

Poetry Series

Vera Dike
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Vera Dike(11.5.1982)

Without formal education, self-taught everything

1998 diagnosed with hearing loss

2016 diagnosed with aspergers

I see the world differently and because I am almost deaf, writing/reading became my only form of communication and bridge between the worlds.

Anaquoq

I was quiet in the great silence.
When I walked across the snowfield,
and sun played on the Ice
every crystal became a rare gem.
In the white infinity,
in the house of fleeting beauty,
under star sky,
I heard the spirits sing
the oldest song
and I heard the wolves cry.
With all their wildness
my grey brothers cried to the Moon.
Call of the blood.
Remorse to the Doom.
Their voices brought me
to the house of ancestors
Here - among the wisest
I became a shadow
among other shadows,
I became the ghost dancer,
and walker between the worlds.
I became the healer..Angaqq

Vera Dike

Behind Barbed Wire

Behind barbed wire

Behind the barbed wire a cherry tree blooms:
bustling petals in the land of death.
Behind the barbed wire a gradient runs
between the scent of flowers
and the omnipresent stench
of burning flesh
wafting from the crematory furnaces.

And I wonder:
if there are pillars of clouds by day
and pillars of fire by night
and loud cries
and pleading prayers,
then where is God?
Where, behind the barbed wire?

Does he know about the walls
of Treblinka and Osvetim?
Does he know that Arbeit macht frei?
Does he know about the Final Solution
and forced labour
and the horror of the Holocaust Trains?
Is he, too, in the gas chambers
gasping for breath?
Is he, too, starving to death,
wishing nothing more
than something to eat?
Is he, too, behind the barbed wire?

And I wonder:
despite the machinery of brutal killing
in staccato of bullets,
could they not kill humanity
to the mass graves
could they not bury hope
Because cherry trees bloom
even behind a barbed wire.

Vera Dike

Cashew Tree

Cashew tree

The cashew tree roots
in compound - which
no longer
belongs to a Man
Memento
silent witness of impermanence
of life

The Bush found its way
to an abandoned house
Violent beauty, wild
primitive and raw
conquered back its territory
inch after inch
and declamed the independence

The rising sun reflects
in the puddles
and turned them
to the pools of blood

Vera Dike

Dahárví

Dahárví

The smelting furnace
of human destiny-Dahárví
the nightmare within a dream

Here aren't radiant colours
of wrappers and sarees
neither aroma of clove
cinnamon, saffron and curry

Here is the necropolis of hopes
with its architecture

Stones and planks
tied with the ropes
or with the wires

Tiny shelters built of a cardboard
sometimes crowned
with a metal roof
possess such treasures
as a sworn aluminium pots
or a mattress

The starvation
and the desperation

as a vultures
are feasting
on the carcass
of childhood dreams
about future
books, pencils
chalks and blackboards

I Hate You, I Love You

I hate You and I love You
with the same power
Yes, You, my dear
my joy, my happiness, my strength
my grief, my weakest point, my doom
My point of no return
You, The source of my peace
as well as my rage
my safety, my pervert beauty
of a Golden Cage.

Because I am shaking
like river reed in the vain
yet, here is certain sweetness
in Your chain
I wear armor
anytime you lit
your overwhelming passion
and - as black velvet
Your eyes are soft and dark
and because
I am afraid of the darkness
and scared of the light.

This is why I hate myself
when I love You
and hate You
when You love me.

Vera Dike

Late Summer -Gipsy Violinist

ate summer - gipsy violinist

In the immense mass of a green leaves
flashed the red and yellow ones
The promise of a change
messengers of the Fall
In the air floated certain undertones
of a melancholy and decay

The melody, as a raging river
overflowed from a trembling strings
The Violin sobbed with a plaintive note
its voice, penetrating
as an eye of a Sphinx
sent the shiver down my spin
and left the rest of me afloat.

The gipsy man drove his bow
as if it was a Devils tool
an arrow shot from the Hell
The moves stabbed to the heart
and pierced humans soul
and he kept playing
for few coins and understanding smile.

