

Poetry Series

**Victoria Hardy**  
**- poems -**

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# Victoria Hardy()

## 8th

Another november morning  
Of the eight it was  
deeply breathed,  
Started after that dream  
Once again.  
Was it a dream?  
Was I in a dream?  
Fantasies...  
How tiring they were  
I would hug you  
Felt saved  
Felt peace  
Felt heaven.  
Gone in a time of a blink  
Came back with my breath.  
So I walked,  
To feel alive  
Then was the pain  
Hugging me this time.  
Walked some more,  
Felt the wind of november  
Got more and more real.  
Ran.  
To escape  
But  
Got closer to reality  
With my beating heart  
As I got faster,  
You ran faster.  
That was the way it was  
and I was captive  
Of the eight of the eleventh.

Victoria Hardy

# A Day In July

If we were to die in this moment...  
What would be the last thing we remember?  
Would it be our eyes...?  
So in love...

Or would it just be us being silly again?  
Taking photos like we will  
Never be young again...  
Trying to cover each other's faces

It could also be me  
Admiring your soft ginger hair  
Or the freckles of your face  
Surrounded by a loud crowd that we don't hear

This feels like  
Being drunk in love  
Dizzy of your scent, probably.  
But I want to stay in this moment.  
Forever young and in love.

Victoria Hardy

# A Slow Time

A stranger's laugh it was  
Loud yet familiar  
Caught my attention  
And slowed the universe down.  
Shame how defeated human kind is...  
To the memories of each other.  
Sometimes blurry,  
and sometimes crystal clear.  
Yet it comes unexpected  
To take you back.  
When you're holding tightly  
To the present.  
It comes,  
From the laughs,  
Of even a total stranger...  
Tearing your heart apart  
Like a sharp knife.  
Then you face the man  
When time is in the slowest form.  
And you notice that  
The laugh belonged to no one  
But that man...  
Suddenly time reverts  
To its fast ticking  
While you walk away  
Once again, looking down.

Victoria Hardy

# Alteration

Let me express myself  
In the most sensible way.  
For senses are not to come  
Till the heart's broken  
Whose worth's unknown.

Had never asked for affection,  
Nor for care.  
But respect at its best  
Although never received.

The clocks are ticking though  
And the worse is yet to come  
For the beauty of tragedy is not in the beginning  
But in the end.

Victoria Hardy

# Arabella

Since the beginning  
You were  
The good in the bad  
And the danger in safe  
Hiding somewhere at night,  
I take the midnight train.  
Half drunk, half you  
Of the cheap wine  
And echoes of your guitar.  
Streetlights dazzle  
I hold on to feelings  
And I know  
I am half way there...  
No you don't have to tell me  
I know what colour your eyes are.  
Do I wanna know?  
If I'm doing wrong...  
Maybe not.  
I'll be your Arabella.  
Far from the madding crowd.

Victoria Hardy

# Autumn

Either way  
The train would leave  
The birds would fly  
And autumn would arrive  
Once again.  
Perhaps you will want to love again.  
Yet  
You will remember  
Every single night  
Magical dreams whisper  
Of his presence  
And keeps you awake.  
There, the autumn blues  
Catches you  
Once again.

Victoria Hardy

# Battle

It was a Sunday  
Probably an afternoon  
Somewhere between  
The good and the bad.

Up was the sky  
With thousand hopes  
Shining eternally  
For the sake of life

Now was the time  
Even the sun's fire  
Surrendered slowly  
Turning everything into pink  
Blushing perhaps  
Before escaping  
The one and only star  
Of nights.

A beautiful battle it was  
To watch.  
For there were no winners  
Nor victory.  
Just a story  
Without an ending.

Then was the time  
She caught hope  
In that flow  
For she realised that  
Her screams would only echo  
And echo  
And got silent  
Before they were heard.

Victoria Hardy

# Beautiful

Is it really beautiful  
To be beautiful,  
That in a world  
So manipulated by nothing but  
Hatred and jealousy?  
Is it beautiful  
Really  
To be beautiful  
To everyone,  
That see every touch  
To belong to your body  
As nothing but an opportunity?  
To become an object only,  
Of your own appearance  
But  
As I wanted to be beautiful  
Only to you,  
Is it?

