

Poetry Series

Loreta Muskardin
- poems -

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Loreta Muskardin(February 20,1958)

I was born in Croatia and moved to the USA in 1986. My creativity is expressed in various artistic media, from painting, photography, pottery to my most loved hobby - poetry writing.

I started to write poetry as a teenager and continued to write over the years. Prior to emigrating to the USA, my poetry was written exclusively in my native Croatian language. Around 1998 I was encouraged to create my first poetry in the English language. Since then most of my work is written in the English language.

I participate annually in the poetry readings through my association with poets from Croatia based in NYC, in the events " The Evening of Croatian Poetry". The organization is relatively new; first two events were organized in New York City, I last participated at the one poetry reading event in San Pedro, California, where the book "Letters to my Croatia" was promoted and presented to public. I am sometimes participating in poetry readings in various clubs in New York City.

URL for my website "Poetic Soul's Home Page": [Http:](http://)

Ako Odes Nocas, Tata

Necu plakati i necu biti tuzna
Sjecati cu se sretnih dana
Kao onda kada si mi dao nadimak
Crni kos I drzao me u svojim rukama,
Ili onaj dan kada si me odveo u luna-park
I vozio me u auticu na udaranje, mi smo
Imali najbrzi auto. Pobjednici!

Zapamtiti cu dan kada si me naucio
Da plivam, gurnuo me sa rive na
Pragajeni, u azurni-vodeni-raj koji
Nikada nisam prestala voljeti od tada
Zapamtiti cu noci ispod zvjezdanog neba,
Kamenu terasu u nasoj staroj kuci,
Kampanele u ruzinavim limenim vazama
Tako prelijepe u svom nesavršenstvu.

Zapamtiti cu staru smokvu u nasem vrtu,
Teske ljubicaste plodove koje smo uzivali
sa svim gustima jeli, u kasnim ljetnim danima
I pricati cu buducim generacijama o tebi,
o tome kako si bio mali djecak I isao mami
Na "stari gu", I kako si lijepo pricao price
I o tvom predivnom pjevanju,
trebao si biti operni pjevac. Da te uzivaju mnogi.

Ako umres veceras, potrcati cu na plazu,
izuti cipele i umociti prste u vodu, koja
okruzuje zemlju i tamo na drugoj strani,
taknuti ce tvoje prste, pa cemo biti
povezani kao nitko nikada prije
A oni koji mozda jesu, nisu blizu da nas
Razvesele sa takvim pricama.

Ako odes veceras, ja cu nastaviti pisati o tebi
Dok me papir ne moli da dignem tesku olovku
Jer sve sto je bilo drago I posebno da se zapamti
Je ovjekovjeceno I tvoj zivot je zapisan sada,
Tu, na zemlji, I gdje god odes, znati ces da nisi

Zaista otisao, ne zauvijek, jer ostale su rijeci na
Papiru koje ce drugi citati I biti ces sa nama
I ja cu opet biti tvoj mali crni kos I stisnuti svoje
Ruke u cvrsti zagrljaj.

Nemoj otici veceras, tatkalo.

==

Milford, CT
October 23,2010

Loreta Muskardin

Bus 2, Sjedalo No.36

(Posveceno mojoj sestri Ireni Brozicevic)

Jos jedan pogled preko ramena
uzvracam osmijeh, skoro isti kao
onaj na usnama I u ocime moje
sestre.

Trazim moje sjedalo broj 36
Sredovjecna gospodja monotono kaze
"Vi ste u krivom autobusu. To je moj broj."
Kondukter se smijesi
"Vas Bus je Broj 1, ali imamo dosta mjesta,
ostanite ovdje. "

Autobus krece I ja se naginjem
Preko "Glorie" u rukama iste gospodje
Da jos jednom mahnem sestri koja
Se jos uvijek smijesi a ja znam da ce
Uskoro suze sakriti.

Da sam barem u krivom smjeru
Pa bih brzo isla
Nazad, nazad
Doma.

Loreta Muskardin ©
1/11/2008
Rijeka, Autotrans Stanica

Loreta Muskardin

Dreams

Nonchalantly noticing
Clouds, dispersed all over
The momentarily clear,
Spring-blue sky.

Affectionately holding
Ordinary, BIC black pen
Dreamily smiling at
Nothing particular at all.

Just like thatY

Passionately building
Almost self-sufficient
Dreams.

