

Poetry Series

Maria Barbara Korynt
- poems -

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Maria Barbara Korynt()

I am writing the poetry and the prose. I am not shunning the satire and little literary forms miniatures, haiku, tanka itp.) happen for me onself to write texts of songs.I finished the journalism, but I having a job, running the own educational company. Writing is my passion to whom I will be able to entirely devote the time only when I being retired. I am inviting to read and comment. Thanks and greetings. Maria Barbara Korynt

(33) Warm Pieces - I Know What

I am outside the range
and very well
nobody will reach me
unless I am willing
but to it isn't becoming overcast.
the black cloud covered the
bright image for me and those days
became unimportant
for me
for us
I am not having to break heads
in order to invent anything
I can only shout insults at who deserved it
I always search
for a tart
apple, it is raising my spirit
when it is as sweet
as you, when something
you need
and I know what.

Maria Barbara Korynt

... An Ignorance

Above all an ignorance complicates the human life.

We don't know, what the every second man

is thinking about us... the other man doesn't know,

what are we thinking, about him...

We sometimes try to think for somebody,

and it is a beginning of problems and complications,

which will make difficult for us to live...

Maria Barbara Korynt

1 - M (Miniature)

his great love

laid him on the back

so much a game cost

with the loved person

Maria Barbara Korynt

2 - M (Miniature)

the cool shower.

is useful for everyone.

because, then better.

we appreciate.

a bit of warmth.

Maria Barbara Korynt

2010 - Year...

year of love,
year of the agreement.

it is our year.
let us seize

an opportunity
let us settle

of our matters
and the ones difficult

and simple for everyone
well let them lead correctly

a year will sort 2010 out...

Maria Barbara Korynt

3 - M (Miniature)

reading the story,

start trying to be younger.

maybe then, you will understand,

what the author wanted to say.

Maria Barbara Korynt

4 - M (Miniature)

sometimes, glitter of the halo,

can paralyse

and of the one, which are

in the sunglasses.

Maria Barbara Korynt

5 - M (Miniature)

don't push to the poster.

you can dry in the sun.

and other, will scrape you off.

Maria Barbara Korynt

6 - M (Miniature)

all clever books
are eating human minds.
look after your own...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Bewitchment

depth of your eyes
attract me as the magnet
and I am drowning
in them
I am drowning
therefore you
in this way
don't look at me

your lips are full
of bizarre words
and sweet love words
it is object of dreams
not only my

you are saying,
that I have eyes
as two oceans
and you love me
affectionately
and you want
to be loved
you are

far

it is close

you can have

everything

...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Bluish Purple

you want to con me, like waters,
straight into the fist,
until bluish purple

until between... lasts war colds.
I in the dance of gauzy elves,
for companions I have birds

And you like the woman
(like unnecessary)
you are squandering the word.

It's no use, so don't chat
put the weapon back,
fall, and don` t forget

your hat!

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Coolness Of Fresh Water

I am taking the pale cheek out,
not for effect, I am searching for rays.
a skin swelled.

the sun is burning
with the heat,
is threatening with bubbles.

around green.
the sun is already squeezing tears.
on eyes I put leaves.

coolness of fresh water,
is restoring the will to live.
heat is teasing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Fate

still sleep and dream,
before the first ray will wake you up.

let weakness and sadness leave you
there will be a tomorrow for you
beautiful and as bright
as the feather light
there will be a smell
for you grass and the earth,
you will see flowers birth,
you will feel the warm light wind
every hour,
will be like the known film for you,
how to have first-rate, wonderful things
which in the collection you will want.

still sleep and dream,
before the first ray will wake you up.

they will walk away slowly somewhere to the South,
stars tired out and the old moon,
and with them all strife.
this way a more arises. beautiful life.
today individually - tomorrow, together.
the one what is given,
he will create for you, the Heaven,
because is giving him. a FATE
let weakness and sadness leave you
there will be a tomorrow for you
beautiful and as bright
as the feather light

still sleep and dream,
before the first ray will wake you up.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Play Of Rays

a play of the sun rays in a glade
is a riddle for me whether the sun isn't abusing
its competence
dropping this hot a weapon
on green grass
golden rays are romping
about then immoderately

it is burning green stalks mercilessly
sometimes a rain to hit it through

the cloud as a warning, and in a minute
hot tongues are drinking the juiciness

indefatigable brightened imps are feeding
on the tired grass

as sun tired with the day, like the
golden spider weaving thin threads,
it will call them to the dream,
on the radial web,
and then they will have a dream
about silver butterfly amongst
white cherry blossoms
and a day...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Big Surprise

thought that it was a sweet bird
chick, darling baby
therefore very much firmly
he was surprised
when he felt a claw
of the lion, at dawn...

when everyone lied dormant
in feather quilts
to the garden he dashed off jauntily
but he didn't hear
and no longer he will hear
so that somebody loudly applauds him

before him an gate is slammed shut
and somewhere he lost
keys on the way
he got into a panic, when he saw
tracks of the lion
and he became, scared sorely

because it was
a lioness zodiacal
beauty, nice,
but unpredictable,
she also had the key to the garden
and she didn't forget it at all

she threw the key away somewhere into the distance
saying in addition - for me sorrow isn't
and who will find the key to the garden
the one he will try delicious honey
and it doesn't walk here about 'small pocket'
and certainly not for none 'money box'

I will give the SECRET
away for you friends
needed small
what well is hitting

thanks to it every man
lives :)

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Bit Faster

the spring will come more quickly,
than anybody expected it.
the climate for us is changing itself. this way are
telling you, from the forecast.

and when it heats up,
it won't be sufficient to twist the neck
hiding the face from the hot sun.

it for you and this way will baking
in appropriate rating
through the thin skin, it can paralyse
delicate tissues and to dream we will start

about the sour cherry of cold water, poured out to
the head, until for us a cuticle
becomes numb, assuming the appearance

without one feather

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Boy

this boy has the pretty face
he is handsome young man

why so so often,
he is trying to show and to underline
what is missing

the ugliness and twisted excessively
stretched or hunched features

whether it is supposed to be calling
for the tolerance for 'other'

and a belief that only a beauty
is counting for the soul
and a pure heart can

this boy has the pretty face
he is handsome young man

why we don't like more beautiful
than us alone?

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Brightnes

and there no pain...only the...BRIGHTNES

dying quietly in the morning
lanterns on the street and the last light
lose their luster as disappearing
what a wonderful time of the stars

much so as those before the time off
so short lived, and so with vigorous
they suddenly away quickly leaving
sorrow in the family, their fans

I am every day looking for news
and ascertain what is today, now
and reaches out to me Media Noise
filling fast a money to someone

for future party prepare masks known
this now beyond a past consciousness
I am checking do I have dry hair
washed it in sleep warmly clean water

broke up the beautiful white flowers
on the piano set in a black vase
laughs at me famous real idol
outside the thin a wooden old frames

he was recently but departed
and his light shines very much stronger
the shine of gold again many strikes
so you hide your eyes with a dark glass

I add one red rose, still it is fresh
because it is beautiful, and fits
to the adult child`s amazing eyes
which missed for his a lost childhood

everything is too early for them

left, him as, the KING of POP called
in his black black... and... in his white white
laterns fading, and left with the rose

and one close to us Angels give him
a hand through his among the clouds in
the drive by and will stand... and will stand...
where are no limits... no limits... no...

and there no pain...only the...BRIGHTNESS

.....
.....
.....

[i] [i] [i]

'...We are the world, we are the children
We are the ones who make a brighter day
So let`s start giving...'

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Competently Used Laughter Is Also A Weapon.

each of us is reflecting,
blue carbon paper,
created to resemblance.

so often I can see in the street,
similar in wiped jackets,
lined with the wind and... with wind...

I can sometimes see myself,
with fear, when I get lost
between them in the sleep.

I am handing out golden coins
from my pocket, but it quickly are ending
and this way I am staying.

in a minute bare and barefooted,
I am waking up in the warm bed,
with you and thrusts, because supposedly

I still have the conscience,
but I am lacking the courage
in order to admit to it.

laughter in the room... would fell me from legs...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Dream On The Run

here is many door. and you always
hit into my most. often when there is no me.
you are stopping. and you are entering.
in order after oneself to leave something.

thank you very much.

only this many I can say
I am still on the run, for ages
I am calling spirits of the past
they recognised you as soon
as you crossed the threshold
the observer spread cards
and one discovered
there was your face
there with the false smile

woman in the green loose coat she tore all buttons

away saying - I count on you

under her arm, too firmly she clenched your head,

whom in a minute,
you put on the neck, of the one, of name reciting

to the memory of cities,
bringing up her left and to the right

you only mistook rising tides and drain holes for

the deluge - asilly think.
we are after all on the bend.
what's this? and 'rope of sand'

it is only an illusion

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Dreams About The Power

he is dreaming
of the youth
how he lies on hay,
on the back,
and young girls
in colour dresses
a sunny day,
lies stuffy
heat from the sky
and that May...

and today

nothing for him more
aren't needed

only

on the back
on hay, and....

the crowing
of a cock

but

the watch stood
spoiled battery.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Drums And The Rose Red

you are putting out on the sandbank
what it is uncomfortable.
the sky is still bright, but a storm
is already approaching.
from a distance chants are heard,
and playing mourning
in the rhythm of sounds of kettledrums

and is there... red rose.

the heads from bald dwarfs,
batons are hitting
on the stool he, biggest,
sprawled with arrogance
the stool already seems
the unavailable base, now.
he is screwing up falsehood eye
he is giving up oneself to dreams
sending smiles, conferences convenes
and is giving venom to others,
which alone, he is grooming
in order to only to find
the peace in oneself
and to soothe the soul
talking to oneself

- to feed nobody I must not

and I can still, only give the poison with it
what they will oppose, and they won't listen
the pretext will always be somewhere and
some, in order only not a compulsion,
dividing an their 'paradise' earthly
although it tree in this garden of dreams
are growing wilted already with beauty apples

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Freedom

where the sun is shining, a party is pleasant,
and we have a long way to places this way,
where the war lasts.

we don't know what it is anger,
we don't know what it is hunger.

there where war, every child to know perhaps
that not for him a butterfly is flying,
that not for him, sky is the blue.

and nobody is cheerful,
and the day cannot be solar.

is only a great fear, and danger is close
and fury is seizing people,
but it will pass, age of adversity.

although happiness is sinking in tears.
the victory will come, the hero is carrying.

rolled in mud, given a bath in blood,
a story will arise, how a pale dawn
is coming into existence.

how a free man, is born again...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Girl With The Fan

With her smile naive
with the fan in the hand, bizarre
a girl is looking at me
from the Renoire portrait
And I am stretching hands
out in order to give them
to the girl
perhaps she will descend
from these frames to me here,
because for her I have:

Hot heart, flowers on the meadow,
noise of wild willow, and sea waves,
thousands of kisses,
as the supply
of love alcoholic beverages
and for her I have joyful raptures...

When I am looking into her eyes,
I see glitter,
what is reflecting oneself
in the fireplace the spark is sparkling,
and these eyes for me are gleaming
her smile proves, that the heart
is supporting somebody
so I am stretching hands out
and quietly I am saying, come
because... I have for you:

Hot heart, flowers on the meadow,
noise of wild willow, and sea waves,
thousands of kisses,
as the supply
of love alcoholic beverages
and for her I have joyful raptures...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Good Day

muggy and stuffy
we are hiding in the bathroom
under the shower more lightly

the included air
conditioning is encouraging for the nap.
in a minute we are dreaming

about conquering
the summits
and about cold ice-creams

hot with sun the body
is shivering under the touch of the hand.
you are flexing the spine

as the big cat
you are humming the lullaby
for me never mind that in salutation of day

it is so
I already know
it wasn't only a dream

and it will be
enough
for today...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Good Joke

hahaha

hi 'small village' - said to her
when she took out the underwear from the drum
badly washed without the bleach

it will reach,
the sun is,
it will bleach - she said

like 'out of the window' you are looking
my lovely girl, he bared teeth and he tied
a knot in the handkerchief

to the nose it is, but it will remember for me
because I am thinking, what I want,
and not about they which want me

hahaha

he laughed out loud pointing at the pole
in the garden it propped the sapling
and you, doesn't have who can to prop

as I see without changes but
brought...paper new to the shop
machine white

good pictures are resulting
particularly from the computer
may I draw something for you? - he asked her.

yes, best of oneself
by me, dear...
hahaha - laughed for the second time

hahaha

bye 'small village!' I have a fairly good...a long way

ahead of me, but I will leave as a memento for you
coloured pencils - It is from the China, good.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Grumpy Old Man

you are envying people
it, of what you
don't have
and you won't have.

you have this way
from times,
when you tried
to imitate other.

your jealousy,
didn't let you be,
pleased with
successes.

too much time you devoted
for preparing the strategy
fights against
the alleged enemy

now, you are an grumpy old man
and still you are lacking
what your idols had
talent and the God's spark

therefore still you are envying
and you are dealing with the other
people's property
with not one's success

grandfather....
take care of the grandson
maybe, at one time,
will count for you

children

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Hidden Pearl For The Discovery

you are shimmering with colours
like the colourful butterfly
the beauty is enrapturing
you are turning on your charm

you are handing out for free
royal gifts
the laughter and the smile
by weight golds

you are only hiding the pearl
from the strange eyesight
there is too delicate

one scratch can
to deprive other
of glitter and joy

of admiring at one time

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Jaunty Not My - Grandfather Of 'Bolases'....

the grandfather is unusually funny,
when he is telling about old times...
he recalls his youth tearfully
and to date, are dreaming for him
sandwiches wrapped up in breakfast paper...

all young grandmothers, which he imagined,
ran in the meadow in colour towels,
between nearby bushes, when the sun
of the colour orange, lighted firmly
tanning the skin, and he pulled,

not only from the bottle, but heated himself, with
cigarettes of the brand 'sport... around the court'.
the grandfather is unusually funny, when he
is closing one eye, and with the face 'the dodger'
he recalls stories, about conquests thought up

his love on the meadow, amongst grass...
when stretched out on the spread
coat and excited by warm the sun's rays,
he was humming the familiar song
' hi, hi, hi falcons.... '

for the grandfather to date today
humming stayed.
but with voice high
and thinner
or... humming...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Judgement

Parameters

volume

dimensions

structure

justice.

Common grounds for agreement

of the soundproof

pronunciation of the prosecutor

avid for

the fresh

bloody roast

for the main course

Themis.

Tomorrow...

it is a judgement.

AAAAAA!

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Legend Remains In The Memory

you are humming a melody
under the nose
whom you remember so well the past
is returning with refrain
copied repeatedly for so many years
for the contractor followers
are taking turns

and nobody not yet was able
to achieve that precision
didn't catch the prototype up
because the king
was one like of him
is are you lonsome tonight?
and no longer will be first

legends always remain
in our memory
it isn't possible the same
to repeat at least nothing
unless at one time then again
we will rise from the chaos
in order to sing and..... to love

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Little Nightmare

everything was dark
in this corridor
even, stifling
and portentous air.

two children, by hands
to hold me wanted,
there me to stay...
I cannot...I shouted...

I cannot!
and I opened eyes,
were overfilled of terror,
I jumped to the light,

and suddenly brightness.
she flooded the room,
and came to the entire night...
a peace...

I breathed lightly, lightly,
more and more lightly...
and a light, remained
in your eyes...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Love - You Are Dream

darling... you are dream
unforgettable you my dream
unforgettable and imagined
and already I`m associating
forever now with you the most
interesting events
the dreams which are stuck,
in my memory
it they are
a moonlight, and you,
and everything
you will believe?
that it therefore I last
in the admiration
absorbing a life
it the moon today moving me
because wants to go to you with me
the one, what is enrapturing
and still is exuding silver glitter,
and in love with glow

is surrounding for us a unique.
taste and a touch of your caresses
are smuggling loves
unpredictable what are my fulfilment
or forgetting...
and losing, and maybe allocating (?)
darling... whether you know that I,
can always see you in my dreams
two naked bodies,
glitter of the fireplace
and your lips
a tigerish skin
and an almost empty bottle
It are a moon with the night
proposed a toast
they drank our health
and I into other way
am extinguishing my desire
the thousand of stars is making the
milk road to the moon
I hear the music which is churning up

and is enrapturing
darling... whether it you
then again came back
into my dreams
if this way, it is already
stay here forever
with you the most interesting dreams
and maybe some day the moon will tell me
how it is doing it that so beautifully
it is gleaming
because I want to enchant
you the way it did it has million of stars
and he already probably beat a record
so I only have you,
please don't escape wait for me
loving only wait
but wait...
for me...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Love Experiences

the winter behind us somewhere,
is waiting in the distance.
very softly between themselves,
pines are murmuring.

from a distance a sound,
of sea wave is heard.
everyone is pleased,
that already, more close the spring.

when the spring will come,
then again will light hearts,
and will originate,
the love poetry.

with lines which
everyone processed.
they will be repeating,
loud and silently

words of love,
passionate, and warm
sometimes in angers
nonsensical words

it is only a jealousy
men and woman
quiet whisperings,
and hearts in fire.

great faith,
May darling
it is of spring
emotions experiencing

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Loving, With The Good Effect

the bell somewhere is ringing
and for me in ears
behind the window
a rough wind is only humming.

you are on the road
with your luggage
I stayed with one's...
of words... and this my world

you tomorrow are already coming back
and then again a work
is waiting for me, and of overdue
letters stack.

you will sit for a while, and will rest
and go, cause there the river.
still wait for you, and perhaps
somebody else.

take boat, and buy vodka,
loving, with the good effect.
and play with the girl.
duties will pass, as everything,

at one time....and a still,

you too...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Madness

a pneumatic drill
is bashing
after steel
started with hand
of the thin fellow
headstrong for life...

and the patch of the sky
is watching
unintentionally sending
clouds to spying.
let them hang!

the thousand of little hammers
is knocking after ears
the would-be poet
headstrong to the fight
against the hammer...

and the doctor
is watching helplessly
thinking
paranoia...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Maze Of Living

You are wandering the maze of the life
not seeing the purpose or the meaning,
and after all you know that the 'royal road'
is leading where the beginning and the end
are touching each other in the same point
of the birth and the death.
You cannot find the footpath
to 'arbors vitae'.

Maze is darkening, and you are lacking
the lamp post lightening darkness up.
At least, I will help you, I will indicate the route,
for whom you cannot find.
Rely on my shoulder,
it is strong and tough.

Give your weight, I will carry it.
Look into my eyes,
you will find relief,
frankness and love in them.
Hold the heart, it for you is also beating.
Together we will be following the road
who will lead us out of the maze.
At her ending you will see the light.

It, approaching,
if we don't turn
aside from the due path,
when we don't reject
gifts a Providence
is not giving out which to us...

Nothing is happening for no reason,
so let us learn not to make the same mistakes and let us
ask God and the man to forgive guilts for us for the sake
of the Great Mercy.
Because we are only pawns
on the chessboard of Him...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Mistake

she is delicate
and talking about love.
subtle, in hair fragrant
is carrying flowers.

accommodating

or else when you
will want everything
she will show.
not going into

unnecessary stories.

of the beauty,
and simple
happiness will give.
and not I it.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Nice Dreams, My Darling...

you are painting my lips,
with the ripe morello cherry.
tasting the sweetness.

night conversation,
suddenly, you stopped with act.
beautiful effect.

in the light of neon lights,
is straightening up as the star,
your five minutes

nice dreams my darling...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A One Step Up To The Winter

willows are crying
with the rain
it is already an end

the summer was gone and mornings,
nights, are more and more cool
birds are flying away, where more warmly is.

they are forming keys of wings,
and are leaving settlements.
and are lying, lazily

autumns shadows of trees
I am planning warm words,
on the winter nights...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Passion

She is falling softly on the floor with thin muslin
Taken down nervously from shoulders.
As will o' the wisps on swamps
Hands turning white with glow of the moon
Hastily to wilderness bodies are wandering
In order to get lost in delight.

She is tilting the head with gilding of the weight
Of soft waving hair with storm-tossed sea.
She is searching for the stronger backrest, stopping
The pressure of the hurricane of desire what kind of Thrusting
the ship onto an iceberg, wants with frenzy
To heat it up and to melt.

She is finding the road for oneself only known
At the longed-for target.
He, patient in his rush knows
That altogether climbed peaks they will record the image
Of unrivalled champion
Of elaborate caresses and delights of imagination

In her eyes.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Power Of Love

love isn't asking, when it is taking into the captivity.
love doesn't ask but it is forcing his way by force
then you have trouble when to sleep you cannot
you aren't sleeping after nights and you are mixing
the day up with the night

what you made it that you had been overcome by force
it difficult love, unavailable and the beauty
you can from it to escape but you don't have where
the obsessive thought is only tormenting you

in order to tame it so that she is nice
only for you every day more beautiful
it is a familiar truth, that in love power
what from it, that sometimes incomprehensible

important didn't miss us
unimportant even, when for it a time will pass...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Prince On The Road

the solid pavement of the cobblestones,
after the fresh rain, is still shining
tracks of puddles on roadsides.

and in the middle frogs
are jumping and the snail is slowly trudging
in a minute motorcyclist

he is braking hard and he lies.
on cobblestones like long and the pale.
in a minute he is rising and he is saying

I could not differently.
and perhaps, there somebody was,
under a spell, as you?

and so, I met the prince...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Purple Chequered

Do you remember this blanket? Soft, purple,
chequered was, wiped in the corner.
At the picnic mosquitoes cut and not
helped moves with hand to drive them away

You have always had fairly good
the blanket,
covered entirely, only
underit, we started breakfast.

Our stifled giggles heightened a sound
of insects. And with evening, in the circle
of smoke candles lighted, the supper
on a purple, smelt of the night.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A School Party

it is party, for a lot of pairs
and already missing even an air
the master at dances is leading us
to the centre of the big room
man by the double bass
too firmly is pulling strings
and the ugly singer
is singing too loudly

this girl with the overweight
is holding the balance
dressed in the diving-dress,
because she will be diving
into the thick crowd what is spinning
beside on the parquet
and after the party to a rubbish tip
the cleaning lady will sweep out

torn frills beads loosely
bottles after water and notebook
of the professor
colour ribbons and the mini bag
in it the small handkerchief
and the used up balloon
it after the party, Miss Lalu,
she will say sweeping up,

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Season For Bats - This Poem Is Dedicated For My Daughter Da

this dream is beginning in the street when at night
carefully I am looking at the more and more dark sky
and suddenly I see creatures some strange are flying
degenerated though similar to reptile-birds

there is a season starting from today, a strange man is saying,
of bats which, here are just arriving
I am looking with fear, when are landing on the pavement
it looks like the blooming lawn now with May

only there are completely different flowers here
abdomens from the thin cuticle slippery pale
they are a matter of concern - not harmless associations
and backs covered with shining feathers

black and are gleaming the same as shoes applied shoe polish to
one of them is trying already to attack me
kind of I was sentenced to the eternal penance
but my subconscious ordered me to plan

the one, entire slimy covered with thick glue
it wants to me probably to stick already forever
violently I am pushing out and I am making a success of it
the coating on my forearm is staying

of still shining of his black wing
this situation transfixed me and become repulsive
when with morning dawn then again I am looking into the mirror
into the window - I am pale, still empty street

-

Maria Barbara Korynt - Daga dream (from 09 IV/2009)

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Sharp Cut

the warm morning,
and suddenly, surprising.
coldly is becoming.
came, with the mower.
it is new, has good blades.

is cutting one after the other
these most beautiful flowers
a weed is leaving
he could start with the lawn
but he was still wet

he has a wild look in his eyes
this way was upset with one's role
the grimace for him fell
but he overlooked.
the mower is mowing evenly.

I thank for it
because alone I am not able
I will pay from above
and right after the payment
it will be just

he wanted also to sing.
but I have the absolute pitch.
I am getting, to know every
false note, and I can hear...
I give you five into the fist...

and good bye, dear not friend.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Short Poem On Goodnight.

Already sleep
and sweet dream

Darling...

Let dreams and memories
wrap you up as the first love

Ardent!

And you sleep
and sweet dream of me

Darling...

and come back to me, when you
will be already enough

sleep...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Sing Love...

same as the moth, to the lamp flying,
I go to you, through, by my passion.
because it now, that a future spring.
and she is nice and she loves to sing.
the time...not, it not such a fashion.

I want to deserve, on my love death.
and I am telling you, please, fire.
for me my darling, form me fire.
if you want, and you have desire.
you about love, can now with me sing.

because you are the same as the spring.
hair, eyes, and your the beautiful face,
your charming unusual, a great grace,
you are, so as blooming, fresh with rose.
and I want to be, for you, best close.

because, you have such, a great power.
like the magic beautiful flower.
not, that is now, not important rain.
because it, already is my train.
and I am going to you, sing love.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Small Bird

he sat alone under the oak and he cried
from longing for the elapsed time
a long time ago and irremediably.

he wanted to fly as the bird,
but he was already too heavy for ascents.
he knew, how ached the fall.

and then saw the fairy godmother...
arrived straight from the outer space.
tapped him on the head, by silver wand

dust fell off like sparks from the bonfire.
she looked at him and she said:
you will be a poet of one topic.

because, you more will invent nothing...
on the back of other, you will always jump up,
a bit higher, a bit higher... a bit higher...

and it is just about it, in order to you,
soothe your nerves. and you satisfied lust,
at least on that subject matter. and believe me
aura how it is a weather,
not only for you isn't kind...
worry better about your bird.

perhaps it to turn out that
it is not a skylark... and eagle?
or rather a small pigeon, but not of peace....

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Smiling

on the marketplace, fruits
given a bath in noble gold.

moment behind the moment,
it are escaping at a gallop,
and the clock is standing.

around green, the sun is already
squeezing tear, and is burning

with the heat a skin swelled,
I am tired. hot fruit ripens

in the basket. I am falling down
on the our bed, and I am fast
oblivious to the whole world.

you are massaging my body tired out
and world then again is smiling to us.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Solar Gap...

trees tired out are standing
I lie under one

he is stretching out
on the deckchair
is spreading, and is flexing
the wide breast

the delicate little wind
is frolicking with the body

sand is drying humidity,
and you then again, you will
warm me, pretending, that
you are busy with oneself

with you, I am finding
these roads, which we love

your hot lips are heating
my body up. the heart
is melting now...

the sunbath restored
colours of the last summer

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Speech To The Moth - Or Of Rude Girl

you will sing at one time but differently
not me and too high
unknown glitter
unknown the dawn
will paralyse your eye
you

getting out in bows
you will apologise to the entire world
I didn't want / I wanted
I lie/lieed accidentally
I regret forgive I understand/understanded
only now
I know

I won't hear I won't be willing
a lot so as you moths i
is flying to the light
and you fly
I am counting to three: 1,2...3
perhaps it burned
or it won't
enlighten (?)

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Stairs To Tenth - (Satire)

I am going I am going
I am going I am going...
one step, two, three.... nine....
ground floor, first, second, third,
heavily a bit,
probably you know
the fourth floor,
fifth behind it
already half,

it is an examination for me,
from my efficiency
not not, I am not afraid,
I am standing on the mezzanine
for myself
I am standing
and I am resisting the railing,
let somebody guarantee
here for me

that I only
so up the stairs
more and more high,
more and more far
I am climbing up to tenth
as it well that already fifth
it is a half - what a success!
legs for me are taking
root in... bum

but farther I am burning
to the expedition up
to this top,
because at the top
I am feeling
as the conqueror, the medallist
and at least a list
here aren't hanging
that it is pulling me this way to... Krystie

is hanging me on the shoulder
big bag on the thong because
I am remedying defects for her
I with myself already have a pair
of pliers
is sixth!
I smell at least
a cabbage
somewhere through some slits

I am pedalling
into the distance
to seventh still eight and ninth
but relief, is tenth!
I am ringing,
firmly breathing
as the grey hare
chased away
or rabbit, as you like,

this way I am feeling...
soon slowly,
the door lightly is opening,
and it is stopping in it...
what there is standing up?
for whom, for what,
for what, for whom,
I am looking, and here...
the husband is at home!

Julias' wounds!
but the rooow!
like for me from
the fist shot in of snout
I covered it oneself with legs
farther you probably know alone
I lumbered along
until the end
I tapped to the neighbour

and the one to me:

- do you want the
second helping?
no, no, not,
no, no, not
I am in a hurry,
I have to go! ! !
no longer
I walk to tenth

because bad
I have memories
but in turn
there on fifth
lovely Miss Renia lives
for her gas
is breaking
so I have
already once been...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Stifling Poem.

outside it is raining.
all the time was
muggy and stuffy.
pairs went
and they suffocated
like on steam.
and now, this way is also,
but at home.

everyone
remembered
the rule
and suffocating,
they are gasping.
I am also feeling
as fish. thrown away
ashore.

a lips are drying,
it is drying in the throat.
I am leaving into the downpour
and relief.
the man tires
most often
through the own stupidity.
or... sometimes.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Stone On The Road...

he walked proud and pale.
peeking at stars up in the air.
intended to knock them.
best, with his nose.

he couldn't see the beauty around.
for him roses didn't smell.
nothing suited him.
he looked at everything diagonally.

as once he has stumbled over the stone
which lay on the ground.
and dawned to him
that the fate, lightly had affected him.

and that more firmly is able.
if he doesn't change.
today it is already a man other,
through one innocent stone...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Strong Wonky - (Satire)

I am like jar twisted, cuckoo
because I don't have the wife.
I am searching for the young girl
to the bed and into the bathtub.

Give young girls,
jump up to feather quilts
until I have the willingness,
until I have desire!

I am excellent, really,
because I am on five!
I like very to twirl
and do it with a girl

I love women, and they me also.
Unfortunately, sometimes
I have the desire and...
on a doubtful virtue

and other then are angry
and aren't giving it to me,
that, and that and what
I only want...

So walk to me young girls
and be, like the pliant springs
and everything will be
beautiful, wonderful!

OK! Treasure, darling,
as far as the morning will find us.
Nice girls, flexible springs
love me and love me, fast...

and hi!
:)))

poem satire written in March 2002r.

Maria Barbara Korynt

My explanation which proved necessary.

=====

This is satire about about the skirt-chaser (male) . - without other implied meanings. 'young girls' - doesn't mean children.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Taste Of Love (Written In 2003)

human passions,
taste of love

sweet prolonging the arm,
casually we are entertaining oneself

kind of nothing more weren't needed
because after what, when with night, we are watching

our intricately wrapped
around oneself, bodies

it certainly, only this I need
when I am tilting the head

you want for me to tilt sky
in order to let in on the secret

hidden under the pillow of blissful dreams
in reality you already have me almost

and I am playing with your fire
what not burn me

but, to the face for me with you, when body
is on fire, I am sighing and laughing

and now from happiness you are shedding tears
darling... exactly you

human passions
bowl of love...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Temporary Apnea

I am swallowing air down
quickly, in a hurry,
with great gulps. I am afraid,
or else in a minute

breath will be missing
and I will rise as the
shadow of my shadow.

you are beside and I can hear
your whisper... these are only
a night and a dream, nothing more,
and I, a lot I have for you...

and I am recovering
to me, with you...
so is best.

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Time...

a time, already time on you
don't delay! you don't delay!
round the corner somebody is waiting... or not...
he can wants only to see
how world is falling asleep for a moment
or to be the witness of the unusual event
of meeting the purpose with inevitable...
will pass by not watching you
and with unseeing eyesight

he will see what you are hiding
at the bottom in the ventricle of the heart
she now is warming
herself go along the kindled fire of the grey matter

you must go ahead yourself don't look behind yourself

the moon is leading to the marshes
where will o' the wisps are blinking
don't look there because they are leading to wilderness
walk straight ahead courageously don't be afraid

nobody not yet weighed in it hand
of sand of the earth
nobody not yet weighed high mountains
only He it is able - only Large Magus
He can change the move of planets
and your fate
you head with this road
where the Brightness
is there you will find peace of mind...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Unknown

he is taking stars away from the sky
so that they sing the soul
daybreak with music played on the lute
is pleasing to the ear
jaunty touching the life
is becoming the eccentricity of the nature
and with senselessness
a fountain is murmuring with returning echo
of vile said prematurely words
tender sweetness noble customs
and unstable speech
many- happened one
bad will is deluding in order to close
youthful greed of the brain in the cage for canaries
and to break the fearless pride counting on it
that face stripped of dreams
ploughs of the time will plough
furling known signs on it
if will be in time...

he is losing the soul awesome
with delight of the red boudoir
filling the empty time with it

only in the light blue bed
he is falling silent under the touch
of the White Angel

unknown by choice...

IT IS ALREADY DREAM

Maria Barbara Korynt

A View In Your Eyes

your eyes are reflection of the soul
and heart is reflection in your eyes
as in the well polished mirror

I see there irreproachable image
clean and completely new

it is as the unassailable earth,
and green fragrances delightful
with colours of the fresh flora

my heart senses the rhythm in your heart
and is waiting for one sign which can be

a key to the Paradise...remember
eyes are reflection away in our soul
and it are indicating the rhythm of our hearts

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Warm Coolness

You are searching from the morning
for the oasis. It is only a mirage.
Don't delude yourself.
You didn't want to listen
to the roar of the calm river.

Therefore now, instead
of the caravan, alone donkeys
are pulling the 't delude
yourself! It is also only a mirage.
You are on hot sand.

Fat is melting. It is sizzling.
You can finally fry what you have
and give it on deep, for of the ones
insatiable they. Still won't
have enough. These are 'Jaws'.

And in 'Igloo' are dancing the
undressed are serving
burning bananas.
And in the 'Igloo' is dancing.
Warm coolness...

Maria Barbara Korynt

A White Jacket

My husband said that it is
an appropriate time in order to buy jacket.

Oh! my God! Oh! my love!

He wants this jacket to be white
and had long sleeves.

Oh! My God! Oh! My love!

Why exactly a white
and why long sleeves?

He answered:
because I like this colour
and more easily is tied
more long - to the back.

Oh! My God! Oh! My love? ? ?

One, two, three, four, five.
I didn't add to ten...
and I already have the jacket for free!

Oh! My God! Oh! My love!

But clear off! ! !

Oh! My God! Oh! My love! ! !

Fairly good shocks-of course! ! !

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Worthless 'Ikebana'

butterflies reproduced, blues
and red roses
with doggerel

like in cloudy water,
they are choosing the words
supposedly no one's,
left by the time
anew revived with other pen

Worthless Ikebana

red roses are blooming
living butterflies
are flying on sides
assigned to erase

everyone deserves one flower(?)
and blue... dead butterfly

some more

Maria Barbara Korynt

A Writing For The Good Day

it is a poem in salutation - you feel (?)
what shiver are evoking a words
quiet whisper written - you are reading
and you know is anxiety nicely

many roads between us, windings
though a time is tangling straight footpaths up
laugh, the smile is straightening everything out
it is a poem in salutation - you feel (?)

Maria Barbara Korynt

About What To Write (?)

what it is possible
to write today about
that world after
the plane is rolling
and morality below nought
or, somebody got
drunk perhaps
and this way
you won't help him
about what to write
you have poet
what is your
impulse today
whether the virtue
maybe defect
I am asking
nobody is answering...

Maria Barbara Korynt

'Addressee Known' - Cut... Don'T Be Shy

for the parting

I will write you three words

I will put into the envelope

and I will say never again

never again I... I will say

when I will walk away

I know that I won't come back here

with the same road

I will walk away where the peace is

where the peace is I will walk away

on one's place, I will get the

blue lift on. slowly,

there no longer with me,

behind me you will enter

no longer you will enter

if you will try, I will press for you leg,

and you will be screaming io. io. io.

as the little small car

to scrap they will take you

and no longer you will see me

I it I already certainly know

Maria Barbara Korynt

After A Year, It Will Be Happening...

the elders in short
pants are chasing about the court.
the match of local teams
divided the local residents.
loud are supporting 'one's'
and are not giving
and are whistling about guests.

the end of the game is rousing.
one's, with hung heads
are flashing
by into the cloakroom
and they are doing dodge.
tomatoes on the face
are decorating nobody.

guests are galloping, to the bus.
amongst a general confusion.
and loud whistles.
the judge s finding its way
a wellington boot
of the green colour.

football match of seniors,
on the community playing field,
to the abandon.
there will be a fireworks
and a general blizzard
on the next year.

after year,
it will be a new happening!

Maria Barbara Korynt

After The Change It Is Spinning...

The engine no longer is turning the grinder.
The clock has stopped, it isn't beating.
The neighbour isn't measuring blows
out for the wife, because
it is not nice.

Invariably the blue bus
only runs,
delivering sleepy,
not-sleep
and get enough sleep.

After the night shift, the driver wandered
around the town. A new grinder bought.
He will already be not having to bite

and to swallow.

Maria Barbara Korynt

After The Walk

wings of the butterfly.
opened a puff of wind
the beauty is bewitching.

swellings on bones
after the walk. I am administering
gel of the horse chestnut.

the July sun
is tanning red,
and it is fleecing.

solar gap.
trees tired out are standing.
I lie under one.

Maria Barbara Korynt

After The Winter Spring

golden with yellowness the trodden bedding
is lining lanes with softness is attracting
we last in the autumn waiting for the winter
in order to when will come about the spring to dream

we will be as ever craving for the warmth
we will mix celadon with the greenness
we will paint meadows enough vernally
for more quickly for us poppies bloom

then quickly the warm rain will water it
imagination is able everything and we
we will greet the May with new poems
because the Cupid is already planning its arrows

Maria Barbara Korynt

After Walk

today, on the corner of a street,
a rain attacked me, so suddenly.
early in the morning it slammed,
there on the roof, it was tapping.

my walk ended, I got soaked.
and it wasn't quite nicely.
out of boredom I put the bag away
I went to the kitchen
to consume something

the cat purred in its angle,
dog in a second, loud it snored,
and I, lost the enthusiasm,
for summer walks, in the rain.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Ah! Life...

the life is which is.
as a rule, too short.
we won't manage to do, everything.
to use, and it is necessary,
and already to pass quickly,
on the other side
not necessarily along
street zebra crossings.

the life is which is.
as a rule, too short.
to long love,
to long jealousy,
for long... I don't,
like you because..
on hate, a place is missing.

the life is which is.
as a rule, too short.
we won't manage to do, everything.
to use, and it is necessary,
and already to pass quickly,
on the other side
not necessarily along
street zebra crossings.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Already In Range

above us clouds are gliding,
as mad somewhere,
they are in a hurry
and the wind is whistling

all over angles
is rushing all over groves,
it is fidgeting
and even for a moment,

it is persisting in the move.
twigs of the morello cherry
are bending
and wind is pulling it for fun.

lowered, I am going ahead,
in order to reach,
a point of departure in a minute.
is on 1000 kilometre, in our range

because we are an adventure facing...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Always Return...

I can write the sad lines,
today from the morning.
Because, for the smile,
I don't have
the willingness at all.

I am feeling sad, tear in my eye
is spinning, and I want to ask,
where you are, real my best,
my ideal? where are words
whispered to me, to the ear?

your hot kisses, at one time,
heats as if the fire
I am finding today
already, only on cards...
of memories...

I know, that you will always
think about me, the same as I,
about you, too, believe me.
in the moment of memories
you, can will returning to me always.

I remember and I won't forget up
to the time, when with me
the power will be...
all the way, to the moment when
the time will end...for me...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Among Others Up To It.

that what?
that dog was woofed on me
and am I supposed to be offended
on entire a world?

and let him bark!
for me it even isn't disturbing.
I did extra earplugs

in ears, isn't ringing.
I can `t hear nothing.
and I have the peace.
I after all, lacked it.

and the dog will bark and...
' the dog for him licked the muzzle...'
dog is from barking,

among others.

Maria Barbara Korynt

An Advertisement Is An Admission To The Celebrity!

best it is possible today
to earn to the fame,
laughter and for the applause
with advertisement of the throat
like the front of the neck
to put eyes and hair into the pole
and to bend it is necessary firmly
sewing the smile
to stretch teeth between ears
to throw out as Bugs rabbit

or it is well
to put pants on
and to parade the beach around this way
and to have the towel at the ready
when don't give God rubber
will pack up or for you
somebody with fag lightly
he will singe
thin material
of your pants

but also quite well it is possible
to earn to the loud laughter
and for the applause
with advertisement
of the throat like the front
of the neck,
with the addition of the almost
sincere smile
with the paste on teeth
of the brand lux

and let the pal
not strain this number
will go through
so as ever
because for some
because for some

because for some
believe me
commercials in the life
are most most interesting!

Maria Barbara Korynt

An Amazing Giraffe (Daga Dream 04iii08)

An Amazing Giraffe (Daga dream 04III08)

I don't know how I found myself in an African jungle
I was there with natives and then I stood up
on the river bank looking, how the part from them
is slowly entering water, in hands carrying big spears
and other tools probably for them needed

here after all they are hunting fish, I feel
I thought looking as one without effort
is walking about he turned
and behind him everyone did the same
and water churned up, when I heard the roar

people loud screamed: yes, it is this giraffe
is coming near quickly, after all is perverted
there is a feeling of a hippopotamus, right away
will go hunting in a minute I saw how she had surfaced.
of enormous sizes monster with the long neck

she had at least a head small, aroused fear, danger
from known plesiosaur something in it was probably
started suddenly quickly running in one direction
where the hippopotamus in the water already close bathed
I was afraid when it so slowly like an elderly man

it moved with effort well already visible
everyone thought, that she would catch up with
it too heavy animal when only one of natives
with the knife amazed, with the blade aimed, a blow
aiming directly at the giraffe, I was horrified.

this way I don't like the violence and sorrow was done
and sorry of this giraffe, of huge beast
but the man performed fast moves with the knife
and the giraffe was bitten to three equal parts
they were moved right away, putting right by the edge.

and one of natives said: her meat is tasty it isn't
necessary to season, it and it isn't necessary to fry,
because in the raw state, for everyone quite well is
also will be sufficient only evenly to skin.
and he made a gesture with his hand, as if he already scraped it.

when behind the window, the day got up, I recognized my room

Maria Barbara Korynt

An Ending Of The Sad Story

it is such sad history
that even I am noting have
the strength to describe it
our country star, moved to the city
and were missing fresh air,
one meadow, water and fields,

not mentioning forests which
we seated - a long time ago when
not yet was our children
and this way, we were full of hope,
that will grow out of the star, super star
and the village will get well-deserved

bonuses like the most however,
our country star, moved to the city
and we ran short of words in order
to stop her a village, administrator said,
but alone she came back longing
behind the fresh air, one meadow,

fields and forests which alone we planted.
and now, this sad history isn't already
so sad but... I am pressed for time
entire to describe. I must see to it...
about the star, because again for us
she will splatter...