Victoria Hardy

# Bittersweet

Yet all continued  
To the so called life.  
All were moving  
Blacks, reds, whites  
of million different things...  
And noises adding up to each other  
Horns, children and constructions...  
And there were  
A thousand different people  
In the cityful sight  
All a part of this  
Endless melody  
Called the bittersweet symphony.

Victoria Hardy

# Bright

The melancholy of autumn  
Takes me back to you  
Sometimes it stays  
Sometimes it flies away

Born down by bitter memories  
I turn restlessly  
In an empty bed  
On an empty night

I try forgetting,  
I try stopping  
Yet is it unfair to Eros  
Is love only love when it is mutual?

No, it is a gift itself;  
And my tears belong to me  
they lie in the very middle  
Of stormy waters

Often enough this happens  
Keep watching over the nature.  
If bright shone even once  
It will shine once again.

Victoria Hardy

# Chilly Spring

It was a chilly spring night  
Though the flowers in the front  
Yard had bloomed  
The frost was not gone

And the sky was twilight  
Somewhere between dark and light  
Of the purple pink  
It shone the stars bright

And from the calm wind around  
Came no sound  
But where within the trees  
Were you  
Soaring from the very world

The seasons come and go  
Where have you been my old dear  
I keep this loving memory  
Where our hearts were never broken  
Hopes never frozen still

The birds slowly sang the morning  
Of the loneliness felt within  
An evening of twinkling sky came  
To an end. Yet you were to be found.

Victoria Hardy

# Courage

Perhaps I should'nt sleep at all  
I thought.  
For waking up is the worst.  
Same feeling every single day.  
Waking up without you.  
Even when I feel you within every single cell  
Of my body.  
And same thoughts,  
Of the fact that  
No matter what,  
Life will go on.  
I will continue...  
To wake up,  
To smile,  
To work  
And even to love.  
When I am not loved back.  
And if I have the courage,  
I will continue;  
To talk about love.

Victoria Hardy

# Dim

The foggy night arrives  
It grows and grows  
I, in my room, wonder  
What it is like behind tonight's curtains.

A star I see  
Deep inside the fog  
Say hello to my loved ones  
As you rise more...

Hiding my dreams, my hopes  
I stay silent.  
Then I light a candle  
What hopes can it bring to me?

Lots of birds in the sky  
Sing for my dreams after.  
I say no more,  
Just listen.

City lost its greatest power  
To nature covering its energy  
Yet a hymn of nature eases the pain.  
Upon arrival.

I care no more of things  
This-worldly...  
Dim keeps my secrets  
Far far away.

In search of a lost night,  
I hear the day whisper;  
to night.  
That he took so long

The day comes in all its  
Glory; like an angel forgotten.  
Everyone is ready  
To face their sins.

Victoria Hardy

# Endure

Of my two last years  
One will not come again  
But don't you remember  
The sweet breeze...

Now I hear a thousand noises  
As I am sat under the spring tree  
And pleasant notes  
Match your voice

It is my faith though  
That every flower endures  
A tough storm  
Before it blooms with beauty.

Victoria Hardy

# Everytime

Lines were pouring down  
From the disappointed sky  
They had much to tell,  
Yet they ran wild.

She had been there,  
A woman in sorrow indeed.  
Took a deep breath of sadness  
As her time had arrived for reality.

Then she thought  
If only she had the power  
To heal anything  
Would say a 'broken-heart'  
Of inexplainable pain.  
Everytime.  
Everytime.

Victoria Hardy

# Fantasy World

She belonged to a fantasy world  
Surrounded by misty mornings  
In a far away land  
With everlasting greens

The yellow, the violet blue and the rosie tree  
All stood side by side  
But all the world plainly saw  
How her heart had shone

Her pride flourished in sunlight  
And let no man steal her honour  
Since that one time she lost a heart  
In captivating lips

Refusing; action, desire, love  
Welcoming nothing but dreams.  
For when she lived in a fantasy world  
She shall call the gleams.