Loreta Muskardin

Dusa U Balonu

Poklonite mi jedan balon
Na dugackom koncu
Da u njega
Ispusem svoju Dusu
Kada boli,
Pa da ga zavezem I
Pustim da leti
Odleti
Visoko
Pa da polako
Ispustam iz ruke
Konac, ali
Ne sasvim
Da tako gledam
Balon sa
Svojom bolnom dusom
Kako leprsa
Na vjetru
Pa
Kada se dovoljno razigra I
Naveseli
Tamo gore visoko
Da ga polako
Spustam dolje
K sebi
Da si vratim
Svoju Dusu
Ozdravljenu.

Loreta Muskardin

Ghost From My Dream

I saw your hand
Moving through the air,
Inviting me closer.
A place in the middle of
Emptiness.
I am witnessing
My destiny.

The emptiness is here
I follow your eyes,
The gaze so intense.
Images roll down, embracing
This place, myself and all
My desires.

I hear your voice
And talk,
Not hearing my words.
The silence has entered me,
I can't escape my mind.
Feeling trapped inside

My unknown self.

I feel your presence,
Unable to touch the being,
I am the worshipper of
Someone else's dream.
Do you exist and
Is this me?

Reality, dreams, fantasies
Who can say which one
Was first born?
I blink and your ghostly image
Is gone.
Darkness surrounds me.
The multitude of fates inside
My invaded soul.

Loreta Muskardin

How Do I Feel You

There was a poem with
Opening lines
How do I love you?
Let me count the ways.

And that was that,
And this is this.
My poem breathes with
Different gasps.

How do I feel you?
Let me count the ways.

I feel you with my open arms
With fingers in your hair.
I feel you with smiling eyes
With lips and sensual touch.
I feel you through words
Exchanged and each one
Taking me, taking us fast.

I feel you with singing heart
With desire to please and
To give, to hug.

When hearing you talk
And smiling at the screen
When it feels that you are
Right here with me.

When virtual fingers
Cuddle and connect and
Turn me into a melting pot.
I feel you then as you were
Always mine.

How do I feel you?
Like a longtime friend
Like a God-given lover

Like an extension of myself.

How do I feel you
When you are away?
Like a light in the tunnel
Approaching fast.
Like a crash to happen
Like mutual flight.

How do I feel you
When we cry?
Like souls in pain
Like humans finding
Themselves.
Like a man and a woman
Afraid to love.

How do I feel you
When we make love?
Like a journey that started
With hundreds of maps.
Like the road to travel
Embrace and ride.

How do I feel you
When you say "Do it NOW"
Like a man to cherish
Like a Dom to obey.
Like a well of water
On a dry sand.
Like a life itself.

How do I feel you
When you are in pain?
Like a tender friend
To mend your heart
Like a woman you need
Like a soul to help.

How do I feel you
When you talk about her?
Of the love of your life

And the chains that connect.
Like a man who loved
And cries for help.
Like a man I'd love
Like a soul to heal.

How do I feel you
When you want to escape?
That is when I feel you
The strongest, my man.
That is when I feel you
Like a mirror of myself
My muse of despair.

How do I feel you
When you push me away?
Like a soul that has found
And has lost again.

How do I feel you?
Let me stop these lines.
I feel you with much
More than is possible
To describe.

Loreta Muskardin

I Resign Myself

Sleepless and tired
I resign myself
to known paths.

If I fall asleep
I ask you not to wake
me up from my dream.

If I turn restlessly
hunted by nightmares,
I ask you to let me fight
my nocturnal creatures.

If I scream for help
I ask you to watch me,
to memorize the moment
and give it back to me.

If I am lost
lead me back home.

Sleepless and tired
I resign myself
to your wisdom.

Loreta Muskardin

I Shower Myself

Today
with gifts
and attention
free time and
adoration
memories and
new
perceptions