Maria Barbara Korynt

An Meeting In The Road...

sudden death,
when he went, for bread.
she met him on the way.

when he was alone
like a stone
by the road
he formed band
it was real gent

sudden death,
when he went, for bread.
she met him on the way.

in us, is a hope
that long rope
it will pull him up
because he deserved the most
and he is like the jewel lost

sudden death,
when he went, for bread.
she met him on the way.

the most he resembled
cross and suffering
when the car rushed
straight and quickly
straight to him
without the stop...

sudden death,
when he went, for bread.
she met him on the way.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And You Were Right, Dad

the dog is in the shadow
the nature flung on
the too warm fur
sounds of the city
are coming dimmed
alarm more persistently

he is peeping from the window
the curiosity is stronger
but we in the underwear
the sleepy fly
got entangled
spider in the garage

'who is sowing winds '
the one restlessly is sleeping
a justice is dream
I remember words of the father
today, I am still nodding assent,
that he had right

Maria Barbara Korynt

And A Basket Can?

The basket hung on the square,
and the net for the game.
you can make choice alone
or collectively.
they are jumping,
they are screaming,

they are satisfied, from the good
situation, when the ball is for them.
uncensored words are standing out

against the asphalt surface.
it is flowing unwanted, to ears.

heat is teasing and it is arousing desire.
finished game, it is possible to relax.
stones are flying to the innocent wall.

Appropriately selected epithets.
Now, they go out,
in order to come back.
in evening, more coldly,
and darkness isn't disturbing.
lamps are lighting the entire night...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And He Is Zero...

words too warm cause, that
he forgot tongue in...
for a moment only.
he has obsession on a point...'

in one person, he often see two.
and inversely.
he was born under the sign abacus,
and of ten toes.
he always has hands busy.

is holding the spare finger in them.
he is pointing with it, zero meter.
it is a purpose,
which he already reached...

and glory for him by it! ! !

Maria Barbara Korynt

And I Have Duties

I have my legs in the water.
I tamed this element.
and now, it is bringing relief.

the radio station announced
the tragic news, unnecessary
the war and the crying
people - machines, without

the brain machines for
the end of human life
they aren't taking the life

into account sowing terror

and I am taking into account,
even with expenses on my needs,
and your, whims cost, but we,

we live one time
I won't begrudge for you
up to it I am working if only other
had the pleasure, but I duty

of getting up,
and I am doing it, at the moment,
because it is this way best.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And I Have The Purpose

only the rain and the wind...
the letter thrown away is flying.
too low, in order to bend down.

somebody threw emotions away,
and now, they will recommend,
to the four directions of the world.

on the empty route, raise dust and
irregularities. I have dry lips,
and large desire.

an constantly uphill, from Your favour,
and I just thank for it, my God.
I have the purpose...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And I Said... No, No...

I wrote the sonnet about the spring,
and suddenly he, nice,
high flier as gladly,
like super star from the screen.

tshirtrt the white put, and he had
trousers, of the same colour.
and hair like the tar.
in the sun a colour gleamed black.

I stood in the door, into him stared.
when he charmingly smiled,
and asked - whether for Madam, will be
willing to buy tickets... to....

farther... I didn't hear.
him star, unfortunately, dim.
my the muse escaped,
and I said... no, no...to him...

we aren't accepting hawkers...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And I Sky For You...

you are silent
for nothing you aren't asking
I can loosen your tongue
competently
but I am afraid
that then you won't
remember
what is
silence

you are reading
I also and I feel
the closeness of similar words
it isn't counting it is possible
to fulfil emotions
with act
only

you are waiting
patiently even
and I not because I am giving you
the priority
use now
your lady
my king

Maria Barbara Korynt

And I Will Wait

quietly and sadly
then again empty gardens
the park also emptied

sometimes
somebody will go this way
taking a short-cut

home he is going along the lane
is collecting yellowed leaves
will be pretending flowers

the autumn so quickly
too quickly came
I will wait on 'after the winter'

if only spring has come

Maria Barbara Korynt

And I Will Wait...

the September sun,
and the September rainy weather.
then again morning fogs,
the nonsensical passage of time.

drooping flowers,
and my longing.
time of the mushroom picking,
trips to forest.

I am leaving sadness,
behind the iron gate.
alone I am going,
on the road of nobody.

and now I can see,
myself in thoughts.
and I know how the life,
costs a lot of money today.

too expensively probably,
in these all years.
but still to struggle,
with the life it is necessary.

before I will find,
the stop to the sky.
because everyone is heading,
in the same direction.

and the crowd was formed,
on the blue road.
but I am not,
fatigued sorely...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Into The Outer Space With It...

the pitiful guy is splitting himself and is tripling
in order to keep an eye on oneself I don't only know
why he isn't trying to look for his familiar pets in
the range of somebody to hugging, kissing, scraping,
thumping and treading on heels, fingers and imprints

the pitiful guy is venturing where he is wandering

about even thoughts and what would be if wanted to
walk with strange paths? dream it too little and
also, boldly can put dreams away into the pillow with
the plan of the conquest of strangers of soil, unless
will launch him into the outer space

what would be with the benefit to everyone

Maria Barbara Korynt

And It Is To The Experience

sometimes are ache concealments
as suffering without words,
as bloody body,
which is pricking the blade.
at the theatre,
the choir is repeating folk song
man - the nonman
established his law alone.

equal,
metric,
rhythmical,
they must be.
as not,
he will be
digging,
as the mole

my sails are breaking from the gale,
but I am keeping the helm
firmly in the hand.
you won't catch up with me,
how I will be,
willing I will chase you away,
and I will push off...
not necessarily with my hand!

oratory, monologue,
on glue everything
you put crown, fell
evenly you are gluing in,
the poetry vanished
important, applause, pathos,
talentless writing...
your

you are dreaming,
cute girl.
dancing amongst

the shell
on the beach
you are dreaming
of the sweet fault,
hoping,

that something
will happen.
don't count
on it.
you didn't deserve
to teaseled.
you have forever
'redirected....'

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Maybe

this spring, had the colour of purple,
and your dark mop of hair.
passed more quickly,
than it is possible, were to expect.

the purple giddiness
ended when,
first frost set.
in then a warmth was missing.

you counted on the thaw.
but was too late.
not everything repeats, itself
sometimes, we must much lose,

in order to start
understanding everything
what is straight
not loutish.

when you are tilting writing
small letters on the large sheet of paper,
whether you have sensing, that it was just
a purpose?

look two known words.
up if you carry them for ages,
you lost...
but maybe not entirely.

and what's more
for you
I am leaving it for solace
and as hope...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Moonlight...

inshore sand
is chilling, with its humidity,
then again you will warm me.

a cloud is approaching.
your body sprinkled,
and there is no rain.

heat doesn't harm. I am only
for you. I am sitting
already, in the bathtub.

roofs heated up, charms
of the housing estate,
short breaths.

and moonlight...
in the pink boudoir
two geisha are snoring

it is only my dream...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Now, I Am Reaching.

slowly and cautiously
I am reaching myself.
I am accustoming
myself, with the brightness
for which I thank God.

nothing more beautiful
can enrapture me,
above what we have
for itself.
it is necessary only,

to look after,
as delicate plants,
and they will put
green shoots out,
straight from our heart.

nothing more beautiful
can enrapture me,
above what we have
for itself, and we can share
with somebody else...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Now, I Am Writing...To You Dear...

I am writing to you pink puppet clown
my writing is tender
as stroking with one hand and amendment
with hand two because you deserved always
to remember about you

puppet clown, support for the ineptitude,
you are a phantom for all those naive
pull them through out, even
seemingly it for them is nice because,
still little they can see, entertaining

auntie-grandmother with one's jokes
are puncturing everything with aces
what it is necessary and not complaining
loud a refrain was missing to the community
singing at picking beets

pink puppet clown, soft toy for young and older
I to say - not my you sweet toy, what you are doing
in the dustbin with the history of literature
under legs, you have the sky above the head,
and the letter won't get through, ... but

I am writing to you pink puppet clown
my writing is tender
as stroking with one hand and amendment
with hand two because you deserved always
to remember about you

Maria Barbara Korynt

And On Roads...Corks Are

his Pegasus
a bit is still frolicking.
and he is brandishing the sabre,
for which he is noting have the strength
to hold.

he has his years
and one's, behind the skin.
but he won't restore
the efficiency scout.
can only fall down

and they will do
artificial breathing
for him
if they
will be in time

there are such corks on roads
that who knows...
and in the winter, it even
will cover up and it will sweep up
and track won't stay...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Only Sometimes Beside...

if with memory remind those words,
unscheduled touch, that smell, dust
of the road, appointed out with duty,

I don't know

what we would find years later - perhaps
this absurd nonsensicality which a fate
gave us, but irreparable already now

mistake, which at one time was with choice
thought over, and maybe exactly something,
what we aren't able to live today without (?)

whether the time causes that we are still
but at least together, sometimes being
completely beside (?)

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Really - 'Is It? '

There's a keyhole in each door.
There are four walls in each room.

Is it?

What is it? What are you doing
On that ladder?
You can't understand it.

Answer the questions,
Answer the questions,
Answer the questions,

There are four walls in each room.
There's a keyhole in each door.

Is it?

My neighbour is saying
that he only has one.

Is it?

Why?

I don` t know.

Answer the questions,
Answer the questions,
Answer the questions

You don` t want?

Why?

...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Remained In The Memory....Valentine`s Heart For The Grandmother

The grandmother U. every year held the plum jam
in the basement. when I visited her, she passed
to the tea and with great pride she talked, like
with the grandfather with broke fruits.
Someday even the grandfather fell off the ladder.

And nothing for him has always been so.
Even when a time came, he diverged like most quickly,
without a sound in order to be not disturbing anybody.
She stayed alone, she didn't already make preserves.
The ladder is standing like at one time, talked.

Always it more lightly. when I look I can see my H.
how he is falling from above and right away
for me smiled eyes shone
as before. Only wet cheeks they were,
because each time they have sailed on them

for H. grandfather, priceless, grandma's two tears.
There is no grandfather, but the ladder stayed.
One day he can very much be useful to a grandmother.
It will be easier to climb up, where the grandfather
for ages, is waiting around from 'Valentine`s with heart'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And So There Is Our Love

I am talking to you, let us walk,
already late. evenings now are colder.
and you for me, to the fact, that I have
more and more beautiful eyes...

don't be afraid of a time,
you are still saying.
he is passing the same,
as everything with us.
better let love
beguile us

we will become more beautiful...

even if it's
just for a moment.
and I feel your peace
and shivering
and with you, one's
fascination, to the entire life.

no glitter will hide view of you,
nicer for me, the hug of your hand,
and for myself love and the warmth
which I have from you

the same as you, from me...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And So, Don'T Do...

the muse is caressing her
and with night

he sometimes frequents
but the nightmare is haunting

in order to remind
that a proverb worked

don't do it for other
what for you is unpleasant

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Sorrow For Me Of Him To The Truth...

he can be nice,
if he was only able
to smile
but his smile
is one distortion
he looks tragically

when for him
a chin is shivering
and sorrow for me
of him black,
at one time, of hair
of both expressive eye

and the look,
which I know only
from one small photo
put in quickly
on the Internet
personal side...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Stars Still Shining, Didn'T Go Out... Slowly, Slowly.

Slowly, slowly, is gearing up for the shot.
Only for the shooting, he is giving someone a head.
It is fast, effective and intentional action

Spektakular number, he is helping with lout
and loutish with his 'stall'
for amen, for amen.
he want to leave still
track for a lot of years.
He is fighting for shivers
he remembers that party
and impulse - 'are taking - not the ones',
and impulse - 'is taking - not the one'.

When he is sorting bread, they aren't
counting on for a miracle from the sky.
Who can, it will come near,
to legs, in bows is nodding
He is lowering himself, she.
Now from the laughter 'is dying',
the one a 'suave large man',
what 'somewhere' has entire 'stall',
annd deeply somewhere, has the 'village',
because 'CHAM' he now is eating,
only to the breakfast
and for him this way let stay,
with the pin (in the tie) .

When he feels gnashing,
he is offering his venom.
He is turning with rump,
(is getting the limousine on)
putting - so like snow, white gloves
There is a strong stitch on them.
In them, is setting the wheels in motion,
in the elegant cover.
And you 'you have after the competition'.

Firmly are you thinking, what he has capital?
But nobody asked it, and nobody will ask him.
Because he, only quietly...

Slowly, slowly, is gearing up for the shot.
Only for the shooting, he is giving someone a head.
It is fast, effective and intentional action

Made = Ready = it is possible to sleep calmly (?)

- Dad, on this field, something crop failure.
I see very weeds... I cannot today fall asleep.
- But beets rose! So evenly, in the row,
(as the army) - sleep calmly.
And Stars still shining, didn't go out...

Slowly, slowly, is gearing up for the shot.
Only for the shooting, he is giving someone a head.
It is fast, effective and intentional action

Maria Barbara Korynt

And The One...Optimistic(?) 'smile Of The Present Time'...

red pimples of the sad present time
are covering a paleface of the realism
sensed with only eyebrows, and the everyday chase,
behind sensations of the current century
the vicious circle driven with facts

of pointless polemics
is setting in motion turbines of events
of existence awfully similar
to oneself of the majority
the chubby smile is smoothing the wrinkles,

showing identical prostheses of
ruddy-faced lucky ones well-cut suits
already got to like the touch of the brush
gently shaking off the dandruff of the shy intruder
tormenting the carrier at any time of the day

sometimes, dribbling with sticky gel
from the heads minorities
the wheel of fortune is still motionless
tendency and aspirations remain for the step forward...
and the one...optimistic(?) 'smile of the present time'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And The Phone Is Silent

nobody is answering
the phone
and maybe call
if it is important

on forest bells
or with teeth
because there is a winter

don` t speak that is hot
is seeming emotions
on edges of the lips

only chapped
are a visiting card
of yearnings
for warmth

Maria Barbara Korynt

And The Same As We

they are licking with silver foil.
negotiated in the sun,
are heating their shells up.

waft summer wind is chilling
the body pleasantly.
moment of the relaxation.

I am looking at snails.
it are carrying their houses
on their back,

and it seem, to be happy.
as we, building our house.
tree, already after you seated...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And The Spring In Me Lasts

in me already slowly, a spring is lying down
at least summer is passing, and the autumn is right
floras with colours I am enchanted with bronzes
I will dry two leaves and fragrant petals of roses

and when autumn rainy weathers will already end
for us this merciless frost will freeze lakes over
longingly I will be awaiting the arrival,
of birds coming back, and the heart of storms of May

and rivers will flow down ice, meadows for us will bloom
the trees will be covered, with the buds and a leaf
fogs quickly will subside and it will be a clearly

the sun so as ever will grant the meaning the life
cooperating, when spring comes when she now oneself
slowly and softly is arranging in my strophes

Maria Barbara Korynt

And There Is No You...

Then again on your face,
I can see everything,
like on the hand.
The time isn't chasing me,
So I am watching you affectionately.
And I feel the touch, then again, I
Oved of warm hands,
When gently you are smoothing
White my shirt.
Your long and shining,

Gleaming hair with gold,
It are reflecting
The range of colours,
with sun in the summer.
And flowers are envying
You this freshness
And this your beauty aromat
Of the flower.

From under of eyelashes
Tear of the emotion is flowing.
One little tear...
The time for me already
Dug wrinkles in my face.
Whether then again
will take this moment,
Of bliss away from me?
And I think, that now,
Won't probably dare!

Then again I can see you
How you are bustling
About and gladly
You are stroking my hair
With the red lips
And I can hear your voice,

Returning to me with echo
And of forest birds
with the singing
And the cheerful laughter..

I am opening eyes,
But you is no near me.
It is only a dream,
And at least beautiful, already ended,
It is only a dream, because
Here doesn't have you
Everything like the film.
Which began and finished.

From under of eyelashes
Tear of the emotion is flowing.
One little tear...
The time for me already
Dug wrinkles in my face.
And then again
Took this one moment,
Of bliss away from me.
And at least I didn't want,
However it dared, had courage.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And They Will Take Wing.

a weed of the real insincerity,
is growing out of you.
I can see it, reading false words,
being a good manner, only for affront.
why are you carrying the pen
and feather on the beret?

when you cannot, wear the hat,
with naked head.
after all nobody for you
will look into the skull.
and won't say, that you have
everything mixed 'absolutely'.

they won't distinguish,
mainly 'similar'to you.
the rest will pretend that he can't see,
or doesn't know what it is about.
and they will take wing, quietly
- in the 'English style'...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And This Way It Is

I am spinning the globe, now,
and I am there where you, all over
the second directions of the world.

I can see which is small,
a good map will be enough,
and I am going with it as always.

with finger in every direction,
where I will be, willing well
from it, that the earth is turning

we are still,
in the same place.
we don't have a large range.

we are similar to the mime,
which is playing, not saying
we want to listen to ourselves

that if only to understand,
that a time for warm baths,
and the cool shower, is coming

still a bit, and we will look
for ourselves in the bed,
accustomed to the down pillow

and this will be reality...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And To Stop The Summer...

I am collecting colours of the summer
I will paint the image
which I will hang
close the door for you

when you will be entering
you will smell the smell of the mint
and of blooming roses
climbing quickly
up the wooden grille

you will hear the twitter of birds
and the noise of forest
the murmur of the river
and the foamed waterfall

you will see fruits of your sets
on the table
and you will smile
and I in your smile
will find rays of sunshine

we will wait until the next summer
and will become more beautiful
we will become gentler
for oneself, for us,

we will catch moments of bliss...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Today...

I could see him from the height.
he leaned on the walking stick.

he sat now calmly, looking straight ahead.
signs of suffering on him illness dug.
it changed the profile.

the silver of hair,
is glittering in the sun.
and eyes lost former brilliance.
socialite at large,

to the wooden bench accustomed.
he is sitting and he recalls
pretended hunts, and times,
when the saying fit him:

only I am...I,
and then... I,
and farther... also I!

and today he counts on days...
when more lightly is breathing...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And Together To Dream

the evening sky and your eyes,
sleepless moments resemble.

our walks straight to the paradise,
in May sultry hot nights.
we dreamt together our dreams,

under sky with the stars
with the pale moon.

and I know that today
I will also enrapture you,
when I promise our fulfilments.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And What You Will Find In Eyes...

when a noon will ensue go
one more time enter the garden
where are leading two roads
and there seek your guilt

in goblets of sadness
you will find her intact
even through the dust of the day

and sleepless nights.
go to look for your fault.
and when you see eyes,
amazed with pain, make a bow

and look for the pulse of the day
in inexpressible words
you will find them in eyes.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And When You Are Entering

I like it when unexpectedly
you are coming in and you are
unknown each time correctly

a word is guessing
the temperature and the pulse

exchange gesture

and for me silence is so
incredible telling that positively

loud and amplifiers or fixative aren't
needed in order to catch
what you are saying to me

Maria Barbara Korynt

And You - Have It...

it is rolling, now, and it is carrying you
are looking for a pretext,
to finish or to throw to the table.

'it like the smoke' - and you, are not burning
the meeting costs the waste of time
you are compensating for your the win

we are slowly immersing ourselves.
you are opening eyes, other world
underwater a starfish is tempting

distance on arm's length you have
her, even when a dream ends
she will stay for you when you are willing

you have it... other world underwater...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And You Be Springlike For Me

you hung cherry earrings for me on ears
and I felt myself living jewel
now I am awaiting beads of the red rowan
warmed up of rays with golden plait

perhaps the rain will give me its transparent crystals
and a hail the whitish snowballs
autumn - a cloak from leaves and umbrella full of holes
summer - a yellow the one straw hat on the head

and I for you my dear
I want to pick cornflowers and poppies
that you would be so springlike
for me only... forever

Maria Barbara Korynt

And You Brutus...

with skeleton key made up of the shrewdness
you tried to open with my hand hostility
so it failed you opened
with one's hate of the unknown

my hand denied obedience

too long annoyed the touch of words
your own love was stronger
from their warmth and they didn't
also melt the ice heart

you met nooks in the reserve for the soul

through the word from a distance
in order to become my Brutus
because 'golden scalp' it too little

for You...

so what now you are writing up
with not only tears on the pane
messages which will never
reach the addressee?

now I will kept them

in order consciously to get rid
where not written poems by the poet lie
e-mail also no longer the one...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And You Win For Yourself

you like coolness
of my buttons.
you are touching all.
we are going up.
the everyday life
and our concerns, with us.

we are falling
how waves,
by the edge.
on the floor
are shining buttons
as decorative glasses

we are breathing quickly.
in order not to forget,
we are wrapping on self
up around us, as ivy,
our hands are searching
for sensitive points...

behind the window
the street full of the noise
and the tumult
familiar but alien to us
now, we are counting,
only won time, for oneself...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And You...Suppress Tears Tiny

I am still stroking your skin sweet-taking
you lightly up to the hair
because else differently it is adjoining to us
and I am not asking about the price,
she is already only mine,
well I feel because charm as ever,
to predict was it possible at peeping at stars
and you are saying:

quietly...
good...
good...

you are as the astronomer - amateur sometimes
even you are sipping, because
the full barrel, but I lilac - without
I am smelling in the bunch, and right away you want
us to eat the pheasant, in the library even,
I prefer the smell of the acacia and I like large water
because sea breakers not terrible for me,
and I in my way I am setting off all the way to Africa

and you suppress tears,
the tiny bereavement

isn't giving for pain, these are only
small change, compared with the rest,
which I to the truth don't already need.
and you suppress tears,
the tiny bereavement,
to predict was it possible
at peeping at stars
and you are saying:

quietly...
good...
good...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And... What Is Necessary...

on the table, tablecloth, and it it, embroidered
nasturtiums, as living are unfolding around apples.
ruddy and healthy, it let, to sink oneself

today, letters from you gained in value. I am taking
out of the drawer, and I am taking the easy fairy
tale, for adults, it is teaching the art of love.

on my screen, the needle shows you, now you are
with me and say nothing. we already know it,
and what is necessary...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And... Grandpa - What Is Being Played? ? ?

grandfather frost thought,
that he had done damage more,
than he wanted, and now, the severe winter

scientifically is watching him, and judging achievements of the

faked work.
a spring came and she, stopped,

in the threshold, and is laughing
of the grandfather. excellent player of cards,
he didn't work out what is being played.

and it is after all a winter when spring comes,
they played in of thousand, and exactly in two.
and in this way grandfather

he was altered... to the caretaker
tidying the melt up after the winter,
because he wasn't good even... as the prize.

soon, he will go, on his the 'field'
and won't have the chance to peep at the spring,
or her knees in the flowery dress.

for himself he will draw kisses...
somewhere on the pane.
and it serves him right,

it was necessary to think!

Maria Barbara Korynt

And... Not For The Covering - 1 (Cycle) Together With Us

there is silence, so well, even comfortably,
I already feel the time of new departures...
there, where many trees, there are small streets

cities of my growing, between houses, into forest
and to edges. now, it is less of people and only
on roadsides the weed along roads is spreading.

after all, tear in the eye, because there is an echo
of indelible memories here, of events and time
it won't manage to erase them probably only with us...

--

Cycle devoted to my dead friend from youthful years - JN.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And... To Kill Time...

I am killing time!

in order not to think about us
if only slowly to forget you
because I still love and know
that I love you
the same as you for me

I am killing time!

therefore I am throwing myself
into work never mind, that I don't want,
to see you you are always near me
when I am closing my eyes

I am killing time!

for a lot of years I learnt it
of what up till today I am not able
until the end I won't kill a time
it is so..time, probably,

will kill me,

more quickly.
only I don't know
... when?
and why?

Maria Barbara Korynt

And... Very Willingly...

and... very willingly...

--

bought this happiness,
for money...
perhaps for ages
it will be enough,
and it can not.

poor small girl
from the street gathered,
so shy, also
lowered eyes,
and the rest, too.

small happiness
for a lot of money
if only to forget.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...It Is Already 'The End' Of The World

and when it will come
so completely irrevocably
suddenly they will stop biting insects
or else it won't be looking like rain
a difference will be missing much little
and another person's defects will become indifferent

and when will come,
to fields storks will never again fly out,
to love desire will die down
people as statues all of a sudden will freeze
in the move, dressed and maybe only
with the earring in the ear

crows won't also fly in even,
a sound will go silent quiet
we won't manage to enthuse about our body
when it comes
and our voices will get mixed
up as this way as in the past

you won't manage to give me a hand
you won't manage to feel the torment of illness
you won't manage to identify
the person or no your thing
and you won't not already laugh
like at one time

for us will go out everything
what until now it lighted so brightly
the moon and the sun and all stars
suddenly will go out and pass away
and too late will be on of forgiving
when the end is coming everything is changing

.
. .
. .

when the end is coming everything is changing...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...It Is Playing...

Perhaps you want to play
into the tomato?
Do you have the slender skin?
It you are good for playing.
More quickly grow ripe. Suffice,
that you will pour with hot water.
With ease it is diverging,
is peeling off from the skin,

is leaving the pulp

Make the salad, but
absolutely hire the good cook
for yourself.
He is covering the skin
with the sharp knife, is adding
citruses, and salting,

then healthily is peppering

And you only answer, when he asks
about anything: tomato, tomato, tomato.
How you will make a mistake
- you will lose.
And suppress laughter,
because you will lose too.
Perhaps you still want to play
into the tomato, with me?

And...do you have the slender skin?

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...Not For The Covering - 2 (Cycle) George

today in the bar I ask for it as,
like always, like once with George,
after the beach, when the suntan
ached, and in the eyes sand gleamed...

that 'student' bar had its renown
and pancakes with mushrooms were
even lazier, the sumptuous entire
dessert was poured with the thick

cream, and the beer, was under the
counter and kvass...
there at the corner,
in the news-stand, often cigarettes

'popular' George bought, and
sometimes other...
I am not smoking like in the old days,
although perhaps now, it is even better...

but no longer has George...
and what of it?
I know that he isn't (!) but...
he can see me from above...

Cycle devoted to my dead friend from youthful years - JN.

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...Not For The Covering - 3 (Cycle) -Play

on you, I am today with trees
how it is necessary, at least
not always in time.
the heart cooled. it is only a muscle
insensitive even to large fire series

it is a script of those past events, when
there was a strong game with the purpose,
into the lottery it was...
maybe in the bone (?)
and the one small black, quite well of heat,

for two hours, sometimes longer
and more often even, when it was necessary,
it warmed hands up for us,
she burnt the lips
and it let quickly, to fly away

directly into the seventh sky,
and lightly to sit on.
and in a minute, you already let carry yourself
holding reins of the fantasy in one
hand... and it was supposed to be fortunately...

...

Cycle devoted to my dead friend from youthful years - JN

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...Not For The Covering - 4 (Cycle) Trees

more and more beautiful, strong trees
with healthy root are already taking
root in the earth. will be friendly. more
than the man, which we are failing to meet.
so dispassionately, indifferently
asexually, bottom and everyday,

I always pass each other unemotionally,
and even without the interest,
lightly I am passing each other as
no one's so, no one's and not a matter,
out of date it, invalid,
normal stupid thing to do... only trees

more and more beautiful, strong... our
in this large park, right behind the gate...

-

Cycle devoted to my dead friend from youthful years - JN

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...Not For The Covering - 5 (Cycle) I Am Passing...

for you all
innocently and casually,
I am already changing the subject.

I am passing it, invariably,
so dully and enough.
every day.

like with destiny.
I failing to meet, anyhow
with the gibbering of living,

quickly I am passing
because I am passing
each other unremarkably

kind of so well, and comfortably
a silence, and after all,
I already feel the time

It's good that I am
on a first-name basis with trees.
I will help to hum,

and what's more to sing,
how it will be necessary.
I am now, just right,

by the passing place.
I am passing each other,
in no way,

as every man quickly.
I am passing...
quietly...

and I will pass...

quietly.
not yet time (?)

how the time will come...
everyone we are making
our way in one direction.

Cycle devoted to my dead friend from youthful years - JN

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...Not For The Covering - 6 (Cycle) You Were...

you were and suddenly you were missing.
we cannot do nothing for nobody,
and oneself also, because it is already too
late. we don't have the humid salt, in the eye.

nights far colder today. cold air
in shoulders, we have.
becoming numb. quickly saliva is drying
too quickly, when I am moistening words.

I am moistening it with a wet warm tongue,
so, not very real, I know, that already
to change, it won't give.
too late, is for the truth, and on ever...

on less and more. by it I know today, in reality
how much fear it costs me. because, after all
you were... and suddenly, doesn't have nothing...
a salt not will be... is unnecessary.

Cycle devoted to my dead friend from youthful years - JN

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...To See The Dawn...

temporary darkness
and the man don't know,
what is happening.
these stains which you can see,
are horrifying.

in a flash everything
in black colours,
on the black background
and you are waiting, when it passes.
it a heart is becoming numb

to the thought, it is possible
to predict not everything.
it as this way, as with the element,
which it is hard to overcome.
in a moment,

the earth can
move aside from under legs
and you have after problems.
it will already be enough
for you forever.

I am drinking the hot tea
and suddenly, I can see the flash and the dawn,
and day lightly blurred,
and the letter from you,
and then again I am overjoyed,

...perhaps slightly differently...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...Up Only When You Live

every death is
a new grave,
with digging the hole in ground
which it will be
necessary to fill, absolutely.

because only down a place will be.
we can fly up in dreams, and dreams.
or by aeroplane, by balloon,
under the condition
that we live, and we are doing well.

It can be differently,
when on the road we meet
our Angel...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...What For Him Stayed From That Years

depression is tiring this man
he is dreaming briefly,
but this still one dream
non-stop the same...

he still small in shorts
and big woman with the belt
in the hand, blue bowl, in which often
he soaked one's the achy body

both four walls and four corners
in which so often he was standing.
as punishment of which never, to
comprehend not could.

today he is playing with the grandson,
detests women, and still is afraid
of them...

Maria Barbara Korynt

And...You Could Be First - Ostrich Safeguard

you could be first, but
you withdrew the insurance,
inside more safely (?)
you lost your chance.

you are repeating to the circle.
the same as always, manoeuvre,
and with obsessive persistence
you are pushing pins by nails.

you could be first, but
you withdrew the insurance
inside more safely(?)
you lost your chance

and you were already so close.
at arm's length distance.
an own truth and paving rumours,
will be enough for you.

you are repeating to the circle
the same as always manoeuvre
and with obsessive persistence
you are pushing pins by nails.

you could be first, but
you withdrew the insurance
inside more safely (?)
you lost your chance

to second you are not having to wait

Maria Barbara Korynt

Angel

of this night dreamt for me
oneself angel
in the sleep I knew him
although there was
for me
completely a stranger
he looked like the man,
very beautiful
therefore sat down on him
my eyesight careful
such a seemed to me
alone
like by the route
big white stone
he extended a hand to me
and he said
- it is like the rope
when you doubt
will appear a hope
and now, close your eyes
and fall asleep,
sleep, sleeeeeep and dream deep
just about he wasn't when I woke up
a white feather lay on the table,
where stood a cup...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Answer A Question...

the grandfather 'frost' wanted to hug still
who will be of given, and it what, is of giving...
he didn't know that the winter had recognised him,
although he put the cap of the clown on.

it is an exceptional scoundrel, a winter said
till spring. but you, 'don't worry, be happy.. '
he is as the coward which is afraid of his own

shadow.

I will drop the snowstorm, and what's more,
he will be enough, when it covers, a strong wind up,
he will be escaping there where sun

isn't reaching so quickly - hahaha.

the spring smiled radiantly, talking to the winter:

don't worry my friend. It will be enough,
that I for him will ask one riddle,
the reply to which a 'sharp mind' won't find it.
he will be escaping there where sun

isn't reaching so quickly - heheheh

and she asked, and he escaped, and
is looking for an answer up till today,
- what to do with
'shirt of the grandfather'

and the spring is laughing
heheheh

the winter was in the distance...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Apart But Both We Are Humming '...Love Me...'

are coughing bus stops fresh from the flu
the grey dusk is still gliding with streets
this warm wine slowly already is heating
the quiet singing is surprising me all of a sudden

the net curtain drawn back for us is discovering
only small mysteries because feels
my eyesight isn't probably accidental

leaned forward lightly is freeing oneself from
the filminess of her dress to other to put on
what will dim everything already in a minute
she will go away, behind the darker pane hidden

nestled into the warm and soft stole
I will hear her words in the morning invariably
'I love you baby....my dear I love you'

bus stops, from the flu loud are coughing
the grey darkness somewhere is slowly dispersing
the sip of the warm wine already did its share
apart but both we are humming '...love me...'

Maria Barbara Korynt

Apart From Me

in the garden around in circles
the night-scented stock smells
but there is a intense aromat!
into our nostrils it is flowing
or it is annoying
and impelling me to sneeze

here the sun sets hours
the clock is solar
on the visible place
his stick is casting a shadow
and we already have the great
commotion in the anthill

the juice in my glass from
the lemon, must trigger the opposition
of the lips. you are talking to me
that quickly a red rose will bloom
she is leaved and has buds I am pleased
because I am waiting for flowers

You are warm, now.
turning your face to the sun.
I am looking at you
and I am thinking
whether you can still notice
somebody...apart from me

Maria Barbara Korynt

Aromas Of Seasons

lilac-coloured heather is blooming.
on the walk, we are admiring
their beauty.

we gathered fruits more quickly
mature, and it is good
to the conserve.

in the kitchen they smell sweet,
when we are frying it,
and we are slowly strangling.

it will be tasting,
as fresh
in the winter time

sun, left burnt
remains to you,
not only on the face.

it is good contrasting
of the blue and grey
colour, your eyes.

for me, you smell of the summer,
and also of the autumn,
winter and the spring, too.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Around Roundabout

the city like the village,
only more sad.
by the route one boarding house
for schoolgirls working
in the fresh air
and in the vicinity

petrol station behind paths
you are hanging around under legs,
unknown to everyone.
don't wait until somebody warms you.
take a pill, best max
for the warm-up to the bed.

tomorrow new day,
and a next round is waiting for you
around the roundabout on the market
therefore rest healthy.
effectively breathing in,
and doing own roll-ups.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Assertive Poem

the earth is turning, and for you in the head,
you are tensing muscles, and are massaging biceps.
the beard and sideburns, you are brushing back both,
and you are flexing your thin breast in front of a mirror.

somewhere, is was that young handsome, witty,
the beauty, you after all never are lacking,
and something, can are you buy of the dark, my dear
and then, to the life you have disgust, rather than

willingness?

buy better you for oneself ticket, go far
and sit for a while on the river, best on the river.
and before you will deliver a speech
for anybody count loud, count even to three.

when you will come back you will see that it isn't,
so badly, you will also learn, to say 'not'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

At Dawn - Warm Pictures (29)

at dawn I can always hear.
the same he is driving up
to the shop and loud
he is letting know

that it is already at least still,
he is heard miles away.
he is like a little dumpling,
with short legs is feeling important,

because he is only needed,
for somebody, for something,
for me not!
I can still sleep, but when

I am closing my eyes,
I can see the large dumpling,
and I feel like stabbing,
with the fork...

Maria Barbara Korynt

At One Time

as the torch being ablaze
of heat from the sun
sunburnt from the wind I last,
stretching sails of purpose
and is not making
any difference for me,
whether my boat will be drawing up
still to other edge.
on the black earth, yellow sand,
on the snow,
I will leave my tracks,
and my heart there,
where related I have souls,
whom I will move with the word,
with dream...

and perhaps then I will just become
the oblivion?

I will rest after the walk
who still doesn't have the end.
I will turn the face to the sun
and gladly on the mouth I will stop,
I will see that the route behind me
and before me is empty...

then I will fly away with sigh,
I will become only recalling...

Maria Barbara Korynt

At One Time It Will Be Necessary To Walk Away...

when we are thinking about the death
we certainly know,
that the life is in us.
we feel it.

until such thoughts
are coming
we have a warranty
for our living.

because when 'she'
will come for us,
we must be for sure
united with her

we will be a death
stopping thinking
and it will be a symptom
of passing away

without the return

Maria Barbara Korynt

At The Music

from the mornin,
it is pouring. small,
but thick, it is filling.
fields, of the road,
in and streets,
are already formed banks,
hit ploughs there,
will be
a street cleaning,

at the music.

in overalls,
and the warm jacket,
the driver of the plough,
was himself overcome.
to the work,
on ears of the receiver,
at the sight,
of favourite hits.
I am catching, on the view,

nervous hiccup.

Maria Barbara Korynt

At The Scale

delicate hesitation
when I am moving the sensitive side
bustling for a moment aren't looking directly
you are covering anxiety with the smile
carefully you are leading for the temptation
we will go where a long way
from the tumult
we will name more trees
warmly for all oblique statements
before and after we will leave
a little feeling 'amplitudes'
centrifugal - for us completely natural
not every spank is giving
gł owy o ból that is uś miechnij oneself
one, two, three our eye is looking about horror if
it is possible
nothing here has the nought
a lack of the message
is a senselessness
sought after handwriting expert
one, two, three
will look will
see he will dress
when I am moving
the sensitive
side
stretched string

Maria Barbara Korynt

August Afternoon After At Coffee.

the sun is disappearing.
and it is showing.
it is like the game
of blind man's, hide and seek.

I am sitting in the armchair.
a window is open. I have
the birds in the vicinity,
it is probably working on the roof.

noise on outside.
very well I can hear, it is reaching
without obstacles. stimulated birds.
great cloud will head in our direction.

badly it is predicting on tomorrow.
now next the coffee out will head
in our direction. badly it is predicting
on tomorrow. now next the coffee

and the opposite effect.
in a minute, the sleep will be
and the opposite effect.
in a minute, the sleep will be

stronger up to the morning...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Autumn Sonnet

and then again today the autumn caught us
at one time we picked sweet fruits
I remember these hot nights well
because she also for you broke them

ripened still on the tree hung
when I only precipitated the apple one
and in it exactly an entire thing is feeling crux
I moved one all fell

the night disappeared into blue folds
here and there interwoven with the frill of clouds
as this way brighten grey dawn at morn

she wanted me to conceal my emotions
at the bottom of the pupil of her great eye
well she could get to know my thoughts

Maria Barbara Korynt

Autumnally

Strange and cold by turning yellow
Wet smile it pushes away
At the distance,
Makes difficult breaths,
Malicious measuring by haste
Of faster steps...

Dying with night I hear,
When it comes on time,
by solitude different
On the way, at the last run,
To the wayside chapel,
To kneel...

Under the wooden great mercy
It wants to pray one day,
Return from the nightmare
It draws bad traces,
And at soul leave stamp,
Sentence from the beginning

by a fate, at the early flee
of day and night.
Because is already autumn
set in dark-grey, by bad weather throw
into pale face. It loses on the way
feelings and golden thoughts.

By venom of rot leafs it covers.
Bringing time of leaves
Faster to never ever
Love this same
And with everyday grow dusky
Wrap up to sleep.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Awaked Day

The aroused day, feeling still
the unsatisfied of the early morning
shivers tormenting it, are blushing
are turning poppies red,
blooming with shy blush of green,
covered poorly grass with yellow marsh marigold.
He is raising eyes surprised at cornflowers
seeing to skies blue spilling
out with whiteness clouds.
They are fleeing, like the human life.
Licking with gilding tongues
with solar caress are chasing them,
and poppies... more and more are blushing.

Reserved with shadow of trees,
is peeping of raising insects
as bent are drinking flower goblets
filled with the nectar.
They are attracting with the gentle fragrance
and the slightly sweet aroma giving lively juices
back are merging with insects world.

Air filled with birds' trills
is announcing the bright evening
promising the wonderful coming.
of the hot night, full of surprises
bringing relief in the land
of Nod and the man
Day already behind us,
so everyone is waiting,
that the night will be a touch of happiness,
a caress of the fate and a gift,
and I know that this way it is,
if only we are able to reflect
our love rapidly of day...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Awakening

it is only a wind, this way is humming with rain.
It is only a dream, what it didn't flow still with the

night, it is encouraging me to close eyes.
I will rest in the sleep, when the dream befuddles me.
So I am giving up and I am jumping on my small cloud.
There nobody will reach me...

I am falling asleep,
I am slowly falling asleep,
I am already sleeping,
I am sleeping soundly

and...
I am dreaming...

Lightly I am breathing
blowing air from lungs.
I am a sail flapping
in the wind,
with kite who is being raised high.
with bird,
with cloud,
with mountain,
with creature.

On me an Eye is watching
the outer space!

The space-time continuum
is opening the doors for me
to the paradise.

And now... I am
Ewa in the Eden,
with Adam in the green grove,
with the lover
and the lover in May...

I am falling to world!
I am clinging
with strong claws of one's existence...

I am tasting essence of the life.
I am dancing the immemorial dance
of surviving, of being, of growth...

I am going from one to the second station.
On the way I am meeting people
who can't see me, they are passing,

because they have covered eyes.
Dream enthralled me...

How not to be fine – being,
to wander far
not moving right away.

I can hear...
I can hear...
I can hear!

It is only a noise I can hear!

A noise is reaching me,
short circuit inducing
collision of the dream with reality
is already a real world

awakening...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Maria Barbara Korynt

Bad Idea

goodbyes are an bad idea.
resemble the autumn of their life.
don't expect it
after me, I won't wave,
I won't kiss, even
I won't sigh...

goodbyes are a bad idea.
better to disappear this way,
as if you were supposed
right away to come back.
not to sadden the soul,
not to wipe tears,
not to clench teeth.

look at me
yesterday I was today
I am tomorrow
you won't
see me
I will put the cap
of in visibility

and I will write to you
a love letter
with 'nice ink'
there everything will be
of what I didn't manage
to say

you will read...
you will understand...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Bald Forest Clearing

in green wigs trees
are inviting sky-blue a interwoven
between boughs
with the thin azure of the sky
vivid green of moss
red of ants
aromatic smell of cowberries
and spider's effort of weaver
it is the forest, wonder of nature
only this bald forest clearing
and still far into the vast expanse...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Beautiful Things...

they went
completely quietly
so kind of indifferently
as if they didn't notice
the natural beauty
because leaving unsaid
after all is homage
and for the belle
this way they are speaking
the mention for you what
are silent

they went
completely quietly
as if they weren't at all
but they used the mind
what reacted with silence
the general silence
is homage
for the determined
beauty

the beauty doesn't like the noise
this way said loud using
the mind
everyone to the own way
were silent as enchanted
building own opinions
in this simple way
the sowed doubts

...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Because

I want to say something
they won't say something else,
because they are afraid

but I don't know what, therefore I am
not afraid. I will say it what I certainly know
that I know, that I am knowing nothing

and not only I.
many of us this way has but
they don't want to say because

it is always some... because...
but for me, it isn't disturbing
itself, let will be.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Behind A Corner Of A Street

round the corner, you are lonelier
although people are walking across
pavements there and back

behind a corner of a street, in the small cafe weak
men are drowning their great worries and strong the
women is aring filtering chilled drinks of troughs
the of fares

girls in dresses with a plunging neckline
are keeping butterfly nets, they are cursing,
converting minutes into hours, and they are
walking in the full sun.

behind a corner of a street you are lonelier
because you aren't smoking you aren't drinking you
don't have the straw and you are as ever... foreign

... in this place

Maria Barbara Korynt

Behind The Curtain

every day
the guest on the neck
with binoculars
is playing the detective

when a supple black-haired woman
is leaning out of a window
his hands are vibrating
being sold quickly too low

when she is walking away he like the pigeon
squatting on the window sill between
flowerpots the loud is billing and cooing
gruuuu, gruuuu, gruuuuu,

and in a minute one can already
see the black mop of hair
supple how, is sticking his neck out and his hands
anew are vibrating with redoubled strength
but binoculars temporarily are hanging

gru gru gru gruuu in
a minute champion
behind your curtain
you hen pigeon

Maria Barbara Korynt

Being Silent

so a silence fell...
where words for loves
which you shouted out
in their love poems
where these kisses
or morning sighs

and caresses
and ardent love

so a silence fell
words ran out whether
it is only a play...
only 'dumb conversation'?
and why
did the silence fall?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Betty Is Writing The Short Note To...

