



Violeta Milovanovic

Blue Ash

(The third collection of poetry)

Violeta Milovanovic

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A thousand

I've lived a thousand lives
and failed to forget you.
I've ripped out my heart
but you remained buried alive
in the tombs of my mind.
I've shed a thousand silent tears
and failed to drain you;
for a thousand years I've been asleep
but you woke me up, my bleed.
And the skin I shed –
covered with a thousand drops I bled.
A thousand words in silence –
every letter of your name, darling...

Chipped

A chipped smile
is always glued with a tear;
a chipped verse with silence;
A chipped life with
a mask and pretence
but a heart with a love virus.

Wings

Spread those butterfly wings and fly
even though they've been electrocuted,
all the ghouls of your past
will sink and hide; executed
are those who feed on your heartaches
under your spirit and power
their will breaks.
Now you soar – beautiful and strong,
your wings – iridescent and bold.
Fear – be damned!
By passion and determination WE ARE LED!

The world's end

A child died.
...nothing more to add,
except - if people let it happen
then, the world is dead.
The child's silent tears
reflect in the world's end.
Shame on us,
if a child is dead.

Blue ash

I will be shedding tears
from a silent well,
and the sword that cuts my veins
will glint in the moonlight rays.
But the blue ash on my skin
and the verses I've writ
will remain to vanquish the dark
with a single feeble spark.
I am alive
in these verses, and in your eyes.

ROBOT

I'm a robot,
numb and cold
rusted, underneath steel bold.
Innumerable layers of dust
in my comfort zone,
this is where I last,
this is my home.
No wind to scatter the ashes,
no power to replenish
this old reservoir
I'm a twenty-fifth century robot –
one of a kind.

But my eyes of lead
still have a faint light
and the metal heart – a golden spark.
And if you scratch the surface slowly
my Self may appear gradually.

I don't know how I wound up here;
my cogs used to dance in the rain,
now rusted from disdain,
I don't know where I am....

Kill me with your eyes

Kill me with your eyes,
freeze the seething lava inside,
capture me with a smile,
and kill me with your eyes.

I stumble through the dark of your mind,
no piece of me there.
Then, I call upon your heart,
you hid me well.

The rusted shackles on my wrists
that you put a century ago -
a hell tattoo on my skin
burning fast, then slow.

So, what are you waiting for?
Kill me with your eyes
and a venomous kiss before
the vain skin perishes
into the unknown.

The key

I'll write "you"
till my knuckles become numb.
I'll write "you"
till the earth runs away from the sun
and I'll write "you"
till the green blood pours out of me
for "you" are the essence,
"you" are the key -
to happiness or misery?

On the butterfly wings

You know I have you among my fingers,
you're flying toward the corners of my lips
on the butterfly wings
in the midst of a hurricane
you hang on to a verse
all these years.
And should you want to kill me,
turn off the lights
and ignite the verses
I have words to keep you, only.

Let the poem fly

I've written a poem to you
but you'll never know it.
The dust will cover the shine
and you'll rise to the sublime.
The sunset is just a spark in your eyes,
jealous of you, and wild.
I always tear the sheet of paper
I used to write
sprinkle it into the air,
let the poem fly!

Stay

Stay there in the dark,
distant, intangible
flickering like a dying light
throwing shadows on my mind.

Stay there for an eternity,
the stains on your soul may fade
but the dagger and the poison won't
rust or evaporate.

Your beauty pokes the eye
but stay there in the dark
for, if you come this far
I may freeze, then collapse.

The cave-in of my soul may last forever
so, stay there, for I won't
survive after your body's shiver.

Don't torment my soul
with your petal lips and eyes cold.

Locked in an ice cube

...for a century,
waiting for a thaw,
hear the last breath freezing,
turning into an ice cube; fall
down, tumble, and crash,
the pieces gone far beyond
the horizon to seek the rays
the sun, the moon; escapades
into the cosmos; and back again –
locked in an ice cube
for centuries to be dead.

The sunset

Every sunset has a different voice,
this one calls upon
death, in the blaze of glory
every sunset has a new melody,
a wistful note of poignant love
cutting veins with scissors and blades,
and the heart in two halves -
they fell in the mud dark.
And then, the sunset spoke up again:
“The waves will wash away the pain”.
The sun drowned in them
once the eyes opened
to witness the end.