happy
Valentine's Day
to me

Milford, CT
2/14/2009

Loreta Muskardin

If You Die Tonight

I won't cry and won't be gloomy
I'll remember all the blissful days
That one when you called me a
Pet name and held me in your arms
The one when you took me to a lunar-park
And we rode the fastest bump-car
I'll remember the day you taught me
How to swim and pushed me from the pier
Into the azure water-heaven which I never
Stopped loving from that day on..
I'll remember nights under the stars, the
Stone terrace in our old house, the bleeding
Hearts in rusty, metal hanging baskets, so
Beautiful in their imperfection..
I'll remember the fig tree in our garden, and
Heavy black fruit we savoured and devoured
And I will tell future generations your stories
When you were a small boy, and what a
Story-teller you were and how beautifully you
Sang, you should have been a singer
If you die tonight I'll stride to the beach and
Step out of my shoes and dip my toes into the
Ocean, which runs around the globe and somewhere
On the other end it will touch your toes, too
We'll connect in a way no one ever connected
Before and those who did don't stand around to
Tell such a tale.
If you die tonight, I will keep writing about you
Until the paper begs me to lift a heavy pen because
Almost all that was precious to remember was
Immortalized and your life is secured in this earthy
One and wherever you go, you'll know that you
Are not really gone, not really, because there are
Words on the paper that many will read and you
Will be here with us and I will be again your little
Girl and laugh and squeeze my arms around you.
Don't go tonight, dad.

Loreta Muskardin

In A Tea Room

High tea time and
I don't know the customs
You show me subtly
which tea sandwich to taste
and in gratitude I dropp
a napkin on the floor
only to kneel,
to lift it up
with lowered eyes.

Loreta Muskardin

Jesen Iznad Rijeke

Zeleno-zuta jesen
Pomijesana sa sivim nebom
I mokrom cestom
Crvenim krovovima
Polu-planinskih kuca
Nema Maples drveca
Ima borova, hrastova i smedje trave
I opet ona dva velika otvora
Sa svake strane
Gladna bijela usta u koja
Sada autobusom ulazimo
pa pisem u mraku
Uz povremeni bljesak
Lampe sa plafona.

Loreta Muskardin ©
Rijeka (Autobus Autotrans)
11/1/08

Loreta Muskardin

Lijepa Nasa Rasprodana

Konzumirate nam lijepu nasu
Buon' Apetito!
Salim se!

Hocete li prije hrskavu koricu
Pa onda mekanu sredinu?

Nase kamene vile ili
Celicne brodove?

Kruh nam pojesti i
Mrvice ostaviti?

Pocistiti za sobom ili
Ostaviti izguzvane salvete
Ispod stola?

A na sanku napojnicu ostaviiti
Puno Kuna, malo Eura,
Malo dolara, brdo Lipa
Tuzna sjecanja?

Vani te zovu "Real Estate Porn"
Lijepa nasa, jadna nasa
Ne daj im sve.
Ne daj se!

Loreta Muskardin ©
(Autobus - 15: 43, blizu Zagreba)
November 1,2008

Loreta Muskardin

Midnight Face

No, not tears
But broken heart

No, not tears
But hurting soul

No, not tears
But fallen hopes

No, not tears
But shattered memories

No, not tears
But melted dreams

No, not tears
Tear painted midnight face

That is what you see
No, never just tears.

Loreta Muskardin

Monologue

When you feel to scream
And you scream to feel

When you listen and talk
Smiling all alone

Entertaining your Soul

When you whisper to darkness
And to stars falling down the sky
Rushing to escape the raising Sun

When the daylight reminds you of
Another Journey to Hopeless Land

When all that you have dreamed of
Is nothing you have achieved
When you feel helpless
Hiding from you own self

When tomorrow seems
Such a distant place

When you can't remember
Why you started to write
When words posses you
And you possess tears

When your sadness
Is invisible
And your acts
Are fake

How
How
How
Do you love
Yourself?

Naprijed – Nazad

Dimnjaci kao polu-potrosene debele cigare
Uzdignute na vrhovima kosih krovova
Prolaze kao film mimo autobusa
Opet zuto-zelena suma – na lijevo
Plavkasto-sivi oblaci – u visini
Neka tuzna pjesma - kroz zvucnike
Da gledam ili da zatvorim oci
I slusam?

Zatvorim
Na trenutak
Otvorim

Vidim gomile smrvljenog kamenja,
za buduće ceste i buduće kuće
podalje od zute Tifon pumpe.

Zelene neonske strelice
Oznacuju prodor u novi tunel
Kazu ima ih oko pedesetak.

Trebati će puno pijeska.

Loreta Muskardin ©
Autobus Rijeka-Zagreb
November 1,2008

Loreta Muskardin

Odlazim

Ostavljam te opet moja Rijeko
U magli poslije kise, siva si.
Ne vise onom uskom cestom
Od nekada
Sada brzim, novim autoputom
Rijeka – Zagreb
Samo dva sata I sitno
kazu mnogi
Dvadeset dvije godine i sitno
Razmisljam ja.