Dear Engineer, with the long measure. in the field
I ran short of the contact, unloaded cell.
To the machine - far. I am sunbathing with nudists,
because I above river I am and I only ask you: forty
years already passed and road still the same.
Potholes, ruts, therefore Mr Karwowski, there is a
hope in you only. Bring help to Polish roads. Arrive
straight to us. You have the address on the envelope.
Best without the costume. You will sunbathe - what
you will be willing with. Bye, bye, Engineer of the
road, arrive around with team. We are waiting
impatiently.

- Betty, her friends and... dog :)

Maria Barbara Korynt

Big Bodyguard

a cloudy morning is
sweeping me off my feet
the pink bedding is inviting
to nestle into it
to dream farther night dreams

it is warmly, blissfully
and pleasantly
I am closing eye and I already
lie on golden sand
by light blue water

wonderfully,
only under the palm are sitting
two monkeys
are watching me non-stop
and it is annoying me

the half-sleep allows to me
sound of the alarm clock
and very well
I am excluding it and monkeys
are already disappearing

and I now lie on bare
cool rock
sunbathing in the sun.
in the vicinity the large gorilla
is guarding me...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Black And White...

The black-white cat drew up little hands. It is

lying on its back and is waiting for the caress.

With narrowed eyes, is humming growling loud.

Discouraged with indifference, is falling asleep

as the man, left to oneself...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Black I Can See It

I stood up in the morning, I am looking
and here black clouds, the black cat, but in turn
a white small coffee.

The smell annoyed nostrils, but so nicely,
that as far as invited to, to... to drinking.

Oh! Yes! I said and I smoked
menthol. And who cares? will forbid who?
I won't be denying myself pleasure.
And let oneself the neighbour is suffocating!

Oh! Yes!

Puff, puff - and after cigarette
still small pipe, because great tobacco.
And in the end, the shag tobacco, and the turn
with the neighbour, and to the beer opposite.

I stood up in the morning - there is no cat,
there is hangover.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Blood

slowly
dropp behind
the drop

drip drip drip
given living is dripping

with the gesture of great
dividing blood
between needing

red tear of the drip
is becoming more valuable
than the diamond chafing necklace

with thrust of the luxury
what not adding forces is losing the value
in the confrontation with illness

I will leave it to the scale pan of the weight
allocating for the exchange
to a few drops of blood...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Breakfast On The Plastic Tablecloth (Satire - Joke)

housekeeper, what there do you have?

I have the breakfast on the plastic
tablecloth

green potatoes

mouldy cucumbers

yellow pork fat from the daughter

sour cream

bad crescent shaped buns stuffed
with the wine are going

because with the marmelade

I still have a ring-shaped sausage
of sausage and of black pudding

several days'

and in them fresh botulin

who doesn't believe

let will try

his hand right away,

and he will poison.

eeee! it I am going
to the fresh dumplings.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Buck House...

England attracts with one's view eyes
of tourists.
tall trees, water fountains and colour flags
are bouncing as in the water
as in the mirror.

To be in London and not to see the palace
it is incredible.
To learn his history
it to enter the palace in order

to hear whispers of walls, appliances
and senses hidden deep secrets and the ones

which stopped already being them...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Bucket In Way...Or... 'Male' Erotic

at last well with the pump
intense desire is nagging
at first gently
reminding but longer not
it lets think about nothing
against, I can use her, now
on the view reach
pleasantly to pour the content out

... bucket...

the housewife will surrender
when I will take the wet shirt off
a warmth in the sun transferring
gently on the fence
she will crane her neck looking into clouds
wind lightly will blow dress
will show healthy well-toned as if
for effect, not covered and slender
swarthy barefooted in greenery on grass
kind of ready for a meeting
only with me

I like to lose my way in the summer
to at the well
to catch other breath...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Burning Memories

The everyday life is sometimes like the dream
but real. When itself are dreaming for us oneself
all sorts of things, we most often remember them
till the moment of writing.

They are diverging quickly into the oblivion.
Nightmares are only staying for a long time
because they managed to settle in
in convoluted tangling up the cerebral cortex.

There is a winter and in white. Late frost still
has the strong hug. What from, when I don't feel
even touching. Still is burning hot sand.

It is not a fairy tale about the red small hood, neither
about the girl with matches. It is only an echo
of turbulent nights, of sleepless time

vigils. It is fear of every next
second, with minute, with hour not one's.
Waiting for good message. It is a real world.

And a ghost train is rushing with the great speed
and for a moment is only fitting in order to drop
the passenger off without, or with the ticket
applied the statute of limitations to.

Maria Barbara Korynt

But Cinema

under the influence
the applause, awards,
debuts, memories
and the shared supper

generally... wonderfully
almost alone one's...
after performances
get tight too firmly

supper
morning moral hangover
well- anyone some.
not everyone know it

but recall
photos and events quite
well commemorated
at the archive

of the man 'G'
and still somewhere
...perhaps...
yes, or not.

Maria Barbara Korynt

But Not Alone

somebody is looking at you do you
notice? not. and as well
as for you it fits, it your matter.

I notice and I can be pleased for instance
for a moment. the life has the good taste
if you have occasion are supposed to please.

but not alone.

I like it when he is looking at me, and he is admiring in his heart, of hearts
because loud
this big man, won't admit he is so women's in
this respect, but not always I like it when he

is counting on me, in his everyday choices.
it is easy then to distort the truth, and
I now that this way more comfortably. but not
necessarily everyone. is feeling let it think over...

but not alone.

here easily for the false step but then,
then again everything would fall on me.
so let it already stay the way it is...

Maria Barbara Korynt

By The Eye

I am searching the simplicity of words, for the truth.
what from, when I am reaching the ugly, one of character,
is often associated with resemblance. important physiognomy.
on the forehead, you have everything written out, it is coming out

with times, not only night, the story deliberately
made up - up to you. is trying to cover, what for
ages stopped being a secret. naive undirected,
perhaps will believe the paper conceived life.

you picked fruit vacantly, and you don't remember,
whom you offered. now you are searching for persons,
to blame counting on the miracle of artificial ripening, and the
disinterestedness, according to your expectation, even endlessly.

you picked wrong direction from the beginning. play, counting grains,
departures, the saltiness of salt, stones into the back, if only ached
for your`s it got aches(?) other - no longer, but I promise, you missed
a chance to anything - without the dismissal girl with the rest!

Maria Barbara Korynt

By You In The Rain

on rain I am taking the umbrella
and holding you up to the hand
I am leading through the park
with street to the promenade
there and back
I am singing a song under the nose
I am going I am paddling on puddles
I am not avoiding rainwater
squelching cheerfully under barefooted feet
entire dripping wet I am feeling
small by you I forgot
to open the colour umbrella
and already rainbow in the sky.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Cell

at one time I will lock you up
suddenly unexpectedly
in one of my grey...
I will wait positively thirsty you will ask
for rainy intimacy smelling
of new conifer needles with forest fern with cowberry

you will remember mellow-ness of traits of the face
heated with summer sun
and with sensitive caress
then again murmuring in white maned
of the wave of my hair

you will still listen
how is hitting the source
of endless resources
of my energy... tenderesses
for you

Maria Barbara Korynt

Change Tonality

you would like
a lot 'to have'
and to be known
well to have
the pass to the moon
and always a wind
at the back
by in one piece
one's life
not to know
what conflicts
mean to be
convinced
that the fate
is bringing
only wonderful
things for you
you don't know
whether
the tomorrow
is bringing joy
whether sadness
you think that given
by the Sky
for you a fate
is happy you
would like
and to be seen
and to show
the heart
to everyone
but you
have the stone

change tone
and not to me

Maria Barbara Korynt

Chess Pawn Of God

You are a small pawn on the chessboard of God
And be pleased with the fact, that He chose exactly you
And at least other perhaps are laughing at it
You will take away from yourself brother that's all
In His sky...
But at the moment here you will happen still to live
So grapple with the life
Because it is only a tiny moment,
One instant one fleeting thought,
So, life the shortest possible of the beautiful butterfly.
Sometimes living aches, but the time quickly is passing.
The same as the wine is ripening, all wounds are healing
And such a time will come when you understand,
That God didn't leave you,
That you are loved...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Civilization, Civilization..

every man
has his needs
not everyone can
satisfy them

and happiness
just depends on it
in order to have
what they want

after all it development
of the civilization
sharpening appetite
and is stimulating urges

one only
doesn't provide us,
of equal possibilities
of satisfying, own needs.

and human happiness
is dependent the most
from these two factors
unfortunately, unfortunately... civilization...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Clearing The Soul

they are ringing
at the church
to mass
people are going
to clean
the conscience

back more lightly
every morning
the same

the day
is to the work
for the research
of everyday
everyday matters

night to
the darling
or to the quarrel
and who
it know?

but when in the morning
are ringing the bells
for mass at the church
people are going
to clean
the conscience

back more lightly
every morning
the same

Maria Barbara Korynt

Close Goodbyes

behind the third ocean it was miraculously
the life alone passed without pushing
making the bed gravel footpaths with white shadow
of box trees in length cut
on their background colour umbrella
it decorated grass green
flirting with blue of water like the painted flower
with bizarre colours gathered

from the rainbow ribbon stuck in my hair
your eyes as ever carefully expected
gathering clouds on my forehead
in order in time to save it what delicate
before the approaching storm
you weren't only able in them to stop lightnings
and me when I came back up to own wings
it was behind the third ocean better

now I am here where your music of words
for me is still heard even though surges
are carrying fleeting dreams more slowly
I feel the familiar smell
when a gentle puff of wind
is caressing my body
my world is one great ocean
I am not having to search more

a lot of of them these are departures
partings and retrunings
how I will name it when you stay there far
and I won't manage to exceed
the fourth ocean
don't only forget to trim the lawn
and heart whether will withstand
when a half stays...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Cloudily

tall trees, are giving their shadows off today,
far from oneself. clouds, exceptionally
look portentous. heavily are hanging above us.

the sun somewhere slipped, but there is no rain.
and the evening is closing eyes of the day.
the morning will slowly open them and then,

there will be other perhaps the same,
or more beautiful, other, new, carrying hope.
it is essential for the man to the life.

there will be a good day tomorrow for all
men of goodwill. giving the good, it is for
oneself the most, it is beautiful present.

not everyone can afford it.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Concealed Happiness

love is as...scythed meadow
as the subtle,
as soon as separation will attach to it.
this way they are saying other, not I.
I know, that when there is no you,
our spikes
are ripening in my heart
heating up in the full sun as the cat,
made in the window sill.
they are filling the emptiness with golden cornfields
they are protracting,
in order to cover the momentary confusion
of longing and anxiety.
waiting for heavy tolls
I am deducting weeks with sheet of papers
of the wall calendar
whom our happiness is slowly bringing closer.
in the confidence for you
I hid them...before intruders,
in corners of my emotion.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Cool Summer

the first day of the cool summer,
here and there with rain sprinkled,
I am greeting with joy and sadness,
but full of new hopes.
because I am counting quietly, on the time
as small dreams it is fulfilling.
and oh well, this intruder, uninvited guest
is taking the youth up,
when slowly, exactly,
faithful always of it idea,
it is drawing,
it is digging,
it is strengthening
tracks of the greatest emotions.
spraying hair gleaming silver,
as the, quite crazy painter,
is selecting all his paints,
somewhere on the vital promotion,
for us exclusively appropriate

so I am pleased... I still live,
although the time is slowly ending...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Critical Notebook 1.

in the small shop
adult people
they are doing
the shopping
on a graph-paper
exercise book

owner lightly
is smiling
he will
sometimes add
the free slice
of bread

this bread
is tasting
best with tears
when quietly you
are cutting with
the sharp knife
...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Critical Notebook 2.

in the small shop
a graph-paper exercise book,
will hold everyone,
the ones what are taking.

children are waiting,
then are kissing,
every small breadcrumb,
by weight golds.

the owner, has the heart.
is adding often,
what he can
out, of his own pocket.

in the small shop,
a certain man,
he most often buys
the 'fig'

without the poppy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Critical Notebook 3.

in the small shop,
there was today,
a good normal sausage.

the child hugged
the cheek to the pane
it lay laid out
encouraging him

if only he smelt

he did it willingly
in the corner of the mouth
he had saliva

and suddenly a man
from the dustbin
hit the pane
freed sausages

and it bricked the boy
in the place where he stood
he was written

in the little notebook
of the policeman
as the witness
that he could see nothing

because a stomach
hugged him
and he didn't try
sausage

Maria Barbara Korynt

Critical Notebook 4.

in the small shop
sweet-smelling
with boiled sweets
and acid
of cucumbers

here you will get
on credit
to the line
only man will write
you will pay later

man is giving for free
in the shop

and the squeaking girl
in avenues of the park
is also giving for the too little
supporting and the propping

recently she leaned
on the walking stick of an old man
but recently, he walked away
now is young

it is, he is relying
on parents.
she is resisting him
and she is propping with him

when they are dropping in to
the small shop,
can let themselves
the boiled sweet

from time to time

Maria Barbara Korynt

Critical Notebook 5.

they threw the hard cheese
to the shop today.
mildew is
not for everyon,
quite expensive.

the old man came
and he bashed him
with the walking stick
into the head.
he thought, that not fresh,
it ponged for him at home.

poor his wife,
she caught allergies
she fainted in the angle,
now, in the bed
she is treated.
and old man to the line

he will buy, what she needs.
he ran short of money,
because, he spent on medicines.
the shopkeeper, forgave him,
because, the stick broke.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Culture, Pipe And Something Can Still..

'small' the man in the big armchair,
is feeling as the great boss.
it is winding him,
it is straightening him,
it is exciting him, and isn't getting down.

'small' the man likes everything to the flash
and the sheen of the steel pipe
will recall coming back in the morning
how on it wenches squirmed girl

he will remember their songs because,
he can always stand by the pipe
staring oneself into little, even to say into big
in the day must think about the culture.

or to participate in debates
he can be an evening in the attack
until there is no heart attack
in the day is carrying his heavy pouch

with documents, with notes
with political arguments
for as far as him legs are getting out
when he is going quickly to the limousine

carrying this weight with himself,
at the thought about all pipes which shining,
the lips are silent and lungs are playing,
and to sing very much, he want.

girl ah girl!
I want to do only.. a spin on this pipe,
instead of you
I have I still have dextrous hands,
and something more...or not...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Culture, Pipe And Something Can Still...

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and something more...or not...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Curiosity

she is guessing his desires
when is wandering about shivering rays
of hot hands
all over the green top of the spring meadow
searching for the innocent daisy
so that she bows to the sky with every petal
scattered accidentally
on the transparent skirt
shielding effectively
eternal for him riddle
of the women's thigh
nosy insolent
or shameless

orange sun...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Darling, You Are More And More Handsome...

above us the pink image of the future,
painted with wax coloured pencils.
faded a bit and the blush changed the colour
to more one is asking you question

who it is, and what is doing there, fisherman
with the pipe in teeth. you are saying that
it is a sailor of fresh waters which painted
with a brush, not one view.

and the one he also tried, but it is an early
not to say very early artistic work.
you are smiling disarmingly this way,
and everyone thinks, it is he, the one not other.

I also think so and even
I can state, so much years
well for us together.
you are more and more handsome, darling...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Daybreak

pulled by the wind branch rebellious
whisper cut surges

the sleepy night hidden in the fluffiness
and stars are still twinkling above us

with dawn the blue horizon is turning white
sleigh bells somewhere in the distance

on the pane the same white flower is seen
in a split second dream is fleeing with sleepiness

anywhere at all being mistaken hands will meet
in order then again, to love the sleepy awakening

now in their hearts only love is on fire
because there a boredom didn't still sneak in

Maria Barbara Korynt

December Dream

thick forest
the stranger invited to bilberries
in the grove was many of it
with navy blue formed
the stain on green

you were afraid hearing wasps

dividing with hand of the shrub
he show the thick grass
soiled russet colour and they
everywhere there, was many of them
prepared for the attack

yes, you were afraid, you were afraid,

and the one, smiling and even
didn't help you saying only:
they will do nothing
when you are by me here
if some prick is it doesn't ache

in this grey tracksuit, walked on

sleeves, trouser legs
and grass and the tree
blown down lay on the path.
when you slowly came back
none of them touched you,

although still you shook them off

positively strange supposedly
he didn't defend you
and they didn't do harm
woken, for a moment you could still hear
enormous forest, and this strangest roar

and it is only a dream...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Defining Love

love is your loved eyes,
face, soft hair loving, the smelling,
deep or playful look,
and the heart.

love, is our silence...silence,
or saying, one through second.
love is a lesson, how can listen
to hear out and to understand somebody else.

love isn't complaining,
it is suffering quietly
is never demanding
is giving more than is taking

sometimes though
it go away, wounding
at least, it is making
'in good faith'.

love, it isn't obvious,
why is coming to us,
and why it is exactly
so and not other...

love is sinful
and innocent love.
love is normal, straight,
and even children's.

complicated, it is able to be
like the life, you don't know why
you love secretly
or in reality...

but... without the love
of lives it isn't impossible
in May, the Cupid is hitting
the most of persons.

pay attention to his shots...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Defining The Friendship

a friendship, is such fine words,
which so lightly through the lips
it is passing
when you are
pronouncing it,
right away for you more lightly.

the friendship cannot
have no shades,
there is no
real friendship - false,
or some other there,
is only a friendship.

because if false
- it for it, was never.
it wasn't, and it won't be...
if real - what is it determining?
you will never be,
to the truth reliable.

it won't betray
you won't cheat...
there is only Friendship
nothing more
or you smell it,
or not...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Delay

now, we have the September.
is clear and solar
but he likes the July,
not to say the August.
then everything is so kind,
all warm and cosy.

oh well, a September
it is a September.
doesn't worry about it
isn't taking over.
is taking the other
wall diary out

of the drawer is.
he is hanging up
and he is placing
the appropriate date still
and is raising
oneself spirit.

everyone are in September
and he still in August,
not to say in July
so he is able to be delayed
until pleasantly
it is getting at very thought

I... mainly,
I am entire year... in May.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Departures And Arrivals

it is time to get up
still I feel
the pillow smells of you

tomatoes this year
beautiful, you took care
about it

you are already on your way
in a minute you will be there
where smell

of scythed fresh
grass, pleasantly
is annoying nostrils

and then again
a few sleepless nights
in thoughts, together

we will count the time
and as ever you will be
sitting, in your armchair

with the favourite newspaper,
and I will think, what to give
for us, to the dessert.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Determining The Beauty.

Leaving excellent things unsaid is homage

and mentions for their belle...

Determining the beauty, we are using the mind,

which has the perceptivity. It a mind reacting,

is creating the opinion what is beautiful.

Thing in it... everyone differently is using it of mind,

and... in this way, divergences are arising...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Different Views From Many Windows.

Office of the property fixed - large base of offers.
Secondary market, primitive, purchase, sale, exchange.
Never mind my dear Sir, I already have my flat.
And now I need only a house permanently.
With wooden stairs and with oaken floor, so that it isn't
absolutely all over angles of spiders

and of moths -

dark a dully, when I am asking about two balconies.
What for me it? - are surprised.
I like is a change something not to say
in time- space continuum to move in order to
watch views from one, and many of windows.
There are bright prospects then.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Direction Beach

I am walking along a street, on soft asphalt, and
I am sticking heels into the zebra.
of the marquise on the other side firmly heated up.

the crescent shaped bun stuffed with the chocolate
is swimming in the shop, from the warmth,

one moment, and I will wet my legs at the edge,
and then, I will catch myself crests of wave
swimming of up on down, and I will feel blissful chill.

now, one bend and...welcomes me auriferous familiar
glasses, are covering with half a face.

but I can see the smile, from a distance, it is not...

a duplicate...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Disappearing Tracks

consistently a time is covering
tracks of the lipstick
on the glassware up
as if through a haze
more and more indistinct

they are disappearing
imperceptibly
in order not to come back
with the same footpath
everything is ending

with oblivion with erasing
with erasing past
for the present time
the future wants to stride
with opened road
when what is will pass

Maria Barbara Korynt

Dive...

I am moved
exquisitely moved
an emotion is moving me
and I feel that
I will go

too far if
I start being
upset by everyone
with sigh with look
on other

to themselves
to you feelings
will probably think needs
and I not
I at all because

I am not praising
but that's true
what I am saying
I am sensitive emotional
and even

I am sometimes mawkish such
a nature
I like to give...
into emotions...
of diver

Maria Barbara Korynt

Do It

make your confession alone
before yourself
'in front of a mirror

you man weak
with the will, and the act,
do it

make your confession alone
before yourself
without the priest

put the candle
and beside mirror
even rather small

clean your conscience
more lightly
for you will be

to die...

every your thought
direct
to God

not to people
and stop
already deluding yourself

don't search
at other
consciences

one's you put away
where? I don't know
try to find

make your confession alone
before yourself
in front of a mirror

Maria Barbara Korynt

Do You Have The Kitten Whether You Have The Cat?

loud, it is squeaking swing on cords.
nobody is feeling, sorry for it
nobody will grease.
they are using, and are using

and then they are complaining
that it is squeaking,
it is squawking,
and have hoarseness,
like after influenza.

similarly, is with emotions.
you are jawing away,
you are jawing away
and then,
you don't know how to unwrap
reel which you rolled up

hold scissors and cut
the knot which is disturbing in two.
you won't lose the time
and the effect will be
immediate

and how you have the cat
it even better.

everyone will understand you,
even if all would have to pretend.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Don'T Begrudge Yourself

it will probably be inconveniently, if you will be willing
to undress for the masses now, when you will leave on head
only a hat, and on the neck scarf, the your face will tell
the everything about the rest. from now, on secret action
of delicate 'new time' too, for the only two hundred (PLN)

or thereabouts, will leave on daily light, with truth and all,
covered temporarily furrows leaving with time, tell us, that
flew both before the nose is flying, and he is flying now other.
what you want to do with the so nicely begun evening?
not important how many candles switched on. by it the

abrasive paperless costs, and what efficacious and effective,
at 't begrudge yourself. you are deserving a bit
of facilitation and are lighting the entire life
what you have, with if only was different more brightly.
such the naked truth from you, and the joke of the nature,

more laughing loud in dark corners

Maria Barbara Korynt

Don'T Scream, I Have Good Hearing

you are screaming
- it is a poetry!
do you want to convince
somebody about it?
and where beautiful lines which

will confirm me in it are?
why you are imposing other
it what for you comfortable?
and where is the democracy?
and good manners?

it is possible to predict
you are afraid
to extend beyond the 'line'.
so stay where you want
but certainly without me.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Don'T Search

a storm rolled
sideways somewhere raced off

it left the tree
felled on the road

as the man, which suddenly,
lost the will to live

and lies, where he fell down
fatigued sorely

with life.

a storm rolled
sideways somewhere it raced off
as we when we are searching

past

Maria Barbara Korynt

Don'T Wait

don't wait for me,
because I don't have the time
for life put away
into the ossicle,
as the underwear.
in a wardrobe
forget, because this way
it is necessary.

I won't become different
even in the golden cage.
I am a space, with vastness,
with joy and the curse.
I am a child of the black earth.
she often,
serves me for the cradle,
being a sensitive mother.

I am a child of the fire,
starting fires
of mind and desire.
with child of water,
which is extinguishing desire.
with child of the death.
it keeps me company
every day...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Don'T Write

don't write to me so often

the too densely small writing

you are placing on the letter paper

every day, at new, it is tiring

and why? when you are always a night

by me so close, I have everything.

say once... I will remember like

silence... when I can't hear you...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Dream Of The Man

half-closed eyelids are heavy
fixed to eyes
dream is waiting
for the material fatigue
so that quietly tread to smooth sorrows
covered with wrinkles
and to summon the smile
mislaid somewhere mane
with dawn then again will flee
in order to return with night-time disturbances
dream of the man...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Dreams And Chimeras

freed ghosts are dancing a waltz rotary
a fiend is playing along them
on the limewood violin
beside two short men with big ears
are cheering in honour of the dark blue night

the bat clutched to the ceiling of the sky
and hardened without the move, with thick
sleepiness cornered, after the lightning loud thunderbolt
from the high sky it rang church bells with the impetus

dreams are bumming the restless head about aimlessly
chimeras are flying away into the angle of the dark room
in order to retreat with dawn backwards and to come back
in the peace, up to the care of the poetic angel

Maria Barbara Korynt

Drowsily

we will go to sleep for a few hours

in green grass yellow marsh marigolds
footpath between poured with gravel
is slithering aspiring straight to the point
the eyelash is surrounding smooth stones

nearby trees are casting a shadow
and in the evening splinters are striking
the shower of sparks sparkling and the smoke
is trailing on the way lightly are treading barefooted

for us sand quite well warmed up
from a distance is creaking voices and the quiet dumka
lightly are flashing by with the warmth of the evening
the wind is cooling bodies a little bit tired

we will go to sleep for a few hours

Maria Barbara Korynt

Dusk

you are looking and you can see other man
it not the one what at one time waited
for your smile
and longed for the moment
in order to remain silent together
other eyes
the top is decorating the forehead
temples greyed with silver
here and there flashing
colder hands
the heart is beating more slowly
at least a blood is pulsing
you feel moving away
not yet time
after all you live

Maria Barbara Korynt

End Of The Day

the day is slowly growing dark.
the sun is wandering there,
where end of the horizon.
right away it will disappear from view
lying down to dream
in order to sleep tiring out off.
it is surviving and rescuing all rays,
needed up to it,
in order to with early morning
to appear
and to change with gilding
colours of the dawn, to rouse the life
and up to it
hot rays are still shining like gold
in order to warm of the ones,
with whom with night

a warmth was missing...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Every Day

there is no me here
at all I am everywhere
but not here
I left for a moment
and no longer

I will come back
for myself
for you after nobody,
nobody will be missing,

regretted, because there is
no reason nothing
and nobody are well
whom to when
and doesn't know

what it is about
but this way is to be
just about for like
in many accidents cases

every day I raise hands
and it is helping

Maria Barbara Korynt

Everyday Walk

the humid meadow at the
edge of the forest.
every day welcomes us with smell
of green grass and the dew.

I am keeping the leash,
the dog is running lowered,
is barking and is pleased because
these are happy moments.

before breakfast, to run
with the branch. or behind the ball,
with you, and maybe even with the dog,
from the neighbour.

we are coming back for the breakfast.
in the way, breathing the scent of flowers.
their pollen is forcing me to sneeze.
the jumping dog, now is lying on threshold,

fully tired. and I am savouring
the coffee,
sitting down in the armchair.
I am on a diet.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Faith In The Meaning

when your overweeningly arrogant brash youth
is steering in wrong direction
with gusts of the heart and the soul
search for the rescue don't wait for the miracle
because it is only a delusion
sometimes in the life wonders are happening
but only where there are no us
so don't count on the kindness
and crumbs of the fate
alone fight over it
what on the heart is suiting you
because only it is managing
who into the meaning of effort
is believing strongly

Maria Barbara Korynt

Faith In The Poet

to nothing the sighing
for the sensitive soul
the smile of insincere reality
will get to your poetry you threw

'that' for devouring
at one time somebody
so already threw bones

you take the lesson
from every lesson
with whom for free
it is giving the gift of life

because at least
at first it seems
you already vanished

poet! but don't worry
you will come back with poetry
with future May.I on the podium
can already see you

Maria Barbara Korynt

Falling Asleep

the evening is lying down on my shoulders
a time of warm breaths is coming
magic of the evening under eyelids

your look is still tangling
I am quietening the body
in order not to scare away
this poorly evident shyness
in the stillness
I feel you like the sculpture

you are casting a shadow over my shoulders
the river for me is humming gently humming
with sweet putting to sleep your names

usypianie (wersja polska)

wieczór się kł adzie na mych ramionach
przychodzi pora ciepł ych oddechów
magia wieczoru pod powiekami

jeszcze się plą cze twoje spojrzenie
wyciszam ciał o ż eby nie spł oszyć
tej nieś miał oś ci sł abo widocznej
ciebie jak rzeź bę w bezruchu czuję

cieniem się kł adziesz na mych ramionach
rzeka mi szumi ł agodnie nucą c
sł odkim uś pieniem twoje imiona

Maria Barbara Korynt

Far Somewhere - Stayed

the skeleton in shorts urgently is grilling
the biting insect without anaesthetizing
sharply is quilting straight and into the vein
(will still import the 'army of the salvation')

a bank cashier is giving after the big fruit cake
and even for grey alley cats, caviar as the mouse
very much is tasting, the fur is assuming the new gleam,
I feel - when the spine is to tense out.

reflexion of light - change on the vision.
just about I can see the tiger in myself,
willingly, when the kitten is running between trees.
skeleton let farther is grilling urgently.

he is exchanging views with the bank employee.
finally ripen. now I am tasting, thighs
are fairly good - of the first quality.
the alley cat can lick bones.

the memory of summer far 'somewhere'
and almost nothing and yet a lot.
at least stayed behind us now,
new will come, and with it attractions.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Fate Of The Snowman

on the hill the snowman,
has the nose red.
of the carrot it is.
birds are sitting on it,
and they are pecking,
and at the top.

the snowman-fink, is also
standing, and he is looking,
wants to remind himself,
why he doesn't want,
for him to want himself,
therefore.

the situation is forcing him,
to strange behaviours.
he found the guilty,
some must be.
the snowman-fink is for so,
that put the hat on.

and chase the bird off,
from time to time.

Maria Barbara Korynt

February Song

February,
shoe the February shoes.

not yet time for buds
not yet time for the May.

play with the snow
see attitudes of the snowman
how a grove

looks beautiful
and enthuse
about the winter

because she is beautiful
she is snowing

and she is whitewashing
so, is open-handed.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Feeling

soft fluffy shaggy
lies
so that you can hug feet
to muffle footsteps
to sit on
and even to lie down
to snuggle the cheek
to rest
so for every right away to tread
and perhaps the carpet
also feels

Maria Barbara Korynt

Finished Opera

with dirt road
with centre of the meadow
where I am collecting
armfuls of flowers

I am going

humming loud
in the rhythm,
'march of the Turkish'.
in a minute,
'sword dance'

and a play is beginning,
because I am hoarse, now
and in the way,
for me an aria failed,

when into the 'cage'

I am opening the door
in the door
the 'gypsy baron'
is standing
and he is asking me,

and I then so
I am humming
everything
as the small

female cat

it from satisfaction.
because we now,
we want together to sing

but differently

today I will be
Otello
and he.... beautiful
Desdemona...

this opera,
it will be possible to mark,
that it the end, already
once and for all.
for it...the end.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Fish To The Fish

as small small boats,
clouds, all over the sky,
are floating slowly,
the bright sun.
but you are
looking somewhere.

eyes you have a tired...
perhaps, something
is for you,
and you are
speaking to me.
I saw it, a big depth.

if so it,
walk away quickly,
you can in
it sink, my fish..

Maria Barbara Korynt

Flawless

breaking point of the man
kept in his emotions
is crossing sometimes pain of the memory
tormented with constant taunt

a bad heart is harassing the anarchy
of the recognised virtue
with the falsehood and the hypocrisy in the

bright colour of blood
is dipping the cleanness in order to wash one's

hands in the stream
of dirty curses of convicts

whom he is tying the loop
of vile words on the neck
and tomorrow he will fall down on knees
donning penitential robes

at least walked away with think
and he confirmed with vile act
he will be hitting with the head
against the cold floor
before the cross of God calling

forgive me I didn't want
it is he I innocent - it is he
at least first I raised the hand
the stone was sharp and heavy
but it is he, I flawless so
forgive me and You throw
let it vanish.

you are who you are... flawless...
throw first with stone
you will be absolved... (?)

Flower Of The Youth

some in buds,
other already full-blown,
are flaunting the colour.

tapestries, painted
with the hand of the young girl.

at the stall, crowd.
they are admiring the real,
natural flower.

the beautiful painter doesn't know
that for her, here they came.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Footpaths Tangled Up

footpaths tangled up of my life
are spending unattainable thoughts running
are returning into corners of the heart
they are heading for the finish unfortunately
on the way often meet
the sad girl with the slanting hourglass
and the stopwatch in hand
she is timing.

who with her will win a race
not I not you not our thoughts
everyone will grant it
that only an only just
sometimes punishing out of love
hand of the Providence.

we are only a flight on the earth
we live in order to love to suffer
to get to know
and many of us isn't thinking
what will be then
and the man is only... a pawn...

Maria Barbara Korynt

For Every For You...

For every for you, my dreams,
I have them,
but for myself after all
I have it.

If you want, to get to know them,
get to know me
and you will knock, to my gates of sleep,
don't say that.

I am like wormwood
because your love
of the bitterness
has the taste today.

So don't say, don't tell me
that I don't love,
or else,
I won't help you.
I won't help you.

refrain:

=====

I am far and I know,
I know, how it is hard without you to live,
it remained only to dream...
So come back to me in the sleep,
because I really just want it.
Now, I want it.
Nestle into my shoulders, and love me,
but without words
to me speak thoughts
and love then again.

I am as, strong rock,
so just for once

I will yield
for my love.

If you,
you feel, that you love me,
let me know,
so that I never hurt you.

Take my dreams, I am telling you
but to get,
to know me you must,
you must know.

Don't say no, don't say no,
say nothing
well you know, you know,
what I can give you!

refrain:

=====

I am far and I know,
I know, how it is hard without you to live,
it remained only to dream...
So come back to me in the sleep,
because I really just want it.
Now, I want it.
Nestle into my shoulders, and love me,
but without words
to me speak thoughts
and love then again.

my song written in: 21 - IV - 2002

Maria Barbara Korynt

For Every Wars..

world is looking out
of every place
differently
in our feeling

and apart from feeling,
we don't still know,
how it will be like ..
we suppose

believing in it,
in what we want to believe,
that it isn't ending,
into suddenly, here.

we are sure,
that the time is passing,
it is escaping quickly
and irretrievably.

so why people
are starting wars
knowing about it, that still
the time will pass them...

Maria Barbara Korynt

For The Attack

and heart is needed for the attack,
it sketch it is possible with pencil
lead refill or it combine with the gingerbread.

of the sugar, rather not.
it quickly is spilling out excess,
like everything,

what always crosses
the measure is harmful
and avirulent is.

care for the heart or else it perhaps
for the attack for you will needed.
like for cutting bread, an knives...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Forget Romeo About Me

Romeo:

I not believe my eyes
and why did you do it?
it`s after all impossible
because, I was already
at the top!
I was hit straight in a bone,
I ran down quickly down,
and I am standing already
on the threshold,
until, I have ears red.

no, no, that's impossible!
I not believe my eyes.
you were so nice...
and always so polite...
why you did it is only puzzling me.
they not believe their eyes,
it unbelievable probably...

and Julia to it Romeo:

wipe your eyes and no longer remember me.
plead for your sad dramas but at the Dad.
I am exchanging the balcony for the terrace
because I am moving out right away
I am saying you goodbye to sad admirer
and... clean the stain on the edge

Maria Barbara Korynt

Forgotten

I won't tell, this man,
was even nice
to help me he wanted
in the English
and he wrote words
like with the angelic text
and transferred thoughts to paper

and the wind

somewhere he kidnapped
him suddenly
he went missing in papers
and the emptiness remained
and a card is empty
gusts of wind are
empty now

somewhere the wind blew away, suddenly.
went missing in papers
well-known
unknown
get to know
not-learned
forgotten
as
the last year's
wind

Maria Barbara Korynt

Freedom

break free from the network,
the time is supporting you

start with small small steps
then one big jump will be enough

and you will feel fairly
good quiver

break free from the network
do differently

what you did so far
in love with the freedom

and from that moment, on enjoy
life to the full and live.

if not you want
to die as the insect

break free from the network...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Friends

and I will ask you about
the health because
everyone is asking
everyone about it

you will answer me
not bad at all
I this way will also
answer
and we will be quits

polite friendly
former friends today
of words it was so little
though at one time a lot of
the friendship was anyway

Maria Barbara Korynt

From A Distance But From Close Up - Or - Man From Advertisement

a dozen or so minutes are still
a bit dividing
us patiences
I will greet
relaxation
as gladly as from the
advertisement
'I am worth it'

close for me
like every week

:)

Maria Barbara Korynt

Fur-Lined Coat

you are bringing closer to me,
with slow step,
but effectively

I feel your breath
I can hear your footstep
I can see your smile

you as the tracker
are locating me
so sufficiently

and you are already
enjoying your victory
you can see it in the sleep

and suddenly - what's this?
what did it happen?
the visual field became blurred

the field of fire
ran out
what now did it turn?

you had 'Mr' fox hat
remained for you darling...
a 'fur-lined coat' moulted.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Get Up....

you are still paddling
in morning silence
but you are already slowly
unwinding wings
you are searching on the map

for the new way

because the old a way,
long time ago,
got bored for you
the checked finger
is drawing trails

in the angle you have the umbrella,

and your skis.
now, you are going down
where eyes will carry.
with unknown trail
undiscovered.

great discoverer

of the least little things
take the time for the wake up,
take the duvet down,
and open a window.
time for going flat

Maria Barbara Korynt

Ghost One, Is Deigning To Know... Maybe...

large and small little dolls,
as human mannequins, are exciting.
asexual, you will meet them
all along the way.

around, large eyes,
saying nothing faces...
large and small little dolls
as human mannequins.

the junk is screaming
from a distance.
is tempting with the cheapie
and the pushover.

I am putting the dark glasses
in order not to see.
I am putting earplugs,
in order not to hear.

the junk is glutting
and who is expecting it?
ghost one
is deigning to know...

maybe...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Gifted Child

I am a gifted child
of my parents
no longer has them
I am and my children

they are also gifted
but not to everything
too much is preventing
the ability from living

he is hampering elections
and then parents can
have troubles and
it is an information

get from the life.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Going In Direction

there is such road
somewhere in clouds high
which I am treading
from time to the time

with hand luggage
of my dreams and dreams
it a road for nowhere
and to everywhere...

it isn't hard for me
I have wings at shoulders
then again most silence
pleasant and faithful

is in my favour on the back
I have the rucksack
and the fog under feet
and the one thought remained for me

I will find way to you...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Golden Scalp

slowly scrupulously
you are colouring your nails
with colour of my blood
you are checking whether light blue
skilfully you are taking the cuticle down
without batting an eyelid
and of twitching of the eyelid
you are reaching for the trophy
'golden scalp' in the price

you are upholstering sides
with the whip of words
in order to leave permanent tracks
with the soothing smile
you are stuffing the gulle
with pap made too sweet
getting it mixed up with your own
you forget
I am on the necessary diet

taste you in the humble silence
then you will always find the meaning
of the saying
'the victim loves her executioner'...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Good Film

his behaviours are
a normal recidivism.
are shaming decent people.

and what for him was it up to?
he is decreasing more and more.
the contorted face
in a feigned smile
looks like the posthumous mask,
for nobody not needed.

and so beautifully he rushed ahead.
an instigation of the mad mind was enough
and now, he is paying for the inattention.
he is decreasing more and more,
and for me, it is even sorrow.

let him relax.
let him watch the film.
they will be sending soon
'how I unleashed the Second
World War'.
good, and even, instructive
if he will understand...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Grapes

you broke winey grapes for me
green cylindrical fruit shape
and taste of sweets
you said: wife
for you I have grapes
juicy in the colour of hope
heated up with sun with wind swung
in night the moon invited them to the sleep
they here grew for you
you could satisfy the desire
and eyesight enjoy with view
when are looking into windows
of holiday home in secret
kind of creeping on fingers
they are speeding along the ladder
into different sides

Maria Barbara Korynt

Graph

when you are an axis Ox I Oy ,
still we are checking the course
of the changeability of the function
determining field with which it is ours life.
We appoint the set of successes and defeats
whom she is describing. We are searching
for the points common to emotion
with axes of ideas
we set limits of emotions.
In order exactly to draw the graph,
we are drawing asymptotes of experiences.
Estimating consequences of interests,
we are using them at
examining the monotonicity,
for whom ranges will determine places,
where the function
is decreasing and is growing,
sometimes as many as of hearts.
When we will get to know
the maximum and this minimum
what possible we are drawing
the graph shared practical.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Guess Me

obliquely from under cosmic eyelids
is beating by eyes sneer of pupils
is deepening the bottom of the solitude still
is bringing the dislike of rays in the gift

the silver October chilled the night
with autumn breath hardening
is deepening the bottom of the solitude still
the bare limbs of trees peeping

it is hard to forget these premonitions
what else are living, it ache with memory
is deepening the bottom of the solitude still
greedy nature with one's dream

bad charm of the stifling hour
with billowy cloud are heaving our dreams
is deepening the bottom of the solitude still
the question or you it really is you

if this way it is... guess me
where the stream is a green grenade
there with white flower my dream are dreaming
the of the reconciliation with oneself and with world

if this way is... guess me...

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Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku

on the large white wall,

I`m reading big inscriptions.

it`s someone's message.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 28

foamed a water.

already submerged 'ships'.

on the bottom, knives.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 10

like with rainbow stripes

the separated blueness

of water and skies

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 100

the boggy meadows.

overgrown marsh marigold.

are changing colour.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 101

swift current and rocks.

river is flowing water.

a bottom is clean.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 102

waves of the ocean.

it have white manes are swimming.

and behind themselves.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 103

furtively looking.

