

A close-up photograph of a person's open palm holding a small, translucent purple heart-shaped crystal. The crystal is positioned in the center of the palm. The background is a light-colored fabric with a large, detailed floral pattern, featuring a prominent pink rose and green leaves. The overall lighting is soft, and the image has a slightly grainy texture.

Violet heart

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Violet Heart

(The fifth collection of poetry)

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Poke the soul

There's a silent song in every raindrop,
trickling down the window pane
a vociferous, painful distant sob
in the throat and on the cheek pale.

Where is the horizon to show hope?
It melted in the rainy clouds long ago.
There's a silent song
in every drop, every flow.

You are my silent song,
your melody pokes my soul.

Dismantle

There's a dead part of my heart,
make it explode
into a shower of meteors
over your naked body and soul.

I struggle to give birth to a poem
deep and sincere
but you rob me of the poison
that solitude brings to me.

My veins are dry,
no verse floating there
but my heart waits
for you to dismantle it.

Glass eyes

Those glass eyes
that don't break
after a fall,
after a hurricane;
not a crack in them
just placid cold lakes.

Those glass eyes,
they pretend
they never hurt,
are never dead.
For we die a little every minute,
you are your pain,
and no one can steal it.

Floods

Inundate my dry canals,
be my river in full floods
unleash them, wild and hard,
let them suffuse my droughts.

Heavy rainfall in my eye
came sudden, not tamed;
those drops you can dry
let the sorrows evaporate.

Dive deep in my soul,
I want to keep you there
for evermore...

Into the cold depths

You will find my heart
where the wave breaks
and when the tide comes
and tosses it away
into the cold depths,
don't caress my veins
with your sham verses
summoning me back again
into the cold depths
of your soul's garden.

You will find yourself
in my eye
where the wave breaks.

Bulldoze

Bulldoze over those old verses
written in jejune years,
they are the dust, old losers
drunks, cowards, broken spears;
simulated vigour, bold contempt,
audacity through shiver,
all of them should be dead!
All of them – just a drunk's liver.

I think vampires don't die
for they're waiting for a perfect poem
so, bulldoze over the old shine,
let's write a new sequel.

As long as we hold the pen,
we could never be dead!

My nook

I want chivalry
and a red rose,
a letter drenched in ink,
tears, forgiveness, remorse.

I demand fire in the eyes,
not rivers, oceans or cold ice
but I do want an ocean of verses,
lava of passion,
I do want lyric breakdown
and love confessions.

Do you offer that?
Or, are you just a closed book?
Open up and spread
the love wings toward my nook.

No words can describe you

No words can describe you,
no poem can ensconce you.
Your visage is a raindrop on a leaf,
your kiss a river of electricity
and I drown every time
without a glimmer of hope to survive.
To the depths –
there I hide
in your soul, in your hazel eye.
Nothing can move me
from your side.

~ Dedicated to U.Š. ~

Dig a grave

Love can dig you a grave,
water your flowers
poignant, wild, but tamed,
love can block your sun
and bring rain...

...for days, months, years,
centuries, alas!
But love can colour your somber skies,
capture your breath.
On love, you should be fed.

Symphonies

All the symphonies of your soul
are mute tonight
and if you open the door
of the darkness, no light
will pierce, spread, or engulf
the lungs, the lips, the mind.

They are all blind,
no symphony of your soul
touches me tonight.
Dark, black, no shine –
your throne –
a rock that crumbles to dust.
You resigned love!
Your world cannot last.

Silence, a cold shriek, and a goodbye....

There's no love without insanity

There's no love without insanity,
no flight without wings
and you can't kiss me
without a frantic electricity
down our spines;
every darkness, in fact, shines.
So do your eyes
when you look at me
a shower of stars –
in the irises,
on your face,
when you look at me
it must be love, must be insanity.
There's no love without "*you and me*".

The greatest death of a poet

Blank paper –
the greatest fear,
no verse, no rhyme,
just silence, drought, sheer
absence of words –
the greatest death of a poet.

The heart throbs;
the paper blank
cuts the veins,
buries the galleys that sank
long ago
the poet dived,
no poem left behind....

Indelible

Your kiss left an indelible mark on my lips,
and my skin covered in your touches
your smile - a beacon of hope,
your soul slumbering in my core.

And should you go,
you can kill me before
I see your back;
you are the indelible mark.

~ Violet heart ~

The sky has no clouds,
no wisps of smoke
but the hearts that colour
my world in gold;
and in the shades of your eye.
You are my violet heart.
I like to draw you
every time
you're not by my side.

I'm drawing you now
as you read these lines....

~ Dedicated to U.Š. ~

What should I write?

What should I write?
In the bleak hour of the night.
A poem? A love letter or a goodbye?
In these poisonous times.

But I've decided I'll write a poem,
my old bosom friend
we've grieved, we've suffered
together in silence.