Through silence, nature, endless skies she lived  
in a fantasy world of no man  
Stealing her time; befriending nothing  
but multi-shaped dreams

Misty air of the twilight  
Kept watching over her bright soul  
And should the the sky ever be filled  
With flames; she burnt yet,  
Kept going ever-more.

Songs sung by the evil left behind even if  
she did love once again  
Desolation came upon the sky  
Freezing the hollow.

She got close to a flame but watched  
them froze side by side;  
Then came desolation upon the sky

She saw fire bare and unattainable with shadows of dark skies.

Lived in her very own fantasy world  
By the mountain side and  
In the excessive shape of her own heart  
Fit for the other-worldly.

She refused traces of past  
When her love slid from her hands,  
She lived in a fantasy world  
Although shadows and smoke  
Burned and climbed within her soul  
On and on.

Victoria Hardy

# Farewell

I walk, I run  
I stop, I wait  
I hope,  
It is around the corner.

The coat on my shoulders  
It is too much of a kind  
Too long,  
Too black.

I feel the raindrops  
Coming through my hair  
It makes everything; heavier  
I look around

It seems very far,  
The space between us  
Though it seems near; to my heart  
It is too far for the mind.

A cliff that I fell from  
Now I try climbing  
One true moment I tried holding on  
Came back.

Suddenly mountains lose  
All their glory in my eyes  
Oceans are shallow,  
Forests disappear...

There is no such thing  
As harmony  
If there isn't a spring  
After a winter.

Thus I lose it all.  
I am lost.  
Even if they come,  
I am broken, I am said farewell.

Victoria Hardy

# Flavour

It was another midnight  
With its very own flavour.  
Taking me back somewhere  
Between dreams and reality.

It would talk to me.  
Like no one else.  
So quietly yet,  
So appealing.

It was another midnight,  
That I looked out the window,  
When you had no idea  
Of a girl somewhere out there  
Was talking to the stars.

Perhaps that's why  
Nights held so many secrets  
In their sharp cold hours.  
Stealing loads of sleeps.

Aren't they all hide...  
Under the secret of the night  
All that is unknown...  
Loves, dreams...

And when you open the window  
Longing to breathe in a distressed night  
The wind blows slowly, inside  
Your room.  
Coming together with the moon  
Bringing the flavour of  
Different thoughts  
Together.

Victoria Hardy

# Game

I knew  
No one could save me but you,  
Was breathless  
Yet  
Brave.  
And to be brave  
Is to love again.  
Desire the fire  
That would burn you  
eventually.  
I wonder how many  
Loved deadly  
And lost deadly  
Once upon a time.  
What a line between  
And what a game.  
To let yourself  
demand the desire  
once again.  
That you might lose.

Victoria Hardy

# Goldfinch At Dawn

I would just wish for one more night.  
Listening to you breathing,  
Laying beside me  
In all your innocence  
Without your guard  
Without your pride.  
Then I would hear the goldfinch  
Just like I heard that night.  
Singing in dawn happily...  
Trying to attract a partner...  
Yes I was awake,  
Listening to you  
Even if you weren't talking.  
Then I closed my eyes.  
And remembered how lucky that girl is...  
To listen to you breathe  
Every night.  
To smell you  
Every morning.  
To kiss you  
Whenever you smiled.  
Like you smiled at me that morning.  
And the best thing is  
You would never leave her  
Like you left me that morning.  
She would be the one you go back.

Victoria Hardy

# I Wish

I wish people never changed,  
Best years never came to an end  
Dreams remained unpolluted  
As well as promises not disrupted.

I wish we never broke each other  
For the sake of pride  
That ridiculous emotion  
Able to hide beneath our brother

I wish we kept sharing  
Rather than envy.  
And wish we were never sad,  
Nor separated.

I wish dreams never ceased  
Nor hugs,  
Nor laughters  
Nor loves...