I see the half of the face.

rest, in the shadow.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 104

its the hazy eyes,

and the romantic lanterns,

climate highlighting.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 105

his passionate lips.

are showing the white of teeth.

mask is on the face.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 106

sadness on the face.

eyes are watering non-stop.

the heart is beating.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 107

how much, her smile costs.

she isn't thinking about,

is giving for free.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 108

friendship broken off.

always aches the parting.

and lie more and more.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 109

many couples now,

here parade of the film stars.

in the sky other.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 11

today the blue sky

is firmly ploughed with clouds

water is foaming

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 110

the deep green of grass.

is hiding white with flowers.

and fruits of forest.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 111

along in the street.

gusty wind is scattering.

dry, leaves trodden down.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 112

the picked green grass,

it lies, and slowly drying.

I like this strong smell.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 113

the reeds in the pond.

still ruled by wild ducks now.

are there every day.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 114

then again the wind.

swinging, today less gusty,

there, riverside reeds.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 115

already autumn order.

on the fields are working now.

it`s time of harvest.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 116

echo is spreading,

repeating three times our names,

we are in forest.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 117

a kite is flying.

blue eyes of the small children,

are admiring now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 118

this sweet aroma.

we are making juices now.

are from fresh a fruits.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 119

dropp on the nose, now,

is falling, straight on the hand.

a tear unwanted.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 12

the solitary tree

is waiting for arousing

the day getting up

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 120

everything is gone.

together, with the autumn,

warmly, my and your.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 121

chubby silver moon,

on the sky is wandering,

with the first of stars.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 122

like man, which is late,
when is always expected.
the late train is too.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 123

cat in the hot day,

it has heated pelt, and fur.

it likes the shadow.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 124

her long and soft hair,

it are now admirable,

healthy, natural.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 125

gently is flowing.

calm water of the river.

I can see fish there.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 126

in the paddling pool,

toddler is learning to swim,

mother is helping.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 127

the phone is silent.

I am waiting for three news.

the phone is failing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 128

colourful parrot,

looking at me from the cage,

it is closing eye.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 129

they are amongst us.

lonely people in the crowd.

they want approval.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 13

the hazy morning

now, it is hiding green trees

and gap in the crown

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 130

desire and passion.

lost diary of the strange man.

love in the pink room.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 131

her walks, on the street...

it night, daughter of darkness.

is lulling to sleep.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 132

fighting a battle.

with oneself of thoughts.

so you often lose...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 133

the brother of rain,

a gusty wind, is pulling,

my new umbrella.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 134

in the frantic dance,

yellowed leaves are whirling.

autumn welcoming.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 135

believed himself,

a lover of the boxing,

now, he lies on boards.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 136

house full of people.

the joke and laughter, there is.

baby is crying.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 137

the frog is walking.

now, after wet stones.

and I am afraid.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 138

swimming is pleasant.

only for swimming persons.

learn from a child.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 139

the first real love.

it is a kind of illness.

rarely curable.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 14

clouds are being disrupted

white fluffy with feather quilt

softly on old tops

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 140

more it aches me,

when friend is disappointing.

than other man.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 141

it night croak of frogs,

finished on early dawn.

now, a calm set in.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 142

I`m picking flowers.

in white goblets is water.

it is morning dew.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 143

one, after second,

it white hail balls, are butting,

against window panes.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 144

walk around the park.

autumn coolness, the drizzle.

and now, hunched leaves.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 145

straight from the chimney,

it the trail of the white smoke.

the fire is warm.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 146

it has bushy tail.

little agile red squirrel.

it is on the nut.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 147

tree in the garden.

now brightly lamps are shining.

like many small stars.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 148

not yet a midnight.

all remains of the old year.

I`m looking on clock.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 149

there is stone angel.

these hands like to the prayer.

but one is cracked.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 15

is running uphill

uneven and sandy dirt road

clouds are threatening

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 150

All Souls Day is soon.

and the time, to clean gravestones,

visit the graveyard.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 151

brightly, like by day.

we are surviving meetings,

with close, for our heart.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 152

this old wide lychgate,

today wide open for all.

inviting with light.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 153

the ones, which are dead,
they deserved on peace, silence,
and the day of joy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 154

armfuls of flowers,

the bouquets, wreaths, candles.

memory in heart.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 155

the candle flamed.

we are freshening past time,

with our memory.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 156

as the fire cross.

many placed candles spark.

it is telling view.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 157

a long long steel bridge.

is thrown across the river.

is a large footbridge.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 158

the given shoulder.

today, to piece together.

as the bridge, two edges.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 159

at the road, tall pines.

I`m looking straight into crowns,

reaching with eyesight.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 16

amongst green leaves - white

a bells of the lily play

forest melodies

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 160

are swinging with spikes,

red in the cereal crop,

poppies and fast wind.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 161

brown bark in my room.

I`m breathing the forest smell.

is really cracked.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 162

it cobweb-like threads.

spider is in the corner.

waiting for the fly.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 163

it a big mountains.

here and there, snowy really.

now, starting to rain.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 164

it the rocky edge,

is facilitating coming.

near very water.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 165

on the bright carpet.

a small puppy is dreaming.

snoring is heard now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 166

cat on the sofa.

stretched out comfortably.

it is dreaming hunts.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 167

above, a big trees.

there are storm clouds flowing now.

it is clearing up.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 168

garden for effect.

all enrapturing colours,

a blooming nature.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 169

healthy boletus,

is leaning, its hat to you.

it time to take it.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 17

as soapy a foam

the foamed stream is brimming

over from above

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 170

in the sky a moon.

but stars hide themselves this night.

today is alone.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 171

old man on the bench.

recalls his youth joyfully.

his eyes are closed.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 172

red and green, the trees.

and at the dark blue water.

lying autumn leaf.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 173

a road is uphill.

and old lightly bent trees now.

are casting shadows.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 174

gaps, are creating

long shadows, between green trees

in the old forest.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 175

the man on the rock,
he is trying his powers,
slowly is climbing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 176

it the last couple,

of red leaves of the tree.

it is already falling.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 177

the wings are flapping.

and long necks, are like the line.

it swan are flying.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 178

there are waves churned.

near, up above them, dark clouds.

in hearts we have joy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 179

bench is amongst gold.

the autumn, in park trees, dry.

it don't have leaves, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 18

in the water lakes

quickly wandering white clouds

are reflecting blue

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 180

it is port lightings.

are bouncing in the water,

are like, thin long strips.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 181

light of the town, now.

there in the corner, there are

clear signs of slipping.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 182

road leads uphill now.

We have long sticks in their hands.

a walking journey

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 183

glass is very wet.

morning of fog descends fast.

day is wakes up, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 184

now the water storm,

a large gray stone in the stream.

there is still in place.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 185

on the old market.

pigeons are slowly walk.

know us very well.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 186

the first snow melted.

and the sidewalks are dry now.

but the air moisture.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 187

we feel cold mornings.

now promise frosty winter.

but the bed is hot.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 188

up in the air.

between hills in the water,

white clouds in mirror.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 189

the golden autumn.

is reflecting its colours,

now in the water.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 19

on the horizon

water and dark blue sky

a sun is meeting

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 190

dark red and bright gold

and bronze, mixed with green

I`m painting now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 191

there, forest clearing.

around tall trees now, is foggy,

from in the morning.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 192

view from the terrace.

dark water, hill, old castle,

and blue sky.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 193

it is sprinkled bells.

still morning dew in green.

in a minute sun.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 194

around of forest,

wild boars are digging ground.

I can see it now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 195

end of the autumn,

is finishing eating now,

and birds are waiting.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 196

the skin of the pork

fat is hanging already,

a tit is flying.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 197

now, the first frost.

we again are feeding birds.

the grain is tasting.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 198

the small, screwed leaf.

alone still it is hanging,

on the big old tree.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 199

it is rippled pond,

and white darkness of the clouds.

pic from before years.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 20

the blooming jasmine

is giving its fresh sweet smell

in the green garden

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 200

fluffy ponytail,

snow-white abdomen,

it is red squirrel.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 201

avenue in the park.

nice woman, man with the dog.

are passing each other again.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 202

now is wet small bench.

cause, from the morning raining.

then again weather.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 204

the autumn fast spilt.

over branches of the trees.

colours. now are warm.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 205

now red wetted leaves,

lie, under the large oak,

and it's raining.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 206

a road is shining.

it stopped raining quite firmly

rain is returnin.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 207

then again the wind,
in avenues of the park,
is blowing your hairs.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 208

a tall tree is white.

and now, it is carrying snow,

on its the branches.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 209

cool and white ice balls,
are hitting on windows panes,
the first hail this year.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 21

a storm-tossed sea

throws away the shells ashore

storm is approaching

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 210

the cool ice icicles,

now, are hanging from the roof,

as large white spikes.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 211

now, snowy forests.

frost already pressed fields.

winter on the roads.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 212

frozen rivers now,

and fishes it fell asleep.

cause and winter came.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 213

yesterday a rain.

today a wind and snow now.

tomorrow big frost.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 214

is time for the thaw.

in the water large ice floes.

are slowly melting.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 215

fruits, on the table.

behind the window, winter.

Autumn in the jar.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 216

the strawberry jam.

it smells nice of the summer.

straight from the big jar.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 217

shining ornaments,

on the big green Christmas tree.

children admiring.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 218

it now real winter.

river already in ice.

ready skating rink.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 219

a sleigh is rushing.

healthy horses are neighing.

we are loud laughing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 22

colour butterfly

landed on the grass, now

and swings with the wind

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 220

on the pond ice floe.

and frost is hugging firmly.

freezing everything.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 221.

a snow is falling.

and in a minute down white.

will cover all fields.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 222

the middle of field.

now a wind is attacking.

firmly swung old tree.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 223

already white field.

it covered all our tracks.

but snow is melting.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 224

heavy icicles,

are hanging from many roofs,

it is dangerous.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 225

it is getting cold.

today forecast is sad.

the winter attack.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 226

sparrows on the tree.

as many old wither leaves.

they are shivering.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 227

by the route snowman.

children formed him today.

it`s like the signpost.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 228

the wide shovelful,

is useful every day.

on more white roads, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 229

by the snow, the sleigh,

is heaving it from above.

winter time is now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 23

in the orchard, trees

in white blooming are strewing

petals as the snow

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 230

it`s snowing non-stop,

snow is up to knees.

will be what to do.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 231

on the tree are birds.

already sit in feeder.

winter is fully.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 232

snow covered roads,

on the road traffic hold-up.

to my home is far.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 233

on a simple way.

there are collisions and bumps.

everywhere black ice.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 234

the long skating rink.

attracts for yourself our eye,

missing my courage.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 235

it winter sleigh ride.

the cheerful voice and the noise.

and laughter of children.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 236

we are expecting.

of the first star in the sky.

today Christmas Eve.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 237

a walk of the birds.

on the white snow, are black tracks.

are staying briefly.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 238

it is dessert cold.

now we are eating ice-creams.

winter by windows.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 239

it game of light snows.

now, they are flying, both sides.

they are white and round.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 24

the mown fresh green lawn

day by day is more pretty

natural carpet

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 240

sculpture on panes.

frost it is a great artist.

perishable work.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 241

the carpet is red.

stars are appearing.

they want to be first.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 242

on the stage the star.

is in armfuls of flowers.

tired and happy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 243

for her great applause.

she triggered to the scene.

her strength is losing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 244

the youth, the freshness.

massaging feet in a minute,

she feels tiring out.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 245

in out flowing tears.

on the face undercoat.

is masking her face.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 246

hool already full.

in a minute show will be.

the same old story.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 247

is repeating lines.

tomorrow is a premiere.

the fright not helping.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 248

the debut is cost.

fear of the premiere is strong,

doesn't want to leave.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 249

alone on the stage.

experienced it actress.

now, fit of laughter.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 25

writing

our word written.

always consists of the thoughts,

of known expressions

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 250

move, on arena.

a tiger became nervous.

trainer escaping.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 251

now, galloping horse.
in a minute, more of them.

trainer, in middle.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 252

it dancing doggies.

the laughter and loud applause.

and tears in my eyes

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 253

the seductive face.

and sweet lips of admirer.

this is silent screen.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 254

early cinema.

they are getting a loud laugh,

all next stages.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 255

on the screen, the film,

comedy, is beginning.

one guest is crying.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 256

in the old sweater.

for the award, now. he thanks.

a suit in the shop.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 257

the tie on the neck.

more and more is chafing him.

is throwing to fans.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 258

the loud applause now.

is drowning words out for her.

the star is touched.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 259

idol at the scene,

for us known well, is singing.

suddenly silence...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 26

my assailed brush.

now, is reaching the whiteness.

of the gum, is pink.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 260

I played many tails.

an artist told us, but not...

pig's, cause I don` t like.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 261

in the small theatre,

cosy and nice atmosphere.

family mood here.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 262

actor on the stage.

suddenly forgot his role.

prompter fell asleep.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 263

it is the first role.

at such a big scene, the soul,

is freezing to spot.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 264

the tamer of lions,

is flexing his muscles proud,

anxiety returns.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 265

at the scene is clown.

he is trying to amuse.

loud crying is heard.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 266

it more loud applause.

in a minute he will leave.

to show new teeth, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 267

lights are going out.

today end of presenting.

tomorrow anew.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 268

it the first award.

with real tear sprinkled.

and with cold champagne.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 269

she laughing, is loud.

it moment for journalists.

then again too long.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 27

it looks like a mud.

are sticking something to wall.

construction bird's nest.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 270

it is the last bow.

actor will walk from the scene.

and now, he will rest.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 271

it is gift from heart
and the heart is icy and cold
socks are very warm.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 272

this white gloss paper,

is hiding the Christmas gift.

this your fantasy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 273

the big teddy bear.

today will please the small boy.

it gift from the mum.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 274

wolves, on the white snow,

as ever are vigilant.

where from the stranger (?) .

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 275

blue water of lake.

branches of the tree, above.

already snowy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 276

it is winding road.

between snowy white forest,

ribbon of asphalt.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 277

it the winter view.

Christmas tree on the middle.

and saint Nicolas

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 278

everywhere in white.

everything is closer now.

only seemingly.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 280

we are passing all.

around everywhere white snow.

frost isn't joking.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 281

the moon is lighting.

the skating rink for children.

view, like from the dream.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 282

there wolves on the snow,

and then again left a trail.

forest is near.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 283

water still is free.
but frost isn't catching it.
a winter, fully.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 284

the winter beauty.

and sleigh ride quickly driving.

sparks, under hooves.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 285

it winter weather.

from the morning, a snowstorm.

a skid is threatening.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 286

funny white snowman.

now in a clearing forest.

is waiting for us.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 287

now, I am on skates.

practising the ice dancing.

of enthusiasm lack.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 288

a cracking fire.

party in the forester's house.

ready bonfire.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 289

today, on the road,

we are dragging toboggan

and now, ... from above.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 29

flower aroma.

ally of the nightingale.

in the thicket trills.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 290

sports. competition.

now they are dancing in pairs,

on the skating rink.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 291

trees are in white.

more and more are big banks snows.

the snow isn't stopping.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 292

peaks of mountains white.

from yesterday it`s raining.

visible effects.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 293

the snowy landscape.

is enrapturing white snow.

it is fresh and soft.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 294

the winter flowers,

will patterns elaborate,

carved frost on pane.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 295

the snowman standing,

in the middle park, on road.

as if it greeted.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 296

solitary tree

is only lightly snowy.

it looks now better.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 297

by the water, trees.

branches are snowy of up.

they feel, only ice.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 298

now they are whirling.

again big patches of snow,

dancing cheerfully.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 299

it the old castle,

is covered with the snow.

now, it is closer.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 30

across cheek the drop.

flowing down the salty damp.

pain in the muscles.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 300

it the figurine.

in the park from a distance,

as man...not dressed.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 301

bullets in the snow.

everyone the throw is good.

and has far distance.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 302

there a chimney sweep.

amongst the white avenue.

visible black track.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 303

now, on the white snow,

children's shoes are leaving tracks.

it is sweet a view.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 304

non-stop is raining.

and in a minute the melt.

floating puddles.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 305

is guarding the house.

the snowman, is in garden.

and dressed how man.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 306

the fairy-tale house.

of the light in all windows.

heard Christmas carols.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 307

the snowman standing,

from a distance as short guest.

it is amongst white.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 308

snowy avenue,

in the middle of the park.

beautiful and clean.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 309

I am watching jumps.

everyday skis on the snow.

competition began.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 31

stain, on the water.

white amongst green.

blooming water lily.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 310

fast jump from above.

the wind, isn't disturbing.

medal in the range.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 311

knocking at the door.

it children, walk with the shed.

I can hear singing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 312

are the white wafers

for dividing on Christmas Eve.

are close for our hearts.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 313

is looking festive.

the white table, Christmas Eve,

is arousing thrill.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 314

they sat down with us.

but they aren't already.

and memory is.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 315

wafer important,

and the tradition also.

and time is flying.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 316

it`s white wash and frost.

now, the black ice is ready.

car crashes and bumps.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 317

the last small thin sheet,

is hanging still on the tree,

blowing and shivering.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 318

frost is approaching.

now, low temperature.

at us coolness.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 319

freezing everything.

ears and the nose on the frost.

now, are turning red.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 32

on the pane is nose.

behind the pane ruddy face.

he is making faces.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 320

gusty and cold wind.

more and more is the snow now.

and covered paths.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 321

the Arctic young fox.

in kind is more beautiful.

than as the collar.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 322

beads of eyes, circles.

the nose like black small button.

it Arctic young fox.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 323

at the foot of rocks,

two large and old elephants,

where is much green grass.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 324

Bengali tiger,

beautiful, proud and very fast,

and... background, sunset

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 325

there, on the white snow,

Siberian children's tigers,

it are frolicking.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 326

white Siberian snow,

and them majestic grace.

it pair of tigers.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 327

an intense lightning.

now, is ripping the blue sky.

like of slashing knife.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 328

as the large root bright.

lightning lightly in the sky.

now is tangled up.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 329

it bizarre shapes,

very firmly bright lightnings.

it is so as drawn.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 33

this is a wet shell.

noise and sand are staying.

firmly, bath too cold.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 330

tricoloured sky.

cut in two with the lightning.

it unusual effect.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 331

beach with the evening.

of the pink sky the colour

enrapturing us.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 332

the long lighted bridge.

now, by the water brightly.

it is the nice view.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 333

beautiful, white swans.

relating to the castle...

it is bewitching.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 334

small town with the night.

neon lights. are lightening.

and giving the warmth.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 335

the narrow, small street

quickly is directing up.

suddenly it ending.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 336

in the forest gaps.

allow for radii this way,

it is more pleasantly.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 337

a river is foaming.

by the edge the gallop.

horses are heard now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 338

the pleasant Arab.

it is shaking its mane.

tensed muscles.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 339

with knocking hooves.

a mare is stressing presence,

it horse's beauty.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 34

is lightly stretched.

when I touched, are vibrating,

like known, a good sounds.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 340

horses on the snow.

are galloping to target.

of the mane blown.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 341

on the pond are ducks.

they swimming with a neat row.

harmonious family.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 342

on the large water, now,

I mused about small things,

and about my friends.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 343

eyes aren't lying.

it is only your bad lips.

are cursing other.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 345

the grandpa in bows.

and is rattling, him the spine,

he went, after ice.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 346

grandpa has attack.

and he wrote two poems, now.

the subject is free.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 347

free american
Eliza is a divorce
is now in fashion

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 348

the three twin brothers,

are similar to oneself.

these are real villains.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 349

and now, by my ear,

for me, winnings melody,

on the saxophone.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 35

dog feels and bark now.

it`s lift - down, and up.

dog has hoarseness.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 350

the phone is silent.

today, I forgot to charge.

my old batteries.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 351

it is flying high.

I can reach your dreams by think.

if only I want.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 352

the familiar face.

you are standing by mirror.

and now, it is mask.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 353

by the table, guests.

on plates is a lot of food,

hungry, on outside.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 354

it is time of gifts.

the first star is in the sky.

they are singing songs.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 355

angels are hanging.

already on the green tree.

now, toys are shining.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 356

the frost is pinching.

I see red scarf and the nose.

and now, happy child.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 357

now, guests are typing.

carol singers are going.

they have the big shed.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 358

now, under the hat.

the grandfather is changed.

and he has grey mop.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 359

time for midnight Mass.

we are going to the church.

to see the creche.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 36

playing with the ride.

dark night thrills angles.

of four walls are wait.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 360

it is festive time.

the good time of the meetings.

in the family.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 361

now, we are changing.

masked ball is beginning.

our beautiful queen.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 362

a fancy dress ball.

in the room, is the most cats.

and only one pig.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 363

old fortune-teller.

it is a grandmother Gill.

now, she is younger.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 364

now a ball began.

the orchestra is playing.

now, rotary waltz.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 365

laughter in the room

our cheerful clown

he is telling jokes

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 366

in the room doctor.

now, he is pinching people.

it is loosely, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 367

and now is midnight.

we are giving our wishes

closest for one's heart

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 368

it is a white waltz.

women are asking men, now.

it is a round dance.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 369

it is a round dance.

it is striking midnight, now.

tears of emotion.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 37

now, you are pressing.

is stimulating the chill,

and buttons.....only.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 370

your yung lips is red.

you have hair as the model.

and...where now you are.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 371

waiting on the star,

family, by the table.

together evening.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 372

it`s the last wafer.

it is for late guests.

with our wishes.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 373

flight is canceled.

the weather is without changes.

we must be patient.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 374

waiting family.

now, weather is changing fast.

there will be no flight.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 375

now, today non-stop,

the radio is forecasting.

about the weather.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 376

delaying the train.

it causes anxiety now.

my heart is clenched.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 377

privately joyfully.

and it is chance to meetings.

our big family.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 378

you with your nice look,

you are warming me, darling

it is everyday.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 379

your very hot lips

they want my longing red lips

I - indifferent...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 38

oiled recently.

it lift, not yet is stopping,

it to the next time.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 380

his beautiful words.

now, they are touching my heart.

and... desire grows.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 39

squeals and grinding.

the eternal passenger.

it is fare dodger.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 4

sensitive lady

--

sensitive lady

in the garden with clippers

hurt living flowers

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 40

the one is shining.

a dark and cold - it`s a rest.

we going up, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 41

it finally moved.

and it before, than that old

trembled mechanism.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 42

isn't making noise.

it is speeding quickly up.

but is returning.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 43

it is raising up,

everyday life, and concerns,

in order to fall.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 44

this all in this cage.

the people and animals.

as the Noah's Ark.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 45

it clouded over.

already behind the cloud.

it's beginning to rain.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 46

rosy head flower.

is leaning out from the vase.

smell of the peony.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 47

the chirping morning,

in the garden, by the house,

coffee on the bench.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 48

the chirping morning,

in the garden, by the house,

coffee on the bench.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 49

couple, on the tree.

now, are leaping cheerfully.

it is unknown birds.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 5

changeability

in my memory.

recipe for your face mask.

good is written now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 50

a white, pigeons flew.

still car body is gleaming,

one moment and, tracks...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 51

now, on the window sill,

from the morning is walking,

little magpie thief.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 52

before the departure

forest birds, rally.

'environment' is topic

it is last debate

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 53

on the roof perched.

is composing melodies.

to the beak and wings.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 54

something is squeaking.

ants are migrating with row.

I only looking.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 55

the butterfly wings

opened, a puff of wind,

wiev is bewitchi

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 56

still, swellings on legs.

always, and after the walk.

gel is helping me.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 57

is restoring to live.

coolness, of fresh water.

heat is teasing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 58

and it is pure.

I am sending you, my love.

in the envelope.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 59

on the wet roadway.

and with the excess speed, man.

lives stop - is tree.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 6

jumps - 6

-

is putting on skis

flying for a gold medal

wind is hampering

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 60

golden sunflower,
is already the black grain.
the birds are pleased.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 61

around winter white,

covered fast what can it.

frost is on a field.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 62

water is freezing.

it ice-cream of the nature.

but it not for me.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 63

today, will cover.

snowstorms up on the threshold.

and it is clean now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 64

at night hard frost, now.

on the road, firmly hugging.

it is rubbing ears.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 65

it is fresh formed.

and is standing at the window.

the white large snow - man.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 66

still, today up down.

children on the toboggan.

they have happy smile.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 67

the long skating rink.

I am counting many stars.

I lie from the start.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 68

by the green tree, now.

at home they are singing all,

old Christmas carols.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 69

slowly are dripping.

it long sharp ice icicles.

end of the winter.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 7

I play - 7

--

snow bullets on ice

I am doing pirouettes

and I play winter

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 70

on frost working man.

almost he isn't ill, now.

has red ears and nose.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 71

today Christmas Eve.

I can see eyes of the carp.

I won't be eating.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 72

now, about one more,

always stands on the table.

today, Christmas Eve.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 73

now play New Year's Eve.

rich attires are shimmering.

reality show.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 74

from sensitive hearts.

Christmas Eve for homeless.

conscience - to sleep.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 75

she at the party.
the man stepped on the dress her.
comfortable now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 76

and the New Year came.

ferria of lights and champagne.

and colour balloons.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 77

I`m deducting loud.

the clock is striking midnight.

the New Year is now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 78

she have broken heel.

now, is dancing without shoes.

parquet heated up.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 79

everyone changed.

Zorro doesn't have the horse.

because, snow is great.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 8

dawn is getting up

and in the golden redness

a clouds are clearing

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 80

it is new photo.

everyone are on the place.

and inside snowman.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 81

queen

it two wild flowers.

when in the vase with the rose.

they are like two knights.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 82

from our flour

bread in the oven.

we are baking for breakfast.

our bakery goods.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 83

picnic

family picnic.

forest clearing welcomes guests.

blanket on the grass.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 84

potato-lifting

autumn is on field.

last harvest of potatoes.

soon winter will be.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 85

winter supplies

heads of the cabbage,

now are waiting for pickling.

also cucumbers.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 86

he is everywhere

on the new springboard.

lifeguard is bending over.

his face is known well.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 87

the alarm clock is disturbing

I cannot wake up.

persistently is ringing.

I feel the switch good.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 88

winter supplies

heads of the cabbage,

now are waiting for pickling.

also cucumbers.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 89

survive it one more time

an older fat man.

still is accosting young girls.

that is emotion.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 9

at dawn a river

closed in colours of the pink

with pale pink dawn, now

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 90

to losses

an older woman.

she wants to give her years back.

the ones used up.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 92

leaves yellowed,

and here or there are red,

autumn is painting.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 93

the gold with the red.

juxtaposing of others.

the autumn colours.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 94

soaring pines,

are aiming straight at the sky,

higher than other.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 95

there a yellow brown.

sandy path is in the park.

of strewn golden leaf.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 96

here, roadsides of paths,
now are hiding all colours,
on earth, in lying leaves.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 97

the big forest trees,

can see the piece of the sky.

white and blue colours.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 98

tongue of the sky.

there is a gap, on a top.

it is touching leaves.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 99

remains of rays,

it is touching us warmly,

coolness is coming.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Cold Breeze

frosty air early.

in the morning cold breeze.

the windows open.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Drizzle

it morning drizzle.

and frost it is hugging then,

again slippery.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Frost

frost eased off now,

and there green grass is growing.

a spring will approach.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Great A Wind.

is the great a wind.

tails of the coat. flying up.

as wings, of the bird.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Hands

very longing hands.

dragged out only to you,

my nice and warm sun.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Hot Lips

your very hot lips,

as the delicate flower,

kissing my body.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Long Day

more and more long day.

is encouraging for walks.

very good weather.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Now Is Warm.

straight from the chimney.

a trail of smoke is spinning.

at home, now is warm.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - On The Snow

on the snow children,

playing the snowy battle,

end of the winter.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Spring Flowers

in every angle.

the first visible heralds.

it is spring flowers.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - Your Delicate

your delicate knees,
keeping me without effort
you are very strong.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku 203

lamp posts are standing.

in rows evenly waiting,

only for evening.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku 279

there white Christmas trees.

in the background pig a sky.

is a winter dawn.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku -344

is worrying the speed.

the merry-go-round of words.

it great impetus.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku -379

your very hot lips.

they want my longing red lips.

I - indifferent...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku -91

in the park, autumn.

are putting shades on path.

mixt diverse trees.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Half To

he is standing naked like the apollo
shamelessly revealing
secrets of a fig leaf
reflecting into the pier glass
will only testify the quiet admiration
for oneself
worth the narcissus
he is waiting
still half an hour to...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 271 (With The Grandfather 'B')

grandpa 'B' mokry i happy

these humid breezes.
they threw the slip into mud.
happy 'B'...is washing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 100

in a word box

emotions grew fast

for this game she took slip off

and she lost so high

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 101

after the washing

hung slips on the cord

are drying in the full sun

one is getting down to earth

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 102

the sun is drying

a wet underwear.

on the rope, slips is hanging,

cat is catching drops.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 103

unbearable wind

the slip in the wind.

firmly, wind is frolicking.

creaking paperclips

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 104

underweight

a slip is falling

is an effect of the diet

and too thin owner

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 105

automatic washing machine

in the drum three slips

are whirling with trousers, now

knot is tangled up

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 106

moderate tanning

small green hill near house

women are sitting in slips

men are peeping them

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 107

it is blowing in the window

in the window, slip.

as the blue delicate mist.

it is goods to heat

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 108

expensively

on counter is slip.

but not everyone can buy.

the elegance costs

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 109

quickly and comfortably

slip into flowers

good on every occasion

it looks like the skirt

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 110

decline in prices

not losing the charm

slip from the price reduction

is desired now

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 111

too hot in the shop

heat surprised of us

she is working in the slip

more and more a tail.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 112

up-down

of the neighbour slip

is hanging loosely on my rope

it fell at night, now

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 113

what a women

it women's army.

colourfully from a slips.

they are in action.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 114

and with evening

the slip at the scene.

is standard repertoire.

evening with King Kong.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 115

fatty in Thursday

the bows of the slip,

like young, buds of a flowers.

like with the icing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 116

and wife at home

the girl in the slip.

is rushing to the neighbour.

a canceled flight.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 117

for him at the sight of

a slip is falling.

she is taking of her rest.

coolness of senses.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 118

the charming couple

a golden buttons,

a satin thin slip for night,

is in their legs, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 119

a satin blue dreams

in half in the lace

fitted top to her body

it is a hot dream

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 120

weight of the abundance

her sweet sweet a fruits.

with the corselette, slip,

they have and beat tigh

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 121

imitation

in the garden spring.

is opening buds of flowers.

and she her a slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 122

offer

the scanty short slips.

it erotic underwear,

for night-time frolics.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 123

on the exhibition of the novelty

the sensory slip

still lies on the mannequin

like on the woman

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 124

musically

with the rose tango.

the partner is bowing, fast

the slip is falling.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 125

for the first time

model has debut.

is filling with admiration.

when slip taken off.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 126

in the forest

-

on the earth is slip

he is counting rings of wood

she is temptation

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 127

who is superstitious?

-

he loves doesn't love

on the slip the acacia

I am predicting

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 128

a prize

-

the Black Joker, now.

Mr Teddy is playing.

wife and slip is rate.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 129

it bloomed on the flowerpot

-

her beautiful slip

flew onto the balcony

like as the flower

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 130

for advice

-

woman is coming.

the doctor: now, undress slip.

underwear in work.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 131

linen slip

-

into folk patterns.

a white embroidered.

so its price is high.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 132

sharp dance

-

our lively dancing.

suddenly, the slip is breaking.

it is staying 'pale'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 133

prudence

-

after the shower.

she is putting on thin slip.

he is taking off.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 134

without the problem

-

slip is without pants.

after the short little price.

fast 'is going down'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 135

way to the man

-

the slip on woman.

is caressing the male eye.

his appetite grows.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 136

reaction

soft touch of your slip.

and shivering material.

thermal energy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 137

alternative

-

universal slips.

with evening you are taking.

in the day top.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 138

long hand in the attic

--

slip closer to her.

and the shirt of the neighbour.

she is taking all.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 139

early harvest

she in the green slip.

Pods and young dots is picking.

girl and her fast boy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 140

slip Agathe

-

in a red cute slips.

so like elegant dresses.

dancing at the scene.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 141

unfortunately *

-

satin is shining.

the slip is buckling her charms.

pocket is empty.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 142

without hesitation

underlined a breasts.

whole of the slip in a frills.

decision on yes.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 143

with the delicate addition

it vertically laces.

are making her more slimmer.

and looking sexy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 144

tempting

it is slip 'Carmen'

'Otello' on the poster

girl on the ladder

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 145

fitted

on sides are gashes.

are facilitating walking.

slip for the show.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku - 146

mutual satisfaction

the 'designer' slip.

is raising the wife's humour.

the husband loves blue.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 147

gived up

is waving white slip.

the end of skirmishes, now.

prize of the winner.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 148

bathing act

at the edge a slip.

rest of the clothes, also.

a girl is on sand.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 149

very delicacies

very cute in the slip.

the babe, of the pastry cook.

is licking fingers.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 150

it is what to do

the slip on the slip.

will be soaking, starching,

and pressing also.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 151

tasteful with the pepper

black with gold colour.

tight on the big blonde - wamp.

the 'Axami' slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 152

and the model like the bird

a slip name 'Pigeon'.

shades, purple and lilac-blue.

around the pink lace.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 153

on the brown-golden background

it`s not her aura.

different Cleopatra.

in the thin white slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 154

masking gaps

appropriate bra.

a bit enlarging the bust.

slip is to the waist.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 155

pose of the model

stilted face, slip.

lips into the little snout.

is lack of nature.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 156

take to appetite

afraid in the slip.

needs to show body, and here.

is nothing, thin girl.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 157

a feather was missing

a beads on the neck.

she is bending, in the slip.

her boy, is happy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 158

fireman, don't smoke in the bed

the red slip on girl.

good into the boudoir.

is starting fires.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 159

with evening time

charms of the body.

abundant slip and her bra.

he uncovering.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 160

as thin as the veil

from top to botton.

slip only into the frills.

underit brown body.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 161

ightly showing through

white delicate lace.

the slip and her little thongs.

in navel, earring.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 162

display

slips are fluttering.

faces, into the little snout.

in the room. sponsor.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 163

fashionably and differently

they of faces, dresses

are variables, as aura.

and slips, of course, too

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 164

appearances and poses

is washing the car.

a splashed slip, a bit wet.

interesting appearance.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 165

preparations

models are tired.

they are practising movements.

slip, and moves of hands.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 166

picture of the parrot

like on the per cent.

ornithologist in slip.

woman is posing,

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 167

white impractical

long, lines of the lips,

are breaking into the smile.

in the slip, pigeon.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 168

she is taking out what has

sweet from the cake shop.

girl donut in the action.

slip, on the head, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 169

nothing isn't pouring out

everything, from lace.

slip, on one silver button.

dressed meatball.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 171

red and black

lace, black and yellow,

in the slip, is the blonde girl.

red shawl like the mist.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 172

by the water

slip, with butterflies.

and two, straight from the meadow,

are sitting on slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 173

watching the novelty

it her jewellery,

is adding, to the new slip.

girl, shapely and sweet.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 174

tanning will be

clothes, in the garden.

father, is looking at slip.

mum is undressing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 175

for the good beginning

a colour parcel.

islying, on her bed, now.

slip and bra, from him.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 176

it is worthwhile having

slip is from cotton.

waiting for she, in wardrobe.

on cold time, is good.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 177

watcher as a special favour

the girl in the slip.

is hanging underwear up.

neighbour with spyglass.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 178

not squeezed

on her balcony,

a claret slip is hanging.

water is dribbling.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 179

high prices

slips, bras, strings, and dress.

the stall with the underwear.

what is, in the shop

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 180

with quiver

you are touching slip.

is pleasant and thin. you feel,

her warmth is very nice.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 181

intimate beauty

it is notches, and gap.

and uncovered nipples...

slip, on the hot night.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 182

white temptation

new delicious slip.

is untied at the front.

lures are from fluff .

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 183

without constraint

charms emphasizing,

she is a shapely model,

the black slip, and thongs.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 184

a little black

the slip from the lace.

is hiding half naked breasts.

glories of nature.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 185

with subtle lace

beautiful pink fog.

delicate slip, on the straps.

it girlish sweetness.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 186

comfortable and beautiful

tigerish design.

a slip at the fireplace.

is feeding fire.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 187

slips for the show

it transparent slip.

young held the magnifying glass.

pancakes under...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 188

in his eyes

it is fresh crimson.

a black digressions, and straps.

it for the lover.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 189

big teeth and teeth

the down, with big teeth.

she in the slip, and also has.

white, will show here, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 190

attraction

--

circle, on the slip.

the loose breasts are falling fast.

the range, is free.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 191

unusually sweet

it her a pink slip.

little panties and laces.

also, two sweeties.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 192

voluptuous

a model Belle.

negligee, slip, tempting navel.

and her round tummy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 193

girl in the pink

in the slip from the net.

is chasing the butterfly.

with net in the hand.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 194

you are worth it, girl

-

for you is shining.

a satin slip, her real dream.

'don't begrudge yourself'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 195

nice present

-

slip for the wife.

gift on anniversary.

cause, is 'five', and...he.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 196

to the face

-

the slip on the beach.

it serves her, for the screen.

when is a strong sun.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 197

always by oneself

-

slip, on the meadow.

instead of the small blanket.

sleeping, in grass.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 198

signal

-

slip, in her window.

is fluttering like curtain.

sign, she is at home.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 199

accidentally

-

is at the neighbour.

it the slip, fell off from rope.

the receipt costs her.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 200

tired

-

the slip on the tree.

it flew up during the storm.

and now, settled.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 201

too small

-

she is trying slip.

here and there, is spilling,

excess of body.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 202

likes to be in view

-

sat down in the slip.

is imitating, the dress.

crowd, was gathered.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 203

nice shopping

-

she is buying, new.

the husband, is keeping slip.

and wife, their money.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 204

she is pleased

-

the husband, took blue.

the friend. chose a white model.

slips, are very good.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 205

view from the window

today the woman.

in the slip is sweeping up.

heat is on the street.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 206

thongs in the wash

the man in the slip,

is sunbathing in garden.

business protecting.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 207

miracles and wonders

now, the nudist beach.

is discovering wonders.

the slip is at home.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 208

change of the underwear

slip in the bedroom.

the enraptured husband,

and is taking all.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 209

play of colours

-

her the flesh colour,

and his imagination...

unnecessary a slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 210

mushroom picking

-

her rubber was weak.

the slip fell on the mushroom.

now, it lying there.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 211

white

-

slip is fluttering,

above the head as beloved,

it flag victorious,

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 212

there will be a corrida

-

she in the red slip.

is arousing emotions.

he - toreador.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 213

better to have nothing

-

slip from the nylon,

but it is letting nothing,

quickly is taking.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 214

in the top

-

slips are on the shelf.

she is choosing from the half.

and a top is free.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 215

as fruits

overripe breasts,

in the tight black corselette,

slip is covering.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 216

gaps are expensive

bra is showing through,

visible under the slip,

thin, so as the mist.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 217

nice predacity

really close-fitting.

it is her black evening slip.

she like the panther

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 218

with models

delivery of slips.

the admiration of men.

money is also.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 219

ready

the white rigid slip

long pony tail, colour skirt

we are dancing rock

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 220

happened

now, it is torn dress,

and slip, replacing it.

a small accident.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 221

forgotten

today is show slip.

now, all from the middle down.

because top missing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 222

eye-catcher

her beautiful slip,

visible under apron,

increases money.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 223

as the dress

slip, into the grid,

untypical is on day.

everyone is wrong.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 224

she is hanging the underwear up

the neighbour in slip,

cause, did the washing today

crowd in the attic...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 225

to the flash

the hanging a slip.

people are admiring it.

the lace is shining.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 226

please pay and take

holding the pink slip.

the mannequin in the coat.

is stretching hand out.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 227

on sale

basket with sweet slips.

most often scrutinised.

by interested male eyes.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 228

the display not equal of the display

is all the rage, now,

fur, the beautiful woman,

and the her thin slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 229

he likes these knick-knacks

amateur of slips,

is testing them, on himself,

examining it.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 230

view from the window

the wind is blowing.

now, the loose slip up flying.

admission - pink gum.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 231

but... there is no reason

slip is at water.

service men, are on a place.

and a girl is shy.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 232

a top is a top

at this show the slip,

didn't have the down ended.

but it was the best.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 233

what who likes

beautiful young girl,

like to wear her short dresses.

young man prefers slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 234

presenting for the holiday of forest

the girls in green slippers.

playing on the forest stage.

charming water nymphs.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 235

the waitress lent

white slip on the head.

the cook forgot the his cap.

takings are surging.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 236

susceptible director

is turning his eyesight away.

lace of slip is attracting.

...is dismissing girl.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 237

better is winning (?)

very small parcel.

now, all nature with top.

instead of the slip, ring.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 238

at a petrol station

young girl in the slip.

the driver is fueling up.

is undressing heat.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 239

for fashionable dressers

silk slip, is gently.

adjoining to the body,

it`s comfortably.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 240

for neat and slim.

are pleated gussets.

in the slip, white and charming.

it a season hit.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 241

for stouter ladies

light and thin a slip.

perforated as the sieve.

it provides freshness.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 242 (With The Grandfather 'B')

'B' grandfather.

she is buying slip.

and 'B' from it stiffened.

is lie, on the floor now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 243 (With The Grandfather 'B')

rapt into the rustle grandfather

slip, from the chiffon.

it is attractive rustling.

and 'B' is dreaming.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 244 (With The Grandfather 'B')

joy of the grandfather

the slip, for the gift,

is enjoying 'B', happy,

and hands are shaking.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 245 (With The Grandfather 'B')

grandfather 'B' excited

in slip on table.

his legs, as the jelly, now.

he, oneself in bows.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 246 (With The Grandfather 'B')

at the sight of

slip with small roses.

grandfather 'B'now, is red.

as the young a bud.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 247 (With The Grandfather 'B')

in the small cloud

light blue, gauzy cloud.

grandfather'B' - at the slip,

want touch... and cannot.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 248 (With The Grandfather 'B')

the grandfather has what wanted

amateur of warm.

'B' is twirling it moustache.

it slip are flannel.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 249 (With The Grandfather 'B')

the grandpa is imitating the poet

on the slip a ink.

but the ink blot, wan` t vanish.

it isn't disturbing 'B'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 25 In The Dressing Room

in the dressing room

you are a lucky

richly the gathered slip

is covering gaps

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 250 (With The Grandfather 'B')

demanding

the grandfather 'B'.

writing the ode to slip.

only with lates.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 251 (With The Grandfather 'B')

date 'B' - in darkness

grandpa is going.

she is only in the slip,

and held the light torch.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 252 (With The Grandfather 'B')

'B' - he held and... didn't withstand

in the morning, dives.

softly a slip...fall.

grandpa is fainting.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 253 (With The Grandfather 'B')

duds for the grandfather

the slippers, are on weight.

it is sale 'how is flying'.

buying, happy... 'B'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 254 (With The Grandfather 'B')

invisible present from the grandfather

little box with the ribbon.

inscription inside - for you.

slip is.. as 'nice ink'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 255 (With The Grandfather 'B')

slip for the friend of the grandfather 'B'

buy the slip for man.

the age is unspecified,

for the wedding night.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 256 (With The Grandfather 'B')

grandfather'B'- postman with imagination

knock in the door, now.

she is in the slip, open.