Trsatska Gradina na onoj istoj hridi
Sada svojim malim prozorcima
Nadzire ovu dugu nit koja me vodi
Ravno prema duplim bijelim ustima
(a izgledaju iz daljine kao oci)
pa onda u tami brojim svoje uzdahe
Jedan, dva, tri, cetiri, pet I tako do
Petnaest.

Vise te ne vidim Rijeko, samo
zamagljena brdasca I mjesta
kojima se vise ne sjećam imena
ali tu I tamo pogodim pa se
uspomene vrate kao skakavci
U travi
Sada jedna, pa druga, pa treca
Pa opet uniremo u dugu crnu prazninu
u brdu.
Pa jos neka sjećanja naviru
dok me autobus odlucno gura
do Zagreba

Suza je odnekud pala na moju
ispeglanu maju i ponovo cujem
Pjesmu na radiju.

Loreta Muskardin ©
Rijeka, November 1,2008.

Loreta Muskardin

Patience

Patiently descending into a silence
And Silence hurts.

Patiently pushing tears away
And tears are heavy.

Patiently listening to emptiness
And emptiness hurts.

Patiently waiting for nothing
And nothingness is heavy.

Patiently smiling alone
And smiling hurts.

Patiently contemplating
And contemplation is heavy.

Patiently measuring feelings
And feelings hurt.

Patiently counting not taken steps
And stillness is heavy.

Patiently waiting for nothing
And oblivion hurts.

Patiently letting a dream die
And letting go is heavy.

Patiently learning of patience
And patience hurts.

Patiently wiping tears
And tears are heavy.

Patiently realizing
And reality hurts.

Patiently killing questions
And questions are heavy.

Another time.
Another day.

Look!

Patience...
Walked away.

Loreta Muskardin

Pjesnik U Dilemi

Ja ti nebih nove pjesme citala
Dok ne odlucim sto one znace
I kako su zapravo nastale
Tko je to drzao olovku i
Pisao dok su meni misli
Samo (nevino) lutale.

Ali citati cu ih najverojatnije
Kada ih prekucam uredno
I mozda malo radosnije
Ne placem, oci su mi suhe.

Samo osjecam tu i tamo
Onu malu grudu tu negdje
oko srca

otprilike.

Loreta Muskardin ©
Autobus, Jablan II tunel
November 1,2008

Loreta Muskardin

Poetry Crayons

Some words should be written
with a black crayon on a black wall
To live only in the shadows of mind
Never to be read by anyone else

Today, I am writing on the wall
with the orange crayon in my hand
to display myself and to share a bit
All the words fall into here slowly
Like the mother rain pouring from
her throne over the children playing

Some words should only be written
With an orange crayon upon black walls.

Loreta Muskardin

Pospano Moje

Pa i ne trebam te
dok ovako
mirno i spokojno pored mene
spavas.

Vjerovatno niti ne
sanjas
da te ja
tako uspavanog
iskoristavam i
kao gradivo za
svoje pjesme
upotrebljavam.

U sobi tama na pruge,
zbog polu-spustenih roletna
i tvoje lice
na pruge
zbog prozora.
tvoj pokret
novi stih
zbog pjesme.

Toliko doga|aja i
uzburkanih misli
pored tebe
pospano moje...
ti niti pojma nemas
da si vec
pjesma
dovrsena.

Loreta Muskardin

Potisnuta Bol

Jedno je srce danas htijelo
pobjeci.

Udaralo u pluća,
guralo rebra,
lupalo po leđjima,
nadimalo grudi,
svadjalo se,
zalilo,
grlo grudama gaalo,
protestiralo,
rukama i nogama se
otimalo,
inatilo se,
branilo,
u oči
slane kapljice nasulo,
grcevito vuklo i
citavo tijelo izguzvalo,

boljelo

boljelo

izletjeti je htijelo
pa se onda smirilo i
pomirilo i
ipak
unutra ostalo.

Loreta Muskardin

Prije Negoli Zatvoris Vrata

U Jesen svog zivota
Kada se sva vrata polako zatvaraju
Pogledaj u daljinu
I tamo ces vidjeti osobu koja
Si jednom ti bila.

