

Poetry Series

**Yekaterina Bezpalya**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

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

# Yekaterina Bezpalya(April 8th,1993)

I live in complete and total wanderlust.

And if ambition is deadly, then I'm deemed to die.

The rest I leave for the history books.

# Awaiting Fairytales

I sit here solemnly.

Attempting to draw up a beauty that is foreign to me.

Only for your enticement.

Why should I?

Smile meekly, bring back my lashes in a flutter?

You know I'm not that sort of girl.

Paint like an artist on his easel,

To show all my storms of emotions.

The only thing I pray for

Is for your arrival.

I pray within my heart that today,

Will be a different sort of day.

A magical one.

Just one.

Need not the effort to make all others such as this one,

If it be.

I am doing well,

At least in the recesses of your mind.

But in my mind,

Whom am I?

How I do I feel?

Stranger stares back at me,

Pleading,

Don't bring the sunshine.

Just not this one day.

Just one day of gray clouds at play,

So that I can curl at your side

As babes do in the wombs of their mothers.

And feel that same security.

How jealous am I of them.

Oh those silly little notions.

But I beg of you,

Bring this one day.

Just one.

A genuine fairytale.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Cerulean Paradise

I dwell in a cold, empty blue.  
I sing in it,  
Love little in it,  
Breathe its stagnant air.  
I await so mercifully,  
For the eagle to bring to me,  
Hope on its right wing,  
And my forgotten faith in this big but now blue world,  
On its left.  
I beat,  
And I beat,  
And I beat my back  
Trembling- like against those blue walls;  
Those same translucent walls,  
From which I can see,  
But no one can see me,  
To make them stop their throws of scraps of pity,  
At a face known to none a soul.  
This is my eternal jailed paradise;  
A waiting room till I return.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Creation Of Life

Each droplet falls through my fingers.  
En masse they are so unique.  
Unterminated freedom;  
as air and water  
coming together to become one flesh.

Such beauty is never to behold again,  
for the spinwheel of life adds another thread.  
The first few moments are soft yet strong.  
Ahead of them,  
the threads are fuzzied and are splitting.  
The last threads are thin like silk;  
so delicate that with one snip they break,  
and the spinwheel stops.

The rain renews the threads.  
Once more they become bonds of steel;  
once more the spinwheel spins.  
Rebirth has finally come.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Deep Memories

The bead from a necklace,  
The kiss from a date.

The love from my parents,  
as my curfew was late.

The places I've been,  
the places I go.

As far the water,  
it flows and it flows.

What things I remember,  
what things have I seen.

As dearly they are,  
dearly to me.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Dream Of Me

And I screamed for you from these distant shores,  
Still smiled all the same because I missed you so,  
Such a faulty attempt it was,  
To dream away that sorrowed time,  
And yet I hoped and knew,  
That I was yours and you were mine.  
In the night,  
It sickens me,  
To see,  
To wake,  
It's just a dream.  
Fantasized by my own mind's scheme.  
Disastrously I crave you more,  
Because your touch to me is no less than sifted sand on the beach shore,  
And memories are but nuisances to rehearse that you're not here,  
And just the same awaiting you,  
My love,  
My life,  
My dear.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Fastforwarding To Tomorrow

My future is my diamond,  
a precious gem that has no price.  
It is my God foresken pathway,  
Life and Death, two-sided dice.

It beckons to me,  
towards the unknown,  
an unfamiliar stranger standing by the threshold of the door.

Dare I move?  
I grasp its hand,  
and it tugs me gently,  
whisking off my bothersome fears.

Dictating my mind,  
the past and present are not as vivid,  
as the preceding time.

What was once then,  
does not bend the marrow in my bones,  
nor does it wring my haggard head in frustration.

Still, it can lead its following sheep to both roads;  
My desperate eyes can gaze upon a reckless road of peril,  
or they can abruptly swerve to a mellow, merry lane.

I ask my soul,  
Do I have the power instilled in me to question my fate?  
or am I an indentured servant,  
praying for good fortune,  
as I go along for the deceiving ride.

Shall I be chosen to sit upon my own throne,  
or is there another royal lavished in gems?

For every tear,  
for every grin,  
There seems to be no ends on life,  
every ending becomes another new beginning,

every person falls into a routine pace.

We are always wary of our bleak futures,  
wishing for their arrivals in the next era to go,  
When in fact tomorrow is hot at our heels.