The whole day resonated with the joy
of a meadow if is filled
with the music of birds
and humming bees.
and with griefs
of dusty roads and endless journeys
With a passions
of the night under twinkling stars
with the beauty of a nomad life
with the secret of a fortune teller
with an eternal damnation.

Vera Dike

Rosa Bohemica

Me...My love, I am as my country,
formed by the fire
and know the battle-scars
I've tasted kiss of Juda
and I've tasted kiss of vampire
I know the boot of a conqueror
the tyranny of evil...
tenderness and passion of a mistress
and the urge of the battle-call
The blood of a man in holy grail.

And Me, my love, as the star-born child
which Europa hides in the heart
I've heard poems about pain
and betrayal and fall
but also, I've heard poems about victory
and triumph and the pride...
The Fire as a warrior poet
and the soil as poet of the war.

Vera Dike

Saturn And The Comet

He saw her in the immense
nothingness of universe
Attracted by his thereness
She came closer

He erupted in unbearable sweetnes
and wore
The ring
as memory of the moment
they shared

She left
Maybe she was lil bit coquette
(moreover- as is every comet)
maybe she was too frail, too delicate
too scared
She simply left

Embodied light
There was something childlike
about her
(to his disgrace)
with hot lava, sttiring and boiling
under surface
In contrast with the aura
of cold

She left
Despite the fact
he is absolute king
he has power over everyone
and control about everything

Lion devouring his cubs
The patriarch
with his routine
and old fashioned manners
Numb

You can't avoid him
You can't cheat him
You can't escape him
no one ever shall

In the fact
she was afraid of the aging.
She left
destroying, burning
hurting,
roaring, raging.

In her fall
she was beautiful
and shone
brighter than ever.
Then suddenly
she was gone
forever

Vera Dike

Stabat Mater

Stabat Mater

You know why there are wrinkles in her face
and shadows in her gaze?
You know the endless work and neverending struggles,
the abasement when You hide sobbing
and the terror of a sleepless night?
You know how it feels when You keep Quiet
although You feel like yell?
When You hate Yourself
because You mishandle Your rage
when You keep smile despite of plight?
When You are exhausted and tired
but You wipe Your tears and go ahead?
When You feel hollow
but still give more
because above all is love?

Vera Dike

Swallowers Of Memories

Swallowers of memories
(Free translation from Czech language)

The sun blew from ruptured veins
on your naked beauty
The moon drank deliberately
from a cup of forgotten past

Swallowers of memories...
You write my name in an unknown language
on yellow aged paper
remains a pale print of your palm

The night came again,
Sin tastes like bread and wine
I know You, I know You, soul
At the crossroads of dreams we pass

Vera Dike

The City After The Rain

The city after the rain

The night heavy rain washed
the dirt of the streets.

The city woke up
and proudly exposed
its beauty

As if famous courtesan
exposes her gems
or her curves
Shameless, sinfull
irresistable.

Vera Dike

The Curse Of Being A Poet

The curse of being a poet

To see a beauty and misery
of the World

The conflict, the fall
and rising of a Man.

To Feel the urge
set Yourself on the fire
and put the whole struggle
into rhymes.

The joy of life
and sometimes senseless effort
when - the more You try
the less You can gain
the tenderness of love
the biterness of hate
the cry of tormented soul
and its pain.

To be wide awake
while You keep the power
and the fragile beauty
of your dreams.

When

To dream means
staying alive.

Vera Dike

The Dreamocracy

Spread the message
far and wide
Spread the message
in the carpet bombing.
Here comes freedom.
Surrender and forget about pride
Messengers of liberty
are thrombbing
and hurtling head - long to the ground.

You can enter your dreams
and You don't need visas
You are free to spell
Your family, your home,
Ice cream
or soft breeze.
While You were passing
through the hell.

You can dream
that Your wife
and kids are still alive
They are on a way to the school
or they are playing around
laughing.
You are not a fool
when You strive
for the vengeance.
You too, You are human being.