Notice

Notice the surface
but see me deep,
notice the horizons
but don't miss a whisper of the wind,
notice the world
but don't forget a petal
flying over green meadows,
then, shatter
all the hopes, and dreams;
notice happiness
but don't forget the tears.

One dying candle and I...

One dying candle and I,
flickering in the thick dark
behind the stars
that dazzle my mind
bewildering, and far
away, yet near
seemingly, running toward my destiny.

One dying candle and I
in the silence of the battlefield
where the soldiers drained their blood
for nothing;
the resonating pain enshrouds the night,
young maidens cry
but still – flickering –
one dying candle and I.

....among the waves of the wild wind
that knows not the song of mercy;
it tosses my hopes and my dreams
but the candle still flickering
in the dark
where the ghouls sleep;
one dying candle and I -
forever on the edge of eternity.

A patch

There is not a patch of you
under this skull,
not in this ironclad heart
not under these frail nails,
you're not the dust
on my lids, you're not the pain;
just a dim memory in this haze;
you surrendered your soul to the
underground shades,
tonight you dine in hell,
bon appétit, my friend.
There is not a scintilla of you in me
anymore,
you killed yourself in my heart long ago.

One moment

I need one moment
to leave this planet
but a second to love you.
I need one breath
to smother hate
and a blink
to forget the scars and the pain
but you need one moment
to relieve me of hope
and an eternity
for me to restore.

Autumn, again...

And suddenly
it's autumn, again.
One by one, leaves are falling
upon my ochre heart
to shine, then die,
decompose in a worm pit,
the falling leaves are coming.
One by one, like vain dreams
jiving in the sky light verses,
one by one, they always succeed
in wrapping my heart with melancholy.

The leaves are falling.
So is my love.
Dark days are coming
but you're gone...

The pen

The world is a grain of sand
when you hold a pen in your hand.
Love is magnanimous, then suddenly dead,
lovers, come and go
but you still hold the pen.
And you can never forfeit the right
to dream, fly and write.
Should you let other kill your verse,
don't pretend it's their fault
only you can kill it,
but only you can restore;
back to life, and again
looking pensively at the sky,
the pen in your hand.
Don't let others write your poems.

Between the shadow and the light

Between the shadow and the light
they were dancing in a sparkling cotillion
when death did them part,
the darkness cried for eons.

Their souls captured in the bitter tears,
and the breath in a choke.
The face of those forlorn years
has become a stone.

Between the shadow and the light
we live until one wins,
conquers, vanquishes, succeeds
in devouring your soul.
Will you be dancing
closer to the shadow or the light galore?

A horror novel

You were devastatingly beautiful,
yet, simple to read
and I read your pages,
you're a horror novel
with a glimpse of romance.

You're a poem with no words,
empty verses in a whirl
of passion that chokes me tonight.
You're a pale ghoul in the mischievous twilight.

When will you come
to drain the rain and bring the sun?
Delicate ice, but a burning fire inside,
humble on the surface
but devilish mind,
simple to read –
You're a loner just like me.

Chestnut

I can still smell the autumn
in my childhood street;
ocher, red, yellow leaves
and the old chestnut tree;
I wonder if it still remembers me;
my small, weary footsteps
and the minutes I used to spend
collecting chestnuts
in those autumn evenings.
Where has life taken us?
I wish I could collect chestnuts
again
but life is no more green, or red.
The chestnut in me is dead.

Yellow melancholy

If I didn't have poems to write,
I wouldn't know how to breathe.
If I didn't know the touch of a line,
I'd kill the desire to live.
And I, like Poe¹, fell in love with melancholy,
then, fell asleep with a solitary syringe
in my bleed.
I don't want to wake up from this dream
where yellow autumn melancholy
is wrapping me.
I can't love you,
my heart is taken,
I am truly sorry.

¹ "And so being young and dipped in folly, I fell in love with melancholy." E. A. Poe

So, I fell in love with a night-time poet...

So, I fell in love with a night-time poet
and his velvet crimson lips
that taught me how to choke,
how to breathe....

I fell in love with his rhythm and rhyme
and the verse dark and wild.....

It taught me to fly
with the chipped wings across the sky
but at the end of the night he died,
leaving me to the depths of agony
with a pen and melancholy.

My poet no longer breathes in me....

I fell in love with imagery....