The future is an unforeshadowed creature,  
engulfing us in misery, pain, death, laughter, love and life,  
and cannot be seen in any other way.

Yekaterina Bezpalaya

# Fate's Hands

There are so many parts to this girl that you see,  
Feigned smiles are only a tidbit of she.  
Well-practiced acts doth she show,  
But of seams on the heart,  
No mortal soul knows.

Great cheer she'll surround you,  
Yet in the moonlighted night,  
Her only companions are Sorrow and Fright.  
Take a look in her eyes,  
There's definite proof,  
Replaying a heartbreak,  
Has turned her senses aloof.

She'll say all is well,  
But better even blind know,  
No greater lie she expresses,  
To mask discreetly her woe.

Oh, bittersweet girl,  
Stop embracing your gloom,  
This treacherous habit shall one day consume  
So then where shall lie,  
Your tattered- broke heart?  
Among the ashes,  
From where it belonged from the start?

"Please hold on for a minute,  
I'll help carry your weight, "  
The girl walked away hand in hand with her fate.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Fear Faith

Why is it that my eyes repent at what they see?  
Beauty is no factor here,  
it gives not what is true.

What makes me fierce,  
to push my claws forward.  
What makes me howl at the moon,  
like a deranged animal,  
cautious and alert.  
What makes me bleed my tangled thoughts,  
yearning to break free.

Fear covers me,  
so light cannot penetrate.  
In the dark I pray to God for a thousand knights on a thousand horses,  
Yet I know I only need one God to pull me through when I am blind.

I face my enemy,  
not wanting to face death,  
It is not fear I fear alone,  
nor the fear of me,  
it is the fear of losing faith in God,  
and standing alone,  
near a stream,  
right here.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Fix His Darling Girl

It feels what's broken never heals,  
What ails, never mends.  
Yet time keeps sifting day through day,  
My heart gets strong again.

What once was cause of chaos great,  
Is just a passing bird,  
What once stung sharp and chipped away,  
Were tears of the absurd.

Yet no amount of affection sweet,  
Can substitute the tears,  
The tears that are too grand in girth,  
For any love to repair.

My prince, oh prince,  
My darling prince,  
He try as he might can,  
To help repair his darling girl,  
To fix her new again.

But trials only be trials  
For key she holds alone,  
In fixing what needs mending,  
And of course the process be slow.

The ultimate failure was always to see,  
No weakling she'd ever lived as,  
But try as she might to depend on his aid,  
Phantom pains were too strong of contenders.

For his love she thanks in abundance,  
For his patience she's left lost in awe,  
And sorry she is for the way that,  
She causes him pain with her flaws.

She wishes the life were so different,  
That she was more deserving of he,  
That their crossed paths were a tadbit more pleasant,

And you remember you're so loved by me.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Four Broken Walls

The bird is in the sky.  
Its ebony black feathers contrast against the aquamarine background.  
It's flying;  
so free.  
It knows not a cage or a shelter of four concrete walls,  
its home is the entire world.

From below,  
I raise my hand to the sun,  
and can almost enclose the bird with my whole hand.

We are one;  
both servants of the Great Jehovah God.  
We are one flesh,  
one soul,  
one body.

I can squint and see myself in the sky.  
Finally,  
I fly free.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# From Winter: To Spring

I walk through a patch of yellow flowers,  
Some have shimmer, some have a glint of gold.

Others invite the sun to play,  
when day is done,  
and wind will sway.

To and fro, controlled by a breeze,  
tickling skin below the knees.

Arrival of winter beats is bell,  
to cover the world and bring stories to tell.

The blanket hides the yellow flowers from the sun,  
They sleep until next spring,  
and the day is done.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Heart Of Gold

I am strength visioned by all,  
You cannot see me if you take drugs as a desire to fall.

To fall where nothing lives to grow,  
Where sun don't shine,  
as nature's glow.

Where mountain peaks you cannot see,  
or heart of gold you will not be.

The world of peace,  
it falls behind,  
if drugs you use to feel good inside.

You see no light,  
you see no day,

Just pitch black darkness through you eyes,  
will sway.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Ignorant Invalids

A sweet aroma of freshness hardly lingers,  
slightly unconcealed.  
Cracks in the sky invisibly splinter the clouds.  
For even a moment,  
all is immersed in an inquisitive silence;  
the ticking of the clocks becoming deaf to the eardrums.