I wish the most beautiful thing  
We could give and believe  
Could be love  
And nothing else.

Victoria Hardy

# Imagine

In my dreams I still hold you,  
and my spirit is dreaming.  
Should I feel guilty  
Of an endless soul  
That has endless to say  
When I still dream your face?

I look out the window  
See the passing train  
Leaving the town on a gloomy monday  
Like the day you left.  
I imagine you coming back this time,  
A hug and a kiss.  
I imagine a smile.  
And everything disappears suddenly...  
For I imagined bravery.

Victoria Hardy

# Jasmines

That afternoon  
I went out  
The season was somewhere  
Between summer and winter  
Just like the sky.  
There was a little breeze  
Big enough to carry jasmine scents  
And just like jasmines blending in the wind,  
You would blend in me.  
Yes the sky was purple  
But we would manage  
To make love under it  
For we were  
A poem,  
Alive.

Victoria Hardy

# Moonlight Love

You were my moonlight again,  
To my thoughts  
In that darkest hours  
Of the late nights...  
Dark yet flawless  
Far but close,  
Clear but blurry.  
Perhaps that's what I loved;  
To think of you  
In the deepest form.  
As the love of moonlights  
Would be the best  
Of it all.

Victoria Hardy

# Peaceful Picture

I had woken up  
In the dawn  
I knew  
I was only  
A few hours away  
To say good-bye.  
He would go  
Once again...  
To her  
To it  
To something.  
To something  
I couldn't give him.  
And I heard him suddenly  
Breathing in that deadly silence  
Watched him for a while  
And shut my eyes  
In the most peaceful picture.  
Somewhere between life  
And death.

Victoria Hardy

# Poseidon

They say that the stars  
Make the next day  
The best day  
On an island  
Of the endless blues  
Where you head out  
To the horizon  
Whenever you feel like it.  
They say that the wind  
Calms  
The deadly sun  
And the breeze  
Gives you joy  
Of a priceless kind  
Arriving from  
The sea of Poseidon  
Wild, and free.  
And they say that you will  
Sail the Aegean Sea  
Under the stars  
Or with the breeze...  
And it will change you  
In a way  
That nothing has before...

Victoria Hardy

# Rain

The noise of an ambulance...  
Blending with the noise of rain  
The lights of streetlamps...  
Reflecting on puddles  
Flourish more and more  
In silence,  
In stillness of its own  
And I refuse the morning,  
To give reflections away...  
Beware, beware  
For when it is past and gone  
You will miss  
The very fair senses;  
Of nature,  
The raindrops and the smell...  
Getting lost in cityful dawn.

Victoria Hardy

# Reflections In Autumn

Life was lost in that silence of night.  
Once again, there,  
We had come to a deadlock  
Reminding you  
Cutting my breath  
drowning me in wishes  
and killing me with if's  
But silencing with good-byes.

Caught at night,  
To the one I escaped in daylight  
And you were the only one  
Even when escaping that I  
Found myself arriving.  
Why was it always you?  
That I was looking for...  
The one that I scribbled on  
Remembering, however, the best things in life  
Are hidden  
Under those rough drafts.  
I know you'll still be there  
When I turn that page.  
My blood freezes,  
Till I dont feel the cold anymore.  
Thoughts come to an end  
But if's, lots of if's  
Keep haunting me.  
If,  
Because if the life stops for any of us  
And if I regret,  
I regret because I couldnt forgive you  
And not forgive myself forever...  
And what if  
An enormous feeling of regret  
Will keep haunting me every night?  
Scares me a lot.  
I look at your eyes nightly  
But you never see me.  
Maybe you became the wind

