoian

You Are Never Black, You Are White More Than Whites. For Langston Hughes For His Poem 'Dreams Variations'

You are never Black
Hughes; You need a Hag
But not today
The day will arrive
I like to live older than you
You left very young.

Written instantly; when feeling arise none can stop.

Sylva Portoian