

Poetry Series

Valao Kole
- poems -

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Moved in Vratza in 1997. Started studying in 'Vasil Levski' - school for students 7-15. There started writing first poems and stories. Have more than twenty diplomas for literature achievements. Changed school in 2001 with The Language School 'Joan Exzarh' and developed in writing. Prose mainly.

A Rockdoors Story (The Stonecrow Poem)

The town of Rockdoors
`d been a calm and ordinary one
until some centuries ago
when a story here began.

One night strangers came
and moved into the house on the hill.
Since then nothing was the same
but that was known only by the workers in the mill.

People started disappearing
then found bloodless in the woods.
And we started seeing, hearing
rumours in all our neighbourhoods.

They were saying that
the strangers in the house on the hill
are vampires
as knew the workers in the mill.

The man had been alone, abandoned
and walking up and down the streets.
He`d lost his job, his life
and he got nothing but a pile of sheets.

Then one night as he`d been sleeping
he was awoken by a weird sound
- something like a roar, repeating
and close to him, above the ground.

He`d raised his eyes to see the woman
standing staring right at him.
Her eyes were dark, red lips wide opened
showing him her sharp white teeth.

And he`d said nothing. For his life he`d never begged.
They were saying this had stopped her.
She`d liked him and later on they married
and from a poor guy the man`d become a sir.

They had two children - boy and girl
and they moved abroad together.
She didn't change, she kept on drinking blood
but everything 'd been much better.

As soon as they moved to Rockdoors
the workers in the mill revealed them
but they kept the secret well
fearing that she might kill`em.

And when those mystery crimes began
they organised and tell the truth.
Then a mob leaded by a strong and faithful man
headed to the house on the hill.

First they killed the little girl
and burned her down in the face of her mother.
The mob was screaming - evil, blinded
not seeing the solution was another.

Some days later the father sent the boy
away. To safe him.
They had to part. For ever.
'Cause of the mob they couldn't be together.

And then one night she just left the town
leaving her husband alone in the house.
She`d gifted him a stone statue of a crow with a crown
and her heart beating as quiet as the one of a mouse.

Today - so many years later
I am telling you their story
because our little ordinary town
now shines with pride and glory.

Our little town is full of tears
and of stories like this one.
We cannot blind with gold our fears
and we can't stop the love
as it already began.

Valao Kole

Awake

It turns. Rotates. It burns. And shakes.
I can see a window blurred by pouring rain
The steps I hear - they echo
they fill my head with pain.

Will it ever stop?
A circle doomed
No-end road
Darkness without end...
And then again - awake - i have to go
To go ahead.

No time to think.
I have no choice
I have no mind
Can` t hear my voice
The wind`s too loud,
The fire - never stops
And the stranger with the huge hat
would bow down
would leave the town
as i will too.

And as I leave
One thing i leave behind -
a perfect memory
of glass and light and tender sounds
- the soothing touch of rain again
and the cold metal of the gate.
It`s so gray and dark and quiet now
In the hour before the break of day
when i cannot stay

I feel someone watches
Someone else`s life will break
as he stands above to see me go
keeping all his senses wide awake.

Valao Kole

Come (Vampire)

Come. Let me guide you
through your mind.
Let me show you the fear
for which you are blind.

Come. Let me taste your blood
and let me make you
feel the world another - good.
I`m creeping into your room...

Tonight we can run
as fast as the wind
as strong as the sun
as handsome as gods...

But only if you come...

Valao Kole

Ghosttown

The rain has fallen long ago
Now streets are dry and dusty.
The fire in the fireplace has turned to ashes
that fall around like snow.

The eyes are closed, all lips are sealed
and no word, no whisper you can hear.
There`s no flowers and no animals
And even colors disappeared.

Silence.
All around the town.
You can even hear your heartbeat.
No picture. Not a sound.

And then a scream
or howl or cry of raven
sounds everything.
But just for it dims.

I`d leave this ghosttown quietly
so I can remain unknown
to the people and the life
that is still here hidden, still unborn.

Valao Kole

Last Year

It is the final step
and we turn off the lights
It is the longest road
Then we`ll begin our fights

Once I did believe
The school`s my second home
And now the aim`s achieved
I`m gonna walk on my own

I guess i need no one
But still i can`t destroy
My memmories, my past
Can`t throw away my toys

And now the curtain`s raising
The final year`s almost gone
Then we`ll go out and do our chasing
And we`ll be chased like everyone.

And everyone thinks he`s something special
Everyone`s believed to be unique
They say that life departs the rubbish from the treasure
And there`s no one to say is it real or is it a trick.

Valao Kole

Lost....

Lost
through ages of silence.
Hoping
I can still die with honour.
Forgotten
I walk all deserted roads.
And i remember
What it was once...
Towns of kings and queens,
tombs of warriors
killed in fights.
Oh, how i wish to be there -
to lay my ancient bones
in those lands....
But i was doomed
Doomed to live
in a world
more severe than ever.
Doomed to see
how children destroy
the world
that once
was honoured.
I lived that long
so now i can cry.
Now i can shout
and scream out my voice.
For all that i need
is not eternal live.
All that i need is my choice...
and to die.

Valao Kole

Parting (Saying Goodbye)

A little butterfly is trying to climb
up the window.
And i just sit and stare at it.
Thinking.

The rain outside is falling
for hours.
I just gaze at it
not seeing.

Some minutes ago you was here
standing right behind me,
Trying to calm me down
for i was....crying?

You `ve driven me mad
cause i `d seen you with him
And you wanted me to understand
and to forgive you...

You know boy,
I got sick and tired
of forgiving you.
Or you forgot
all you told me bout your love?

The butterfly fell dead from the glass
and the rain goes on and on and on
Just like the dying and the growing grass -
I have my life without you and i have to get it on!

Valao Kole

Step...

Step.
Another one.
Loosing
or winning.
Breath.
Another one.
Dying
or living.

It`s all about the tin red line.
Bleeding. Forgotten and lost.
The truth that lies in a glass of wine.
And the letter in the post...

Whisper
or silence.
Where
is the difference?
Strong
or weak
but everyone
dies.

And then - in that second
When your heart starts and ends its final beat.
There you see all. You see what you did.
And you see it as clear as ice.
And you can not repair the pieces
scattered like glass.

You see all your mistakes
and how you could have fixed them.
And then you see the eyes of Death.
It comes closer and you feel its breath.
And you should make the choice
- up or down, you run or stay...
Will you follow, will you pray?

A single step.

A single beat.
We are all scared
when the moment hits.

Step.
Another one.
Loosing
or winning.
Breath.
Another one.
Your heart
is now weeping....

Valao Kole