'B' is escaping...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 257 (With The Grandfather 'B')

and by paws for grandfather

a slip disappeared,

in hands 'B' - it collector.

now, belts for you...'B'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 258 (With The Grandfather 'B')

brave Miss.

Grandpa 'B' was dumb.

when Miss for him showed.

that slip, is blowing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 259 (With The Grandfather 'B')

steam on the carpet

Ms, and grandpa 'B',

they will try on colour slips.

she demonstrating, he pale.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 260 (With The Grandfather 'B')

project of the grandfather of 'B'

one a more loose belt.

the economical slip.

only... 'in the strip'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 261 (With The Grandfather 'B')

and it is it! - a grandfather'B' is saying

it a slip. red, very hot!

it the fire constantly!

and always is good!

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 262 (With The Grandfather 'B')

grandpa 'B' in the move

white frills are flying.

grandfather is in the slip.

he is like pigeon.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 263 (With The Grandfather 'B')

grandpa 'B'... flying

slip from her, on head.

'B' is screaming - parachute.

is flying from top.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 264 (With The Grandfather 'B')

experienced 'B'

girl and 'B' in slip.

they are practising on mat.

hits... below the belt.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 265 (With The Grandfather 'B')

it from the joy...grandpa 'B': >)

'B' as the nanny.

he is dressing slip, and wig.

grandson is drumming.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 266 (With The Grandfather 'B')

grandpa 'B' is on fire

the view of the slip.

is heightening his passion.

cheeks 'B' are scarlet.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 267 (With The Grandfather 'B')

and nanny on the ladder

silver sprayer of 'B',

grandpa is doing a wind.

slip is fluttering..

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 268 (With The Grandfather 'B')

and nanny on the ladder

silver sprayer of 'B',

grandpa is doing a wind.

slip is fluttering..

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 269 (With The Grandfather 'B')

for 'B' exorbitant price

log of oaken.

in fireplace with the slip.

grandpa was nervous.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 27 Fitting

fitting

Liz in the slip

and seams are slowly breaking

the diet didn't help

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 270 (With The Grandfather 'B')

flounder with 'B'

grandpa in the slip.

is splashing in silver bath.

with his lovely fish.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 272. (With The Grandfather 'B')

'B' - is looking TV

with snow and mud now,

grandpa is coming from field.

he is watching slips.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 273. (With The Grandfather 'B')

he got dressed

the grandpa'B' feels,

like the naked, like the leaf,

and...put the slip on.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 274. (With The Grandfather 'B')

'B' - is old 'SATYR'

grandpa likes to sleep.

is dreaming of nymphs in slip.

he is a satyr.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 275. (With The Grandfather 'B'):

he fell ill grandpa - 'B'

grandpa is struggling.

a weakness caught him suddenly,

at the sight of slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 276. (With The Grandfather 'B')

all for her

today his meeting.

'B' is waiting for the night.

and he has new slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 277. (With The Grandfather 'B')

souvenir on the floor

like starchy grandpa.

skid on the slip of the maid.

now, in the morning.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 278. (With The Grandfather 'B')

Romeo is still sleeping

'B' is shivering.

grandpa is training Julia.

in slip is coldly.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 279. (With The Grandfather 'B')

grandpa 'B' - requiring

grandpa wants to love.

even, instead of breakfast.

but in the new slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 28 Not Only For Women

not only for women

--

is buying the slip

man with imagination

the friend is waiting

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 280. (With The Grandfather 'B')

award, for the grandfather 'B'

slips for the grandpa.

it is gift for perseverance.

in the self-treatment.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 281. (With The Grandfather 'B')

'B' with the red rose in teeth

grandpa in black slip.

he is dancing the tango.

in the cabaret.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 282. (With The Grandfather 'B')

what the view!

slips, for free as gift,

grandpa 'B' on the table.

is showing dancers.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 283. (With The Grandfather 'B')

grandpa he put trousers back

now he has the slip.

he cannot put trousers on.

'B' fell off a bike.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 284. (With The Grandfather 'B')

'B' better than models

pic in newspaper.

the grandpa as the model.

he in the pink slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 285. (With The Grandfather 'B')

hurried food - bone in the throat

'B' lies as the wolf.

'red small hood' is in the slip.

a bone is stopping.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 286. (With The Grandfather 'B')

'B' said - all for friends!

grandpa in blue slip.

practising role of lady.

on...evening bachelors.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 287. (With The Grandfather 'B')

she, sweet comforter of the tired grandpa

'B' on neighbour bed.

with drill demolished a wall.

she in gauzy slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 288. (With The Grandfather 'B')

grandpa 'B' is waiting, the 'lady...in red'

slip under pillow.

so that mood comes back for night.

bedwarmer grandpa.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 289. (With The Grandfather 'B')

spicy wings of the grandfather 'B'

grandpa is grilling.

instead of the apron...slip.

women are jealous.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 29 Small, Thin But Bull

small, thin but bull

the red slip and dress

like sheet at the corrido

matador is good

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 290. (With The Grandfather 'B')

'B' in love...

it transparent slip.

favourite of the grandpa 'B'.

for his close person.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 291

grandpa is making.

faces in front of mirror.

a slip is chafing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 292

grandpa at the top.

the size of the slip fits good.

to his shoes, now bought.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 293

grandpa in the slip,

imitating girl with scythe.

devil, at the side.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 294

slip for the grandpa.

the nicest present for him.

it his dream come true.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 295

it the wrapped slip,

emphasizing charms of grandpa.

grandma is smiling.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 296

grandpa at the church.

is singing the angelic voice.

is enrapturing all.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 297

grandpa now sitting.

all family is waiting.

now, time for grandma.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 298

signs of emotion.

tears on the family face,

after grandpa song.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 30 In The Cabaret

in the cabaret

the slip in flounces

she is doing the cancan

is shaking laces

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 31 Tomorrow On Sale

tomorrow on sale

-

it new supplies

batiste slips on the top

garments marked down

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 32 Accident

accident

-

the girl in the slip

is leaning out of window

and now, new car crash

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 33 After The Supper

after the supper

-- --

slip straight from the box

satin pleasant to the touch

moment for effect

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 34 Model For Oneself

model for oneself

thin straps and needle

her thimble at the table

there will be new slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 35 A Dud

a dud

the colour let go

bought on the market today

the green shoddy slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 36 Dreaming

dreaming

muse of the poet,

she dressed in the white slip

now is raising hope

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 37 Debut At The Scene

debut at the scene

poet in the slip

is playing for the actor

it is lake swan

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 38 Steps In The Cereal Crop

steps in the cereal crop

coming harvester

Alina is warming up

herself on the slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 39

festive

-

slip with the small hearts

ready valentine laughter

before the party

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 40

after the diet

is falling quickly

intense a diet and new slip

are helping with it

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 41

long slip

tense with corselette

seemingly is slimming down

for grandmother slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 42

retro

firmly smock flounces

it wide bottom of the slip

and close-fitting waist

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 43

maid

when under the slip

there is swan is down a girl

only... it is lace

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 44

in front of the theatre

in the knot of frills

she is leaving the carriage

the leg on the slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 45

frivolous

-

very thin red slip

there on garters are the bows

Fru-Fru is ready

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 46

swing

-

slip in frills

of the leg already more

and high in swing up

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 47

the palace ladies

-

hat as butterflies

are walking in the garden

slowly raising slips

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 48

in the new edition

-

it praise of the slip

is pretty before the poster

it advertisement

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 49

voluptuous view

a gusty, strong wind

is portraying white garters

when is raising slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 50

Angel Girl

slip as white as snow

wings at her swarthy shoulders

interesting pic

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 51

combination

on the blouse is slip

is pretending the 'top'

it is a fashion

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 52

in the dressing room

-

roses and frills,

directly, on the black slip.

ready Miss Rose, now.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 53

cause of weariness

is stuffy and tight.

isn't letting fresh air in.

her little tight slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 54

untypical

old grandmother slip

it is lies in the attic,

precious souvenir

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 55

satin frenzy

chocolate slip

trimmed with the net with bottom

down for the roses

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 56

sheen of the satin

underlined bra.

is highlighting the bosom

and it is neat whol

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 57

she is cute

the beautiful girl

is presenting new models

of the slip for youngs

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 58

colours

is white and dark red

black hair of the model.

comfortable slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 59

to look and to buy

very sexy slip

chiffon for frills in colour

adorned beauty

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 60

black temptation

delicate satin

this is seductive a slip

is view good for eyes

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 61

fashion-start

sleepy in the slip

she bare feet out a display

of the underwear

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 62

strength of the attraction

with cutting out slip

on to the undressed dates

'detail' on the vie

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 63

presence

model in the slip

she has the kittenish smile

the display of fur

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 64

shrewdness

quickly is running

a new young Cinderella

...kiss for the sponsor

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 65

attention - camera!

steam into the move

operator is whirling

stage without the slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 66

is cheerful neighbour

she is singing:

slip here, Slip (Halka) * is there...

today has guests

Halka, Halina, Halszka (names)

halka (slip)

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 67

hope

man with the packet,

girl in the door is asking:

did you find the slip?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 68

for the komfort

the latest models.

slips for summer, for the man

will be replace briefs.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 69

strong wind

jockey on the horse,

have the white slip, on the head,

is losing the rate

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 70

signalling

there no flowerpot

and in the window red slip

husband still at home

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 71

she forgot dresses

under sycamore

is couple, Filon and Laura.

girl is on slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 72

discovering

too thin a short slip

is revealing three rollers

it time, for a diet

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 73

vivid

from the batiste slip,

the shoulders in the thin shawl,

gauzy dragonfly

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 74

also a way

in the slip, at street,

is walking between people,

it is for the fame

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 75

the power of suggestion

the girl in the slip

is advertising the pillows

feathers are flying

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 76

right away

by the bed a slip

taken off in a hurry

on stairs of the pin

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 77

in what to dress?

the woman in the slip

is looking at the people

from the window cold

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 78

in the shop

in windows the slips.

mannequin is attracting.

now, the great sale.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 79

in the shop

in windows the slips.

mannequin is attracting.

now, the great sale.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 80

new proposition

change of the colours,

in set, every day through week

it very nice gift

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 81

she would like to the paradise

now, slip in air.

there she is thin on the swing.

is bending her ribs.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 82

not for effect

-

a very long slip.

is covering her plump hips.

legs are hidden, too.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 83

quiet dream

she wants to be so,

as this a Matisse`a models.

in the slip, or no

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 84

adolescent cat

her nice gleaming fur,

hair, a delicate bows.

kitten, in cute slip.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 85

on the swimming pool

slip unnecessary.

girl, is taking clothes off, now.

she has swimming cap.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 86

in the window on the string

slip in the window

brittle morello cherry

is hitting with twigs

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 87

taking a bath

slip by the edge.

the thief, has sticky handles.

but a dress stayed.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 88

May party

this is pink a slip,

it on the grass remained,

and rest, from the feast

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 89

through carelessness

the blue slip

is catching on the root

is tearing loud

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 90

evening by the water

sparks are soaring.

the fire is burning good.

is drying the slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 91

hindrance

pretty young dancer,

is moving like. spinning top.

slip is disturbing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 92

I know, that is my!

today, the thief steals,

the idea for my slip.

I...am not a pig.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 93

hour of ghosts

the gleam of the moon.

is putting on a mask, slip.

she will be frightening

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 94

no longer young and she is dangerous

I see that he is crying.

he didn't buy, the slip for her.

beating is waiting..

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 95

night show

slip is impressing.

rustles are falling quiet.

the men are happy

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 96

because, is time for the party

slip determines

you, as the camp follower

behind the army

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 97

in the process of packing

it`s very knick-knacks

by them stack lies of the slips

soon your departure

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 98

instead of the dress

the sheen of metal.

on the slip, the cummerbund.

the buckle attracts

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku - 99

great washing

the wicker basket.

dirty underwear in it.

and she wetted slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Haiku (1) - New Variety Haiku

(1) only treasure

is hanging loosely

the red slip on his treasure

right away will fall

(HALKU - new variety haiku. Thursday,03 January 2008 14: 39 the new variety of the miniature under the name 'Haiku' comes from - from the slip.) I invented it to play with the word and the association, using one topic - in this case - SLIPS. Holding the rigorous principle applying to construction in this play is an additional impediment - as similarly as in the haiku: 5.7,5. Since it is my idea - so I just determined principles. Maria Barbara Korynt

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (10)

10) preparing the slip for the ball

he is starching one

stiff is already waiting

there will be a play

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (11)

11) promotional

on figs are the slips

lasts a price reduction

strings are falling now

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (12)

(12) flying

the slip is falling

off the balcony like the bird

white beside pigeons

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (13)

(13) into flowers

the slip like meadow

gap and outline of the clump

the sun on the grass

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (14)

(14) admiration of the husband

the light blue slip - now

is the colour of the sky

angel in the bed

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (15)

admiration of the wife

on bed, light blue tie

barefooted winner of the slip

rest, it a silence

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (16)

like elephant in china shop

fresh a divorcee

she looks like pink elf today

heavy at the scene

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (17)

(17) changing clothes

the effusive top

tight corselette is pressing

she is dressing slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (18)

(18) not quite

mini the half slip

is covering a secrets

only above knees

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (19)

evening time

in the evening slip

is rejected to the chair

she is without it

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (2)

(2) Miss ornithologist is working

on the rope the slip

Miss in the thin underwear

is peeping of bird

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (20)

this way appeals

youthful impatience

tears the slip in a hurry

every day is new

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (21)

sought after...

young man in the slip

dressed up as the woman

time for the movie

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (22)

mischief of the dog

her slip on the grass

the dog has bit of a lark

shreds are flying now

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (23)

surprise

present for the wife

red, black dots, slip on the bed

now ladybird

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (24)

it isn't stopping

non-stop it raining

It stuck to the body now

a close-fitting slip

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (3)

(3) who will dance?

a slip by the slip

skirts are already flying

and he is standing

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (4)

4) the twist again

a slip is rustling

we are practising the twist

it is fresh starched

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (5)

5) legs, legs...

a charming silk slip

is hiding slender legs now

thin lace is tempting

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (6)

(6) on the beach

only in the slip

is selling a cold ice-creams

nudists are looking

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (7)

(7) burning

it is ardent slip

with the snake a lifeguard

is pouring water

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (8)

(8) early tanning

light blue little slip

blue bird flew in fast

and the sun is warm

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku (9)

(9) one is

in the slip Halszka

is searching for the ram, and

boy is admiring

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku -170

in a minute performance

golden long earrings.

and her new, the pink short slip.

are ready to wear.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku -26 Exhibition

exhibition

mannequin in slip

price is higher than value

goods not on the time

Maria Barbara Korynt

Halku -379

your very hot lips.

they want my longing red lips.

I - indifferent...

Maria Barbara Korynt

He Is Standing, And Waiting.

on the roof you have a fear of heights.
you are standing behind the chimney
and you are waiting for the struck fire
and you are rubbing as about wood
- with leg against the leg.

it is flat, and well because even.
when you will take all garments.
off from the cord, then you
can for oneself lie, and eat your
breakfast from the basket.

and to summon birds to crumbs,
and he, so beautifully will cover with
wings, and you will fly away,
where they are telling fairy tales.

not for everyone, about love. on the roof
you have a fear of heights and
he is already standing behind the chimney
with the spawn, it is today even.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Head Not On Special Occasions

for him a weight
fell down on the leg he fell down,
and he lost his marbles and now a problems has

how to get rid of the weight from memory
if only a problem disappeared

every day - he goes to the building site
and he is risking his neck
as something of it will hit
that's all will get
back to normal

what namely think effectively!
important so that the head is on the spot
and it is possible was it to move

Maria Barbara Korynt

Heartbeat

heart...well is beating
it only appoints the clock tact
of passing moments
of hours caught into the trap
sighs-no
even they aren` t a memory
what was missing
memory - these are only independent thoughts
to the awareness the present times are working
and you...
still you are bowing your head
above lines of poems...
complete happiness?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Hearts Are Going Deaf

the contempt is savouring crawling at the door
it is travelling across kilometres by stairs per hour
with devious way is leading up to the hand
delude ideas like bounced cheques
it is exposing brittle words to the destination
into hate it is changing tender and sweet thoughts
when hearts are going deaf living is ending...

Maria Barbara Korynt

High Over

above us big birds are flying.
lightly they are taking
wings to pieces,
they are rising up.

and then they are flying
away somewhere quickly
disappearing
from view for us

we are admiring
their consistency
in the repetitiveness of movements
in the flutter of wings

departures
are only similar
the ones
without the return...

Maria Barbara Korynt

His Frustration

step into the step,
you are following us,
as a firing squad.
I don't know, who gave you
the consent and with what law,
you are passing sentences,
taken from the hat

zero what you are afraid of
that they will reach whom are you?

on 'with whom' it is
necessary to deserve.

on 'with what' also.

step into the step
you are following us
thinking that you will manage
but I am telling you - no!
still will stay.
I have the right to it
to pass sentences

given for your fault...
don't only mistake
for the wine.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Hold The Spatula And The Small Bucket

on panes frost is leaving refined patterns
are as carved, and glade in the snow.

the winter is adding snow down and even,
you don't know, at any time, you can lie

the longest possible, to fall on one's face,

because on ice, a layer of the snow,
is poor as well, treacherous.
you are going into a skid, and you are

going like, all over the sheet,
and when you stop, you will count losses
and you will walk from that moment, on with the

spatula, and the small bucket, full of sand...

you will sprinkle, you will flatten and ride
you will sprinkle, you will flatten and farther

correct braking - nothing is threatening you,
in due time and for place...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Hope Not To Say The Certainty

the destroyed roadside
shrine quite
well is still holding

I don't know how,
but is standing in this place
for many years

here, you can
carry a prayers to God
of Angels and everyone Saint

they are accepting,
of even begging,
for it, what impossible.

but is always hope
and even certainty
if not on earth

it some day or other...
all your problems
will end...

Maria Barbara Korynt

House For Sale

in the moonlight this old house
is looking ghastly pale
this view is heightening
wide-stretching large tree
incredibility, strange danger,
firmly I is already,

for ages even no inhabitants.
one walked away, other no longer
will also return.
only wallpapers old furniture,
is still holding appliances,
smells, tracks and vibrations,

as in the photograp,
closed strengthened for remembrance
you are shining your flashlight
the white fountain in front of the house
but I can't hear the noise of water
is out of order.

a swing is hanging,
and box tree a long time ago not cut
gravel path under legs
it is creaking, all in leaves.
we are going from here.
we will come back in broad daylight...

Maria Barbara Korynt

House Of The Oblivion

somewhere on crossroads our footpaths tangled up
moved signposts bumpy hard shoulders
there is no place for feet sharp pebbles will wound
they will slash the skin as the knife in hand of your enemy
watch this glass of broken panes
from windows falling out
it already there lies on the footpath of the house of the
oblivion
and you don't walk that way
where darkness in backstreets hidden
it is sleeping in shoulders of villains
or with rat is fleeing
shadow of those nights
when great fear transfixed
with stiffness of the neck and shoulders
all the way to the head
in whom rumbling sounds of the idiotic fight
carried on still boomed out
of immature thoughts
still completely alien to us
so it is hard for her today to understand the meaning
because didn't spare defeats
at least gave us the weather
and longed-for peace
we don't have ourselves...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Hurry Up

Stop teasing me.
Oh, hurry up, hurry up.
Don't interrupt.
I'm only a beginner.
Never mind his eyes.
Newer mind other people.
All right, all right, darling,
I'm only trying.
It isn't the first time,
I must stop and have to look.
What's that?
Don't stop here.
The road is too narrow.
Don't stop here. Don't stop...
stop...stop...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Am Coming Out From The Shadow

time to peep with birds
May admirations marked with blooming of trees
lazily and drowsily an everyday life is sitting down
at the bottom of a deep bowl of soup
coloured with winter tomato paste
enthusiastic with parsley of the green parsnip
sparrow bristled up looking with opened window
is heralding news of the spring nest
built high indoors of house
as ever is a purpose
of climbing hurriedly green grapevines
and of colourful traveller's joys smelling of bells
I am spicing up with my smile dimness
of the gloomy day turned down
I am coming out from the shadow
for you...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Am Confirming

I am confirming wet rain
ruthless
with cold drops is walking about the neck
it is flowing by the exactly ironed collar
with sophisticated caress of your warm hand
I am confirming grey clouds
are dimming familiar blues
waking up sombre mood
too far of distant cape of hope
situated outside the range
of low imaginations for a period
of the quarantine of the rainy dislike
I am confirming the sun
still is rising
visible even from behind the clouds
with gilding is enlightening
strophes of my poems
I am confirming the Man
you live... and I...

so hope isn't a mother stupid
and with fortifying hearts
and surviving throughout the consecutive day

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Am Marking Tracks

I am marking tracks with word
you could find your way to the moment
which at one time was everything
so search...
remains of the stopped conversation
they are still heard
becoming the monologue of the heart
listen intently to his rhythm
perhaps you will hear if of what
you don` t notice lost
amongst the abundance of tracks
trampled downon the footpath
dust and dust of the past time covered them
search where the eyesight won` t affect
what it is mating is only important

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Am Not Crying

my love is tiny well from it
that not great

my love is tiny
as shell

my friendship
as is real

certainly not pretended
don't talk about it

because you will bore me
from the morning

my tear is always
wet my tear

is a bit salty
I will tell you

the truth darling
for me it isn't

tasting therefore
I am not crying

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Am Saying - Not!

stop alloy oneself
I don't participate in it
it is your race

- search for somebody else

I already ran a long way
now I am interested in distance
but real, between us

rest, it is a silence
it at me is always
in great demand

are you knowing exactly
what you are thinking about?
whether you certainly know
what's the problem?

and perhaps learn the definition
and get to know all kinds of borders?
it will be useful to you,
it will bear interest

if and what's more will be to nothing
buy something stronger for yourself
and you will find somebody but not me

but not us,
unless you will change...
the 'face'

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Am Staying A Bit Longer

my thoughts as fast as arrows
not yet are crawling
at least urges are easing off
the heart isn't deaf is on fire
bright fire as far as is hitting with sparks
the deluding thought won't go with me
with road of the betrayal

satisfying customs and the art of being silent
they will write out on the forehead
what for me in soul is singing
today through these eyes greedy visions
mood is evoking the most sensitive memories
great nuisance with speech of tears will sing
and with lines will put poems away in strophes

at one time the time will come
because the death isn't forgiving
isn't giving not important lives emotions
everything then is only already being turned to dust
made a list with poetry on cards of the memory
they will stay between you
not quite I would walk away

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Am Writing The Prayer

today the woman from the weather
announced warmly
and now, then again cooling down

I closed my longing
already in the envelope
letter not-sended

feather heated up
and paper everything will absorb
I am writing the prayer about the rain,

and I ask, for a little more warmth...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Don` t Know Where...

I am greeting you like I can
and with saying in my thoughts
from oneself words directs at you
I wanted altogether
our world quickly to build
and suddenly everything
became unimportant
heavy clouds covered the sun
and how I have lives now
when a warmth was missing
a flickering flame in a minute
go out how everything
it is passing and for it emotions
must go out on forever
this time on forever
love...love...love(?)
friendship...friendship
...friendship...(?)
and where it is all
and whether still on the way(?)

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Don'T Believe

we don't know ourselves,
where from it an attachment?
whether it normals?

wind coming flying is falling,
like from high clouds,
and you as if the smog

you are hanging around, and
you are covering with the smoke.
you want to have fun

into the chase?

it's no use
our ways are diverging.
I am already pressed for time.

we don't know ourselves,
where from it an attachment?
whether it normals?

I don't believe...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I For You Will Pray... 'Girl'

you know how it is sometimes...
you won't stumble, and you lie.
even you don't know with whom.
you don't know how it is...
when you are giving the discount,

to the folly and with the moronic smile,
you are doing cuts on the skin.
she is delicate, not your, you don't know
and you will never feel the velvet softness.
a statement won't help...

about the well arranged life, sorted out.
it was necessary to try into the ossicle.
and to walk pebbles and stones around at least
it was there for the temptation for weak man.
never mind, that leaden clouds and heavily.

supposedly, sins have weight...
therefore do something with it, you can
change small scale pans - don't mistake
for braces, and remember when you were a child.
but not old, with not it as today,

girl, I for you will pray. perhaps
somebody will still forgive a little something.
you this way aren't able truth (?)
and what's more there is a fundamental
difference between us...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Had Nightmares

I opened the sleepy gate
to the land of intrusive nightmares
covered for whites with
the veil of fogs and mists
I trod barefooted on fingers
like in the land of charms
with wide milk road
I trod with walk of the cat
the stardust persistently clung to feet
the old fiend bashed me on the back
and I fell with head
into the bottom blown out
as the flame of the candle
into the incomprehensible space
hearing the women's voice I flew
as far as I fell down on the old grave
a touch of the black earth consoled me
when I froze with the stone under the head
in assumptions of the night
with the wise owl
which she entertained for me with conversation
beside they lay quiet and dumb
then you became involved in my dream
in order to cover me in the warm weather of body
tilting quietly
you didn't deflate one star
I would have more brightly...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Like Situations

your eyes told me everything... did you think that something before me would be hidden? don't count on it. I have too much common sense and I am not wearing too tight shoes. nothing for me isn't chafing.

I like situations when you suspect me of the almost girlish artlessness.
my purple from a distance. from close up other advantages are predominating.

and very much it suits me. therefore I can not worry that at any time I will run short of the sense of humour, as needed as the glass of water... sometimes.

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Like The Rain

when I met you
it was a heavy rain
approached there my train
was a beautiful summer
on the platform the drummer
drummed and a sun
came out a fun
of hot rays began.

I didn't get
onto a train,
stopped me eyes
it was a day really
exceptionally nice .
and our fun
lasts as soon,
as is lighting the sun.

I am going to the platform
and I am waiting
perhaps a weather
will change
and a rain
will start
being
falling down...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Remember

all over green humid meadows
from the dew
we paddled early on in life

I let down my hair
and barefooted I ran
shaking with my mane

and you for me pick
white and pink
clovers, daisies

some wild fawn
flowers, of which names
today I don't remember

very green holidays
smelt of the calamus
and floors were

fresh polished
and at dawn
you kissed me

into the lips like today...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Still Remember

I am playing with the
on the brittle border
of reality and the fantasy
deceptive mirages are tantalizing,
promising unparalleled emotions,
it provide with uncommonness
a impressions
never-never land full of you
and the smell of forest
is carrying echoes of days in whom
we remained passing
I still remember the taste
of those fruits of the forest
and the softness of moss
walk here, where are singing
our memories
with the lightness of mornings
and warmth nights, full of stars.
perheps we will find scraps pasts...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Thank You God

my love best
always is blooming
when I receive
from living more,
than I am expecting.

accept my thanks God,
I thank that You let me be
everything, and with nobody,
to feel so a lot,
to give more, and by,
that I have two hands,
and it is beautiful.

I can be divided
with my sadness, or joy,
when are needed

for me powers and an enthusiasm
will be enough, so that
in my house bread isn't missing.
I can always shoulders out
about wszystko to ask my God!
of you even, if you are
far in your sky.

my love best
always is blooming
when I receive
from living more,
than I am expecting.

and when I feel that I still
have something to work

my love best
always is blooming

for You God...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Walk In The Nude

discreetly
you are opening your eye
watching for me

I am walking
the soft carpet
fluffy full
of night associations

you are covering
half a face
with the hand
pretending

the deep sleep
and after all
I can see I feel,

with the curiosity
you watching my profile
straining one's eyes

in the semi-darkness
of sleepy dawn
why so in the nude?

I like it
this habit
and I have nothing to hiding

apart

from that what in heart...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Was Close.

and... Magdalene,
for you, this number didn't come out.
after what you started it,
since you know,
that you must lose.

yes, I am talking to you.
don't do such a face like then.
when you cried, by the table,
but these weren't tears of joy,
or of the triumph and... rather, than

that lack of whiteness
in the hot summer and perhaps...
unimportant what.

change the hairstyle and the

photographer,
because it is necessary to work hard`
that it was well watched
with the naked eye sensitive,
to unpredictable contrasts,
and shades, of the two-faced nature,
caught all of a sudden and stopped

in the staff, of nosy pupil
you are strengthening your distortions
and phobias,
the in favour of ones
for which you are only,
an artificial puppet,
losing values
for which, it is worthwhile living

I am saying you goodbye,
to Magdalene, with short hair,
actually... for you is to the face.
so... certainly...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Wasn'T In Time

I wasn't in time for you loved
to tell about love,
I wasn't in time.

And this way I wanted you to know,
that I only dreamt of you,
I dreamt of you.

I wasn't in time
for you nice
to stick in hair
of two rays, of two golden rays,

whom I took on credit today
from the sun,
now I have trouble,
I have trouble.

Because I promised to pay
it with poems with golden
font written, radiant...

With the golden
font and love,
happy lines.

And here leaden clouds
right above my head
are approaching,
they are approaching

and mercies with the rain,
demolishing with lightning,
they have nothing,
above me they have nothing.

And there is as well
no you by me, there is
by me no you.

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Will Stop

a time for one moment
stayed in restless thoughts
in order to grab hold of incredible
into possible
and executed a sentence on past
would become future
today...
and I will stop
in order to summon lost
then possible
will become being
and I will carry the double somersault out
on the springboard of antagonism
breaking the board of the rescue
harbouring old grudges
with pattern large...

Maria Barbara Korynt

I Would Always Like... Even When I Won'T Be...

I would like to love you with crimson rose
with gusty wind, with the azure of the sky
with space-time continuum, with morning dew
with tear of joy, with hope...

when it is necessary, for you only
move mountains,
to chase dangerous dark clouds away
and to live...
but I cannot be with you,
because there is no longer me...

Maria Barbara Korynt

If Only It Made Sense

the May is sometimes warm, is sometimes
very warm and then wet July is hot
sometimes and this way are only noting differ much,
you invariably, smiling authority in the fashionable
suit cut to the measure you are giving your hand

for everyone who will hug like for kissing and you are
surprised that nothing is it overcome me at all
I am whistling us even on the rain which unexpectedly
he is attacking round the corner where always with evening
the shadow is lurking longish and you don't know for every

to the morning then again you are pondering over
the constant problem of filling the bottle for the young poet
is come across gifted and is carrying accessories in the box
because is writing his poetry for stars in order
to overcome this fear of the rejection

of worrying thoughts own about anything and you quickly
want second to make duplicate keys for him regret
that talent is wasted but he probably also and this way
you must find lost first if only that's all had
the appropriate meaning at one time

Maria Barbara Korynt

If You Like...

If you like to wink - best do it in the stocking.

Otherwise you can get into trouble.

The boss or the boss will understand, that you have
a nervous twitch and you will be sacked from a job
on any pretext...

The personal charm today less means.
More a 'head' is having itself...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Illusion

the fashionable dresser is looking
the reflection into the pier glass,
now, the slip and corselette
and beautiful a girl casting spells
she is smiling as if she knew
if she knew him, as if at one time
she could already see of him

of see him?

she is looking from the image
is as living
he is touching the mirror with the hand,
and nothing

this is so also...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Imperceptible Diverging

let us put black laces on quickly
let us dance cancan around the coffin
best without pants you will see rings
extremely gleaming and kinked

you will choke on saliva nobody will notice
a lover will leave you lights will die down
at dawn somewhere for seas birds will fly away
and for you will already only smash the bell

ding-dong boom
ding-dong boom
boooooom
boooooom
dong

Maria Barbara Korynt

In A Minute

the December gathered speed
is rushing along wet roads
there is still no snow
in legs more
I feel rheumatism

it is drizzling it is raining and wet
my big window
slowly is flowing down the rain
and I would still
like a bit of sun

the December gathered speed
is rushing without the apprehension
for a moment will arrive
on its large sleigh
white winter...

Maria Barbara Korynt

In A Minute Autumn

an autumn isn't only
golden and yellow leaves,
heated in the summer
sweet fruits juices and honey.

an autumn, it still
a sore throat, tiring,
a fever, and influenza,
and shivers.

an autumn is waiting
for the winter
a spring
for the summer

on it

what the time will bring
what for us the fate
has in the gift

Maria Barbara Korynt

In The Poetry Everything Was Already

in the poetry everything was already
goodbyes and salty tears
sad smiles and technicolour dreams
delicate touches and violent storms
they were also already and they had had its day
for soul desperate sighs
sorrows of the heart the other side of the life
love in reality and in the sleep
hate and peeping of
other people's properties think secretly
fulfilment and not
the blue of the sky weight of black clouds
roses storms birds butterflies
of it it was so much that today
the man is writing because
he has always written and still he wants
he knows at least about it that other
a long time ago already read it
but he is deluding himself
that what at one time
was being sent on other wave

Maria Barbara Korynt

In The Rhythm Of Watches

you extended me a hand
and I snuggled the head

to your naked breast
for you... so firmly..

he said ordinarily
and I understood everything

this beating was
exceptionally pleasant

and I could already see that we
would only wind all watches

let them tick for us
in the identical rhythm

Maria Barbara Korynt

Instead Of Pink Glasses

the wind of history
likes to mix up
from time to time.
what was bright,
is becoming foggy,
or false.

well known power
and authority,
going into the shadow.
their artistic busts
are reaching to a rubbish tip
similar like ideas and beliefs

the new thought, is giving birth
to the new man,
in pains to which
we are finding today
the cure and other means.
turn on the rosy canal.

quickly you will forget
about scoundrels

Maria Barbara Korynt

Intellectual Obstruction Or What? ? - With The Inscription...

cannon, from the morning in work.
he remembers, he not believes his eyes
and the first thought... it is obvious.

pen and glue in little hands,
smile still salty, because
dry lips licked the entire night.
from the morning remembers
does he count, on the nobility of other,
and maybe he will get the ladder?

it is so hard, to climb.
so with difficulty in this century.
help me, men and women.
you can see for me chances.
probably one,
through two accumulated!

he can see chances one,
through two accumulated:

slogan... plate
slogan... plate
slogan... plate
slogan... plate... etc.

.
. .
. .
. etc.

it is a cure for his
intellectual constipation.

cannon, from the morning in work.
he remembers, he not believes his eyes

and the first thought... it is obvious.

slogan... plate

slogan... plate

slogan... plate

slogan... plate... etc

.

.

.

. etc.

it is a cure for his

intellectual constipation.

.

.

.

.

you are confusing the pen with the feather...

but calmly...

you glue in farther... for the health.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Ironical

- whom you have on the shield?
- probably with twentieth third, right away I will check.
- no longer worry, after twentieth fourth is always first, after her second...
- and a small two, as?
- Fairly good, apparently, that to the measure sewn and without silicone. Nothing will come off.
- ? ? ?
- don't you understand?
- not much, is outgrowing me.
- it is an go to the coffee and sit down to the bench, perhaps it will reach you :)))
- But it is stupid! ! !
- Really? :))) not it alone is amusing us, probable - baby...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Is It Possible To Believe, That Here Is Mr Er?

you were a poet, I won't say - good, but,
is playing dominoes, light touch, only
the stumble about the one step, everything
recognized as the poor joke.

and what it stayed?
Swedish cocoa!

blizzard the winter and the gusty weather
jokes from the funeral. the white cherub stood
on the base, in the crown from feathers.

broken wing - why, and what for?

and drunk lout, he was pleased loud
blue turned into the grenade,
into silence words escaped

now joyfully

the combed woman, on 'the pulled tooth',
is catching flowers on the meadow, like fish
and supposedly is creating words anew

from another field - not one's
is tearing seedlings out

she is watering with manure so that everything grows
as is it squelching in shoes, and she only
with sides is working, That as with oars

remains of lungs are being flexed, she is tanning
dreaming quietly that she is available, as that
in the shop, rubber doll

and maybe at one time,
although by accident
for you something,

something will come up, like the legacy

poet which wasn't a poet,
everything whatever he wrote,
not it was
poet which wasn't a poet
everything whatever he wrote, not it was

is it possible to believe, that here, is Mr eR?

if poet then again you will uncover yourself
she will cover with her small duvet
erhaps from - you live (?) will you revive?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Is It?

There's a keyhole in each door.
There are four walls in each room.

Is it?

What is it? What are you doing
On that ladder?

You can't understand it.

Answer the questions,
Answer the questions,
Answer the questions,

There are four walls in each room.
There's a keyhole in each door.

Is it?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Is So Much Coolness

and I want at winter of more sun
and to only so green was like
with the spring with the summer and the autumn.
and if only the rain fell down for me.

In the dew on morning to chill the body
on moss to put one`s the head.
Or to cuddle up to birch,
and only read, what the bard is writing.

and I want at winter of more warmth
because more of cold is every day,
it will be enough for me,
as with the second helping

then again I will plunge the face
in the sunflower,
I will play just for once with the grasshopper
in green I playing, I will reach - for 'a white (?) '

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Betrayed Her...

it didn't announce her,
but she was.
I got to know, I sensed,
after the itching skin.
it betrayed her accent,
this way for us known well,

compulsory, in early
school years.
it didn't announce her,
but she was
and she coughed
violently.

burnt lungs...
it will betray her.
and finally,
will see the ending
for her...
who will be willing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Is A Game

still my head
it is constantly on the neck.
you are worrying unnecessarily.
even how I am falling, it not
up to your legs.

I know, that very thought
about such an end,
is exciting you,
but I have other script,
and our businesses,

are divergent.
so don't count your chickens,
before they're hatched.
don't motivate yourself,
because it can harm you.

my friend will come
punctually and will watch
performance which together
we prepared.
at the scene, we will play cards.

you have marked - I am winning.
'because it is a game
one will take,
and second will give...'
like my friend is saying.

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Is Beating

today I am wandering
then again against the wind
but lightly and ahead.
were useful practising

on the device.
quite a lot it cost,
but there are good results.
the heart all right

is beating how it is necessary
and when wants
it doesn't have trouble
with the thinking

and is always about what
I am still calculating the time,
but at one time, and it
it will stop entertaining me

and I will rest.

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Is Easy Against The Dumper Truck

with summer when the sun is heating streets
up are pouring out older to the promenade
if only to crisp one's suntan up one through
second they are surpassing
in ideas what to do in order
to strengthen tracks
of this year's leave still older
they are sitting in the window
gulping combustion air because
on the promenade
the young stock is chasing
on the roller skate...

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Is I

man calm

I am envying you character

you are as hard as rock as the bedrock

as the strong hand at the helm

I weak being

I am violent and gusty

as the rapid river

always astonishes me the one

who is waiting for me

I know...

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Is Necessary To Wait

still a bit, and an autumn will end.
still a bit, and the snow will be snowing.
it won't skimp for us white down
and all over forests, along roads,
along streets it will place.

still a bit, and will come sharp.
still a bit and for a long time
a cool winter of the wind will appear
an older sister will give an earful
and she will use frost

it will be necessary to wait till spring
it will be necessary to wait it out to May
in order to hear the happy singing
of forest birds then again, chirping
from the morning in order to breathe the fresh

scent of flowers in

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Is Not It

the competent addressee
knows

who what
and why

this way it is that not
when he will be long

her handle, sticky sticks
are collecting black on white, and
sometimes colourful, hoping that perhaps
a little template will mistake or similar nick
and the inscription is correct

the competent addressee knows
with absolute certainty

that it's not the same

where from (?)
other encoding
for thinking

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Is Only Tomfoolery

as cloud of dust a mad,
it as poison, fatal venom poisons,
it is inflicting wounds after,
them a track already left permanent

a fool is pleased, with oneself is glad,
he wanted put still to beat out in fetters
he wanted to be proclaimed as the sage
and in order that entire world got to know him

he is wiping his eyes, thinking,
that the dream this way befuddled him
that he reaches the bottom
at least, a pillow under him soft.

but you lost - drink herbs!
and even better you will feel it
and before her more no longer kneel down
it is only tomfoolery.

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Is This Way...

I have the fairly good
idea love.
we will write on sheet of papers.

you will write - I love
I will write - I love
and we will change

we will use the words
for purposes more important
than our emotions

I have the fairly good idea
for the divorce
we will write on sheet of papers

you will write - I am walking away
I will write - I am walking away
and we will change...

I don't only have an idea
for normal living.
we must carry it.

and... it is probably clever...

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Is Well

recently I am sleeping well,
not counting of nightmares.
nonsense!
it are dreaming for me oneself
only six times during the week.
I have the rest
of the time,
for relaxation.

recently, I can
very well to rest.
not counting of moments
not to say hours.
when neighbours
are tapping
and tapping
and drilling...

recently,
even generally,
it is well
not counting of money,
which my doctor
is swallowing down.
he has.. unfortunately...
fairly good appetite

but recently,
I am sleeping good, .
I can have
very good relaxation.
what here much
to say?
so...
it is well!

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Was A 'Guest'!

blooming morello cherries,
are throwing petals up to legs,
white the same as the snow.
it is stretching densely in grass,
creating soft carpets.

it resembles, the past season
when the winter was fully
we were making in the garden,
the guest, with the red nose.
it passed, together with the winter.

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Was Simple

she let to con oneself, as waters
which you can drawing, with small mug.
it wasn't necessary long it wait.

I forecast every movement,
even in my direction,
it is funny, she doesn't know

how I am able to laugh.
mistakes cost,
are like mystifications

the boy or the girl,
and the age is of no consequence
can be 34...28,

or 60...70 and is also
significant but not
for everyone

she let be
conned
and tasteless water.

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Was Yesterday

thin ice, not yet time
for the skating rink.

it is whitewashing painted fields
and forest is an uncharted territory

on the dark landscape
into the head is going

my curiosity
where was

yesterday twilight
it left behind us so quickly?

I timid...
and you encouraged...

Maria Barbara Korynt

It Will Be Enough

your lips has
the shape of the mould filled up
with the pulp
of the sweet fruit

your hands are strong
and strong
agile and as fast
as you on the run

your fingers
are slim and long
about rosy finger tips
when they lie on pillows

it is thriving strong
and young
your body
it will be enough for me

it isn't little...