Now we love
and admire and respect,
now, the days of sorrow
are a dead
letter, so this *is* a goodbye
to all those lonely nights.

Still, I'll write
about the beauty inside,
the beauty of your eye....

Without rhythm and rhyme

Should I drop the pen,
I'll be a living dead,
a ghoul with a smile,
but a dark witch inside.

All is plain and dull
without rhythm and rhyme.

Life is just a routine –
lethal, to the hilt,
but I might succeed
in scribbling a few verses,
just to make the soul grow,
shine in the dark,
before I grow old...

Cut the throat!

Nothing can hurt you more than reality -
check
if you closed the door to insanity
and all the wishes of your soul
for reality is coming to cut your throat.
Hope has just pierced your heart,
to suffuse, spread the wings and fly
but someone's knocking on that door,
reality has returned to cut the throat!

My echo

In me, storms roar,
then silent rivers flow
when no words hit my core,
in me, I lose my echo...

The world of dust
is where all our sorrows last,
before too long
the wind's going to sweep my song
then, toss it into the depths
where my echo wept
for years, decades
in me, storms roar,
....no one to placate.

When no words hit my core
in me, I lose my echo....

The reason

I write not to die,
I love not to hate,
I laugh not to cry
and I, without a pen,
am dead!
Just few verses,
silence and the end.
Nothing more to add....

Dawn

When darkness speaks up
and silence closes its eyes
and a knife caresses
like feathers
and a song shuts up,
freedom locks itself up
and the sun goes mad,
extinguishes, wanes and vanishes,
you will come then;
your pace slow,
through a new dawn.

I am waiting for you, my love....

Demure eyelashes

Demure eyelashes in the rain,
waiting for the end,
a ray of light
that would explode
across the sky
down to the core.
But the rain – implacable foe
strikes a waltz
then, jives in the wind
no stopping, no lightning
just utter dark -
wet, slippery life.
Demure eyelashes in the rain,
waiting for a flash of lightning.....

Ascending

How many blows do we have to take
before we get up?
How many scars
does our skin have to bear
before it sees the sun?
And how many days in darkness, spent?
As many as you need
to revive the strength!
No joy without ascending the tear stairs.

Swept

Swept away by the wind,
these petals in the dust -
 a mere image of life;
 sometime a breeze,
 sometimes a hurricane
swept away by the wind
these petals still stand.
 “I’ll smile” – a tear said,
but the smile was just a pretense.
 “I’ll stop” – the wind said
 but life is still shaking;
 a bough on a tree,
under it, petals fallen....

Uproarious

There should be an uproarious laughter
in our souls
whenever a sorrow strikes,
a din, commotion, roar
to deafen “*her*” vociferous notes,
and blind “*her*” sight.
But not even a wry smile
rests there in the core;
the sorrows collide, explode,
the dust of their souls
descends upon us all.
No wind to scatter the ashes.
Uproarious - we are, nevermore.

Iron love

There are no more words for me,
spent, worn-out, weary,
no more dreams to soar,
conquer, vanquish all
the demons, and the envious,
no more hope, translucent;
just opacity, a milky shade
but I do discern your eyes sad.
Why so sad, beautiful?
There may be no more words,
no dreams
but we have Iron Love!

Just...

...just a few petals in your palm,
just a wisp of hair between the fingers,
just a pale star in the somber night –
dreams, breath, hope that lingers
always around your heart,
just a few seconds until you die.
But don't forget to love before
the night swallows the dawn.

Just a few clouds in the pale sky,
just two flakes – you and I.

Blank

I have nothing to say to you –
blank paper, the old ghoul
and to hope – just an extinguished cigar
in the ashtray,
don't return to give birth to expectations sham.
I have nothing to say to you –
blank paper, hope, the old blues.

No sun, no moon

I feel bitterness in the air,
it's coming down in torrents.
I feel it'll colonize my soul,
raze every pillar of hope.

Show me some light
in this somber sky.
I know there must be a ray
somewhere hidden in the cloud;
bitterness is ramming the door
I can withstand no more,
the hinges will yield soon;
when bitterness comes
there will be no sun, no moon!

Free?

Only a lonely man is truly ever free
but his soul is locked in a dungeon,
be a captive of love
don't bleed
forever in the blizzards of sorrow's sojourn.

The price of freedom is loneliness!
Always remember that!
The scars of boredom
when no one's there
to beguile the time,
the tears – to wipe away.
Are you really free
when you're in the claws of loneliness?
Or do you only bleed
for the paramour's kisses?

Died out

I remember I once had words
to sleep and breathe for me,
I remember rows of verses,
then, rivers, oceans, an entire continent
but that world has died out,
died out of nothingness.

I remember lava of inspiration,
floods that smothered my soul,
I remember craving death
among the pens, words, loves....

For I would live in a poem forever
and so would you!
But the verse world has died out
and so have we,
so have you.