Pogledaj je, Ona se smijesi
Pruzi joj ruku i hodaj sa njom
korak po korak, stici ces na
mjesto gdje sada stojis.

Prije nego se rastanes sa
svojom Dusom
Udahni sve trenutke sreće i njeguj them

Oprosti strancima koji te nikad
nisu dobro znali ili razumijeli.

Reci ' Zbogom' dragima
Poljubi voljene, daruj im osmijeh
Prije nego zatvoris vrata ovoga svijeta
Znaj da nista nije ostalo da se zali.

Ovo zadnje putovanje nece nikada
prestati...
Ti ces uvijek zivjeti u srcima svojih
voljenih.

Loreta Muskardin

Ptica Selica

Zuto-zelenom drvecu nedostaje
zlatno-crveno-narancaste boje
Pa da bude kao Connecticut
Minus Hrvatske ovce I krave
Plus bezbrojne Americke reklame
Minus tople pjesme o Kvarneru
Plus suma kamiona na I-95
Minus lijepe bijele breze
Plus krhka Dogwood stabla.

Do Zagreba par kilometara,
Milford preko Atlantika
A ja

Ista
(nepromijenjena)
i nisam lastavica.

November 1,2008
Autobus Rijeka-Zagreb
15: 35

Loreta Muskardin

Reasonable In The Extreme

Insane night and lonely patrons of the Club
a voice here...a hand there...and voices
manageable whores out on the block
Full moon...empty glasses....and screams
Bratty girls and short skirts
I am damned....I am
I'm not going to beat her...
I am not going to....more than I have to
Reasons of extremes....whimpers of despair
and a wiggling figure..on the table...
Too much fear, too much anger,
a look outside, another cigarette..
just too much has left its mark..
and a sip of coffee...a cry for dark
Too much fear, too little fun...
Life on the edge of a block...
Waitress...Pour me another one..or two
For the Darkness and for Fears..
For tomorrows and yesterdays..
And the end of a poem...fingers crashing
....black paper....and yellow cigarette...
Another look outside the window...
pieces of ripped napkin...traces of
blood on the cigarette filter...
a bow to the drunken crowd..
and a poem
signed....
Comfortably Insane...for your pleasure.

Loreta Muskardin

Recept Za Srecu

Najprije operite ruke,
stovise, pokusajte
izderati kozu.
Onda tako.. potpuno isti I novi
Izadjite u grad.

U guzvi raznovrsnih trgovaca
Odaberite jednog potpuno
Nepoznatog i to onog' koji vam ne daje
Nikakav popust...jer
Kakva bit to bila
Sreca...koju ste dobili na
Rasprodaji.

Nikako ne kupujte veliku
Kolicinu.
Uzmite samo malo...

Sreca je najbolja kada se
Pomijesa sa ostalim
Sastojcima, pa
Umijesajte malo osjecaja,
Iskrenosti, povjerenja,
Tajnovitosti, postovanja,
Optimizma..i poneki dodatak
Po vasoj zelji.

Kuhajte je na
Laganoj vatri..
Zapamtite, sasvim laganoj,
Tek toliko da vam
Ostane topla, a
Da ne pregori.

I na kraju..

Konzumirajte je u sitnim
Obrocima...
Uvijek ostavite malo

Na tanjuru ... da vam duze
Prija I traje.

Dobar tek.

Loreta Muskardin

Red Mist Of Pain

Old Achilles, how I abhor your fate
You became famous for your tendon
I am aching in the red mist of gout pain.

Crystal needles pierce all my joints,
Explosive torture, red swollen anguish
I breathe soreness, my mind is a big blue bruise

Don't approach me, don't dare to touch!
I am red and inflamed with this violent torment.
Stabbed joints crying with a cracking sound
I am wrapped in coldness and want to forget
A sleepless tired man besieged in a
Cruel mist of a burning scarlet pain.

Loreta Muskardin

Sadness Contemplated In Solitude

Like sadness contemplated in solitude,
Thoughts are burning inside me,
Engulfed in seductive
Mermaid's song.

Like a woman in a bottle,
Floating on Magrillian cloud above me,
My soul is locked inside this
Restless body.

Like long forgotten tranquillity,
Almost approachable in front of me,
Desires are dissolving into their
Own loneliness.

Like books on shelves,
Like women hiding themselves,
Enslaved souls cautiously dancing,
Embracing

Like lives that happen and then
Predictably un-happen,
Desperately keeping sanity
On hold,

Our souls surrender to sweet
Torments of Farewell.