Maria Barbara Korynt

It You Know

when you met me
a rain fell
I feel your touch
still today

in your shoulders
consoled
I listened to whispers
and sweet declarations

that's all you know...

maybe therefore
this way I like rains
I remember those
unusual shivers

I feel your touch
still today
and what's more what was
and will never be

it you also already know...

Maria Barbara Korynt

It's Time For You Escape

in concrete houses
in concrete silence

nobody can not hear
your call

concrete houses are
sinking more than once

in the wine
when the clocks

are hitting
at the morning hour

concrete hearts
being getting cold

are slowly undergoing
the life

although it this way aches
escape ahead of yourself

nobody will catch up
with you

and even behind you
nobody will dropp tear

you will rescue yourself
escape - already time

Maria Barbara Korynt

Kate Is Talking Her Story

fairly a words likes the majority of the women
even if there are a half-truth or a lie in them. I don` t care.
It is possible to create words for personal use.

When I opened the envelope stuck in the door,
I read one word, because on the light blue sheet of paper,
only the one was written in someone's hand.

I thought, whose was it an idea?
The husband or the lover? Neither. This ring strange,
but I didn't check it early.

It is not I, fortunately, I was addressee of the message,
but my neighbour. The sender didn't make a mistake at all,
and the word is being known well for everyone

- said Kate offering us the tea.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Language

you aren't an oasis of peace...
your impetuosity won't let you
rationally think look at yourself...

when not entirely you understand
what to you is being said
you are starting accusing other

they don't understand it
and then no longer the voice
of reason, is reaching to you

but after all these are straight lines
it will be sufficient
to devote more time for the language

then you will understand somebody
and somebody else of you.
the tongue is solving a problem a lot,

about which oneself
some even
isn't dreaming...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Let The Sky Be Distressed

well the sky was saddened
looking down on dry fields
it still too little
the needed rain which everything will cheer up
will prepare the earth up to the ploughing and the sowing
the grain calmly would sprout
the harvest was abundant
and the man didn't fall from power
looking on the soil cracked
burnt with rays of sunshine
above us let the sky be distressed
and for us let it still send the wind
and invigorating expected rains...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Life... About One Less

I am opening a window on the world
from behind the pane
I am touching hostile with breeze of air
a lazy morning finally started off

removed the night wrinkle from the forehead
suspended the smile between eyebrows
lightening the cloudy day
serious very old trees they overwhelming
the soaring with height

in ripe peak hours
the sun still giving little warm
I can't hear familiar footsteps
they always mincing at this hour

about one less...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Lights Of The Night

shadows of the long night hidden under trees,
are hiding their affections, for the artificial light.
delighted with glitter, twinkle neon lights

are counting on smiles of stars, so as on commercials,
because behind the horizon, they are disappearing
somewhere earlier, when the dawn is bursting through,

with bleached pink, chasing the moon away, to the silver
cradle, to sleep one`s fill with the darkness, and in
order that it allow the sun, to give hopes on tomorrow.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limerick Short Piece - 2

Ms Fiona grandmother who is from the Malon
she has visited the her elder Stanley son
now for her the son every day want sing
but the old grandmother isn't yawning
with the grandson she playing chess, and is drinking bourbone

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limerick Short Piece - 3

Julia from Opole is telling
I send you everyday my mailing
but I very like you
so ask - how do you do?
I prefer my writing - you, my saying

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limerick Short Piece - 4

at one time girl about the name Noon
she has fallen in love with the moon
for her the boy was 'high' and a far
therefore she became the star
so they have married beautiful a soon.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limerick Short Piece - 5

5.

Mrs Pigeon already from the start
she has the constipation and pain of heart
when her it is already passing
she is at new film on a casting
because she want to see other smart

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limerick Short Piece - 6

6.

naughty Mrs (from Nottingham) Nell,
didn't want to listen to the bell
her husband was a bell-ringer
he hit and he broke the finger
she still repeated - it`s a sheer hell

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limerick Short Piece - 1

the small drummer boy in orchestra is the twister
he made the funny record, in the register:
when I did scams yesterday
it I play very well today
and I `m doing it best in sweater of the sister

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limerick Short Piece - 10

reason for divorce (10)

Mr John wanted all bed to fill space

and chink in the blanket for the wife face

and when fell a gloom

looked as white like bloom

so now for the divorce is counting days

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limerick Short Piece - 11

coy before the marathon (11)

young Jack, from the major city boy

he it always has in his eyes joy

when he is breathing the fresh air

going for ten eggs to the fair

is exercising like that because is coy

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limerick Short Piece - 9

their knife (9)

from the small town of butcher wife

she lost sharp her husband a knife

and he for them cut the meat

she everything what is sweet

without the good knife heavy is life

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limeryck Shorts A Piece - 7

writing - 7

Jack-poet has great a flow

when wind starting to the blow

I am writing very fast

'time is money' - so I must

for hour my Vena walk away slow

Maria Barbara Korynt

Limeryck Shorts A Piece - 8

Trouble - 8

Mr John Green which lives by old lake

he in front of wife, hissing as the snake

When he want to play in Scrabble

she is taking him a table

and bakes the meat, decorates the cake

Maria Barbara Korynt

Listen

don't search for my friendship
it isn't needed for us

I cannot whip foam
from words and listen to nonsenses

I am not smoking cigarettes
of the meat I am eating only a fowl

I won't kill the carp for you
I like the economy of words

don't search for my friendship
isn't needed for you

I am not able to forgive
when the friend disappoints

it aches and for me also
therefore please listen

don't search for my friendship
it isn't needed for us

Maria Barbara Korynt

Listen Intently It Is I

you told the truth Esmeralda
your eyes saw that a lot
my lack of faith had changed
into the helplessness, but now willingness
it too little, because the time filled up

predicted, it felled from legs
but breath left for us
to look after it is necessary every day
is coming into existence stronger

gripe for an answer for difficult
question as well as why
incessantly I am setting myself
one more time predict me

predict for me please because
if is supposed to be
what will step (?)
perhaps I will manage to save
two drops... of water (?)

Maria Barbara Korynt

Little Flame Going Out

I greeted with hand the sun
would be kind for flowers
in my garden of an infatuations
where small birds are flying
about with clouds above the head

the thought extinguished a little flame
of the candle the flickering
so weak glimmer, cleared with tiny streak
as grey as the hour of the fate
it came true and nothing already has

but stayed of not-finishing
between fiction
and my life...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Living Day By Day

I am not getting lost in thoughts
I am in good heart
I am reconstructing past events in the memory
and guessing to accustom I want flowers
in greenery of gardens and your looks
in order to see already only with heart
and there to be a smell of a soul
and when for me the fate from eyes
is squeezing bitter tears
and fear is clenching the stomach
I not-want it to escape
I am approaching my adversities courageously
because I am not avoiding them
I must get to know from close up
what inevitable I will strengthen in the memory
who as everybody knows different has faces
although isn't calculating profits leaving losses
I live after all... what from it that day by day
it is living on instalments...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Longing

this man is missing to forest
to trees and the nature.

recently, he had that's all, at arm's
length distance, but now everywhere
he is feeling strange, although
though he already stayed too late,

and even he felt himself as foreigner,
as would say anytime, but now
he is thrown off balance,
memories returned.

this man is missing to forest
to trees and the nature.

one's has boring, full of unknown
new are mixed, but for
already nobody he is
missing and he is dreaming,

if only one more time to go along
the forest, path and to see the gap
with rays of sunshine, so which
nowhere is only from where he arrived.

this man is missing to forest
to trees and the nature.

here he is slowly
diverging starting
from senses...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Look

nice
do look at me
whether you can see?

how the time changed
everything what was
loved and near
nice
do look there
whether you can see?

the ant still
cannot deal
with the leaf

the dog amicably
is wagging the tail
won't bark

calmly
as ever
a river is flowing

and the time
is ignoring us
and other

we will go,
we will go,
with roads, with streets...

we will pass...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Love At Dawn

when at dawn women are loved
net curtains are shuddering
with delight stimulated
love is looking out of every cup
the rest of the day smells of joy
of old clocks keeping blurred
images of the immemorial
ritual in the memory
of fulfilling the subsiding fulfilment
with petals of fragrant
flowers and sighing
imprisoned with vases with longing
to wind rapture in green gardens
a second or two more
they will lie down on the bed
of crochet tablecloth

when at dawn women are loved
customs are softening...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Love Me

The night smells of the bedding,
you and me...
Behind windows the dark blue sky
is painting stars with spilt ink
adding the pinch of silver dust...
The crescent shaped bun of the moon
squatted down somewhere close
and it is shining for me into eyes
as the torch.
Envious of you or interesting?

Oh friend!
If you knew secrets of my alcove
ready for you to exchange with me,
sending me to stars,
in order from close up to examine
the sleeping face my beloved...

Because it is you nice
only you
with your glitter
you are dimming
everything...
You are the most beautiful being
I know which here on the Earth
and I know that there is amongst stars
earthly and blue
for you no equal...

Your charm
is like
the overpowering smell
of magic flowers
of love.

Love me,
love... love...
love... love...
I love...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Lunaria

sleepy Lunaria don't go away still
because in bends of your warm arms
a shadow of the nicest traps is lurking
when you walk away I will stay
and shame for me will be, when the day breaks
decorated with the dawn of one's pinks light

it will guess that I sat alone with night
searching the only in pointlessness
for your face, so completely ordinarily,
restoring unnecessarily forgotten
without the echo, somewhere already past images
because rejected with nod into the non-existence

sleepy Lunaria don't go away still
with me only at dawn look for
lilac-coloured heather...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Mantra-Man

hm hm hm very fanny
hm hm hm very fanny
hm hm hm very fanny

he muttered this way from very morning
sitting on the bench by the house
drank the fruit juice
'exotic-eritic juice'
did 'large eyes'
was struck dumb

after the minute
he turned the tongue
and then again he started muttering
but already totally different

hmm hmm hmm very very yuck
hmm hmm hmm very very yuck
hmm hmm hmm very very funny

excavator it pulled up in front of the house
noisily braking
it braked the guest for good

half a day

he he he really?

I am not muttering
I am not getting annoyed
at least
I am braking
and oneself often myself

hmm, really?

oh! yes!

Maria Barbara Korynt

May

for everyone so a May finally
ensued to fall in love for somebody
give but have the own helm in your hand
five with the addition of a few noughts
then for other you will be best

when firmly you appeal to her
better to other side run away
or enter into the innocent affair
alone but stay

for a moment you can feel mini paradise
it is that obvious cuse is the May
of everyone of us is only tempting
aftertaste of games

although is leading soon to noughts
you play - cautiously 'pour water'
alone but stay

Maria Barbara Korynt

Meat - Catch

Is coming not alone, and is twittering.

I am saying:

could you repeat it please
because I cannot understand
what is being played

or perhaps better write man.
Please slowly write and distinctly.

We like new meat - he smiled fatally.

And I to it:

It's no use. For ages, I am not eating pork or the pig
of similar hacked-up meat. I am not refusing myself
only a poultry. Fresh to the tooth - is good.

Go farther,
go farther, quickly.

Perhaps in this way, you will go down in history.
And to hope, you the have but the good trip.
Apart from that 'meat' (shop) beside.

And now - cheers - cheers - my dears! ! !

Maria Barbara Korynt

Mechanism Of The Watch

tens of duties of the hundred of obligations
tabular arrangements and social
coffee klatsch as well as what who prefers

negotiations without batting an eyelid with playing

on cue and sensing the repertoire,
whether something in grass is squeaking
softly remarkably perfectly repeated
words like from the advertisement

smiles and flashing are whitewashing varnished

as hair arranged from Saturday for Sunday
so that they withstand in heat till Monday
or else they will look like chicken
feathers in the wig too warmly and heavily for good ideas

and there is to the revelation no what to count like to the

and the alarm clock spoilt the attitudinal
change oneself inside and only silence
calmly is ringing in ears

Maria Barbara Korynt

Miss World

in the star chic the one
is enrapturing with greatest brilliance
lightly she is knocking the string of imagination
in order to press the voice box with the emotion
and for a moment to let eyes
dance by chiaroscuro of the body
covered with thin matter
spinning with train a bit too long
in transit after the trophy
for most beautiful
she is underlining the charm
of the intangible beauty
with the smile of Aphrodite
at least there was a smell of a freshness
of the nature
received the crown cleverer... (?)

Maria Barbara Korynt

Missing Word

we are talking to ourselves
in different languages
whether we actually understand
one another nobody of it isn't certain

if this way before the agreement
it was possible to agree on only
meaning words which
will be used in the conversation

we are talking to ourselves
in different languages
whether we actually understand
one another nobody of it isn't certain

so it's difficult to tell
I don't understand,
please, explain me vagueness
we will still with more difficulty

avoid any misunderstanding
to find us lacking the word
they are sticking in us,
and perhaps they will never

be said...

Maria Barbara Korynt

More And More

on the old market
the guitarist
is playing

and he is still
singing the same song

when the mug
is filling up
is handing out
to kids small change
and is buying
two rolls
one for birds

on the old market
the guitarist
is playing

and he is still
singing the same song

more and more I like him
he probably has
a heart of gold

Maria Barbara Korynt

More And More Brief Day

the dawn woke me coolness came
winter right right
more and more brief day
for me an evening is becoming nicest
smelling of honey and with fresh bread

casually I am looking at trees in the avenue
somebody without a sound took leaves
away from them
every day less and less
and some still raised by the wind
slowly are falling

kind of sheet of papers torn
off with throw, from the calendar
they are finding their way
into the basket,
like on the good match.
they are passing days of our life

already less and less...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Mr... With The Child...

Mr with the kid on the hand, should look agreeably, but he looks, as the moron bad, tired out which is waiting, that fast to put the kid into other hands.

Mr is anxious because nobody is coming. Mr is getting mad, because minutes are flyings, as flies, as moths to the lamp, and we... aren't after the name, and...

hide your dirty claws, and you wait for other man, would-be nanny said, because she didn't withstand half an hour with the fool, under the roof.

Don't be anxious, write poems - was recommended for him by guest, in the white apron. doctor veterinary. was cheaper, but weak medicine.

Therefore Mr with the child on the hand, this way are anxious...

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Angel

before me as the white angel,
a poetry is dancing
with inspiration as from it

what will be perhaps
it will show us the time
if it is in time...

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Angel...

today my tears
opened my eyes
for me everything
discovered

now before me
as the white angel
a poetry is dancing
with inspiration

as from it it will be
perhaps the time
will show us
if it in time...

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Avant-Garde?

they needed,
they got.

I needed - I need I need
I need?hahaha

they need...
I can see.

they need...
I can see.

they need.
I can see...

I can see?

Really? ? ? ...hahaha

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Black

black hot
devoid of the white
milk contrast
evaporating with warmth
as the temperament
of the unusual personality
it is waiting for mouth
craving for drink
devoid of the nauseous sweetness
stimulating
all
urges
my everyday
big black
forever already
lonely without the cigarette
coffee

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Fingers

my fingers are speeding
along white keys

this dream is dreaming for me
oneself since childhood

and all exercises
which I won obligatorily...

today they are nice recalling
those years and hours

spent by the keyboard
which today

it replaced computer...

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Garden

here the nature
sets hours
I am turning the sundial up
a stick inside
and the shade
on the grass
cast lightly
and with pleasure

the thin dressing gown
on thick grass
is impressing great
unusual models
of red poppies
of daisies something
smells as

mint(?)

so drowsily
pleasantly it is
and lazily
green red
as far as colourfully
still slowly
a loved nature
sets hours
and for every occasion
perhaps so the normal stick
will improve for you
your mood
so to the dress
don't pay heed
not it is important

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Gift (It Is Version For Man)

This one day,
I want to give you,
in your memory keep this one night.
In order to always already,
you came back to this moment
when you will be sad
this keepsake for you
will brighten the time up.
Then again you will place
the small hand
in my strong hand,
you will snuggle your temple
to my temple
and it will be quiet this way
and wonderfully,
a small lamp will light
on the bookshelf...
I will take you again
into my shoulders
you will feel then,
how firmly is beating
my heart.
You will forget soon
that there were some sorrows,
you will remember only
one short moment,
when I kissed,
your lips girl,
drinking the red cool wine
from them,
And you in the surge of emotions
said I love
I answered -love me
and said - I love

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Lullaby

fall asleep for a moment, fall asleep.

half a night still stayed and stars not go out
lost nothing from glitter
are walking about the sky with milk
road with moon.

fall asleep for a moment, fall asleep.

and I will look at you in order to rouse your senses
my and your at dawn
when will be seen we will greet the morning
with our even breath...

fall asleep for a moment, fall asleep...

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Solitude

you consider yourself
the philosopher
you are saying a lot of
conventional wisdom
you want in my heart

even permanently
to have staying

and I am listening intently
to the music and the solitude
with which I am able to live
I know well what it is marking

not to be and to be
therefore now only

with the music and
the poetry
I am fraternizing
and there is no me
for the rest of world.

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Support

firing from above
snowballs are tumbling down
are breaking down at our feet.

on the roadway cars are skidding,
slippery, and to home is far.
in the traffic jam, it seems
of more warmly.

we are treading cautiously
and we are finally at home.
we are bustling about at the cooking

and a hot tea is already standing,
and woman in the window TV is telling,
about fashionable winter dresses.

and there is a war, tied with the thin.
tied fancifully scarf.
good to frost, like the one,
which a moment ago, fell asleep, and

is snoring, and I can always be based
on him. is reliable. for good and bad
to every chance... without exception.

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Tolerance

I am tolerating such touching
twitch so twitch so twitch so
only this chatterbox...
making a display call
sociably
making a display call making a display call
making a display call
it is necessary to destroy such a temperament
difficulty tragic it is it
meanwhile this way they treat
it is necessary with care
I know great shock
she will finally take the valerian
slowly will drink
with departure will take out
will fall out
the joy will come back

Maria Barbara Korynt

My Way...

The New Year started.

I am driving the wrong way up
now. I am laughing,
seeing surprised,
old looks young faces,
youthful faces old.

They aren't feeling on me.

It was possible to predict
everything, everyone is working
to it account, and how
will work hard this way,
somebody has a tendency to put,

on weight, other for using
not what perhaps, and then
is surprised.

That he has unfired rounds.

So, I am driving the wrong way up
singing loud 'my tarmac road'...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Needed Performance

attention! attention!
in a minute
a performance
will begin.
the circus is opening
its doors.
look

there a clown is going
why without the mask
nobody still knows
perhaps is already
fed up with this role
did exchange
with the director?

and behind,
she the dancer,
attached to the poodle.
and woman with the long beard.
she is treading
cautiously on high
wedge heels.

trainer of tigers
eternally scratched,
today sleepy,
entire night
went to a ball,
and with him, girl
from the old Maxim

she is dancing on the pipe
from time to time
and she has big money troubles,
therefore, she is making
some more, how she can, and so,
she is able
but who will understand it?

attention an attention!
it is a circus
what is being called the life play,
don't stop, don't stop!
the audience
needs you
and you...and you...

la la lalalala lala...
la la lalalala lala...
lalala lala la
lalala la...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Night Coolness

it's freezing at night.
I am changing the sheets.
light and warm duvet,
then again to the cover.
we recall warmth
of the summer,

and sand heated up,

on sandy sand dunes.
the wind, played
on green grass. the sky
today is raw. resembles,
that time already, it is now,
for the family warmth.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Night Frolics

with morning foggy
autumn with waterproof is rustling
she opened the umbrella full of holes
damp of the night movement
is clambering out from behind the collar
sneezing with corners of marked winding streets
with delight of secret games
two similar... and other
and... is spinning outdoors dreaming of surviving
and... is sleeping in down feather beds

Maria Barbara Korynt

Ninth

On every Sunday I listened at one time - sermon, and
on Fridays I sang in the choir. To the church it was
close, not like today.

Today I am looking up and I can see, like low above
me, are swimming clouds. On one of them is standing
ambona. I hear like at one time the quiet song and the
clearly familiar voice:

'don't desire the wife of your neighbour, neither...'

- no, I can't hear to the topic husband.

It is real relief!

Maria Barbara Korynt

No Longer I Am

your polite smile
is amusing me and an admission is
disarming it by May

when the wind will blow
and the rain will dampen
green grass

you will invite me
for the play on meadow
adorned in flowers

and I will give
from the flower bed you the fresh
nettle tea bred for you

you will feel how it is nestling
into you, when I treat you
with this pinching weed

you will be running
with your body being on fire up
to the morning

diverging I will write the sheet
of paper to you: bye - no longer
I am your darling.

Maria Barbara Korynt

No Surprise

more and more bare branches,
leaves are falling, and
are rustling under legs.

morning fog,
is slowly spilling out.
and then wind, rain

and frightened, black birds,
somewhere are flying away
in panic, flapping wings.

tracks of the summer,
are disappearing
and until lasts the autumn,

it is necessary
to think about the winter.

if only it didn't surprise us

Maria Barbara Korynt

Nonsense Directed In Opposite Direction - Is Beneficial

it alone in yourself this way didn't come into existence,
and suddenly it seems to us, that past, it is still counting,
but, now already to turn back the time, you know it certainly,
its no longer will give, it isn't possible

you feel, when you willing to feel, and null more
the time there is no role, is playing nothing,
are only being increased - between - space
and nothing here don't already, have to the fulfilment.

there are such moments when think violently
how with the sharp sword it will cut air
and you feel the edge cutting
in two somewhere on in half throats, deep - skin.

the words trodden down, a smile insincere,
of this tenderness disgusting.
concern, but not about one`s 'pillowcase'
the other people's property is beautiful - and the rumour is feeding

you cannot look, and you are observing
you cannot listen - and you have the 'donkey-ears'
and the lost life is yours in the crowd
is that why you must live another person's life?

I am telling you...Margaret...'it isn't worthwhile.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Nostalgia Of World

it is coming quietly on fingers
it isn't dancing at least a waltz
dimmed with dimness of the cloudy day
written down into the meant wheel of fortune
with memory of the passing time
corselette too firmly tied of the awareness
it is grinding down in a gyratory movement
with press studs of the conservatism
underlining the thin waist of changing fortunes
what determines next inevitable events
nostalgia of world running out of the orbit
past sprinkled with ashes
absolved with circulation of its aorta
it causes the self-annihilation
and the distraction
the grain to the new crop is slowly sprouting
buried into the dust of the cosmic thought
historical winds will carry
them around to the rich soil
it would survive the cataclysm
it will grow when a time comes

Maria Barbara Korynt

Not Cutting The My Own Hand.

I solved the riddle of the sphinx.
It was a titanic job. As ever,
on helped Terezasz for me go.
He came in dreams, he talked
about the future and interpreted
chirping speaking a from birds.
I overcame the dislike.

Suddenly draconian measures
became unimportant. A desire
for revenge disappeared irretrievably
to the thought, that pyrrhic victory,
won't provide satisfaction.
Blind Terezasz taught to watch me
this way, in order to sometimes,

in order to sometimes, even,
not seeing - see, which place
I must cut the Gordian knot,
that not cutting in my hand.
I am selecting appropriate glasses
of eco-friendly material. I will be
painting, the Almatei horn, now.

It will be for everyone...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Not For Everyone Needed

people invented an wars
and people love aggression

the clever, he isn't stopping,
and let him can talk about it loud

stupid let be better silent
but, he can to say, something stupid

and after what's?
after all better is to study,

and maybe even
to cure...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Not Only We...

my poetry
is a rain and a wind
is a sun and a moon
is you and I
and a few persons

wrapped up in the bedding
into petals of roses
and curly little snowmen
it still touching the clock

and playing in hearts
on silvery notes
with the golden key
my poetry
is a dream and reality

laughter and tears
I and you and the life
and in it
still a few persons...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Not Sorrow

when I hummed your refrain
known well the image
in the memory strange blurred
and no longer I can see you clearly
this way and maybe even
I don't want at all to see

for us sweet memories were of
no avail a false hopes,
impulses of passion,
shadows of the past,
let will walk away
into the distance!

for me sorrow isn't...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Not This Bird

from the morning a cold wind is blowing from the sea.
you are going to the other side, is pushing you,
not asking whether you are already ready

still red stop lights, crowd on the roadway.
you are signalling a turn, own intuitive it is,
and you already know a lighting jammed,
be missing green.

you are running in order to be in time,
because the time is ending. intuition
and here is telling, that there is
a sharp bend in the vicinity.

let a lenient way not delude you downhill, we already
a long time ago have it it is possible that way
to fall directly into the bottom, of which aren't leaving,
even if it isn't too deep.

try wisely to play this game and deal cards well
marked with look will bring what you want.
the exotic bird is for the shooting, unless alone it flies
away to its place.

if necessary it is possible to help him under the condition that:

'never again look at me with such an eyesight...
never again talk to me that you love me...'

it will learn to not give a hoot about the memory...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Not Yet A Blew Me Away Wind...

going away I wanted... to remain
to whisper oneself with silence
with the music to write the poetry
and to have you

but in the way I got lost,
going behind the star in the sky.
nights became longish,
because without you

I walked away the step too far
somewhere into clouds I nestled
then I caught sight of surprised
I don't have you

so I turned back halfway
which led to the hell
for in order to hear how you will say
I want you my girl, bewitch on me again

even though paths got tangled up
still the wind is filling the sails
but strong on legs I am standing
and you have me still

and if at one time I will disappear
you will think - a wind blew her away
I will never come back again...
world will absorb me (?)

Maria Barbara Korynt

Not Yet I Can... (For Friend)

I cannot tell you how very much
I am pleased...

it was your mistake what reason
I don't know for important

you understand and I also understand
but I must come to terms with the thought

that you are, and you have my forgiving,
this time without reservations.

listen to oneself and what the heart
is suggesting.

you have the own mind, and...
you aren't certainly a coward.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Oblique Statements

every my word is hiding oblique
statements secret not for everyone
for the discovery common symbols
aren't it search for other code
for you I want to tell the event
in the time in the future
we can together look
sometimes for a moment
or forever we are turning up
at a sharp bend therefore hold on for
the straight to the mum the chance like as
hardly anyone to believe in whatever you want

Maria Barbara Korynt

Oblivion

with rusty padlock
I am closing door
of real events
I am throwing the key away
beyond the dimension
of human understanding
it is an end which never
it won't become the beginning
cause it won't manage
to find it way
to the past time...
oblivion... and perhaps however
something will stay?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Old Clock

a time stayed
in the old clock
it closed in the hour
for minute for second
with last hitting
with the tilt the pendulum
with pulsation of pointers
as the ending of the show
when a curtain fell
or like of lines
of the life
when the man is walking away
in order not to come back
I am using the key
I can wind a clock
to free the time
but for every
there is no us now...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Old Hypocrite The Wind...

such power, such anger of the wind
an unexpected, sudden.

it blew trees over on roads
traffic hold - ups and it is blowing, is teasing

a villain isn't asking about the agreement
and for nobody it will put the candle

it will only pinch, into eyes it will pour
what will give with in order to permeate

and then it will die away pretending
innocent zefir which sometimes

likes for himself lightly to blow.

Maria Barbara Korynt

On The Bend Already

I am already on the bend
but well
it is not a sharp bend
not a twist

is lenient way
with light hills
and fine views
from nearby hills

wind is flying for me
after the back
warm, and as nice
as your lips, in the touch.

when we are slating
the acceleration into the bottom
it is perceptible, and we feel
quicken pulse

and desire

Maria Barbara Korynt

On The Edge Of Longing

I saw you on the edge of longing
you poured sand
in the hourglass of sudden events
in order to cheat in the free time
hands of the clock raced off ahead

thoughts broken from the chain
of restrictions
waited impatiently for the sound
of footsteps in the fog
in order to lead the look to the sun

whom I had to wait for
like for stroking into the cheek
of morning of the bright day
when wild strawberries will bloom
be a smell for me with forest

I will exchange longing then
for love and...

Maria Barbara Korynt

On The Edge Of Longing - 2

when wild strawberries will bloom
be a smell for me with forest
I know it will be you
I looked with vastness of longing
I listened closely with thud of silence
you came with stroking the lips
with the touch of the night
the morning already a long time ago passed
moving the prospect close in the staff
hot breath is wrapping up is washing the breath
is setting the heart into the thud
we are wandering about the thought with verge of delight
we are getting to know the beauty of the climbing
of not uncovered still platforms
forest smells of green moss
with earth with conifer needles
with you because you are
it is most beautiful what could meet me
long I awaited on the edge of longing
earlier our emotions are blooming
with pink body with juiciness of lips
at least for wild strawberries still time...

Maria Barbara Korynt

On The Empty Road

the touch of your hand
gently is bringing
recalling the May up.

I am chilling the hot body
above the seashore.
I am catching crests of waves.

too warm water.
ice-cream isn't helping.
I am waiting for rains.

the sunbath
restored colours
of the last summer.

on the empty route,
only a dust and potholes.
you have the dry lips...

Maria Barbara Korynt

One Of Roads (?)

Cave, entering it only by the road for the light.
There the sun's rays are falling from above,
quite well lighting the cave and people.

They must last this way and sit in one place
eternally, for in order invariably to look,
incessantly, exclusively ahead of oneself.

They are put in fetters by feet, up to very neck.
It happened when they were still children.
Behind the back still they have the lighted fire,

it is lighting the path parallel to the wall
which is adjoining to it. Along it a rope
is stretching out, carrying figures.

What exactly servants are, almost as actors.
On their shoulders various divine statues are carrying
as well, as of what is a symbol, of the flora and fauna,

what so closely bound with them. From the mouth
kind of a human speech, sounds are springing
as quiet with sough of the wind or rustle of, leaves.

Shadows impressed on the opposite wall, in the
flickering play of light, such strange images
are formed. None of present prisoners of the secret

cave still tore eyes away from them. And he cannot
tear away, even he isn't trying. They don't know,
that only, road leading into gates of lives,

here for the soul freeing is full, total - from the body,
of bodily coating and also from the relation, all financial.
It is possible when you go your death through.

You will understand and only, you will start living truly.

Maria Barbara Korynt

One Your Word

I wanted for you so much to say
when you sat with night

lowered above the poem
I wanted so much to whisper

but staring at the light
didn't let me above the table

it oozed from the lamp
and I fell

asleep around in a word
your which it exchanged in dream...

Maria Barbara Korynt

One-Sided Game

I am removing
from the stand.
my dress better
is fitting me.

pull
with brush,
and I am finishing
the tragic making up.

high heel
and I am hiding,
wiped yesterday
heel

I am doing to the mirror
eyes.
are inspired
as saint.

and I have the lips
laced up,
and buttoned up
with lock.

smile to the face
number four.
I am putting on a mask,
and into the city.

I am going along the marching step
to the conversation.
two cows
are coming out, from the opposite

direction.

I have the lips
laced up,

and buttoned up
with lock.

Maria Barbara Korynt

One-Two-Three...Two Kittens

a big, black cat, is jumping
on the white snow.
now, looks like the stain.

such jumps, early in the morning,
it is a gymnastics. every cat,
has the supple spine, and it is
falling, on it feet

big cats sometimes,
hum beautiful lullabies,
to the sleep...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Only For You

I will play melody
which I remember
this is a song
of my childhood

I don` t only remember
the title
it about flowers is
and about roses

I will sing for you
the love song
when the storm
will be happened in spring

I will dance, in the sun
dance, of the butterfly.
It will be a moment,
only for you.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Ore

it was supposedly a plan
of the blunder in points.
she said: something for me sees,
itself next fall of the star

at least previous it wasn't
he will recommend to the ground
with a thud. I so think.
everything exactly was planned and

a cake was supposed to leave
and a sad layer came into existence.
and what's more, just makes
the tragedy up... whose?

not important. this way to the truth,
only it is necessary, to prove that
it is red-haired beastly. something, for me
sees itself, next fall of the star...

Really?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Other

strategy
of the innovation
unused idea
in the adequate grade
attributes
are facilitating
the updat
desired adaptation
at all costs to bend
what won't be given, to test
to eliminate threats,
abundance with power
individual scam
scam and scam
positive
negative
positive
n e g a t i v e

both the same wind
and the same dawn
and the same world
and so other...

you don't know when

Maria Barbara Korynt

Other Dreams

dreams as the heel torn off
out of touch with reality
they are tormenting with importunity
teasing with imprints
of the death knell
of the nightmare.

you are waking up getting hold
feeling a way of remnants
of sleepy oversleeping
forcing the moon
so that he steps down from the way
and he made way.

a pink-blue dawn is coming
in order to start
daily
projector
of the human
existence.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Our Love

love is ours
but in dreams
love is ours but
it is with us

as the flame,
it is embracing,
and it is lighting
as the sea lamp post

our souls similar
to oneself
are bowing your
towards me
my towards you

not an important distance,
not important adversities
is counting the peace
and oneself power of our love
always, do you love me now,
and I will love you

we will be
in our sky
listen

quietly you will be
whispering in my ear
what you smell and of what

Maria Barbara Korynt

Our Road

where our
dreams stayed
we are much younger
the time ran

us through
roadless
tracts as individually
as as punishment

don't worry about
that this is how
it's got to be everyone
has it fate written

not yet you will see
the end of our road,
it will still
be beautifully...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Our Unwritten

I am throwing rings
and baubles away
for the magpie of the thief
let the bird will be glad
of trinkets which
aren't needed for me.

I will keep only
the heart from you.
of amber is,
on the thin thong.
souvenir bought
on the old market.

I am throwing letters
and diaries
the fire will consume it
a wind will blow away
and I will keep
one poem

you wrote our
love in it,
unwritten...

Maria Barbara Korynt

'Passing Days, As Images - In Illness ' - I

I.
before me door
they are glasses and
I can see everything.
I don't only remember,
where keys got lost...
I am waiting when fever passes
And am waiting,
when finally fever will pass...
she is troublesome.
hands are icy...
and in a minute warm, not hot.
my head is rebelling against me.
it is kind of heavier...

Maria Barbara Korynt

'Passing Days, As Images - In Illness ' - Ii

II.

it is kind of heavier.
a voice of the mum reached me
for a moment... and then...
the Dad played the violin
'play beautiful gypsy song from
before years'...
I knew that it was a song
for the mum.
I listened being afraid
to bring up...
if only the image didn't disappear.
the mother dissolved long black hair
rays of sunshine touched it shyly...

Maria Barbara Korynt

'Passing Days, As Images - In Illness ' - Iii

III.

I am getting soppy today
as the paper house...
all stages which already happened
a long time ago this way for me
are coming to my mind it seems...
that fire and the crying of people
and this funeral which
walked along a street
it was already but so long ago
as if it was a fairy tale
but many years passed and many people
and I forgot about, what had been
then most important...

Maria Barbara Korynt

'Passing Days, As Images - In Illness ' - Iv - Beside Of Us

closely, beside of us, they live
the boy and the girl which like
to change, behind puppets,
behind dolls, about a feigned smile,
devoid of emotion.

they live in world of the illusion,
where paper dragons are winning bad warriors
but girls don't only have the facial expression
exophthalmos of eyeballs and copied everything,
what can form a relationship with the conceivable beauty

somewhere beside people which
are shaping the taste of illusions young,
living in world, the imagination and the
falsehood live. it is large what artificial
the rest isn't significant...still.

terrible little dolls are frightening at night
not letting fall asleep with calm dream
the great knight is chasing the small
miserable puppet in order for her to trim
hair with ears well, that only in the dream.

Maria Barbara Korynt

'Passing Days, As Images - In Illness ' - V

closely, beside of us, they live
the boy and the girl which like
to change, for puppets,
for dolls, about a feigned smile,
devoid of emotion.

they live in world of the illusion, where paper dragons
are winning bad warriors. but girls don't only have the facial
expression exophthalmos of eyeballs and copied
everything, what can form a relationship with
the conceivable beauty

somewhere beside people which
are shaping the taste of illusions young,
living in world, the imagination and the
falsehood live. it is large what artificial
the rest isn't significant...still.

terrible little dolls are frightening at night
not letting fall asleep with calm dream
the great knight is chasing the small
miserable puppet in order for her to trim
hair with ears well, that only in the dream.

Maria Barbara Korynt

'Passing Days, As Images - In Illness ' - VII

and then again hoofbeat...
the passel is rushing directly on me
I cannot move
blues
are stopping me...

only what else
this music attracts
it I am blinking and I can see them
everyone are playing smiling
and I also...

this way they must play in the sky
probably so that are convenient
for light blue angels
and calm exhausted
hearts...

Maria Barbara Korynt

'Passing Days, As Images - In Illness ' IX

the heart is dying out when I can hear
this rhythm sounds and the voice
are like it, that there are people
which have so a lot...
the voice is starting to speak
as this melody which is reaching
forcing its way by force
at least quietly
the sung speech
is provoking it shiver
as the nice caress
is irritating imagination
and I can see you artist
how you are surviving fascination
that is this on what you waited
what is happening sometimes
but for not everyone...

Maria Barbara Korynt

'Passing Days, As Images - In Illness ' Vi

it is like the time of the junk,
looks like the nightmare,
which is pestering by day,
and at night from every angle

and at night copying everything
is trendy and in the price
as noisy behaviours
being blatant

terrible colours on cheeks
are not only, forestalling
whom for so making very much
would be liked who is who

for it with at least one and to fall
asleep in the middle of the
roadway where there is
a heavy traffic

Maria Barbara Korynt

"Passing Days, As Images - In Illness " Viii

I am I am I am
still
so seriously

not for ages
not on seriously
not on sadly

for every what
for why such questions
were already and didn't
leave it's no use

perhaps will leave
how I will leave I will close
the door behind
myself still it will stay..

...probably

Maria Barbara Korynt

Passing Fashion

not yet it's
the first snow
of the season the sun is still coming out
from behind the clouds
and we are taking out from wardrobes

jackets, mini jackets,
coats, spring coats,
overcoats, fur-lined overcoats and winter furs
and covering to severe
frost and strong winds

with thrill of emotion
we are looking at spring
dresses
the last swimsuits
summer shoes

bought,
on the first day of the autumn
I will establish next year.
I wasn't in time,
because an autumn came and now

I can fail to meet the fashion

Maria Barbara Korynt

Pessimistic Predictions

still a bit, and far no longer
you will not jump.

unusual events can surprise you,
violence, death, because not only
good things are happening.

you will sit down in the park on the bench
and you can not get up.
you will lie in the bed
and it will be the last activity

still a bit, and far no longer
you will not jump.

not important only recently
you fell from a tree, ordinary coincidence
it now, too long you are clubbing

together, and the time is passing irretrievably
unusual events can surprise you,
violence, death, because not only
good things are happening.

still a bit, and far no longer
you will not jump.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Phobia

a barefooted conqueror is standing
light blue tie
it is swinging evenly when it falling
tulle like mist lies on the carpet

as the flower fresh they bloomed
with beauty is paralysing
he is relaxing the blue tie and then

he feels tingling on the back
the sip of cold water is restoring reality
of this year of the mum invasion of ants
here also, he can hear the sweet whisper,

and he is already on legs
immediate retreat.a quiet playful laughter
is catching up with him...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Photo

two years ago
we are standing as today
and differently
decorated
Christmas tree

you are having the hat
of the captain
on your head as
if somewhere, you swam
at wide waters.

I am, in the big,
straw hat.
I`m eating, with appetite,
ice-cream heartily
on the stick

there somebody is still
whom no longer

Maria Barbara Korynt

Please About...

I ask for the sun,
all right warm,
not to say hot,
I ask for the sun
because
I am fed up with a rain!

thank you very much
for the wind,
that me is pushing.
and the rain, which it
is beating - it's raining.
I will go crazy!

how it longer will last.
so, I ask for the sun,
it can be warm,
because,
I have my heart
very hot.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Poem Full Of The Faith

My solitude is Your will God
I happened to make my way unusually calmly
Where are ending life, what ups and downs
And the dream is eternal where we are free

It was hard from resign playing, games, of delight
And from people who were after all close with me
But I today I have no regrets of nothing

It will be enough the warmly is when on fire in me
Are a great truths, what are survived centuries
They served other through their entire life
that we can now call ourselves the (HU) MAN

I believe, that still - outside our world
Living there is, where Excellent Love
The man for himself is a sister and a brother.

-

I thank for every technical remark and showing the mistake and the proposal for an amendment.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Polyommatus Icarus

is entertaining me tortuous your explaining
to everyone other of it what for us understandable

seeing their impulses frankly I am smiling
hear that somebody rang. with what - don't only know for us

a sky is clouding over perhaps there will be rains
well so that air happens will clean

and you on the hammock expose yourself to the sun
so that it bashes you wait calmly

it's not over yet of green summer
when above you is flying about - Poliomnatus icarus

Maria Barbara Korynt

Poplar Avenue

with slender poplars an avenue is cracking
straight into the sky in the hope
of hitting on the cloud
a longed-for rain will get
what on hard shoulders
the greenness of grass will wash
and sand soiled slightly will rinse out
scattered unevenly on the earth patted down

and then chrysanthemums will smile
joyfully drinking cool rainwater
for the health of the green frog fleeing
the intrusive beak of the stork
penetrating the nearby meadow

it is she saving oneself with jump
into the bulrush
a spreading pal will call the loud croak
with stifled echo
of quiet rainy splashes...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Primrose

my dear, darling
don't you worry that snow.
everything will still pass
a little
and chestnuts will blossom
and I will sing
the green song for you
with the rain

my nice, my sweet
look how in the sun
kittens are warming themselves
up beside
I in the dress
into blue sweet peas
have thin stockings
on the photo in the album

look my boy,
you are being painted in the sleep
with watercolour and one by one
I am painting the heart
I am not giving in to the dither
because I already feel our spring
look, there a primrose is blooming...
for us.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Probably At One Time...

in the bed ladybird.
she unfolded comfortably.
from a distance one can see dots.
are breathing with her,
with her effusiveness.

from such heat, everything
is sticking to the body.
but it isn't disturbing her.
the husband bought, so she wants
to do pleasure for him.

she felt with ladybird,
loved by its
spider, which is wrapping
the big body for her,
which one's small shoulders.

she felt with like ladybird
loved by one's
spider, which is entangling
her big body, one's
with small shoulders

and alone is feeling
as the fly, caught once
and for all into the network
but the ladybird,
is bringing luck

he doesn't only know when...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Pulled In The Sleep

I scared your words,
like birds, flew away,
and somewhere deep
remained, in my heart.

as scars which to merge,
at all, cannot,
pulled in a daydream,
it don't want to leave me.

I am feeding, on half breath.
I am travelling across.
the distance, of the half a step
I am slowly treading cautiously

for me sorrow isn't

I know, that words will return,
where they were born,
and all distorted
against own teeth you will break.

I scared them away, at one time
like birds
are flying now from the dawn
are searching for tracks not one's

a time effaced them

only scars stayed
which oneself, heal
cannot

Maria Barbara Korynt

Question

the seventh sense of fear
is sprinkling my forehead
of inner power
and like the dew is floating
at deep times of the reflection
paralysing the wrinkle
on the frozen face stigmatized
with silent terror of the heart
is these already death
or only illness?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Question - Reply

are you asking?