Skin

I have no skin to change
or a tear to shed.
I have butterflies that make
my organism soon dead.
My lips are the light wings
and if you touch them
they'll disperse into the void
then, the iridescent dust
collapses upon the sable night crust.
I have no skin to change
or a tear to shed
you may look at me
but don't take
a piece, to keep and pledge.
I wish I had the skin
that absorbs the pain
but I'm a butterfly
in the moonlight rain.

Gentle razor

I have this razor heart.
Want to hold it?
I have no thoughts about the beauty of your mind,
I want to destroy it;
creep through the tiniest crack in it
then, settle forever
to gnaw at it.
I have this enticing smile.
You writhe under the imprisonment of passion
when you see these venomous lips become
a well of pure joy and torture.
I have this gentle razor heart.
Won't you take it?
Pain and pleasure always collide
in a whirl of the wounded.
And you and I are the ones
who bleed eternally,
so, take my razor heart
so I could die peacefully.

The sun has set...

The sun has set millions of times
but never the spark in your eyes.
Beauty has vanished into ugliness
but you still sleep under
a veil of radiance.
And I have only *one word* to add –
you'll be *ALIVE* in me
even when I'm dead.
The sun has set again.

Love misery

The electricity of your unearthly passion
runs amok through my steel veins,
the venomous taste of your tender lip petals
in my core sleeps, then shakes
the foundation of my tranquility,
you're a sweet monster in this ecstasy.
Your hushed words whet my appetite
but I have to keep you away from my mind.
Should you enter there too,
then, I'll be an obsequious slave to love,
waiting for the death penalty,
too many tastes and perfumes
you left in me.
You're my greatest temptation
in this hour of love misery.

The blood red dye

The blood red dye
of my bitten lips
still glowing in the dark,
enticing you to swallow my heart;
and I could let you drown in me
forever in this desert of blood vessels,
I could let you breathe
in the thicket of wild passions
then, leave you there
unsatisfied and shattered
for I'm an expert
at lifting you high,
then, dropping you;
Sudden!

Your bullets

Your bullets don't make my heart bleed.

I'm a cold marble stone.

Just when you choke me,

I have strength to breathe;

just when you leave me here alone

I feel freedom in every nerve

pounding, fast and powerful.

Your bullets don't explode;

not in my tears, not in my core.

My venom coagulates your

liquid, so-called "love",

your bullets can't penetrate

this lush darkness of the forlorn.

So, give up

you can't break me,

give up,

I don't die so easily.

Thief

Your ink trickles down my skin
while the hushed tunes play in the dark
and I'll let you pull me in
a whirl of pain, pleasure and stars
that glow in your eyes
every time you look at me like a thief
who's come to destroy me,
take everything I have
let you kill me in the end.
But you didn't steal my pain,
you left it to disintegrate
slowly, for an eternity,
invariably, you sleep in me.

Penumbra

I'm a petal in the palm of your hand -
you can either crush me
or caress me till I melt
and turn into ashes
you can toss me then
into the pit of penumbra
where you dance between shades.
Your velvety lips half-lit
by millions of remote stars;
a dulcet smile on them
beckoning to me
then, suddenly utter dark....
.....landed upon the tragically beautiful
feathery cheeks
and the lips vanished
plunging me to the deep!
I'd rather see you in the light for a second
than bathe in sunrays for eons.

I'm a petal in the palm of your hand -
you can either crush me
or caress me till I am dead.

Illuminate

....saw a tear standing in your eye
numb and cold
but restless and wild
....saw you in the light
those shades of gloom
don't suit your dye.
Colour my soul in red and dark,
let us unite in this whirl of sparks.

Engrave your sorrows on my fragile heart
I want to feel your pain!
....let it settle forever in this dark
to illuminate my solitary days.

....saw a tear standing in your eye,
let it trickle down my spine.

Only a nib can penetrate my heart,
only a poem to you will restore
my faith in life.

A better place

Be the poem of my soul
and I'll remember you by heart
though, you've ruined me with your love,
deprived me of the precious solitude and the dark.

Be the poem of my life
since you already gambol in my veins
and I'll let you steal
every nerve and twitch on my face.
Once you hold me
the world becomes a better place.

Surrender

I want to surrender
to the contagious taste of your soul
but fear always hinders me from love.
I want to surrender
but I shake like an earthquake alone
in the still of the night
when no life breathes,
I want to surrender
to your deeps.

Vemod

I need my own flâneur
to stroll with me,
to dive in the deepest wells
of melancholy.