Amused and frightened,  
the rain is hesitant to come out;  
like a child quivering under the bed during a thunder storm.

Right foot then left foot press and sweep down the linen curtains;  
the shadows of my mother's plants outlining their pristine shapes.  
Every soul is singing,  
can you not hear it from beneath your feet?

Car alarms, air-conditioning, the ticking of the clocks;  
all false harmonies of man,  
whilst they make futile attempts to control Nature.

Fools.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Ignorant Those Who Think What They've Thought

Worshippers are many,  
Truths there are but few,  
And yet my only following,  
Is the faith I have in me and you.

Absolute in strength,  
While bathed in the truth,  
What more I pray for elsewhere,  
Than for us to remain as the beloved youth.

My body, your jurisdiction,  
My mind, your loyal throne,  
My heart, a castle garden,  
Where my love is free to roam.

Command me at will,  
Re-shorten my leash,  
Do whatever my Lord,  
That is your unbridled wish,  
Subdue my refusals,  
And neither tremble nor fret,  
Allegiance is final,  
My ignorant pet.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# In Age

Cities of people.

Bushes of dirt.

Trees of leaves.

Bags of potato chips.

Car seats of dust.

Skateboards of kids.

Buses of noise.

People of age.

Age of people:

In cities,

In bushes,

In trees,

In bags,

In car seats,

In skateboards,

In buses,

In people,

In age.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Just For Now

There's no going back from where I've come from,  
No rewinds,  
No grips on "reverse"  
No oil marks from faulty erasers  
And no empty tears of remorse.

I've fallen  
I've plunged,  
I have nose-dived  
Unhesitant to watch for the net,  
For I've had my trust in your swiftness  
As I come crashing into your open, broad hands.

May fate make me victim or bride girl,  
May time string us close or divide  
May tears be of triumph or weary  
With the present we shall decide.

After all, why play in the past as young children?  
Or bicker in the future so much like the old  
Let's embrace our love in the present  
Whether just for now  
You are mine  
Or I am yours.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Love's A Day Away

I'm going to lock my heart away,  
and save it for another day.  
For he,  
who loves with no regrets,  
and never makes love seem like debt,  
shall be the keeper of my heart,  
forever he shall be,  
for we shall never part,  
his soul shall dwell in me.

When I find him amidst the bleak,  
sweet words shall intertwine within his speak,  
and never a tear will I cry,  
by him,  
my soul shall never die.

For even where exists no touch,  
we'll know there's no distance that's too much,  
for oceans and seas can separate,  
but not against God's most-wished fate.

Until the arrival of that time,  
my only condolence is this rhyme,  
and so for now it's best to say,  
I'm going to lock my heart away,  
and save it for another day.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# My Grandpa's Handprint

These hands have touched everything,  
as so far goes the truth.  
The deep, ridged scars,  
are the obvious proof.

These hands have reached for the waxy ruby skin of an apple,  
the first harvested pick off the tree.  
These hands rubbed the turmoil engine,  
coaxing forth that long drawn out purr.

These hands have ran a finger over the dust on the oakshelves in the attic,  
a packrat's paradise.  
These hands have picked up that furious smelt that lay hidden in the obscure  
waters,  
acknowledging its final defeat.

These hands have passed over mine,  
closing me into a warm embrace,  
and displaying a priceless smile.  
These hands have been across the world,  
loving life,  
leaving a handprint on my heart,  
and sealing it with a kiss on my temple.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Not As Human

For few who hold the value high,  
To age with grace,  
No time deny,  
Are they who praise what nature gives,  
And take great care of the world that lives,

While we in youth,  
Modern air of Earth,  
With our ignorance,  
We binded tight a girth,  
Around the things that,  
That call a heart a home,  
Because our morals have been allowed to roam.

Visions of new are fair and divine,  
But why the decrease of deeds of kind,  
Of selfless love,  
And sincere speak,  
Of unbound courage,  
To protect the weak.

What use is Earth when it can't breathe,  
Beneath the weight of the greatest grief,  
That mankind,  
Either won't or can't,  
To live and thrive as a human.

Yekaterina Bezpalaya

# One Of Those Days

One day I'll fly to the high heavens.

One day I'll let not a tear be shed from the eyes of a child.

One day I'll protest for global reform.

One day I'll make sure all of God's creatures live in blissful harmony.

One day I'll find peace and compromise between feuding nations.

One day I'll shape the minds of youth into a right direction.