I am answering quickly closing mouth
in order not to breathe last
to the prey thick with hate of air,
oversaturated with egotistical
getting words
needed for you prematurely
I won't fire lava from my crater
of the volcano of passion,
put away at its bottom.
too many victims will consume
the surprise outburst,
when I won't stop,
I won't manage to slow down
the explosion of my sudden emotions.
I am walking away into the peace...

so well?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Reality

of this night, dreamt
of the summer, and haystacks.
were from the previous year.
it smelt
as never before
more then.

he lay on his back now,
he recalled the gold
of the nature.
waking up
brought about.
the sad morning,

the griping wife
and the solitude.
it is already only
a predictable end,
without chances
to other.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Reasons Of The Misunderstanding.

People are using words.

If before the conversation, it was possible
to establish what words, which will be used,
mean, it wouldn't be the problems,
with the agreement.

Phenomena and things which are

(anyway their majority)

were named. It is bright.

In that case what with words,

which are name of symbols,

the things and phenomena?

If existed symbol, a thing must be,

existence, phenomenon...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Repayment

My friend said: the dog is barking
and the hearse is going farther.

I asked: is it certainly
about a hearse?

He answered:
Yes, it is about it.

Therefore, if you have some debts,
pay them off fast.

Before will reach it destination.
'mori Reminder'...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Resignation (?)

the winter capricious
and sharp breeze
of the night is surprising
with importunity of the wind

my helplessness is manifesting
itself with the helplessness
of cold, skipped hands
and the lack of the warmth

the life is leaking out from us
when we don't realize
that it not so and it is necessary to recover
from an illness not only for itself

somebody counts on us
somebody for us is counting
somebody for us is counting
what we still count on (?)

Maria Barbara Korynt

Returning To The Ordinariness

let us turn down
not screamed words
the truth will come out
when the fate sets
the best time for
slight breath no longer
fresh flowers
will wound

because they are growing
with new variety
spikes and more leaves
are missing
in the wind shivering
with string of air
it will enrapture
the eye

and a trained ear will hear
the unique rustle
you will rest at one time
returning

to the ordinariness... unusual...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Rhythms Of The Love Serenade

I don't know why so much
the your every word is moving me in memories
at least passed moments of our shared games.
I can hear it every day
a lot of similar words
but it no longer the ones

the sun is setting in order somewhere to rest
and I still am waiting
for your warm hand quiet whisper
repeated without the word
sounding kindest
with lilac-coloured small bell

on the edge of the wood where your breath
became mine your our
alternately pulsating with delight measured out
as deducting with second hand of imperturbable tacts
of the rhythm of the love song and hot with closeness
of impatient young bodies with emotion.
at accompanying of seagulls of the sea
and an nearby unguarded beach
the wind played lunar serenades for us
on sand dunes...

do you remember?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Road

it not this way not this way
everything negotiated
how you wanted.

I wanted living my own life.
he solves his riddles not always best,
but he is solving our problems,

didn't grow about fortunately
in time we noticed problems
signposts and at least

not everything negotiated
how we established
there is a light on the road

which is running, in our direction...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Romantic Poet

with casual gesture is raising
the goblet overfilled
with the cascade of words
to the mouth inexpressible
with the red rowan of persistent thoughts

like drops of blood is marking the road
to the white summerhouse of trysts
standing in the garden
wrapped with elaborate
tangles of bindweed and the Virginia creeper

leading the purpose through the drawbridge
he is encouraging participation in spring funs
sensitive breath of the wind what knocking with trees
is flying without the memory protracting
on the young greenness fields getting

it is beckoning rains of the spring storm
over to himself with the lightning
the poet is writing with heart
off whom one each drops of the red rowan
and tenderness of longing are falling...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Salty Variety Of The Bitterness

on lips he smells the taste of salty tear
he is a witness of the unusual despair
of sea water waiting for the sun
it would heat inshore sand up dried off
decorating with gold-plated shells
radiant caresses with clouds reserved
a tremendous wind is blowing
it is rushing somewhere in the distance
between trees into thickets
where more calmly... with silence

the solitude is only enjoying the cold bath
costing the saltiness
the different bitterness of the ordinary day

Maria Barbara Korynt

Searching

the penetration
of the grey matter of the poet

in quest the rhymes and words
right for our delicate ears

is like analytical examining the man
who knows that it remained for him

already only to wait
when it will end...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Searching For The Pearl

God...

You are so far but close.

You can see everything, you know what I feel.

So why I don't comprehend my fate,

Of the ones what are advising me and of the ones,

With whom I am indifferent?

I don't often understand myself.

Why I cannot find the pearl

which I lost, somewhere I put away.

And perhaps it appeared to me, that for a moment

I had already had it?

After all I love this way living.

Why so?

Maria Barbara Korynt

She Is Waiting

if he at one time will tell her - I don't love
she will close tear with eyelash curler
curling the eyelashes
she will open buttons of the pocket of a feigned smile
she will get remains of the kept civilization out of herself
stopping with will power desire for breaking neck
she will walk away into the emptiness to the meeting with pain
which stopped in the station of oblivion
if at one time he will say - I love
they will become one desire
so she is waiting patiently
fixed on the future without the address
putting the illusion to sleep
they wouldn't harass the soul
of sick imagination

Maria Barbara Korynt

She Rang Non-Stop...

she rang today,
with teeth,
and she said to him:
cold for me, cold tremendously,
and though I love you
unconsciously,
never mind won't help.
never mind it won't help,

because, the cold is outside,
and your blanket already full of holes.
pieces of grass are getting.
it is also cold.
believe me nice,
I cannot tear it out,
because, I don't have power.
don't help and beer

even canned,
neither bottle of champagne.
I here at the edge, of the forest,
for you can freeze up
to the morning.
please yourself let it be,
it blanket full of holes.
overcome and stay here

for the entire night...
and she got up and she went
the truth to tell, she escaped,
and from chills barely,
to the bed she clouded.
she had cold hands,
she got a feve.
and to her, came Doctor

and...
he now, is ill...
and she for him is reading

in small bed - love story,
and it is good.
girl well the heart,
the Doctor
are open-handed...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Short Memory...

you are turning sunglasses on
and I could not get to know you.
for only her the dress
reminded me of for her existing.

at one time, not so long ago...
You were the first lady, then
on charity party, and he,
didn't wear glasses.

I am looking at him and sorrow
for me. You never wanted to leave
behind him. He was so inept without you.
After all nobody affected it...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Shout

of world of retinues,
mourning death,
cry tumult,
pain weakness,
earth from under legs,
not-diged,
and grave

you are in a hurry,
nowhere - anywhere,
anywhere at all,
if only farther,
you won't escape,
it will catch up,
even, ahead of time

Maria Barbara Korynt

Silence

listen intently to silence how it is singing paeans
reflected with cosmic echo
from blue gates
where the silvery knocker
is waiting for touching the hand
longing carefully for the new stranger
then a rainbow gate will split
in order to let the stranger in with azure carpet
with billowy cloud unblocked here and there
dimmed with night silvered out with stars
greyed-out at dawn
guards will let him in ahead of the countenance of the Master
in a word he would tell himself
and all fanfares will thunder
and in the sky silence will sing
gold-plated with sun...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Similar To The Echo

my muse is howling loud
written words are disappearing
into the basket thrown
I am leaving myths for gods,
let them create it without me
deformed thoughts
today no longer the same,
are searching for one direction
...

similar to the echo,
together let us repeat
what will be given
even if it's just for a moment

only for us.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Sin

you are lifting the eyelid casually
looking at the dancer

in the little glass window of the free debauchery
you are passing with unseeing eyesight

apple lying on the table
you won't think even that it

is reminding of the original sin
you can hear only healthy sharp teeth

you can hear only healthy sharp teeth
in the hard parenchyma

and the quiet growl
but sour...jolly well!

Maria Barbara Korynt

Slide

toddlers and adults
are slowly going
snowy hills up
the winners
of street trails.

they are dragging
behind themselves
the toboggan,
on strings, or skis,
and sometimes, lean

on the small stick.
from snowy hills,
they are going down.
with the laughter,
at one time, they

will
light-hearted years,
will tell children,
about get height
of their abilities...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Slips And Garters

the red lace of the slip
is stimulating the imagination
as the fight of the toreador
and the sheet to the bull
you sometimes probably think

that you are in the arena
and in a minute
you will take the bull
by the horns
your violently precipitated breath

is restoring the full awareness
that your hour smashed
the time for the cure
and in the head in their red
girls are dancing with black garters..

Maria Barbara Korynt

Slowly And Irretrievably

A waste of time on the chatting.
You are as the dog, after a fast run.
Breathless, you cannot catch your breath.
And after all so is pleasure,
to get everything, but gradually.

The steak of the frying pan is tasting
differently, than a pack of lies.
Give a miss inviting for dinner and fine words.
It is only a moment, repeated too often
in different configurations.

What is important, is slowly passing
and irretrievably now. Before you know it,
that will already be too late.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Smells Of That Summer

I remember the smell of that summer
sand sea water and amber
collected in the sun who first will find
is getting as a reward as alone will be willing

we wanted always to get it the same
equally thirsty so much
after a sunny day we lacked
drink with licked chill
of molten ice cube with hot tongue
in order to cool down
to chill a bit one's heat
and to protect oneself from total premature burning

antics in the sea are dangerous
and then we didn't think about it
when was too heavy swell right away
we landed in foamed manes
devoting oneself to the element of water
entirely still voluntarily
how they are only able it happy
of youth without the accumulated experience

and then we have often pretended
that we are drowning calling the lifeguard loud
for the help on the service
and when washed over us by launch
we welcomed him with the laughter and the joke
therefore he didn't just arrive on time
when it was necessary
thought that it was a joke

we said goodbye to two of them forever

I remember the smell of that summer
and your hot body with sand
with golden glistening with oil
to tanning... fragrant...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Smiles Oneself 'Complete'.

the curiosity is stronger
is putting the head between the door
and is asking - affirmatively
now, you are sitting here '?
so - I am answering and I don't feel sorry of time, health,

I am not hungry, tired out I need nothing apart from beside
of peace and quiet and the possibility
of writing what I want to write
when I want to write
without discussion

surprised eyes don't surprise me.
this way you are doing for years
knowing that it works.
I will break away for a moment in order to hear
what happened, who won - lost, what weather will be and you

will set me the specific question - what to the dinner and
you will still say what behind you walks from a few days
implying that he isn't waiting for the miracle and he doesn't
require dedications, he understands...
surprised eyes aren't surprising me. this way you always do

for years when I am putting
before you, what you only had the willingness to you didn't
know, how to ask me for it. I am watching how is
disappearing from the plate my quiet, sacrifice and for
smiles oneself 'complete'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Smoking Out

early in the morning I am opening a window
and right away are falling up
a trail of smoke from neighbours.
from the down, they are smoking,
and from the side, they are smoking.

and I am burning myself - working
and I am burning myself - writing
and when I perform
useful duties

I am not smoking cigarettes
but they are smoking
and I is feeling all, as of smoked fish
because it is my astrological sign
but from under fresh fishes

but it fish, are also smoked good.
not everyone likes, but must(?) not.
it is always possible, instead of the fish,
smoked bacon, and lie on aside.

and... is smoking and... is smoking...
even though a long time ago
she-he... is already smoked
it is feeling...

Maria Barbara Korynt

So Long

in flames my heart
consumes the heat of my lips
I still feel
your hot hands...

from a distance
the crazy wind
came flying and he

pushed both of us
into shoulders
and I, and not she,
I entangled paths for you

and I danced at dawn
and I stayed
for entire living...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Soldiers Walked Away

single in one's thoughts
free from the shadow of the man
he is silent appropriately giving back
due reverence diverging
about the going out, of the life...

a singing of black angels lured them
what wandering marked out
of along a path fate
they are sowing the cruel toll of war

struck greyness with brightness of bullets
lightened for them for the last time
rolling salty tears from eyes
for them went out forever

the day then again dawned with glitter
of fragile hope concealed at the bottom of the oasis
of seeming calmness of the heart of world
being vibrant with life day by day

they aren't already among us
because found the real harbour
singles at least one at second
so close in the row

Will the DEATH bring closer?

goodbye friends
peace for you eternal
and due rest
after the life...

Only why... SO YOUNG?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Somebody Beside

at dawn we sometimes
dream our walking away
these aren't terrible dreams
when with the smile
we are walking away
not saying even... bye
we too often said
similar words, every day.
and now differently than always
in silence
and in silence of morning
we are dreaming
our walking away
without fear,
unemotionally,
we are walking away
in order to wake up
and to state,
that nothing has changed
somebody beside is snoring
and he is dreaming one's dreams
and we know, that he is our human...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Somebody On The Road

so all of a sudden completely
somebody for me stopped on the road
when of avenue with gap
already to be pleased I started
heading slowly
with soft track from the rain
into this half asleep hour
whom nobody stopped for
and here suddenly all of a sudden
somebody for me stopped on the road
and I recognised at a distance
so silver and quiet
it hugged the semi-darkness furtively
in order to keep to oneself
something before for wounded dawning
when clouds in the sky
they will go pale more
than it is necessary

dusk for me stopped on the road
and is squinting eyes
so quiet and sleepy and dumb

Maria Barbara Korynt

Somewhere Over

I don't have my face for effect, it is only
to serve humming for loud gales and the sun
when me grows older, it a map of the world
on my face, leave a time, and show
important roads

which they led at the target,
and the one,
one only which led into you.

I don't have the face for effect,
you can see it, but go across the border,
there where with leg you aren't treading,
it is a bit somewhere over...nearby...
if you are able...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Sounds Of The City

moment behind the moment
they are escaping at a gallop
and the clock is standing

sounds of the city
are coming dimmed
alarm more persistently

it is thundering somewhere
in the distance. flashes only
in your eyes, and sky without changes

lightings are flickering
not a time today for the sleeping
carnival fully

...at an one time
new bells are harmonizing
are heard behind the window

Maria Barbara Korynt

Spicy Secret

table covered
with the fresh tablecloth
she in the middle
white decorated
with small tiny flowers
surrounded with garland of plates
as the ballet dancer
amongst the best dancers
she one with uncovered ears
warm with prolonging the touch
for the housewife
who put her up to it
in order to conceal spicy unusual secret
till the time of the official tasting
festive china tureen after the grandmother
returning every year
with familiar aroma of the surprise
and with recalling the happy past

Maria Barbara Korynt

Spring Nocturne

with skilled blow of hands
I am waking white-black keys up
waiting for frolicsome funs
of my fingers
smelling delicate with greenness
of the bedding of meadows, I can hear melodic-ness
with singing of birds somewhere in thickets
and with buzzing of restless insects
rising above the bulrush.
is accompanying with other note murmur of the brooklet

and louder humming quick mountain stream
where small pebbles scoured to the whiteness
are bathing as beads of transparent water
clean with tear of the eye, deprived
of black ink on eyelashes.
sprinkling drops of rain with the tiny drizzle
shy still digest colours, they are winning with my

fingers on the sensitive grand piano
with heart written nocturne
sentimental for you spring
and for me...

Maria Barbara Korynt

States Of Mind

what is the solitude?
it is a state of mind
and a neither cheerful
nor sad company

won't help
and even misleading words
or the play
won't change it.

no cases will be not important.
it is possible alone to feel,
amongst many people.
perhaps you know it, friend?

and what the freedom is?
it is also a state of mind.
even when you will be chained up
into cuffs

nobody will deprive
the freedom of the spirit
you can feel.
cheated,

depressed, felled with concerns
but your ghost
will be free, if you got
to know the taste of this freedom.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Steam And The Solo

there is an
unwritten agreement between us
we aren't getting ourselves in the way
and in this way
we aren't stopping by at ourselves

after all, quietly for ourselves
we sometimes try to imagine how it will be
like .. when unintentionally we are
on the same path, I know it.

what will he reweigh?

reason
rough quiet nature
the mutual sympathy
or the resignation from
what very well is smelt

I am collecting strong umbrellas...
czasmi I like to heat up.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Still A Few Days

still a few days
maybe a few moments
remember them
they won't already repeat itself

still steam of words
and bad smiles
only once
I will still sit down
before the journey

it was worthwhile this way
rushing to these fields
in order to sow weeds
instead of to caress flowers

they are already waiting me
to plant them there
where they will bloom for me
as colour tapestries...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Stories

When we are talking other anything,

still in the same way,

quickly we will get rid of listeners.

It is boring.

Even if it is each time other history or the issue.

It as this way as with eating the

same dishes every day,

the same seasoned with the same appetizers.

Even a pinch of the pepper

will sometimes be enough

and the taste will change.

The same it is with the story

and the listener.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Substitute

warm the heart oneself
lonely you will rest
the Olympics not for you
it is a privilege exceptional
shoot with stones from the window
or better in the direction of the vault
of the own skull
snap your fingers additionally until it cracks
you will see what there is
you will satisfy your curiosity and other
don't begrudge yourself do it once but well
it is also a play
substitute for the competition

Maria Barbara Korynt

Such A Face

a partner got lost
she found quickly second
an old person is in the mask

he is imitating the astronomer
is lurking with the magnifying
glass, in order to see

with what, his employee painted
his moustache with.

at midnight champagne.
clock,
is beating,
twelve times,
all masks taken.
and...
surprised faces,

total surprise...
an old person is in the mask

Maria Barbara Korynt

Such A Fate

the wind put our whispers out.
and the time, too quickly is flying.
only constantly the same, for us a river
is humming river is humming.

world of new changes, is rushing ahead.
is leaving relics, it in so much.
but in our memory, left beautiful
moments. and...also, it a worse.

you must rush together with other,
so, it is a fate of the man,
now, do not stop, at the end
of the road, somebody always awaits.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Such A Life

it is sitting huddled
with the net on the face

woven from wrinkles
of yesterday's failures

with the reverie of leucoma on the eye
painted with golden sockets

of enlarging piece of broken glasses
life of the nonentity

Maria Barbara Korynt

Such An End

you are not only suffering
from insomnia a lot of people
are complaining

you look in the dark night
and you can see only a piece
of the moon

rest behind the cloud
and you are listening and you are watching
like is dancing the wind and leaves

around the lamp post
Autumn fun
in the fresh air.

you are waiting for the winter
but you aren't sure
whether it will come to you

you used up everything
what could be
a bargaining card

now, only was left
your life
for nobody unnecessary

wait calmly
you have now more close
rather than farther...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Such My A Night

the night is turning my body, away on its back,
so that the back, rests after the entire day.

I am carrying it with joy, this way like
the watering can with water in one hand,

when second hand, I am holding a fresh loaf
of bread. it is baked until well done for you,

and now, I am carrying, with the salt.
so take, and sip with water, please.

water is fresh and from our own source.

the night is still changing my body, into sides,
so that it was flexible and bouncy, at any time.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Suffering

silent suffering
is twisting with grimace
his greyish face
eyes still conscious
through the mist of pupils
they are searching around
for the answer to a question
wanting confirming
that it is a temporary state
which it will pass when a time comes

flowers
flowers
flowers
a lot of flowers
of smelling delicate red whites
everyone is bringing words
to love and the friendship

it is interesting

who will be going behind the family
whether a lot of people will come
auntie Adela as usual most probably
will be moved to tears
and she won't have the handkerchief
the uncle will blurt the speech out
and the mother, will hide in silent pain
hunched under the black umbrella

or else most probably a rain will be falling

the first good friend
will throw the lump of the earth
and girl-friend flower of the forget-me-not

but he still lives
so through the mist of pupils
with twisted with silent pain with face

he is searching for the confirmation

- Doctor...
- calmly, worst passed
not yet it is time

need to live...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Sunday Eluli Olives Whether Somehow So...

she talked when she was under the influence of alcohol
it betrayed her a breath. Sunday olives didn't help,
which she swallowing one by one.

it were an events, who a long time ago they passed,
as her youth and now, has often only lost hair,
and lost it unfortunate keys, from time to time.

Paulo - still he, is silent and silence harms her saying,
that it is slowly killing her. only well-trodden paths
and Italian holidays a long time ago, recalls.

he called her Elula whether somehow similarly. I think,
that he not could talk otherwise it was too difficult,
for him. and now, the dead silence, only is.

he has nothing because emotions died away and as an
earthenware pot on the bursting fire. and then a barn was
in fire and they all were jumping

through the fire like skipping, and she there realized
that a life wasn't a fairy tale and it is necessary
to earn, not only to bread.

She earned money, fraying the fringe and she pinned
artificial flowers to the hat, that in every evening
to amuse the street

Elula whether somehow this way Paulo name her
the one, who was and...he! and wasn't... and she olive only
by the olive, and talked. - not saying

who must pay for olives, after all she not, she could
afford the broth on Sunday, when somebody in the country
ran the hen over - so who payed?

it will remain a mystery for descendants.
whether Paulo? who knows what it in man
perhaps sit down...

=====
=====

It is prose-poetic. I like it to write.
(of cycle: ' Unfinished Conversations. ')

Maria Barbara Korynt

Sunny Spell (2)

a beautiful girl
welcomes the morning

the pink body
is exposing to the sun

ants in the vicinity ready for the walk

the neighbour beside
is peeping from a distance

the girl feels
like from above a stroke

it is a balmy
rainy fall

in a minute the first
ray through the cloud
looks and sun

in the gap of the tree
visible better
than earlier

it is a July
it is only a July (?)

Maria Barbara Korynt

Surprise

unusual collision
with colour of words
written in ambiguities
drawn with skilled hand

unexpectedly it surprised
with innocence of unpredictable reactions
oversensitive with guilty
carefree behaviour

to the souvenir for themselves
emergency still extremely untypical caresses
to a little will be enough in order
to fly up into white

not with flabby myospasm
to strain the skin of the white glove
distrusting the naked truth

not-believing because
it is naked truth
and immoral...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Sweet Frenzies

this wind is raging
is persisting

it is breaking what can
well on the way

and you are telling me
I am like the wind

and you are stripping
everything from me
what you can

and what on the way
this way left

it is staying there on
winding stairs

which they are leading
directly to the room

let the wind is raging
let it is happening...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Take Her To The Cinema

take the wife to the cinema.
go with her. it is flying,
simple to understand film.
the hero is dying in the end,
and the heroine has the lover.
you must not explain,
nothing to yourselves.

these are such, straight lines
as the road to nowhere.
at dusk mainly
a reverie is invading us,
and desire for breaking free
from the place of the bliss
everyday. but it's no use,

if at the side is standing
faithful and is waiting,
what you invented for today.
I am telling, you take the wife
to the cinema. a film simple
to understand, for everyone is on.
the hero is dying...

in the end.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Tan Your Back

I am searching in pockets before the wash.
I am finding something interesting, or at least
a few salt fingers, that you are
scattering for birds at every occasion

don't forget, take the old umbrella with yourself
when you will go on Sunday still you won't repair
or else there will be no time or willingness
and a wires are sticking out

give back to the woman beside
needing it is certainly knows what with this
prize, to do and still else add a bunch of radishes
it is always a some gesture whom it can bring closer

you must remember, to don't put the face out
to the sun is far, and a wrinkles how to the order,
it will carve to the eternity, about
the back don't worry, we have a curd for it.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Taste Of Sweets

she dissolved golden rays
of long spikes of the wheat hair
and with the eye being on fire
tumbled down into his reflecting shoulders
bother with the lightning avid for the delight
of the green morning
and of hidden desires
for eternal torment,
repeatable
with the frequency
of falling
sheet of papers of the calendar...
the rustle of silence
wrapped up
in starched matter
is heard
as unwrapping
colour pieces of paper.
sweet...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Taste Of The Lips

every word
has the taste
of your lips
repeated by you

it is the most
pleasing whisper
a wind is humming

in the clover
of our love
and in the stream
it is swinging reeds

into it tact
tapped out with pulse
of our hearts

Maria Barbara Korynt

Tasty Fruits

September. apples are falling out of basket.
and the pears are lightly hard,
but they are seen.

you are bustling about nimbly between trees...
in a minute, you are sweeping my hair aside,
with fingers, and

are holding my face into hands, and looking me
in the eyes, you are saying, that you are
holding the sweetest fruit...

and I very softly, that you are charming.
and I am pleased because...
I am with you.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Tears

tears started to flow
without the question
across the cheek
it flowed directly into the lips
and dripped from the nose
wet face, as the wet dew on the meadow

a sharp scythe cut my flowers

tears, started non-stop,
not standing, on the cheek.
evil thoughts flowed in,
it was a smell revenges
wet face, because so were fragrant,
like on the meadow

a sharp scythe cut my flowers

tears started to flow
without the question across the cheek
and in a minute the smile,
then again quickly appeared.
the one, who played
with the scythe, had the fun.

non-stop a sharp scythe is cutting

my flowers...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Tension

I feel the tension
turning around on heel
around oneself
it would enrapture you
astonished the photograph,
which professionally
you are carrying out
when is absorbing you
taking everything
what I have on myself
by you I always
feel the tension
turning around
on heel...

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Autumn Is Gone

between hills
in the water white clouds
are looking at themselves,
like in the mirror

red and gold
bronze mixed
with green
digest yellowing.

the golden autumn
is reflecting
its colours
now, in the pond.

leaves screwed
are rustling
under legs
trodden every day

living together
with sheet of papers
of the calendar
is escaping

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Brightness Returned...

The poem is dedicated to my daughter
Dagmara Anna, with the request,
that she should take care for her eyes...

The brightness returned

--

The light is like emotion,
Which we value the most.

In darkness it is hard to distinguish
Shades, of colours of the life.

Every, even a smallest lighting,
It is a symbol of hope.

God is the greatest brightness,
The light, and hope...the Creator.

Let us thank God, that we can
Watch the daylight...

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Calm Before The Storm

you are lifting the eyebrow up
looking into the cloudy sky
and there were no at least thunderbolts
around still there is a flash of lightning
stretched air is shimmering
you won't find the waft
only stuffy and muggy
anyhow still grey
only quietest silence
and this uncomfortable danger
it is so strange that you would sit down
and burst into tears
because no longer you know
what such symptom means straight from the sky
whether it is the calm before the storm
whether these are already lives end
whether also still need lives

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Civilization?

What with itself is the development bringing to the civilization?

- height needs, for of human
- possibility of satisfying them

So human happiness is dependent on these two factors:

- a need
- possibility of the satisfaction

... Yes...

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Day And The Night - When You Want

to have a sleep, it is possible
everywhere, even if
less comfortably
but why?

if you have a favourite linen,
in the appropriate colour,
of the suitable material,
comfortable bed,

and your irreplaceable pillow,
sleep comfortably
best in the day. the night, not always
is up to it, in order to sleep...

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Dream, Or The Real World?

not yet it is raining
and to the solace for farmers
an early bird is singing

when herons, paddling
in the water, are crying
out loud, although

these are not people
I can hear the whirr of wings.
wild ducks are flying

I am throwing flat pebbles into water.
good are. and enrapturing me.
with the colour.

golden buttercups,
when I am going,
are dying under my legs

somebody, has large
the foot, and red hair.
stunning me - is horrifying

I am open my eyes, straight
on the world. I am looking,
and is good. it was a dream.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The First Pace Is Important

go down or fall!
your face surprised me.
imagination suggested
other image,
but...
the intuition didn't betray
and this time.

you are in the picture
completely
similar to oneself.
drawn
with own behaviour.
command!
cut trees,

because, alone you won't fall
and you won't break away
and people already a long time ago,
they went down.
make the first footstep,
but remember,
it must be correct.

and as not...it fall!

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Frost

frost, for good is holding.
it the real winter,

is ruling now.
and it is skylarking

such a wind will satisfy.
not everyone such frost,

but the February right,
is based right,

on a threshold.
isn't afraid, of frost.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 1

Sometimes, a greater power than the good has the evil.

It is tempting and attracts, making ravaging in our

minds and hearts. It is necessary to practise, strong

willpower, in order always to protect oneself from the evil.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 10

Tete-a-tetes are always suspected.

Who knows, whether behind the curtain,

isn't one person still hiding?

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 11

love, out of love is coming

into existence, it is born in a fever

of the mind through eyes, it is sending magic signs

hitting straight into the heart, is walking away

only to return with redoubled strength

about which for people, it didn't dream

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 12

love is sweetening for us living
although it isn't stinting the bitterness
the man is through eyes,
for the woman, entering ears
it is just hitting treasure
is biggest you want to be rich - be faithful
such love won't betray
and it will never disappoint

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 13

value your friend
you are among others from in order
to be convenient for him a word, and an act,
because the friendship is always
a fairly good leaven
of love
is bringing a lot of joy,
happiness
and very good things
but it is hard to find it
unfortunately
how you have a friend -
value it of one's friend, only not false
because supposedly
an honest enemy is better
than false friend

but whether exists 'honest enemy? '
so to meet - don't give me God.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 2

If you are giving the evil - you receive the evil. You sometimes receive the evil, even when you are handing out the good. Don't worry. Everything is returning as the boomerang, therefore both the good and the evil, will return to the right place.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 20

If you want to change the other, make whether you
should not change anything at you. Worth.

You can then rely on their own 'living example',
and have experienced in the role of practice.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 21

Many of us, is saying, even wisely
and to the thing.

If we still tried to talk to people,
it would be wonderfully.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 22

The contempt is simpler than understanding.

The Man, too often is accepting simple answers.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 23

Your belief that you are right in everything,
isn't confirming at all that this way it is.

It Can to confirm, probably, your cramped,
conditions of the mind.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 24

We want to be happy, and as people, still we
like more to listen to the lie, not wanting a
truth to dawn on to us. We hope that the fate,
the will deal, other cards, and we will gather
it what it is necessary. An absolution will
settle of the rest. We always forget about a
time. The one unfortunately it isn't stopping
and here cards won't help.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 25

If you are admiring the man for the fact, that
he is shrewd, rather than wise and clever, it
is a mistake. Even worse, when you have him too
for a friend. If a chance presents itself, he
will sell you too for 'pieces of silver'.

Don't count on the conscience. He won't think
about it.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 26

What is being get with the great effort, in a flash,

it is possible to lose.

It is causing or stupidity, or... fate.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 27

The liars are poor. They are lying and are
stopping believing the entire world.

And...the truth is so beautiful...

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 28

Jealousy is an ugly defect. Everyone wants to equal everyone, in order, not to be worse. Does it make sense? Dubious. Until the end we will never know, what is best, because each of us expects... not necessarily the same. Therefore assessment criteria will always diverge.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 29

If you are looking exclusively up and you can see everything through the prism of the own nose, don't be surprised, if one day, you will stumble over the ordinary stone. It lies on the earth, on which you are treading. It is unimportant, that you want to knock stars with the nose.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 3

Eyes are taking away from the soul and heart.

That, who is denying, little learnt about the life.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 30

The lack of the memory, is a good excuse, and nobody
do not mention, the lack of the common sense,
so often.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 4

The poetry is for in order, to tickle our ears.

Not only the woman, likes to be caressed with poetry.

Maybe therefore we have so much poets, and of the

'nice talentless writing'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 5

Lovers like secrets. In this way,
they are able to interest others,
and to be even, on the first pages
of newspapers.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 6

The good actor is able to convince that his tears are real.

Bad actor, most often convinces that he deserves the big money.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 7

The fashion is as children's illness.

When one woman will put the feather

for itself in 'ear' - birds are poor.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 8

The malicious man is tormenting himself.

Before will invent the way of teasing other,
irretrievably, is wasting his energy in order
to practise 'terrible faces', in front of a mirror.

Then it turns out, that instead of to frighten,
only are stimulating for the laughter.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks - 9

Many women are tapping doggedly with heels, thinking

that it is fashionable, and pretty. The truth, is that

- it is only attesting to the ignorance of the 'matter'.

The comely woman is not having to pay attention others,

with clatter of heels, walking along the corridor, is trying

to go as almost noiselessly, as on fingers.

If you cannot walk, exercise woman,

or put a flat heel on.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks -14

when you want to divide
something into the half
about one always remember
there is no smaller
there is not larger half
in ordinary days
or into holidays
two even halves,
are a whole
a - it is half of whole
and two halves,
when live together
are always a symbol
of unitie

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks -15

Let us learn to summarize.

Too much we are saying, we are writing.

Chatting away, through

we are losing it meaning,

and weight of the word,

making up with putting on weight

for empty words.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks -16

If you have a lot of advantages and talent,
hide it deep, pretend that it is not.

Otherwise they will say, that you want to cut
a dash and be the first.

The truth is: most do not like domination
of others, forgetting that everyone
has strengths and weak points.
No one is perfect.

Only the CREATOR...

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks -17

If you do not have anything to say,
better listen to what others say.
Over time you will hear, as most of them,

trying to convince the hearers, to believe
in the one, in which they themselves believe.

If you wake to your anxiety, is not bad.
This is just a signal, that is not easily
diverse unnecessary fascinations.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks -18

If someone put a spoke in your wheel, you can
be sure, that it did only a dwarf.

It is a specialization of these little people.

In this way, they want to make up shortfall

'volume', and the attention paid to each other.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Jumble Thinks -19

It has been found repeatedly, that persistence is the enemy of the imagination.

When you will run into the dull officer or controller of the tickets, he will not believe in your righteousness, and stories, that you'mistake, lost something...

He will be attentive - and you will pay.

And you, will be pictured yourself, that you give tip to the waiter, for the delicious dish.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Keys And The Codes

when you will open eyes and lips?
what can move inside of the man?
you are him, because you were.

your mind cells, were latched.
it is grey, and you aren't having
to them approaches, of access.

you need to find a key, or a code.
you can unblocked yourself,
with the power of will,

but you must learn
to understand
what I am saying.

what I intended for you
isn't against you.

and

there is my code.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Last Border

it brimmed over goblet of the bitterness
the worm has turned
and are scatter crumbs of the
life like the poppy of the grain

but I, I am not a Cinderella,
to gather them together I am not able,
I cannot. I, poetry of the life and growth
differently from you I understand.

and don't tell me that I don't feel!
tasting, I am savouring.
and you, you are knowing nothing about it,
because to know nothing you can.

in the glory and glitter, with joy
today you are ploughing your land.
and I, surely I am crazy?
oh no! I other I am collecting crops!

so don't demand from me that I become
your reflection. it would be for me an end
and true practical still
leave my thoughts, let at least something,

I have for myself. and when
I will feel bad I will say:
and what's more need passages,
because this way God wants.

when I will already be closely there,
by the last border, somebody
will count my mistakes and the service.
for you... and will charge for me.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Look Will Tell You

breathless breaths,
and then calm hours,
when I am looking to the imprint
of your body on bed.

to dusk
so much time,
to whisper the spell,
and to say will still start beloved name.

and when you will come,
my look will tell the dream,
imagined with you at the side,
when you touched my lips.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The New Calendar

the new calendar

the new calendar sets
the time for every day of the year.

how many will happen good,
unpredictable

and of what must happen?
I am giving some thought

to the past tense

and future already went passed
present and the future

husband commenced passing...
what will we say when it is ending?

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Oak And The Reed

the oak, sturdy and large,
was argued with pliable reed
which seemed weak and small to it
that it oak, will survive,
throughout centuries
and will be standing huge,
the way is standing.

and she to it told him:
the wind is bending me
to the ground
and it is bending still anew
but I am not breaking
and I am raising
but when you,

when this wind will
knock down
you will already
find your way
only to the lumber mill
with the transport
of planks and trees

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Old Hits

we are playing duets
on the grand piano
old melodies
on the grand piano
old melodies
words forgotten
in order to everyone,
then again are emotion

and are moving.
in the corners
of the eyes, they slowly
are collecting,
in order to flow,
tears of the emotion.

the lips for an elderly
the lady, are shape up
for laughter ready.
and what's more there
is the best award
for our performance...

words forgotten
in order to everyone,
then again are emotion

and are moving.
in the corners
of the eyes, they slowly
are collecting,
in order to flow,
tears of the emotion.

the lips for an elderly
the lady, are shape up
for laughter ready.
and what's more there
is the best award

for our performance...

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Old Intriguer

he is never
going underground
but he knows
very well,
what it is,
underhanded scheming.

he is never
going underground
somnambulistically
flashing
by is only leaving
a trail in corridors.

he is never
going underground
his underground basement
it is an another person's
area space and fresh air.

yes...

Maria Barbara Korynt

The River For Me Is Singing...

the wide, calm, blue river,
it is humming for me.
so agreeably...

this rustle is tickling
my ear, as whispers,
of the sweet lover,
or from the screen,
of the admirer what
is playing, in romantic
very sweet series

the river is caressing
my feet feels
wave lightly is stroking
them and wind
it is playing the song.
for me, about
the oaken leaf
and about the fresh
lilac-coloured clover.

the river is caressing
my feet, I feels
wave lightly is stroking
it and wind.
is playing the song.
for me, about, and
for leaf... it is green,
about the fresh,
lilac-coloured clover.

the wide, calm, blue river,
it is humming for me.
so agreeably...

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Small Bucket And The Spatula

I like to read announcements.
recently there was written
about dogs, owners,
bags and spatulas.

and now, from the morning,
I have the view from above.
owners, they are bending
to the earth.
they are going quietly,
hiding faces

with favourites on the leash,
on the cord and what they will give,
their doggies, they are leading.
they are looking their favourites after.

and in a minute,
when nobody can see,
are setting them free,
slowly in grass

and...man you have pie'
not one and more.
owners of the pup,
he has very clean hands
and a time already
to the work.

so, he is saying for all
to quickly goodbye,
and at home for doggy

but what's the problem?

well with this spatula?
I don't understand.

you too?

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Straight Line Like The Whip

reality is like pictures
is being changed with time.
houses are tilting as,
an elderly men.
is arriving new,

other colours.
these people, all the same
are diverging
behind the wrapped gate,
with green ivy.

other, they are renovating
or they are building
their nests, from brick
and concrete.
reality of small towns

is as straight, as the whip,
as mentality of inhabitants.
inhabited for ages,
which they are already, only
dreaming with blue paradise.

Maria Barbara Korynt

The Trivial Everyday Life

into the bistro is finding alone believing
I don't know in every, but supporting
the only real views convinced

of the rightness oneself with theories,
with arguments created
for personal use

but you still

have you won't
have you won't
have you won't
have and you will want

easily to remember

Maria Barbara Korynt

The World - Warm Pieces

World is beautiful and inexorable time. Quickly it is running at breakneck speed. I didn't notice the passage of time because I didn't keep an eye on it. That's my loss. Perhaps more quickly I would reach a conclusion that the damage of the time is to a lot of thing, activities, of people...

I am walking along a street and I am not getting to know the friend. And she for me so. He is shouting from a distance that the time for me stopped and for her not, and I can see it. is not having so loud to shout that I can afford better beauty treatments... I am forbidding nobody...

The December is ending and it is diverging and with it, someone's unfulfilled dreams, emotions, will stuff... An annual nostalgia and an accounting mood are seizing me. Yes, somebody will need 'to hit' and what's more there will be the best settlement.

Maria Barbara Korynt

There Are No Us

gray eyes gentle, calm
always remind me your look
and you, young man, written down
into our first small garden,
fruit trees, brick-red shirt,
green of grass and white
of the drying underwear.

this place still remained
without great changes
but only in my memory
because there a new-old building
is already standing
and it needs the complete refurbishment
and you aren't affecting it,

you are repairing the roof of our house now

Maria Barbara Korynt

They Will Go Together

the sun heated up, gold-plated fields
they are hurrying with the carting,
there will be a storm, right away,
one from last, before the coolness will come

a big barn will fill with straw
and with smelling hay

and two young sat on the stack
enjoy with oneself of eyes today cannot
because after this carting
they will run down with shared road

they will thank God for the shared life
and smelling hay

Maria Barbara Korynt

Think About Other

with mind of the man
created for the sake of convenience
is distinguishing him from animals
is arousing great emotions

in pursuit too.. not one
in way he cashed in his chips
although it is a symbol
of the more and more good life after all

coins, coins = money
attracts every eye
it is reducing habits
or he is heightening conflicts

is arousing bad desire
it is confirming bad habits
but when it isn't
our life is sad

when to bread will be missing,
or to needed medicines,
we are so helpless,
as short defenceless children.

when you have it,
in abundance,
think about of the ones,
what don't it have.

Maria Barbara Korynt

This Many How Many Are Needed

from the morning
I am bustling about still
in the dressing-gown,
looking by the window.
this weather doesn't please me.
I like the sun and the warmth.
And here only to watch
how frost more firmly will press
and an ice dancing will b

when it will end
we will be witnesses
of the melt
and unpredictable situations,
because it is so already
that it cannot be quite
well where it isn't
to the end - and isn't
I am looking at the calendar and joy

is seizing me because
how many days
I can see before us how many sheet
of papers for tearing out
of the calendar...
and what's more is optimistic.
they will continue only enough long
for are needed but then...
to the wind...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Three Angels

on the Christmas tree
three angels are squirming
on the Christmas tree
three angels are dancing.

and long sweets chocolate
with the orange, of average,
size under the Christmas tree
shed the creche and presents.

the grandfather is remembering me
himself, and I have the intact
wafer in the memory.
all moments are flying away,

as butterflies, but privately
the ones which are giving
us joy, on the Christmas tree.
stay three angels are squirming

on the Christmas tree, three angels
are dancing and long
sweets chocolate, with the
medium-sized, orange as ever...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Time To Think...

And then again melt. Today in the street wet,
and tomorrow it will catch frost.

To the new year a few days.
Old will walk away... and New only will be
looking around, what has for doing.

It is worthwhile thinking.
A new broom differently is sweeping up.
Time to think about it at all changes (personal) ;))

Maria Barbara Korynt

Tiredness

the early autumn pleases me,
golden leaves under legs,
a wind behind us
and before us,
bonfires are on fire in field.

you are saying - your grace.
is enrapturing me.
I, that supper on the table.
and that, I have the tired face.

it's beginning to rain.
in the distance is beating down train.
in the vase from you rose...
and you... are for me so close

I am watching the program - fashion
but it not my passion
more is drawing me the flower
and your charming power

you are still watching
the show
I am not disturbing, because
you like it, I know.

Maria Barbara Korynt

To The Hand

my soul is rusting
when from the morning I must
force myself
to anything

a high heel is tiring
I am putting sandals on
and I am pleased that I have

free fingers
in the fresh air
and sand is entering between

and what's more there is exactly
a real freedom
when this way I am going before

I am not looking back
and I still a bit have time
because I bought the new watch

it is big and on the belt

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Be A Star

every day I observe
the jumping meter

is going up faster and faster
I am as happy as a child

it is providing, which a success,
I am taking day by day.

the height of opponents,
is best measure.

if their number, exceeds
the number of my supporters.

to somebody, at one time,
and I remember,

and it is helping me,
to bear inconveniences from time

to time, which...is carrying
a wrinkled pillow.