Cry

And then, you heard a cry
of the smiling man,
and then the sky
turned into grey and died
instantly, in your heart
that glimmer of hope
that the smile had brought.

The man with the smile
was just a lie?

No! That is life –
a cry behind a mask of smile.

Without a dream

I forgot about my dreams,
there, at the bottom of the abyss.

I covered their wings
with coal dust and gasoline,
then, struck a match
looking at that tiny flame,
thinking to drop it or not?

For if we lose our dreams
we will be shot;

no more life in the veins.

Without a dream, a man is dead!

Doubt!

...can raze the world,
plant a seed that grows slowly
into a tree of life.

Doubt is not a desert
but an ocean where you drown.

Don't let it soot your mind
once the thick fog makes you blind
no light can penetrate
even the strongest love starts to shake.
Your heart is pure
if you don't let "*her*" lure
you to "*her*" chambers;
your heart will become a solitary desert.

Nibs on crystal pens

Nibs on crystal pens
will not write the truth about you
but the tears
and the blood shed
through the dark dawn; and your statue –
cold marble stone
makes the body shudder
leaves the soul alone.
No poem can shelter you –
a clown with a sham smile,
an old ghoul.
You resurrect again!
But these nibs on crystal pens
won't write; they'll just penetrate
your heart, to the core,
you deserve to breathe no more.

Voice

The voice I had is still,
the words I wrote are pale
marks on sheets of paper.
I am looking for an igniter
but there is none
in this non-smoker's room.

How will I return
to the realm of ink and pen?
My rivers of verses are no longer red,
but black and dry,
my voice has died out....

To be in love with a human

I thought I could fall in love
only with words,
deep, sorrowful, lachrymose
but there came a human
with a torch
to burn my gossamers,
piled over the years;
my darkness glows now
and my spears
are those of a warrior!
I am a strong edifice!
With your wings I can soar!
Better to be in love with a human
than with words and sorrows.

Dust, petal and the wind

What are my words?
Dust in the wind
What is our life?
A sweet second to breathe
And love?
A petal in the palm
or the wind, a hurricane,
or the calm
before the storm
and where do we go
when love shatters
the heart bold?

The pillar

Your tears are my tears,
don't try to hide them
for, your skies light up
when you're crying.
Let's shed sorrows together in a pot
then, give it away
or shatter it on the spot.
Let's soar together,
our wings are strong.
Let's be the pillar
of hope and love!

Trapped!

You are trapped in me!
No window, no door to flee,
no air, just bubbles of fantasy
in my soul, there you're trapped
for this eternity.

And the tears you shed,
the sighs you sigh,
all of them are my concubine,
ready to dance as I command;
wipe away the tears
with one stroke of a brush.

Trapped in me,
you are my heart's snickersnee.

The unleashed

The Unleashed, in my veins
capers, jives, pretends
he can't go, can't leave
but he stays buried forever in my bleed.

Eternal is the love he feels for me,
my soul in his bones,
he claims I'm his dream
but dreams are just the dust,
fallen angels
among the ashes
so, how can we last
when the life seconds are passing?

But The Unleashed in my veins
capers, jives, stays
within me, for eternity.

In my pockets

I have abandoned all my dreams,
left them behind me,
no flake of them in me,
they are no longer my darlings.

Once, they were a proud warrior
with a spear of steel
I remember they could move a mountain;
soar on their wings
of love
but all they are now –
just a blood-smeared dove,
perched on my heart,
novigour in them.
Where shall I go now
without the dreams in my pockets?

Absolute!

Poems are my ultimate freedom!
Absolute and sheer!
My wings, and my torch in the darkness,
no fear
resides in me when sorrows come
for when I bleed, I bleed lines
rhythm and rhyme
sorrows start to collide,
then, poems sit on the throne
of life, tears and love.

I'll spread my wings into the unknown.

Ash hope

Hopes burn a heart wildly
to the point of bleeding
then, leave you alone suddenly
with embers of the fire, dying
until they turn into ash
that covers the heart,
wraps around your neck,
smothers you in the dark!
Do hopes start to burn ever again?
Or are we just waiting for the wind
to scatter the ashes?

The sheets of paper

I feel sorry for the sheets of paper
I use to write,
the vain verses – they have to endure,
only scars, maimed faces with blind
eyes, tears like morning dew.

They have been my boon companion,
for centuries they've been silent
attentive listeners
in this life and in the others.

I've never paused to ask them
what they feel
but I kept on pouring
verses, blood and tears,
always tearing them in the end –
a written poem in the garbage.

Master

I will draw my wings!
I will draw my smiles!
No one else but me
is the master of my destiny!

I will sing my songs,
write my own rhymes,
count the railway “planks”
until the sunset dazzles my eyes.

And I will fly
on the steel wings of love
soar, hover or glide –
All the same, as long as I
am the master of my Fate.

Also at www.obooko.com by VioletaMilovanovic