Or maybe you're hidden in the melodies.  
Yes I know it is true.  
Because I feel you.  
But fear won't let me go...  
The fear of never forgiving myself  
For I did not forgive you  
For I closed the door purposely  
When, in fact, I wanted it open.  
Isn't the heart of a woman  
Consists of secret rooms though?  
But what if you'll hold the key forever?  
And what if I'll be locked?  
Questions...never end.  
Secrets...  
Nights...  
Dreams...  
Reflections dont stop.  
I want to sleep.  
As if I'll find the key in another planet.  
Because dreams are my favourite  
And everything's a reflection in this world  
Which I take to a far away land.  
And which I find when I sleep only.  
Frames...  
Melodies...  
Characters...  
But I need more music  
The noises of the leaves...  
They're insufficient  
To take me away.  
I'm still looking for it...  
Finally I'm dragged to autumn then  
Maybe I'll get lost,  
But I know it's better  
Than to tolerate the truth.  
I close my eyes and,  
Frames...  
Melodies...  
Characters...  
Leaves are drifting away...  
Wind blows, sometimes you're there  
And sometimes not.

Wind doesn't always show you either  
And once again I accuse myself  
Because dreams are offended too;  
Hiding you from me.  
And the key is still lost...

Victoria Hardy

# Shame

They say when a man  
Is tired of London,  
He is tired of life...  
Am I tired of life?  
Or is this the inevitable pain  
Of losing someone once again...  
I take a breath  
Hoping it will go away  
Yet I can't seem to know myself  
I became a stranger to myself.  
A feeling of lostness, unsureness  
Don't go away  
Where I belong, what I want to do remains  
A question mark in this unfamiliar feeling.  
For the first time my beloved London,  
I am a stranger in you  
I can't feel close to you  
I am lost.  
I don't know anyone suddenly.  
Everything used to seem more English  
Everything seemed more fun  
Younger.  
Yet it is so dull now  
And I am stuck  
The devil took my memories.

Going through Westminster, South Bank  
I still admire you.  
You look so beautiful Betsy  
My first promise in this city...  
My freedom, my friend  
And I say to myself  
'Well we're alone once again Betsy! '  
How can I forget what I've been through in this city  
You were a witness  
And I've always been the girl  
Holding huge hopes and big dreams  
But this time...  
I feel I am stuck.

And it is such a shame.

Victoria Hardy

# Spring In Yorkshire

Walking among the gloomy morning,  
I hear birds resume their singing  
Towards the dawn  
Taken away by images of nature

As I walk up the hill  
I feel with every step on the soil;  
An ease, a comfort, an assurance  
That I find myself.

The silence...  
For the sight speaks itself  
In all its glory over the moors  
And in light or shade...

Isn't it strange  
We could be saved or ruined  
By nature; the only visible legacy  
Of God; the mysterious, the beautiful

The hills stand still  
The sun rises behind  
When will I see you to admire  
To breathe and to get lost.

Victoria Hardy

# Teardrops

Is it not the killing of your beloved one,  
the teardrops?  
Ones that you can't keep to yourself only,  
But to the world as well.

Betraying your eyes,  
giving away the your soul's mourning.  
Yet the best to tell notebooks  
The story of your love...

Your biggest confidant,  
The one you can't escape  
and hide under the shadows  
of nights...

Though no one loves it,  
Helps eventually.  
As it is not the one  
Sneakingly killing you inside.

Victoria Hardy

# The Lodestar

Screaming silently  
I escaped the old man's eyes.  
He followed me  
Wherever I went.

I was left too deep  
Before I even knew how to swim.  
Now tell me  
Will it ever leave me alone?  
Or will it haunt me forever?

The old man's eyes,  
The lonely streets,  
Old Victorian houses,  
Everything haunts me.

Turns out  
I need to believe  
The fortune  
Of playing cards.  
And the haunting reality  
Of the lodestar leaving me  
Forever in confusion.

Victoria Hardy

# The Sea And The Sun

I wonder  
How many secrets  
The sea holds...  
I wonder  
How many waves took  
how many lovers  
And how many secrets  
It keeps...  
Along with the sun shining on it  
Like a soul of a lover  
I wonder if the sun  
And the sea  
Could ever be made  
Of the same elements...  
For they are so  
So passionately complete  
And live in promiseland  
Neither the sun,  
Nor the sea giving up  
On each other.  
Though they are so very different,  
Their souls shine eternally  
The sea replaces the sun  
With the moon never.