One day I'll scream out the grievances of those voices who were once silenced,  
but shall be no more.

One day I'll eradicate the poverty that plagues so many a hungry mouth.

One day I'll change the world.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# One Word Is All It's Worth

Searching for the one.  
Found and glad of it.  
Loved by him.  
Loved by her.  
Conspiring misery is fate.  
Crushed by every opposition.  
Prevented by the world to live.  
Saddened by departure.  
Dying undetected inside.  
Forced to go on alone on the path.  
Ripping the seams.  
Pleading to keep their hearts tied.  
Pushing back until her piece cracks.  
Sitting in the darkness.  
Forgotten like a childhood plaything.  
Remembering the good times.  
Attempting to erase the sad before her.  
Says that she's fine.  
Lies right through her teeth.  
Pays no attention to her pain.  
Thinks about the burdens of other people.  
Irritates the selfish person inside of her.  
Feigning to enjoy each day to the fullest.  
Noticing always though that the cup is completely empty.  
Lives like she knows her meaning.  
Confused of exactly what that is.  
Knows one thing.  
Mulls it over in her head.  
Contemplates whether anything is worth anymore.  
Gets up the courage to speak it.

Goodbye love.

Yekaterina Bezpalaya

# People Of The Liberty

Freedom has no pricetag,  
Freedom has no jailbars.

Freedom is liberty,  
that dwells in all of creature's hearts.

Freedom lets your dreams come true,  
and takes you where you where you want to be,

Freedom lets you fly away,  
it lets your soul run free.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Promise You The Journey

Swallow me.  
Be done with me.  
Cry for me those deceitful tears.  
Plague me relentlessly and  
Watch over my shoulders as I gasp for breathe.

I'm joining tomorrow,  
Should I walk from today.  
Yesterday had it's way with me,  
But I will keep fear at bay.

Weaker than I allow to see  
Yet stronger than most would guess  
Life won't get the chance to sway with me  
No matter how I may digress.

Taunting in your whispers  
While cheering in your call,  
I won't be that fickle fool,  
To leap without sight of where I'll fall.

May death link arms with me early,  
Nay be I the one to retreat in my skin,  
May be it fear, regret or the worry,  
I'll fulfill my duty fair and with honest sin.

Overwhelm me.  
Abandon me.  
Hiss at me as you please.  
Unleash your fury without mercy and  
Glower as I lift my head to say,

'Promise you,  
I shall not run.'

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Raining Diamonds

I wish I had a net to catch rain  
Sparkling diamonds fall fast from sky  
The world must be a rich place  
All that loot goes to waste  
Well on second thought  
I'll dance instead  
All raining  
Fun for  
Me

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Rocking

Just beyond the shooting stars,  
just beyond the rising waves,  
hear the cooes of a lullaby,  
by a mother day and night.

Rocking in a rocking chair,  
humming softly through the air,  
the air is filled with joy and pride,  
mother rocks but baby cries.

Day has fallen,  
night has bestowed,  
now this story has been told.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Sky By The Window

A pencil, some paper,  
a pen, and a chair.  
A desk by the window,  
and the wind through your hair.

As nighttime falls,  
you gaze at the stars,  
you wonder how many,  
you wonder how far.

You reach out your hands,  
trying to capture them all,  
you thoroughly think,  
'How tiny and small? ',

You step to your desk,  
and you draw them all out,  
you cut them neatly,  
and you squeal and you shout.

You take them to your windowsill,  
like many times when,  
you throw them all out,  
and you count them again.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Springtime Season

Trees swaying,  
brooks overflowing,  
eating ripe apples,  
and laughing away.

Crystal clear clouds,  
flowers unfolding,  
in some of the very beautiful ways.

Still,  
but in short,  
these are some of spring's last days.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Stay Young

So many moons have come and went  
The promise made to live forever  
As children, we knew the frolic would not stop there  
You shared with me your life through your eyes  
You learned from me my world through mine  
Once upon a time we were brought together  
Unfortunate was our depart as paths once crossed, divulged  
Now adults were are also strangers on the street corners  
Gone is the fairytale where we could've stayed young.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Stitches On The Heart

I have this vacancy right here  
Softly whisper your words into my ear  
And watch the hole shrink  
Fades away  
Save your smile for a cloudy day

Do you know what an earthquake you're causing  
Rearranging pieces  
Shifting tectonic plates  
Fit the key to the lock  
Turn the switch  
How bright the light