Loreta Muskardin

Showtime!

Perhaps I don't wear you
on my sleeve
openly, like other people do.

Certainly I don't talk
about you
very often, even when there is
a good reason to do so.

But every month I
a new picture of you
on my computer screen
(at work, where everyone can see you)

Sometimes it is that perfect shade of
the blue sea, that makes them turn
their heads and look

At other times, it is the mystery of
those nocturnal backgrounds and street
lights, that pull them close like moths
to a flame

They stand behind my desk and only when
they ask that question (predictable now)
'Is that your country? ? ? ? '
I turn and nod already guessing their next
words: 'What are you doing here? It is gorgeous! ! '

And I smile as if I know the
answer to their question.

-

(Milford, CT - 9/12/08 at 01: 00 a.m.)

Loreta Muskardin

Sjecanja

Na ulicama dragog' mi grada
sve sama...nepoznata lica
Stranci – oni meni i
stranac – njima Ja.

Prosllost uklesana u zidinama kule,
u kamenim pločicama – kojima secem,
zaliječpljena na fasadama kuca,
izgubljena u sumu grancica,
potopljena u valovima mora.

Prosllost nepovratna, pretvorena u
uspomene i sjećanja.

Loreta Muskardin

Smoke

How sticky when
it attaches itself
to the Chivas bottles
and overflowing glasses
a smoke metamorphosed
into fingerprints
glued to the eyeglasses
of silent drunken poets

Loreta Muskardin

Soul In The Mirror

Today I need to write.
Some unknown power just
ordered:
Go! Sit down! Write!

Oh, but I don't want to.
My mind is not made up.

My Souls are spread
all over this place.

One sits in the living room,
Watches the people outside,
Thoughtless, smoking, empty, alone.

The other one is busy
in the kitchen, just trying to
finish daily tasks.
She washes the dishes, and
water
runs
runs□
runs
from that faucet
She runs with it,
without consciously knowing it.

Third Soul is in the bedroom.
That one smiles.
She thinks she knows why..but
I see her image in the mirror,
and the image is a different one.

That one
that one.
stares at me.

That image does not want me to go.
It invites me closer and I respond.

Looking at my other self the hidden
Soul I've never known, I see!

Now..now I know
It was this one that made me write.

Paper is not giving me answers,
nor asking me questions.

I write to collect my souls,
To make them come and hug me,
enter me and
make me One.

Loreta Muskardin

Sto Na Sat

Ponovo pada kisa
Odbijam misliti na onu staru izreku
da nebo place
A moja sestra kaze
"tako je padalo I pred dvije godine
kada si odlazila"
pa onda svi

sutimo.

U tunelu –meni- nepoznatog imena
Sto, pa osamdeset kilometara na sat
Pa pozor!
I onda sto i deset - dozvola
za moj ubrzani
odlazak.

I jos uvijek pada kisa.

Loreta Muskardin ©

15: 00

11/1/08

Loreta Muskardin

Strangers On The Street

Sunny afternoon and a street
Full of strangers

A woman, older, strong
Thinking about her daughter
Who left for an unknown reason

Her grandchild sleepy and happy
Dreaming about games
..perhaps

And my shadow on the crosswalk
Glimpsing the moment

Unnoticed

Loreta Muskardin

Sve Se Zna

Sa otkucajima starog' sata
vrijeme prošlo
prelijeva se u
vrijeme sadasnje, a
vrijeme sadasnje u
vrijeme vjecito.
Vrijeme buduće,
Bas kao i uvijek
nepredvidivo
nepoznato
vrijeme nadolazeće
vrijeme potpuno nebitno
sada.

Loreta Muskardin

Ten Dark Commandments

I

Burn, my frail heart.
Burn slowly and thoroughly.
Burn in this crematorium
Of my blazing body.
Burn to ashes and you'll
Burn never again.

II

Hurt, my condemned soul.
Hurt like the sting of the
Leather crop hitting bared flesh.
Hurt boundlessly and you'll
Hurt never again.

III

Walk away, my lamented mind.
Walk far away and go to the end.
Don't make me feel like a fool.
Get lost, my injured thoughts.
Think never again.

IV

Sleep, my restless dreams.
Submerge into deep nothingness.
Don't wake up! Resemble dead dreams
Of the departed souls and you'll
Dream never again.