I need a moment in eternity
to confess all my fears
to your poetry.

But you're just a stain on the old cloth,
a tender memory
that's been poking me a lot;
tender waves of sorrow
wash over me
in this land of tranquility
where I slumber next to thee.
In my poems you are kicking,
alive, vigorous and dreamy,
my flâneur of mystery.

Saturated sorrows

Saturated sorrows
on a razor-sharp night
dance in a labyrinthine rain
there is no left, no right
just a whirl of disdain
and a murderous desire to drown
every tear, and every sigh
something is going to die tonight.
And I will not twitch,
nor blink
when I push all my demons
and when they sink
this face will smile
this heart will blossom
for I'm a vile
witch, implacable for all my sorrows.

I saw you in a poem

I saw you in a poem,
your cryptic smile
pierced the thick crust of my heart.

I saw you and I failed to blink
or breathe from the start.

I live, though
the air eludes me ceaselessly
but the sight of your
dyed lips, hands tenderly
capering over my skin
in a second, captured me.

I read you in a verse,
ambiguous, but beautiful to peruse.

Your rhythm and rhyme
led me to the sublime
passions and insanity.

I saw you in a poem,
cutting my veins quietly,

and I bleed for you, in a poem,
eternally....

When you don't have words

When you don't have words,
fabricate them.

When you don't have tears,
draw them.

You can't live tearless and dry,
shed your tears in your art
as I shed mine

in every stanza, every line.

And when you can't smile,
make the lips curve till the joy
shines.

Depths

I'll die with my poems.

It's destined to be.

I've got you in them, and
your ash

will not disappear

like all the other grains

for all those poems

hide your depths.

Underneath my wings

You made a broken angel out of me,
then you burned my wings
and swallowed the ashes.

Now I swim
in your veins
and I'll bury myself in your heart
finally
so you could never be able to live
peacefully.

You made a stone out of me,
then you engraved your pains on my skin
you smashed me
and into dust I turned,
the waves of wind soon were heard
and roaring, they told me
that you will never come back for me.

So, I slumber in the thick mire
of the past dreams
that I once had you
underneath my wings.

Mayhem

You invariably bleed.
We need a disfigurement.
I will chop you in pieces
and you always fail me;
time and time again
my heart – pierced, broken, mutilated
in this cold, solitary rain
you write verses that no one understands.
These sour wounds are sentinels,
you severely bleed,
my heart, this is your mayhem.

Dead bleed

In these crystal eyes
I keep you like tears
but I won't let them trickle down...
to my knees,
beg oblivion not to squeeze
my soul and you out of it
you're the alive vein in my dead bleed.
You're a sky spectacle
before my blind eyes,
the pain killers that tranquillize
my tormented mind;
in my dead bleed you are ALIVE.

Unzip

Should you unzip this soul,
all the bats will escape
into the darkness, to its core.
never to come back.
And peering through the thick gossamer,
you'll eventually perceive
one tarnished star
dancing between
shadows and shades,
in combat with a monstrous hurricane
for this heart never lays
its frail veins
into a cold sepulcher before the end,
fighting fearlessly till death.....

Cotton dreams

I caught happiness,
I grasped it firmly in my hand
but there remained golden sand
under my nails,
lachrymose grains of pain that pulsate
in my veins;
remind me of the stories they tell
about love, eternity; and shall
we ever understand
that love isn't silk
but a cotton dream instead...?

Scarecrow

There's a scarecrow in the mirror
with rouged lips,
a melody of terror
in the waves of breeze,
one tear trembling on a pallid cheek,
it slid down immediately
once it saw the sorrow in the placid lakes
behind a mountain of failed make-up and pretence.
Smeared sighs and captured cries
and the crows that poke the eyes
blocking the sun's dazzling shine.
Ugliness may have conquered the face
but the beauty of the soul is the true grace,
you can see it in the mirror's cracks.
There's a scarecrow in everyone of us.

It's the day that scares us....

It's the day
that scares us,
not the night.

It's the pain that defines us,
not a velvety dream in the light
and the stings that pierced your heart
will turn into ashes at dawn.

It's not the dark that scrutinizes us
but the solitude's piercing core

It's the day
that scares us,
not the night.

It's the pain that shapes us
not a fear of life.

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Also on www.obooko.com
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[A dark crystal queen](#)



[A rose in the dark](#)



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