When you're gone  
Paint a smile  
The world is watching  
Too much to risk

Cross my door  
Acrylic is wiped off the face  
Two harmonies set to an eternal tune  
God how we sing  
World turns to listen  
Trying to interfere  
Hide inside the beauty  
Hum quietly until they're prepared

That same song  
Opposite hearts beating at the same pace  
Waiting for that special moment  
Never plagued by fear  
Right by my side  
Whispering sweetly  
Reassuring to never leave me in the dark  
Never I you

Without us  
In our worlds  
No sun

No rain  
If apart  
Magnetize us  
Keep the candle burning

Meanwhile you keep stitching  
Sewing the seams together  
Hearts connected at the core  
Like a red summer cherry  
Connected at one pit

You're not aware  
Filling in application  
Fit for the job  
Hired at will  
Fill the void  
Have one heart to give  
Sufficient for me

Abolished misery  
Found an exit sign for pain  
Not suicide  
But live every day  
Given an angel  
Can't let me die  
Refuses to let up  
Erase the dark  
Grin a mile wide

Embrace tightly  
Depart only to dream  
Turning out better than expected  
Liking the fairytale  
Living it  
Converting it to reality  
Ignore "The End."

This is just the beginning my love.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# The Angel At The Window

I longed to live a life once,  
Of which Darkness cannot pierce,  
And where keenest observation had saved me through the years,  
By watching signs for heartbreak,  
Hesitant I was,  
To place my heart in strangers' hands,  
As quick to break it does.

Many moons had passed on,  
Times of love and glee had gone,  
Back to loveless days I came,  
Wearied and torn by the wrong.  
Love passed hands around me,  
But never through my core,  
Like watching through a window,  
And from the fun you must abhor.

Yet God had other plans in store,  
Surprises you cannot surpass,  
He decided to take a broken heart,  
And piece it with my crumpling half.  
To you belonged that broken heart,  
To me belonged that piece,  
And in between's a glue so strong,  
Preventing our bond to never cease.

No words could ever tell us,  
No pictures could ever show,  
What a beautiful angel,  
From Heaven he instructed to go.  
With glow of golden aura,  
Forcing the dark to wane,  
You found me,  
And you took me from,  
That clouded windowpane,  
Where ages I could have sat on,  
But glad that I will not,  
The happiness you brought unto me,  
Cannot be measured nor ever sought,

For the extent you lightened me,  
And soul,  
And heart,  
And mind,  
Oh beloved angel,  
I love you,  
And at the clouded windowpane,  
Now me you'll never find.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# The Girl Who Played With Fire

There was a girl who played with fire,  
Who bit the flame and nicked the pyre,  
And strode with barren feet on barren ground,  
And never was a fear of singed flesh found.

Long gone were days of grace and pose,  
And in their stead was the horrendous noise,  
Of love been lost on war-beat land,  
A trickling anguish filling her hand.

The tears she bled from crimson eyes,  
Spoke little of her heart's demise,  
As body took its leave from soul,  
Her heart a compass of burning coal.

As burning coal met blood-wet earth,  
She found him lying in the dirt,  
With limbs askew but lips apart,  
Her name escaped with last beat of heart.

The flames grew tall to reclaim their gift,  
A robbery of breathe so swift,  
Contented soul heaved sigh and fell,  
Enveloped though by a fur from hell.

A single smoking tear did fall,  
And on her ashes the world lived on,  
And in her midst rose a crimson tree,  
An emblazoned torch of love set free.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# The Hidden Secret

The tree stands still.  
It moves its hands in a strange greeting,  
as the sunrays warmly kiss both my cheeks.  
All spirits of Mother Earth are listening for my depart.  
For then, they come alive again.

The little crow,  
unwavering in curiosity,  
meanders for a morsel of food.  
Frightened, he ducks behind the grass.

The wind,  
an old friend,  
approaches me joyfully,  
as it caresses my hair.

A sweet aroma permeates the air;  
Brother Winter prepares for Sister Spring.  
Each flower bud opens,  
peekng at the sun,  
and yawning when darkness is glazed over the sky.

Is it possible to fathom,  
that beauty also comes from the simple things in life?  
A question is left unanswered,  
a secret is still safe,  
and all of Nature breathes a sigh of relief.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# The Key To The Lock

Unlocked,  
my heart has been today,  
For he has come,  
the one awaited,  
never his love has been debated.