V

Melt away, my lusty desires.
Melt as the iron dissolves
Under the unforgiving torch.
Transform into insignificance.

Desire never again.

VI

Freeze, my unrivalled feelings,
Like the water turning into cold ice.
Remain frozen indefinitely and
Become an iceberg of the past.
Feel never again.

VII

Forget, my fanciful memories.
Forget bliss, smiles and happiness,
Forget past and present torments.
Escape from the melancholy future.
Remember never again.

VIII

Evaporate, my familiar tears,
Like the driest desert sand.
Squeeze out the last dropp of
My drenched, saturated self.
Weep never again.

IX

Echo, my shattered voice and
Resonate powerfully with your
Demands and commands.
Let everything that's still alive
Crawling and craving inside of me
Obey attentively your mighty power.
Be silenced never again.

X

Grieve, my heart, soul, mind and dreams
Suffer, my desires, feelings and memories
Wither, my painful memories and tears.
Embrace the total embargo of my being.

Submit to echoing voice of untamed love.
Love unrequitedly never again.

Loreta Muskardin

The Bridge And Canal Boats

Slowly walking over the narrow, green-painted
Bridge I feel some sudden urge to stop. Leaning
Over the rail, looking at the quiet, slow moving
Water beneath, 'Hey and hello' with serene smile
On my face, whispering more to the canal, than to
The people that surround me and pass me by.

Picturesque canal boats are resting on each side,
Brightly painted in familiar array of happy red,
Soothing green, youthful yellow and inevitable
White brushstrokes. Elongated canal creatures
Proudly displayed by their adventurous owners
Carrying vases of planted flowers atop the cabins.

Slowly walking over the narrow, green-painted
Bridge. A smile is on my face. Charming boats,
Indeed, transformed one rainy Birmingham Day.

Loreta Muskardin

The Concert For New York City

Amid memories of towers burned down
Amid tears of remembrance
Sounds of Hope and
Words of Encouragement
USA, USA, USA!
New York City breathes!

Artists and politicians paying tribute
To Heroes of September 11th of 2001
Firefighters and Policemen clapping hands
Emergency Medical Service Heroes
Singing in tune and listening
NYC! NYC! NYC!

"Yesterday", Paul McCartney sings...
"Why she had to go....I don't know.."
The sounds of violin and piano
Closed eyes, and smoke over
Manhattan
"Yesterday...Yesterday
Love was such an easy game to play"

Cheers from the public, children smiling
The memories of fallen fathers,
Lost mothers....
Interrupted childhood
and
Innocence lost.

Amid music and words
Future is rising again...
From the smoke and ashes
Images of familiar photos
Snuggled close to hearts

The music goes on...
"Freedom for our future
Fight for the right to live in
Freedom...."

Words echo through the space

World watching, women, men

Young and old, close together

And in the end..

"let it be....let it be.."

Keep up your hopes..

At night say your prayers.... and smile

Because...New York City

Lives!

Loreta Muskardin

The Hall Of Memories

Such a small treasure, a few beautifully shaped
Blocks of stones, with a rounded hat on the roof,
Tiny windows on the walls, a few statues resembling
Guards of the heart and a small portal on the façade.

Such a small treasure, with a colossal, warm heart.

I stumble slightly at the door, feeling thousands of
Memories surrounding me, amazed and impressed
I walk inside, past stories dancing around my legs.
Invisible hands holding me, pulling me with them.

Such a small treasure, with tearful, salty eyes.

The book is safely resting beneath protective glass.
The names are written in neat and tranquil lines.
Rows of emotions subtly and elegantly displayed.
I pray and close my eyes to feel the souls of the past.

Such a small treasure, with mighty, stirring life.

Loreta Muskardin

The Ode For Johnny Bravo

I don't know how to write an Ode
but you inspired my fingers to type.
I don't know who the hell you are
nor who the diapered baby with the arrow is
But I saw you around on Monday
and passed close to you on Tuesday
On Wednesday I almost crashed into your
Parked poem in lot number five
Thursday was strange, you were different
and on Friday you were back again
Saturday Poem by Bravo scares me
and on Sunday it melts me again

So, I just said to myself

This Johnny Guy deserves a poem
Not written by his own state of mind
And he'll probably laugh and say
Hey you, that poem sucks..
But I don't care about that,
I call it an Ode and so it is