I wonder  
How much sorrow  
The sea has caused  
Yet how much bliss  
It gave.

I wonder how much  
It entertained,  
Gave joy and peace...  
Yet I wonder  
How many broken hearts  
It broke even more  
With every single wave...  
And I wonder how many

Longed for their beloveds  
Just by the sea  
and the sun.

Victoria Hardy

# The Smell

Smelling like you  
Had its very own meaning.  
It went on for a while  
Even after you left.  
Ferries, seagulls and the sea of Istanbul...  
People,  
The setting sunset  
And the songs  
Smelled so much like you.  
Reminding me the very last moments of ours.  
And with a single breath,  
You would appear right there,  
In front of me.  
Of nothing but a scent.  
You ran as I smelled,  
And I would miss more  
as you escaped.  
With every breath  
From far, far away.

Victoria Hardy

# To Sleep

If I were to sleep now,  
Would you hear my heartbeat?  
To sleep, to be dead now  
But would you hear me?

When the misty morning arrives  
Who knows where  
Somewhere between the day and night  
I'll smell the bluebells of spring

It is too cold outside  
Yet angels fly  
And hope for a better day  
For us to spread love

Maybe tonight, maybe tomorrow  
But the misty morning  
That rises the sun  
Only allows the thought of you

So tell me  
If I were to sleep now  
Would you hear me?  
Would you hear my heartbeat?

Victoria Hardy

# Uncertainty

The beauty of love is not in stability.  
But in uncertainty.  
When your lips shiver,  
and your heart pounds  
Concerned...  
about the moments you share  
and you ask yourself;  
if you really belong to  
each other.  
Even on some level  
In this universe.  
If your souls were created  
the same  
Then you see the answer;  
in a single touch of his.  
Even when you remember  
The end might be soon,  
You wouldn't complain.  
And there,  
There you find beauty in uncertainty.  
The very pure essence of love.

Victoria Hardy

# Wait

Do you remember?  
I had looked in your eyes  
One last time  
Waiting for one last look.

I knew it.  
I always knew what your eyes said.  
Yet I waited  
And waited...

Hoped one day  
They could tell me something  
That your mouth couldn't  
For so long.

This was waiting for eternity.  
But I always waited.  
And I would always wait.  
For that day.

Yet years passed  
And they never said 'stay'  
But never said 'leave' either.  
So the tears never arrived.

I just knew one thing  
Even waiting forever  
Would be better  
Than saying good-bye.

So the good-bye never came,  
And I never left  
You never left.  
We never left.

Victoria Hardy

# Wake Up

I shouldn't sleep at all I thought  
For waking up is the worst.  
Waking up without you  
Even when you're with me.

And exact same thoughts  
Of the facts that  
No matter what  
My life will continue.

I will continue;  
To wake up  
To smile,  
To work  
And if I have the courage  
To talk about love.

Victoria Hardy

# Wind

I said to myself  
'Look how much you wrote...'  
To that book of life  
In twenty something pages.

Wasn't long before, however,  
The times;  
I wished them un-written.  
And start all over.

I was lost for sure  
When everything felt like yesterday  
In such an absence.  
That made me blind.

Still time was the witness,  
And songs were ready,  
To turn those pages  
Into bitter-sweet memory.

Then I met hope,  
Healing my denial,  
And wounds,  
Of the inexorable fate.

Suddenly I realised  
Wind had become a friend.  
For it turned the pages...  
And started an end.

Victoria Hardy

# Yet Another Way

And I, watch the moonlight yet another way  
in this course of time;  
The singing birds, the twilight  
Endless views of the Bosphorus, the sunset.

The morning to me speaks yet in another way,  
The evening calling, to engulf  
With dreams and thoughts  
A ridiculous quest; a ridiculous sorrow spread

And I, feel yet in another way  
The April rain; season's breeze  
Bittersweet smiles, challenges  
The stars and the farewells...

What's left of the words  
Except the journey of hope  
Close up are the footsteps of separation now  
Along with a lonely night of spring.

Victoria Hardy