Countless smiles he brought to my face,  
ignored the time,  
ignored the place,  
he went and wrapped me in his warm embrace.

Physically apart,  
but not for long,  
neither this rhyme or a song,  
can ever measure the strength of his love,  
I'm positive that I've been sent an angel from above.

With tools in his hand,  
he melted away the mask,  
that had covered my face for a time so vast.  
Sincerity, understanding and love without measure.  
He's truly become my heart's one single treasure.

Thanking God for this angel of mine,  
Knowing he's with me every second of time,  
He's been given a key that he knows how to use,  
so use it my love,  
my love's only for you.

Yekaterina Bezpalaya

# The Quiet Boulder

The rock, and the wind, and the mountain, and river.  
The sunrays are masters, and the Sun is the giver.  
The towering mountain, it gives quite a leer,  
The savageful wind brings danger and fear.  
The river it laughs, with not many cares,  
Just the rock, so vast, great silence it bears.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Tiger Raged

What inspires the tiger that beats from within?  
Making my eyes crouch and follow jumping prey.  
Where is the desire to kill?  
To tear at flesh make it not my own.  
I am creating my own fear of what I might become.  
Let bars of steel confine the jungle cat,  
let him not escape from the inner walls of me.  
The day I change,  
the day it comes,  
is when I am tear at my own flesh, me.

Yekaterina Bezpalaya

# Water In The Coffee Cup

A gentle orchid in the breeze,  
a boulder to rooted ground.  
Water always finds a way to make a rock so round.  
A song will always find a way to wiggle into your ears,  
and ghost stories by crackling fires invite those wary fears.

The world is very tentative, and sensitive at best,  
to make me laugh,  
to make me cry,  
to make me close my eyes to rest.

The dreams that fall into my head decide to wake me up,  
to brush my teeth,  
to make my bed,  
and lead me to my coffee cup.

if night would not switch back to day,  
nor moon to shining sun,  
I'd wake myself up on again;  
A new day's just begun!

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# What Lies Between

you live to die another day

with sinful sun and wicked rays

like sepulcher your body sleeps

inflicts the sky with lurid dreams

the scenes enact once fearless time

when innocence met villain's prime

and innocence took ill and fell

replaced by shadows brewed in hell

you die to live another day

repent yourself when led astray

when wants and loves thrust grace away

you mourn the choice you chose that day

a villain's prime knows not but whim

a sin made quick

a poison skilled

you flog the flesh, the mind, the soul

but anguished tries fall deaf on old

you both have lived and died today

the one repents

the other preys

as both walk past

their lives remain

one alive

the other slain.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# When Is It?

I ask myself sometimes,

When it is you grew up so fast?

When did you begin to think there is always something more about each thing?

When did you believe that, at least for now, there is nothing more right now?

How did you believe that something out there is waiting?

Will stay waiting?

For however long you choose you stay behind?

And that all everything else in your life will still move without you,

Pushing ahead by time?

When did you begin to understand that everyday is a single side of a page?

That your life is divided into chapters?

And unified by a single common wish?

How is that you understood that a new chapter can only begin when you finally gain wisdom either about yourself, your life or the world?

That this is how you keep moving?

Living like a book?

How did you?

When did you?

When did I.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Winged Toys

The squeaky shiny hinges,  
like from oiled engines' roars,  
or swooshing green propellers,  
like lions' chases after wild boars.

Or purring of the rubber wheels,  
like my boots through forest snow,  
and wings like condors soaring black,  
and calling to the earth below.

They bring themselves to heavens pearly gates,  
and let themselves be free,  
They fly through rains, they fly through winds,  
and then they fly to me, in dreams.

Yekaterina Bezpalya

# Without A Clue

No one knows the rocks that burden my shoulder,  
breaking bones piece by piece.

No one sees my rapid heartbeats,  
as they are drowned by head hard thoughts.

No one cares if a knife pokes into my soul,  
blade cutting deeper in day in day.

Who would care to understand why this flower doesn't bloom.

Why the sun is clouded by shadows,  
why the rains don't revive the green.

Why the pencil doesn't write.

Why the sword and horse left abandoned,  
while the hero lays on the bloody earth.

Why the dust covers the memories,  
with spiderwebs of silk.

Why the world doesn't wake up,  
as everything is dead and gone.

Why the seedling does not sprout,  
when hope shines on its path.

So I sit here in my chair,  
recording what is the future, present and past.

Yekaterina Bezpalya