On Valentine Day, he'll get his
usual applause from the unknown crowd
And the day after, drunk with fame
He'll just settle back and write
something different again and again

Loreta Muskardin

The Ode To A Heavenly Soup

The evening was tranquil and calm
We did not know what was to come
But when we entered 'Le Petit Blanc'
We found our destiny predetermined

Patiently seated at our corner table
We lingered till a waitress arrived
With pleasant smile, courteous look
She presented the magic Menu to us

Our ecstasy noticeably grew with each
New French word..new longing raised
Anticipation heightened, a soup was served
'Bon Appetite', our lovely waitress said

Delicious, green-coloured soup displayed
Garnished with parsley, a touch of cream
Aromas enthralled our every sense as we
Submerged our spoons into its very soul

Astonished moans escaped our mouths
' Oh, Eden, what gift this was indeed'
With each fresh sip, new moans escaped
Delightfully, sinfully of orgasmic sort

We devoured the soup, down to its last drop
Almost ashamed of obvious lust displayed
As the lovely damsel approached the table again
We politely asked for the soup's ingredients

She smiled and said, " Thank Chef from Heaven
The contents on paper he has described
Mushrooms and rosemary are at its heart
With a loving touch of onions, cream and thyme'

Loreta Muskardin

There Are Some Poems

there are some poems
which commit a murder
of souls
those are extremely tough
to share
but if you practice
they eventually come out
of the darkness

Perhaps to breathe
then sink again

Loreta Muskardin

This Is Not A Poem At All

This is a poem in progress.
It has just started to
develop in my mind
three minutes ago.

Empty- minded but
determined to write
I am collecting my
thoughts
as if they were
restless children
playing in the backyard
of my inspirations.

Another day is passing away
new decisions are born...
Yes, I will finally write
and if anyone reads these words
of course they'll laugh
because this is just a poem..
pretending to be the one.

I am perfectly happy
wasting time and
scribbling down my
non-collected images
on this white, blank page
for the sole purpose of
awakening one lost
Poetic Soul.

Loreta Muskardin

This Time-Crossroads With Guideposts

Fight between two minds,
equally strong, yet similar in weakness too.
Watching them now
from afar.
One struggles to overtake the other,
it comes close then quickly moves away.

Motionless.
Silent.
Waiting.

The other is silent on the outside,
screaming within..

Don't come close to me! I am myself.
What I have always been. Just go away.

Silence.
Power in action.
New thoughts born.
Ones never allowed to surface
before are now
free.

Careful steps
New dance.
Two minds moving closer,
dancing seductively,
carefully.

The fight is over.
But what comes next?
No words are spoken,
no glances exchanged,
wanting to touch,
holding the distance instead.

Controlling.
Teaching.

Learning.

Sending thoughts to enter
other's mind.

Confronting closed door and
sneaking in through the
half-opened
window of the Soul.

Caution.

Desire.

Hesitation.

Fear.

Delight.

Crossroads.

Same old crossroads again and again.
They never disappear completely,
only appear all over again.
Each crossroad even slightly familiar is
easily walked past by,
until one..unseen before,
makes you
stop.

Think!

Think!

Think!

Loreta Muskardin

Whipping Windows And The Flame Of Hope

Thick metal bars, stonewalls and two stern windows
Like deep, black eyes watching me. Tempting me.
From my safe place at the small, rain-covered, tiled square
I stare at those mysterious eyes, wondering what is inside.

I hear a sound. Is that a weep, lamenting cry or call for me?
I move closer, glance to the right and to the left. And now I see.
I see the flowers and high pedestal and a large globe and a flame.
I see the vast space, clouds and a portion of bright blue sky.

"What is that? " I ask and the gentle reply arrives. "Hope"
I turn back, and hear again " It is the Flame of Hope" voice said.
I move my eyes away, from warm radiance of the charming flame.
In front of me I see again, these black iron eyes that tempted me.

Step by step, magically transferred, I find myself so close to iron gate.
The vestibule is desolate, just me, my soul and I and echoes of the past.
I stand inside the iron eye; the bars are cold to my touch. I hear a whisper.
" I have been whipped and bound to bars, but now I am free". I gasp.

And then I lean against the stone; I touch again the iron bars.
I look outside and see the Hall, I hear the memories of past.
And now I know about the Hope and of weeping of the magic eyes.
And now lament has gone away, and happiness has come my way.

Loreta Muskardin