You can dream
that here is not poverty.
and You drink pure water
not the mud from the hole
while Lady Liberty
(the wicked whore)
and so - called democracy
(the bastard she bore)

are falling from the heaven
and landing in the spray of blood.

Vera Dike

The Girl From Nowhere

She stood next to the renaissance house
at the corner of the street
with an umbrella
and pack of a daily press
wearing still the same dress
make up her mind.
Staying at the same spot
her eyes were both
uncertain and wise.
It seemed she don't mind
all the 'no' and 'thanks'
scornful glances
dismissive waving of the hands.

But silent steps of her feets
echoed with the remorse.
Anonymous girl lost in a mass
of unknown faces
The girl who comes from nowhere.
She puts smile on her face
the smile of a camelot
it was not smile after all
but opportunity of her daily bread.
All the ancient sculptures,
the beauty of the history
and the architecture
buried her alive with loud roar.

May be all she really wants
is throw away the unsold sheets
throw away the fucken umbrella
and go.

Walking randomly in the city
and when the night comes
bath her face
in the pools of the light

Staring at the lit windows
and think for herself
who lives behind
the window clothes
then slowly walk back home.
In the foreigner country
in the unknown city
the word 'home' will sounds
so bittersweet.

The Girl from nowhere

I stood next to the renaissance house
at the corner of the street
with an umbrella
and pack of a daily press
wearing still the same dress
make up my mind.
Of course I don't mind
all the 'no' and 'thanks'
scornful glances
dismissive waving of the hands.

Silent steps of my feets
echoed with the remorse.
Anonymous girl lost in a mass
of unknown faces
The girl who comes from nowhere.
Put on the smile on my face
the smile of a camelot
which is not smile after all
but opportunity of my daily bread.
All the ancient sculptures,
the beauty of the history
and the architecture
buries me alive with loud roar.

Just throw away the unsold sheets
throw away the fucken umbrella
and go.

Walking randomly in the city
and when the night comes
I want to bath my face
in the pools of the light.

Staring at the lit windows
and think for myself
who lives behind
the window clothes
then slowly walk back home.
In the foreigner country
in the unknown city
the word 'home'sounds so bittersweet.

Vera Dike

The Greyness

Everything seems so grey and fade,
my thoughts,
grey lambs on the grey sky

The whole world hides
behind curtain of rain

The clock is ticking
the sound of dying time
is too loud for my room

I fume
over the passing moments

of grey loneliness
which has become a hollow
pleasure of mine

in this grey day
when each raindrop contains
thousand of sorrows

Vera Dike

The Heart Of A Poet

The heart of a poet
is winged crystal bridge
marked by stomping boots.
The world in rush
Bloodthirsty army of conquest
never has enough.

Ordinarines is the Colosseum.
With a naked soul
You stood barefoot in the sand.
You fight, You write
with pounding heart
and trimbling hand.

The word is Your shield
The Ideal is Your sword
You are all alone
against the whole world.

The Emperor in laurel crown
His thumb up or his thumb down?
You are waiting
Devoted to Your muse
thrown to the lions
released to the crowd.

Vera Dike

The Ideal

There is ugliness behind all Your beauty
something sick and wicked in Your perfection.
The fargrance of perfume You wear
is impudent and obnoxious.
You turn Your face away
from the old, wrinkled woman.
Like if she is not good enough
unworthy of Your attention.
Deep inside, You are crippled Maiden
afraid of becoming old and fade
You don't know how to live
and You forgot how to laugh
You were told
that good girl never get dirty
and never play in mud
Silenced with banal requirements
You don't dare breathe to protest
Break the facade!
You became a toy
enslavered by the Ideal
The perfume You wear
has scent of decay
and the world of Yours is incredibly ugly

Vera Dike

The Night

The night

The ink leaked from heavy clouds
to the house walls
The street smelled after rain
The flowers closed up
with loud sound

static electricity crackled
when the night brushed its hairs
In the time of low voices
everything faded.
An invisible conductor
raised his baton
and drove the orchestra of bat wings
to great heights

Someone threw a stone
to the depth of dreams
and circles danced
on the water of consciousness
All the 'if' and 'what if'
echoed between the walls
then disappeared
to the darkness

The bat caught
the deadhead butterfly

Someone was born
and cried
for the first time
Someone has died
and returned to the darkness
to The final destination
to The source of life
where we came from

The Death and the Life
etenral rivals
pilgrims of the nighth
sat next to each other
on the wet grass
The song of the Blackbird
gave birth to the dim light

Vera Dike

The Refugee Camp

Shout with all my might
shout until my lungs explode
shout until the walls come down
Seek refuge
in the nerves- wrecking scream
Shout from my internal core
that the whole worl became insane.

The days are dull
Sitting and staring against the wall
or lying on mattress
which is not mine
Here is nothing really mine
after all

The tiny line -
unefective, psychological barrier
separates me
from the rest of civilised world
with its noble table manners
and cultivated behavior.

' Thank You, sah
I am fine'

Vera Dike

The Reverence Of A Poet

There is not harm in his lines
but no one can say he's harmless.
He stabs You in the heart
He gives You wings to fly
.. and You are lost
Your soul pierced with his word
You are lost
in his Labyrinth of multiple senses,
hidden menings, comparisons,
aphorisms, archaisms
and the metaphors.
Thou shalt seek.. and ask
Thou shalt never know..
God cursed him
and this is his reverence
to the World.

Vera Dike

The Shadows Of Your Dreams

Behind your eyelids
wilted the night butterflies
limp balloons of unrealised dreams
The echo of another worlds faded.

Your dreams are drowned
in deluge of vague smiles
buried under shadows
silenced with ordinary life

Behind defensive walls
of unspoken words
unshed tears
and suppressed laughter
You hide Yourself

Vera Dike

The Solitude

I sat alone in a crowded coupe
lonely among others beings
Behind the window snow fell
Which alegory..
snow flakes and people,
they are all same
yet they are different,
beautiful and ugly
their own way.

Somewhere there,
behind another window
which always shines
in the darness of the night
like a lighthouse
Lighthouse of my life.
The same snowflakes dreft
twinklin' images.

The light is waiting.
The light is always patient.
I will be there and wondering
how beautiful is
the dance of cold gems
under street lights
and at the moment the silence will fall
and covering the whole world
with solitude.

Vera Dike

The Solstice

The Solstice

In the land wich has no name,
there, somewhere
between darkness and the forgetting
the grapes of dog wine
grown

Vesna wore
the gold of the mature wheat.
The nourishment leaked
from her breast
the dry ground.

The merciless emperor of time
measured
the seconds
between birth and return.

Vera Dike

Under The Black Feathers

'Why
here will be feelings
around me
anytime I set my eyes
on You.'
You said
and You covered us
with a black feathers
With no fear
you walked through
my darkness
and fought my demons
with the light
instead of a steel
aware that
we both have wounds
to heal
yet we both wear
our scars with a pride.

Vera Dike

Where I Belong

In my soul I belong somewhere...
I don't know where I belong to.

Maybe somewhere to the distant land
where cacophony of voices
sounds at market place.
Where air is full of scent of thyme,
sandalwood and yasmine.

where the Moonlight
shimmers on the sand
when warm blood of setting sun
soaks into the night.
and Wood is cracking in campfire
while the flames dance
with swarm of sparks

where A storyteller
spells the otherworlds
accompanied with the voice of the drum
The Sea sounds with eternal song
Under the starlight
the desert rose grows.
There I belong.

but now am homesick, yet at home
dinning with family, yet alone.

Vera Dike

Your Shallow Grave

I buried You to the shallow grave
sometimes You rise from the dead
and come back in torrential rain
of Ideas, thoughts,
unspoken dialogues
and memories
about Your perfum, Your touche
Your non-presence.

Vera Dike