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Cross The Border Without Sorrow...

everything has
it breaking points,
every material and the man.

we are born in order to live,
to admire the nature, to love,
and to die, when it will be necessary

to walk away, in order to tell oneself,
and one's life without words, and only
with instant on the clock of Almighty

to pass the border without sorrow, welcoming
the ones which are waiting apart from us...
we live up to it... if only to live...

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Die Alone

extended greenness of grass
black and sandy dusting roads
a sun through clouds frightened
decorated with the robe being on fire
of the early hour is oozing
somewhere a rainy torrential-ness is sobbing
with tiring out the eyesight of green leaves
they are mumbling for it for the accompaniment
the violence and the helplessness
mixt in transit to the last border
those without the face retreats will fall down there
where with secret cause
the fate sent them to the distraction
but by it they will hear the speech of Angels
they will watch mornings of their childhood and spent years
breaking the mirror image to thousands other
in a flash they will love
purpose...

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Glue

dead silence is able to surprise
something anxieties?

so easily chilled and suddenly
you felt as the ice cube yourself

the helplessness isn't supporting logic
you are judging unevenly

become the sub-machine
gun you will be throwing away from yourself

only ready words written already
in additionally greased italics

do it and to own glue
undershirt you have closest

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Have The '(Not) Friend'

value the friend
or else he won't help
when you lie on planks
to two spatulas

will still knock over to third

and with word not very good
he will assist
when you lie on planks
he only into chinwags

is entering around
with 'couple' stubborn
with word her
good will assist

value the friend
or else he won't help
to three spatulas you lay
still knocked over to fourth

convinced even stubborn
he not only assisted her word
I thank I thank my God
I have the 'friend'

he won't help

and the image dimmed
for me with dawn
at least clear up wanted...
...with...my blue

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Knees - Before Oneself

I don't know, what you are thinking about me.
you don't know, what I am thinking about you.
the ignorance complicates our (your and my)
acquaintance.
sometimes life.

you cannot make a decision
I cannot understand it
the complete lack of information
effectively is covering
the real state

I don't know, what you are thinking about me.
you don't know, what I am thinking about you.
the ignorance complicates our (your and my)
acquaintance.
sometimes life.

you are trying to think for me
I am trying to think for you
and it is a beginning of problems
of real
complications

I don't know, what you are thinking about me.
you don't know, what I am thinking about you.
the ignorance complicates our (your and my)
acquaintance.
sometimes life.

I am turning from you fast
you are doing more slowly - the same.
the ignorance has us, far on knees
I before oneself
you before oneself

did we try differently?

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Quench One's Thirst

so early it already almost brightly dawns when desire
is arousing me to the wet surface and
the cold food in darkness
I am trying to find a way
of making contact with the source and quickly
I am turning the tap

they are playing pipes somewhere
as black pudding of the march
but I am leaning because eating at night
and at dawn is making fat quickly
it is possible to get used and it
is becoming second nature and I

want to quench one's thirst
because it is always possible to call
to the fire appropriate he serves and here
mug and tap water will be enough okay,
okay with ice some each up

to two bones a cool mug
is helping will be enough till the morning

Maria Barbara Korynt

To The Dawn

on the horizon the sun
is slowly sinking in dark water
the sky is blood-red
with additive
pink and of grenade

a grey day is going out
in the colour of the inflamed crimson
the silver night will be very
quietly, ruled all the way
to the dawn

I am giving up
Morpheus long is waiting for me
the sky is darkening
I have already opened
shoulders for him

I am closing my eyes
even for me an eyelid won't tremble
the heart is mad
tired I am sleeping by him
which is handing out dreams...

Maria Barbara Korynt

To The Eternity

thinks free, you don't fear the violence
you aren't treading on graves of past generations.
carrying the human dignity, slowly you are going
with step to the eternity, behind the voice of the heart

look! contemporaries are raising new altars,
in order to with glitter, dimmed acquisitions
of old, wonderful champions, most proficient at actions.
when the big sleep came, it ordered the rest,

it sent the peace, giving the concession
to the body, for tired eyes. and the light on the earth
for them dimmed... forever they left permanent tracks
after themselves. in the halo, lightening the eternity up

time of new champions only will come at first judged
after all there, where God constitutes the Word
the Act and the ... whether will find the space
for oneself then busy with the fame die away

on the earth poetry.....but... nice for God?

Maria Barbara Korynt

To The Muse - Speech Of The Poet

Muse my Muse,
You won't escape me!
Your tracks remained
On sand, for me
So that I found you
And I will find,

Because you know
That after all
I wasn't still in time,
To warm for one's soul
In your glitter.

Why are you escaping for?
Where this way
You are rushing
In this windy night?
In this dark night?
You know?

You will stay
In my dreams.
Beautiful
I it certainly know!
I certainly know...

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Understand Pain

there, above
the seashore Niobe,
mother full of pain,
turned into rock,
is standing desperate.
deprived pet projects
of the life
of her daughter and sons
only left the emptiness pain,
of which to can not stand
.. it was possible.
sad Niobe is standing
of tear stone won't sail...
and on other edge
other mother

she still cried her eyes
out tears are flowing

she also at dawn lost
children of the husband
and the family
when a merciless
and mindless war
full of victims
and poured blood
began

now there by the water
she is only standing
and she understands
one's and for
desperate Niobe pain...

and whether you will
understand this pain?
for them you will raise your hand
torturer, murderer of people

I am telling STOP and STAND!
you will pay, for human tears.
you won't say, that... it is not you!

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Wake Up

as everyone, you want
to have your own
place

it is natural
it will only be your
and only for you

there you will find
for yourself
what you will want

and you will put away,
even one's thoughts
on later

...

how do you like
that cloud?
he asked

I nodded
and I said
let is waiting for me

he smiled
his face shone
so familiar

too long I slept

Maria Barbara Korynt

To Work

from Sunday to Sunday
is tiring me
transparent with colourlessness
stone city of unfulfilled promises
my doctor is waiting for ages
that I will turn up
as the mother suffering from the flu
in order to complain about too high
thresholds of angular houses
killing with the height
hope for breathing underground aromas in
and to sounds of rodeo - lift
and what for me there
I will persevere with the cure g
and you notice your woman
buy an automatic washing machine for her
used or old f
go with her with hitch-hiking
to Paris and to Italy
install blinds in the car
it will be warm pink and cordially
you from living undoubtedly deserve something
and remember
the plain French polish of the body is bending
in places desired
not causing chips
so to work
do something clicking into place

Maria Barbara Korynt

Transformations

Dread was perceptible
unshaven with irony of the dullness
of the last razor blade.
On his chin the grown cactus
is breeding its small spikes
growing by oneself,
as twinges of conscience of the botcher,
folding elements
of the unsuccessful project.
A roof collapsed,
pressing down on edges of house
full of Utopian dreams.
It is a costly mistake
of leaving to world.

The head flew away already from clouds
on the ridge of the bony Pegasus
doing doggedly with wings.

Rest still will turn to dust
when a time will come...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Travels With The Squeal

she waited for him, because he has,
a good heart and is not having
to seek nothing or to worry.
a wife will take care and she.
will give what it is necessary.

she waited for him, because
at more ease, it seems in two
coins dug out from the old purse
to anything even, and it is possible.

to travel in the one and back,
with the squeal moving
every heart, and arranging
fists, like for the contest
on the boxing ring.

and she waited for him, and then,
again she is pleased with accidental
journeys, like with the lift to the sky,
when for a moment closes eyes.

something in her is singing,
and it is possible to admire
the predilection for people
to the life and to these
strangers invented one day...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Treacherous Sip

so suddenly silence called.
he in stampede was running,
as if it burnt.

and it burnt desire
and he waited by the bar,
until they served twice
strengthened drinks,
and world saw from the completely
different side,
when he had corrected,
for the third time strengthened.

a soil hugged him
cold wet and good
for recovering one's
mental balance

Mr forgot yourself
Mr went too far
Mr will forgive you

not everyone...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 1

to religious girl

I don't believe you nice my
I don't believe,
even when on knees you are saying
your prayers.

Because, when you are coming back
from the church
dressed in one's Sunday

so half roads already
you are undressed.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 10

truth

Truth is a virtue,
although often aches,
and even when naked
- isn't bewitching.

But the satire
is never certainly
getting away
from no truth.

We know about the fact
that the virtue
isn't afraid of criticisms

It therefore
the satire
firmly is based on legs.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 11

saliva on the tongue

at one time 'small' the guy
ran too 'big' in circles
and nothing helped, that
that of it 'tapped on the forehead'.

Here something was 'not so'
it whereas, badly given him.
In a word,
what 'big' did
for 'small' was too well-known
or not worth a lot.
Whereas 'small' from it has always had delight
and the wedding.

Time, when 'small' as usual
picked holes
'big' only said two words
which the learning is coming from:

- you are searching friend
of my fault?
don't spoil the saliva!

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 12

Repertoire

Certain the known artist
said to his ladylove:

- today in repertoire
'Rigoletto' we have.

- Oh well, to it she said
(still in curl-papers)
when I, actually prefer...
'Fribble in the courtship'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 13

Fear in the bedroom

The Certain lady slept alone
has always, been afraid - entire.

It therefore her cousin
is sleeping now at her son.

Because her son was also afraid
He always restlessly slept.

Today everyone are sleeping together
playing with watering gas.

It is Mr Staszek's trifle
what dressed up as the peanut.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 14

Morality (14)

Old-fashioned morality our,

isn't going hand in hand

with proceedings.

Soul, to the virtue and order

it is inviting

but it is a body

'is a solution'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 15

our mistakes

'Mistakes are a road to the truth'
this way Dostoyevsky chatted.
I am not sure about it,
looking at my 'neighbour'.

Road of him exactly is mistakes paved
and the 'neighbour' up till today
doesn't know the truth,
why is betraying him 'beloved'.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 16

coquettish-resourceful (16)

Coquettish young girl,

is usually resourceful,

worse, that often in addition

of tongue too much 'is using'.

Where she will turn

- is threshing with the tongue.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 17

bitter-sweet truth

True, most often bitter,
not much is tasting.
Always shies away from it the one,
what more often tries sweets.
But excess of them,
of nice my
to the organism,
exceptionally badly influences.
Is treated with
a bitter medicine this one
Who has too often used sweets.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 18

hint (18)

- What it for the hint?
said sure about critic.

Only I can criticize!
So, you don't, get me in the way.

Worse, when the criticism
concerns the critic.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 19

criticism (19)

real criticizing
is always right.

It is not becoming the fault-finding
when somebody is using the criticism
in order to second to have a dig
at somebody or to thumb one's nose
Don't give then God
when 'good' is the one criticised,
because critics and fault-finders think,
that 'are MASTERS'..

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 2

The clever frog.

--

Said to Mr X frog:

- frogspawn

for your obscenities

you will finish but

in the sewer.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 20

the satire is helping

The Satire is whipping truths
with the horsewhip
but to live it is helping,
because the honesty is praising,
and the dirty trick is criticizing
and it is ridiculing
and not one is comforting.

Fall in love with the satirist
because he very well knows,
when and why,
they for the man wish lives,
and when not..

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 21

Wasted sponsorship

Certain the sponsor

financed the young actress

when she played at the scene

from shame disappeared

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 22

only one

there where a few are beating
only one is benefiting

knows about it very well
not one artist.

A role of every idol
is difficult

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 23

telephone trance

when in the morning

women are talking

on the phone

husbands have

the often burnt dish.

and very bad informing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 3

Satirists.

Ole! Ole!

We won't give ourselves!

Because we have the ballpoint pen

and the feather.

Satirists are having the upper hand!

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 4

The wise guy.

Is looking at everything realistically,

artistically and colourfully,

when somebody for him

is moving it head.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 5

As the ladder.

His career

on the ladder of neighbour

is always based.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 6

Party

Companions!

You need to find your way to mass!

One time will be enough.

Farther, it already how is flying.

Best

- to small children.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 7

Betrayal

I am clever,

sweet and nice.

The beauty

only betrayed me.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 8

Honesty

He was honest,

so as a reward

for a services,

for him left

only debts.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Trifles - 9

The gift from the heart

Take my 'heart on the hand'

in the white glove.

White - it is an innocent colour.

The rest, already

somebody took.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Turn It Red For Me

And you turn red for me corals of the sorbs
So that I may hang it up at girl neck
With the palette of blood-red juicy colours
Shine with gold darkens by carmine.
Paint for her sunny painter
On the way else procession of pigeons
Snowy white and blue butterflies
Which are the reflexion of your eyes in the mirror of the lake
Grey drops of the rain and paper moon
Silver-pale twirl also for her...

And one moment of the happiness paint
For thirsty of the peace...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Unannounced Visit

he is tapping,
and he is tapping,
and I
to the other side
I am falling down,
not yet time
for getting up
I must not

and I don't want

and somebody must
or he wants,
and he is tapping because
they are paying him
for it or not
but I have my plans
I am noting give
him a chance

I want to sleep

at least an alarm clock,
is doing bibiiip
he is tapping,
and he is tapping,
and I
to the other side
I am coming up
to the door
I am looking

into the peephole

o no, o no,
it`s Paul! ! !
my husband from the travel
which the time for me dragged
on behind

quickly I am opening the door
gladly, because it exceptional
of man kind

he is patient and forgiving
and he has with me... sweet living

Maria Barbara Korynt

Understanding

white angels are tempting
with their statue-like beauty
the cold touch is helping
as the compress
on of heat head

when you will come,
and you will see,
stone or marmoreal smile
and you will touch wings
then again

you will love world
even, with the entire
ugly one of it
and you will understand,
that the beauty is,

but not for everyone
it is marking, it alone.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Unexpected Silence

on the bend slippery.
the accelerated car
is overturning.
wheels are spinning.

still, in ears squeal,
shout,
and suddenly...
silence.

only after a moment,
a strange voice and a signal
drilling ears
are getting through to her

she is watching
how they are going away quickly,
if only never
again to come back.

somebody put flowers...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Unnecessary Gestures

I am tightening the mouth firmly
in order that words didn't fall outside
which I don't want to say.

everyone has it five minutes
for unnecessary gestures
when suddenly he is overcome with anger
and he isn't able to control his emotions

I am tightening the mouth firmly
in order that words didn't fall outside
which I don't want to say.

you can take my five minutes up
I don't like the gesticulation there,
where the silence
is saying everything for me...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Uphill

Cool and I still have the wide open window. I threw shoes away because they pressed me mercilessly. The sole also came off. I bought new and I am cleaning so that they gleam as the mirror, in whom I can look at itself in the mirror.

I met the father in the got to know me, and just like in the old days he smile. I saw the golden ring, which ages he didn't wear on his finger. flew away already with the mother, now are together. I waved, hanging the look on the cloud.

I extinguished a fire and anew now I am lighting, slowly heating up like to the shadow-boxing. I am closing my eyes forgetting that at one time they were blue. Sweet almonds for me smell and I smell their taste as the slice of the festive cake.

I will build the small bridge at one time right next to the larch house, or else I will become the monk and I will always wander uphill, against the wind and where they are wounding stones. A time will come for the rest and my candle will flash

and will go out...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Very Late-Night

with dark blue velvet came
it lighted sparks in your dark eyes
and alone it slid with glitter of the bright night
after my long and gleaming plaits

then again that wind swung the lake
which chased ducks away by day into the bulrush
and you waited whether I will tell you quickly yes
whether perhaps I won't answer you at all

the rainy splash scared us away and moved closer
so suddenly we under one umbrella
there was a smell the lake and that forest
a long time ago at one time very with late-night

and at least so much after all already passed years
the past will never come back cause it will not find way
so a midnight blue coat of the evening
still to enrapture me like at one time is able

Maria Barbara Korynt

Very Softly, Like Most Quietly

very softly, like most quietly
I will be whispering in your ear
quiet, so that nobody
overheard on confidences,
they as a rushing mountain stream
will sail out rolling with verbal

avalanche from my mouth,
directly to you, to your ear.
And you, say nothing, but listen.

I want to be with you, I want.
You are an ornament of my life.
For you I will repeat these words
every day anew.
It won't be our conversation,
but my own, happy,
love monologue.

Only till spring wait,
until common lilacs bloom.

We then in world will
only be both we,
you and I,
and...
and still May!
He knows all secrets in love.
and moon, because

is penetrating into our dreams
and the Cupid what for centuries
is being kept remarkably bravely
and is soaring accurately as ever.
And you nice, you must
not say nothing.
Only love me and listen

what for you I will be
whispering to the ear.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Vestibule Of The Day

The night
is a vestibule of the day.
at night the amorous game
has your eyes and lips.
Night, in your arms it is it
ticket to happiness,
because my bedroom
already not, it not
is then an empty.

To me, you can say
without words,
you can love me
then again
with every gesture and the sigh.
Yes, to love would snatch us, and
sign of our love he has
always left his tracks and
he returned already here,
as wonderful desire.
As the real fulfilment.
On our love let us raise the peak
as this way as from we nest up
is rising oneself bird
and is returning.
I want you to see everything
at our feet
in order me finally
to show you could
of ocean of happiness the deep depths.
You would get to know delicate,
but hot my hand
and was willing only for me to be,
tiny of outer space with shell.

The night

is a vestibule of the day.
at night the amorous game
has your eyes and lips.
Night, in your arms it is it
ticket to happiness,
because my bedroom
already not, it not
is then an empty...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Walk

at night we are stopping
before ourselves
in darkness delighted

with the nudity
and the closeness
of bodies

we are examining
the resistance to the touch
pointing imagination

to secret paths
of delight administered
effectively

as the antispasmodic at dawn
we are dreaming continuation
of the walk of hands...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Waltz

on the skating rink we are trying
in pairs to get twisted
together
to dance to jiggle
unusually rhythmically
when the music is flowing
somewhere from loudspeakers

when lights are shining
we are falling down on ice
one after second
with the laughter we are getting up
and we are dancing
the waltz
to a few pairs

we are spinning
we are spinning
we are spinning
we are spinning

la la la la
la la

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 20

your sweet lines,

then again are having a soothing

effect on my emotions.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 1

you are kissing the forehead,

and I am thinking about the lips.

they are so tempting.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 10

white crests of waves.

are breaking against rocks.

as violent as you.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 12

you are as the meringue.

when I am pressing you,

you are spraying from a distance

with the sweetness.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 13

in the sleep I could see

how you grew the white rose...

I still like.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 14

you have soft hair.

they nice are shining in the sun.

it is half a beauty.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 15

the shape of your lips and the black.

lock of hair, are giving me
for shivering...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 16

broad smile

teeth as white as pearls

and it is only your photo.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 17

you have sad eyes...

it sleepy you could only

not sleep at night.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 18

green meadow,

full of blooming flowers,

you fit it.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 19

you are going across with the

springy step, your road.

you are making for your way, to the target.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 2

you are luring

with smell of oriental products.

you are tempting me as the snake...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 20

your sweet lines,

then again are having a soothing

effect on my emotions.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 21

the telling lips

are inclined to confessions

the words aren't going.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 22

you are dreaming of the power

of the biggest admirer.

such dreams little cost.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 23

you are a real man. you kicked not of one,
impressing on other. but... you are afraid of a
small woman.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 24

you wanted to carry her... and what for you was

it up to? now, you in the corselette will still

a bit lie but... you have time at last, more

for yourself. and... you are in the bed...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 25

I am admiring the wisdom and the
resourcefulness. it is so nice, when the big
man is solving spots of bother....

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 26

your back is worrying me darling. you should
however hire the good massage therapist so that
for you she straightens what it is necessary
and she granted the relaxation massage
instruction. You will be able to always massage
my back...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 27

your instrument is probably not working good.

you should practise with the good pianist.

She will know what with it with the instrument

to do...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 28

The shop assistant, then again, mistaken you.

She thought that you were a husband of the

neighbour. And after all you aren't carrying

the shopping for her... hmmm - and perhaps you

are leading the doggy out? ?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 3

the shy sweetness.

wants to start to speak by you.

it is impossible.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 4

you are charming everyone.

with smile of white teeth

you are encouraging muses...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 5

clouds above us,

as the blue vault.

them the view, is soothing.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 6

as water nymphs,

they on the seashore.

you are dreaming in the distance.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 7

rose garden.

flower giddiness,

your and my.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 8

a great rainbow,

is leaning towards the earth,

is enrapturing the curve and the colour.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces - 9

your kisses,

are falling on me,

as the rain of fragrant flowers.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (30) - The World

it is running at breakneck speed. I didn't notice the passage of time because I didn't keep an eye on it. That's my loss. Perhaps more quickly I would reach a conclusion that the damage of the time is to a lot of thing, activities, of people...

I am walking along a street and I am not getting to know the friend. And she for me so. He is shouting from a distance that the time for me stopped and for her not, and I can see it. is not having so loud to shout that I can afford better beauty

treatments... I am forbidding nobody...

The December is ending and it is diverging and with it, someone's unfulfilled dreams, emotions, will stuff... An annual nostalgia and an accounting mood are seizing me.

Yes, somebody will need 'to hit'
and what's more there will be the best
settlement.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (31) - Connection, Already After.

this merger was awful
not to everything what modern it is possible to get
used. here this way it was also. unfortunately, the
examination didn't come out best and already
...after the potato-lifting.

and for you she is doing well completely.
and you completely are feeling cheerfully
because so the merger was awful, so what?
she oneself connect every day
with somebody else and what's more for her fits

connections past
its sell-by date and important mergers
that still it is changing all, told lady and
everything smiling widely...
still it is changing all

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (32) - Nothing Will Help

regional she isn't accepting
because she went for holidays.
well entry will help you up
and downward slope down

when nobody even will
look and if so
it for every it for whom such
games which they

will only confirm that you must wait,
because regional she isn't accepting, she went for
holidays and nothing
will help you entry up...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (34) - A Storm Is Felt...

in air a storm is felt
and I smell it very well
but I don't know where from
it will arrive and
whether won't pass over.

you are running with eyesight street
and most probably you are pleased
that so efficiently
and quickly you are able without
the tiredness to run what you want

and how many you want.
I am also running half
a kilometre per day and half a day.
I am resting so that you know
which is able to be busy

an efficiency is my virtue at one time
I ranked the efficiency scout at camps
today an efficiency which
the husband is judging
and our stomachs will be enough.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (35) - Grandpa Traitor

the sociable grandfather
turned out to be the traitor.
he didn't allow for the thought
that I would work him out.
let him be pleased that
I didn't press him.

there is a stranger although
he is thinking continuously
that he knows me but
he doesn't know where from.
it even is pleasant

but he can catch neurosis by us.
who will be paying him the pension
for the loss of one's health?
but I don't worry,
now, is on form.
we will see, what they will pour out

and well will harden.
only there will be a time
for the thinking
which to bake the cake of this stewed
dish made of sauerkraut and mushrooms...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (36) - Without The Support

you are reading my poem
and nothing is reaching you
because you don't understand
what I am writing about and I am saying,
and you don't want to admit.
damage.

I have the pedagogic flair
and a lot I would help you.
and this way you will stay
in the sphere of the unawareness,
oblique statements, and the awareness,
that certainly nothing not know.

hmm, maybe it's better so.
this truth could pin you down and you wouldn't
recover from
an illness without the support...
in this century? hahaha...
it for intelligent... truth?

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (37) - And What Is Holding?

to stop the time
it is cleverest
what it is possible to do
a friend of mine

probably as it to become most important
for her a husband said
it it is possible
to buy the good mask
and to change straight

lines oneself behind
young people - said. rather than better
for the tiny tot?
to shave hair off, of dragon to the face
and into the cart - asked. formed baby not 'is

taking'.
and what is holding? formed girl... yes,
even much she is taking,
he said - yes...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (38) - A Warmth Will Be Enough

when the cold
and hands are
are becoming numb warm them nice, how will
you be touching

the warm body of the
one which is waiting?
the warmer weather will still a bit come
we will keep

mums waiting
in ourselves for so much warmth
for oneself that he will be
enough for ages...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (39) - The Truth

your eyes are searching
in my eyes
for confirming that it is not a dream
only real

world I can still add
that it is a real
that it is happening
in us

and with us believe
the fact that the truth is times how the most
beautiful dream
and after all remains the truth

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warm Pieces (40) - A Patience Is Needed...

I am firing the last track
from my memory
you don't need tracks
in order to find one's way to me
no matter when and where
important that we are
you
I
we
for oneself
family and friends as never before... everything
is finding fulfilment in the time
a patience is needed...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warming Up

well a morning didn't still wake up
and you are already waiting for the warm sun
to warm oneself up on golden sand

and then to wet one's hot body
in the water cool and clean
in a minute you will summon the view from a distance
and looking on other, you will think about...other

this innocent, children's image almost this way
became established, that you are coming back
into the past on the flood of events, and the memory

which you feel. she is... still lives

Maria Barbara Korynt

Warmly, Coldly...

Warmly, coldly, warmly cold, because the March
is playing with us. And okay, we have wellington boots.
Can now be useful to everyone.

Best when are being warmed. Don't count on the heart,
it so won't warm and ready runny nose.
Better to put warm socks on.

Clench the hand for the opponent,
you won't give him carte blanche.
You will know what is being played, and what cards
are handing out. It is worthwhile.

Maria Barbara Korynt

We Are Chasing Green Dreams Away...

from time to time we are emitting signals:
yes, I remember, I understand.

we are connecting together in a flash... and no,
everything depends on the reach
in the visual glass field, your phone number...
and only enough, that...
and only that you... be maybe...now...

but it too little, if only to want,
at least too much, to forget.
to the memory it is possible to complain
or to forge the long-lasting imprint in
it is coming into existence mainly
with walking away

for returns a time is missing,
and we are chasing green dreams away
with running, at least every day,
sees slower breath,
but still...but always...

yes, I remember, I understand.
from time to time we are emitting signals...

Maria Barbara Korynt

We Are Completing Building Blocks

it is necessary to learn
to carry living
the same as
comfortable slippers
without the hysteria to create
stories
not only one's

when you will see
that world is going ahead
and the time
didn't stop at all for you
and what's more on the short skirt
before knees

they will say
you are ready
soon to be a woman
and he can still
run around
in shorts

let him run
perhaps he will running out something
some medal, diploma
hug of the hand of the chairman
and I will sort these building blocks
out totally different
the pyramid selling from it won't get out

but to have fun it is possible

Maria Barbara Korynt

We As Enchanted

in the rain
we are standing
eye into the eye
in the middle
of the road

you are keeping
the umbrella
above my head
and well is
by the ruff

not a single
one dropp
isn't falling
and it is warm
when you are

wrapping me
in the eyesight
and nicely it is
when you are
demonstrating

teeth in the smile
I am ready to leave
from under
the umbrella
and to run on puddle

but we are standing
this way
eye into the eye
in the middle
of the road

Maria Barbara Korynt

We Passed Each Other

we passed each other in transit
the same as a few years earlier
and let us not come back
already to it it is only
a short episode
in the life which gave us
the surprise
we turned back from a simple way
in order to get entangled
in unpredictable situations
the event pushed in known direction
and we went the wrong way still here
my nice we have ourselves for ages...

Maria Barbara Korynt

We Will Extinguish...

she came
loaded, laughing.
baskets full
are red blush of apples
so like as she.

around it is gold, red, bronze
and remains of green,
confused, mixt,
with the yellow colour,

they are still shimmering,
in less and less favourable.
of rays sunshine.

a grey smoke is trailing all over fields.
we will bake potatoes,
we will sprinkle with salt.
we will sing old, familiar songs

and... we will extinguish all bonfires out,

in harmony

with fire regulations!

Maria Barbara Korynt

We Will Live To Fight Another Day.

the snow still lies
and for me smells of the May
my inventive head is plaiting a garland
is singing a song
and is waiting for the May

finally to choke on the fresh air
above the seashore
from a distance from the noise
and when more time will be
for itself for us, not for mass...
to do what we have the willingness

to and then it we will already wait
for the autumn, winter
we will live to fight
another day
like every year...

Maria Barbara Korynt

What Arrows Are Used For...

The February is freezing and it is chilling and it is blowing and it is pinching. winter is fully but for us, is dreaming flowery meadow.

And very well. After all every vision is having a chance to the even minimal fulfilment. And flowery dreams, have their grounds.

It is better sleeping and more easily are getting up with the thought, that very shortly we will smell the smell of the meadow and the Cupid will remind, what his arrows are used for...

Maria Barbara Korynt

What Didn'T People Invent?

you are restoring the system
so that it is more quickly
and better.

it won't only be possible
to restore the life.
what you survived,
it is your,
or it went,
it went and it passed...

and system?
you will wait one moment.
sometimes, a bit longer.
and then
it is working again
perfectly.

and that's all
people invented.
gifted wild beasts

only for life didn't invent
the right recipe

rest yes, are able.
these are gifted
wild beasts...

Maria Barbara Korynt

What He Will Take...

above the city still lead fogs.
a neat and untidy inhabitant is sleeping,
in order to wait until morning in the sleep.

everyone will come off,
where he can and where he has,
if he gets up.

what the new day will bring?
whether more it will give,
for what already has,

whether less for,
what forgot
about the prayer?

and Mr Sebastian
doesn't worry about it,
only he is saying, that

what God will give - he will take it.
What He will take - won't give it back.
because, so there is a life.

And now, I know
that he won't certainly
pay me back the debt.

Maria Barbara Korynt

What Is The Cat Up To?

in the room brightly
the nearby lamp post
is casting glitter
directly to and on

and where it will give
it isn't possible
to fall asleep
I am going to a window

a sudden surprise is seizing me
is standing opposite
is looking as I

as if he waited
whether I will give
perhaps him the mug of the milk
and I will sweet-talk
perhaps this way
and it maybe not
who knows - perhaps
someone it knows

up to it there is a cat
so that stroke it and hug
and if only could
in the basket curl up

but whether this cat
is it able? I don't know a lot
about such geography...

...I not

Maria Barbara Korynt

What Money For The Man Is?

It is distinguishing him from animals.

It is a work of the man, and it came
into existence for his convenience.

Money is a symbol of the work,
remuneration, foods, of better life itd.

Why people are outdistancing
each other in pursuit of money?

What do you think, about it?

Maria Barbara Korynt

What Will It Help?

I am turning on the tap.
The pipe is coming out with howling.
Cold water is reviving me.

On the church - eighth.

So early starting work
these are 'a crime and a punishment'.

Do as you please, but without me.

What from it you will have?
What it will give to you?

It is bright and straight

I can get enough sleep.
Good dream - better health.
This my grandmother saying.

Maria Barbara Korynt

When Sky Cloudy.

Cape of your hope is already enveloping by thick fog
You haven't recognize hand which 'caress' wards
Thoughts for you only destine forever
Because you pressed them so long ago with your hand
Of shouted up fantasy placed beyond
Bookmark of big book
Where at yellow papers
It born and dies new and old life
Writed from beginning in black ink of history
And destine from above for more losses than profits

And I continually confirm return of the sun after rain
Painting my rainbow
When sky cloudy...

Maria Barbara Korynt

When Will Walk Away

from a silence of thrushes
saddened July
give golden fields
and turn pink roses
with thick honey is offering
wants to refresh longing
what unexpectedly
is tasting with bitterness
as the sensitivity betrayed
of wind breezes
somewhere the sky
is clouding over,
in order to rain
to let in only
let them cry over the loss
of the bereavement,
when will walk away for
a long time...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Where The Model Is?

the truth is today, as top
quality goods rarely met,
that therefore are desired

tell the truth and set an example
but resign from oneself
this is completely unnecessary

today ideals are missing
there are only idols
walking away quickly

and everyone which
a long time ago,
walked away...

Maria Barbara Korynt

White And Quiet

the green tree
already smells
in the entire house
from tomorrow Christmas
which we love

white and quiet around
a first star in the sky
we are giving our
best wishes
we are exchanging

Christmas greetings
and we are trying
very hard
in order not to spoil
these beautiful moments

Maria Barbara Korynt

White Christmas

in the garden the Christmas tree
is waiting for assuming
like every year
gardens are being lightened up
with fairy lights
attracting eyes of
children and adults

white Christmas more
will bring us closer
to themselves at least a bit
and we will share the wafer
we will pass
the sign of peace on to ourselves
and we will return

to everyday duties
and habits
it will not change much
not to say nothing
recalling the wafer
will only summon the smile
for a moment...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Who Is Standing In A Corner

for you the rich and the famous smells
and for you 'Dulska' is standing in a corner
and she is threatening showing the figment
of your imagination
the great imagination
is crushing with the importunity
it is trampling every otherness
or else what people will say
when you break free from her control
and suddenly you state
my general confession won't be...

at least a majority very much needs
the impulse whom peeping by the keyhole
and eavesdropping
is giving with the sour cherry
at the door or by the wall
because they must everything to know
everyone about everyone
they have the right to it or this way it most
often seems to them consciously
they are crossing your territory
because they know that you won't oppose

for you the rich and the famous smells
and 'Dulska' is standing in and corner
keeping carpet slippers for you
curl-papers the and but the flannel a shirt
is a night delights...

the in but the word the glowing is futuring

Maria Barbara Korynt

Wind

grey reprimand grimly a sky was covered
clouds started crying with rain
the wind is wailing frenzied and is hitting dancings
on the way pulling the trees
it is clinging to the branch
whistling is pretending that it is singing
as the nightingale in the green clump
then it is typing to windows
into the door it is thudding and it is bashing
and right away to fields is blowing quickly
nobody would catch it
and when the enthusiasm for the play will lose
it will perch on blades of grass to rest
in order to have enough strength
to prance about still with night

Maria Barbara Korynt

Wind Pranks

it swung with dried stalks lake reeds
what on the edge grew
it triggered the sandy running sand off
it drove loud-mouthed sparrows
it swept up park footpaths
and then as the drunk
it whirled the dust cloud
all over fields rushing all over forests
blindly feeling a way
if only farther and more quickly
it as far as finally sat on very softly
on the thin frail twig
which shivering still out of fear
feels the light weight
humilities of the wind before the spring
it is a turning point

Maria Barbara Korynt

Winter Haiku - 3

(3)

snow bullets. good play

then again winter sleigh ride

I am a child, now

Maria Barbara Korynt

Maria Barbara Korynt

Winter Haiku -1

(1)

whiteness is around

winter already fully.

a snowy avenue.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Maria Barbara Korynt

Winter Haiku -2

(2)

fall on the collars.

first snow is like cotton-wool

a small, soft and white

Maria Barbara Korynt

Maria Barbara Korynt

Winter Is Around

bushes and trees
are standing in the
white bed.

the wind and frost, are
starting the dance of joy.
I am examining traces.
which soles, left behind.

somebody, had the big foot
then again, it's snowing,
and tomorrow, it will fill
fields in, and it will be clean.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Winter Is Near

the everyday walk
I am heating my body
the quick march

up in the park grimly
trees without leaves
up are pushing with view

sad and bare,
are wobbling,
behind every breeze

the wind is blowing
straight into the face
is hindering breath

the autumn is gone,
and with her nostalgia,
white will please us

Maria Barbara Korynt

With Flowers

the green carpet on the floor,
looks like the meadow.
though other flowers,

I trod on soft grass.
when it grew beautiful and fresh.
I must wait till spring.

my home lawn,
shaggy and warm,
good, only for the winter.

Maria Barbara Korynt

With The Best Wishes ;)))

Every worry has its end the same as everything.
It isn't worthwhile unduly being upset by it,
that it is differently than we established.
It will change if from other side we look
at the problem.
World is beautiful from every side if we can smile,
it is already a half of the success.
It will be well!

Maria Barbara Korynt

With The Noise

worn-out dress.
court shoes.
and you
with a bunch
of keys
without the little hole.
in the door
she searched

the drawer, and not.
and imagination
isn't helping.
she inhaled
a lot of dust
only for so,
that fall asleep
and she had a dream

the drawer, and not.
and imagination
isn't helping.
she inhaled
a lot of dust
only for that,
in order to fall asleep,
and she had a dream.

and to have a dream.
the drum
of the drummer boy.
and the platoon
of the army.
one he shot caps,
and it was adventure.
bullets not into the fence

but under the fence.
there, saint
wagged a finger.

this from her,
which she listened
to the whirrs
of loudspeakers,
too loud humming
into the ear.

the awakening
surprised her!
the bird flew out
from the cage
her favourite
blue
almost
light blue...

Maria Barbara Korynt

With Walk Across

little drums and big drums and other drums, small bells
and the heels, echo and shades of an early infatuations
sadness, little of sorrow, profits other, losses
like no one's, and our - my

it isn't entertaining me eternal walk to the destination
still is only leading us with one road
fate of the ones, which alone cannot hit
into the topic - amongst many, little of the ones - what can

for you bizarre words are twisting the tongue
and the slogan catchpenny is in the price good
every body language is heightening the excitement
the mirage and the magic with strategy from dreams

today quickly I am escaping you won't catch up with me
because at least I am following and with walk slowly
so I am going athwart, spreading my own breath
in order to for me it was enough, to the end of the road

with walk across and in moderation
as carried with wind I am slowly escaping
I am measuring my powers,
in order on face not fall down.

Maria Barbara Korynt

Without - Dream

I can not sleep at night, snivelled for the friend into the cuff.
I don't know what for me is, but it is tiring. she is guilty.
Please, undress and open your lips - a friend suggested.

Dislocating the wisdom tooth for him laughed:
you have that's all from memory. New pain is short-lived.
Only a small trace will remain. now you can start thinking
about good inplant, but it is other problem.

But... why to undreess? - asked quietly.
Fully dressed so that too firmly you perspire, I can not stand
the smell sweat, a friend said serving fish for him from
microwave... not fresh...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Without The Cancellation

we are repeating the today once already
altered lesson is calling
the life one another

a remarkable acquaintance
has the taste of deformed thoughts
of distorted myths about heroes

one our look at oneself
and let this way staying
without amendments

without the cancellation
are keeping
steady

Maria Barbara Korynt

Without The Sheepskin...On The Milk Sleepy

today I am a bird. I am eyeing
your 'smallness'. from above.
the grandfather is standing

at the edge of the forest, propped
with the walking stick, and
walking stick, already in the water.

he is examining you, and the forest
undergrowth, from above, not this way as I.
I can also see well, how wild boars

are digging non-stop because, piglets
are hungry. and as usual the bell
is standing me on legs, and I must,

I must to disconnect the alarm clock...

I ask, without the sheepskin
on the milk, there to be no sheepskin,

because, I won't wear out, and...

I thank...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Witness

it is standing alone
in the shredded tailcoat
it is wielding in the wind
with old rag wreck
drooping from the back
as a twinge of conscience
and with sleeves in which at one time
hands lived
a black, indifferent to birds
sitting on in flight
faded witness
of the last delights
of the host
it has the new man now
it is only a scarecrow
such a life nothing...

Maria Barbara Korynt

Wooden Ear

an unexpectedly suddenly and is coming, he is starting
singing although, he knows, that the elephant
from birth trod for him on the ear.

familiar falsified melody, requires other of interpretation.
therefore he is straining how he can and he is
when he is already worn out, it turns out
that this way a real 'hit' is coming into existence.
taken down later at the 'hit charts' as the number one,

it is staying in the long term at the top.
posters are only covering up and colourfully
lack of the musical hearing, the all that is like goods
very well wrapped up, and advertised exclusively for sale

Maria Barbara Korynt

Words

Words

hit with arrowhead of the arrow
into the heart opened
wide.

Diamonds of tears
swam slowly
washing remains of illusions.

Grey reality
looked out
hidden in the backstreet
of dreams.

The shroud of despair
covered remains
of radiant thoughts.

Heart
falling down on the pavement
spilt into pieces.

It was left empty
achy place
and one
tiny
crumb of the
optimism...

Maria Barbara Korynt

World

World is already so old, that if he could

and 'he' had to walk, certainly,

a long time ago 'he' would already lie.

This way for myself I am depicting it...

Maria Barbara Korynt

You And I

slight fog you and I
spring cold mornings still
and I feel these shivers
kind of today
the green leaf fell from a tree
I like Ewa under the apple tree
between my, and your forehead
a pink flower bloomed
in order to give fruits mature
bird's bunch chirp
chirped for us from the morning
and in evening the nightingale warbled
jumping lightly on twigs
of the ones green young still
somewhere quietly short crickets
nippers with honey greased
the fiddle then more nice played
and the melody was sweet
it perfected our ear
at least it of time passing is
spring will stay in heart
as far as will come of lines.

Maria Barbara Korynt

You Are Lighting The Fire

you are lowered above me
when in the light blue bed
I am covering myself with your body
like with soft silk matter
you are luring with touch

stroking the thirsty lips casually
you are watering with nectar of tenderness
ripening with heavenly apple
it would suffice love
to more than one feast

you know my sweetest mysteries
hidden from world
you are extinguishing the moon
lighting the heat of desire
it is shining as the lighthouse

summoning ships in the fog
I will be such a lamp post for you
when you will get lost with night time
even in thoughts
you will find your way to me...

Maria Barbara Korynt

You Are Not Having To Ask

time for singing, this woman made herself hoarse
and he must rest, because age takes its toll.
character, I won't say, also.

I am not turning quickly, because supposedly what for?
I have my sentence, and I am adding own words,
how I want, I am handing out, where I want.

unless, somebody very much wants to see my fig,
I will demonstrate it, because I have hands efand
actively I am planting... excellent sport. ficient.

Maria Barbara Korynt

You Are There

my thought, with bird in the sky.
it is flying away,
and it is returning with word,
written, in black and white.

you are
in these words
most distinct
close, though distant.

my thoughts, don't know obstacles,
and borders.
always find you
on the spot.

Maria Barbara Korynt

You Laugh

everything suddenly walked away
unpredictably
without consent
blameless
without the permission
great distance
difficult to defeat
no longer this age
not this look
not this power
it stayed little
another night
restless
and perhaps some more
toilworn hands
which pain isn't sparing
feet already insensitive
to the softness of the carpet
expecting the forecast
of the more beneficial weather
for the ruffled ghost

and you laugh
because what you are able other
you still have healthy hands
you still have healthy...
hands...

Maria Barbara Korynt

You Will Be Yourself

when there will already be no me
spit three times
on the wind
and cross yourself
so that I don't return
never as the boomerang
then you will find
Silence
it will greet with emptiness
and with vastness of longing
long you won't find
a remedy but
you will be yourself

Maria Barbara Korynt

You Will Remember Diverging

and now you will see, one more time
diverging and listen intently to steps
you will remember this echo to the end
of your days because it will be rumbling

and it bashed as large drums.
still, you will be asking the question.
why in silence, is so loud?
you can hear every rustle, wish,

knocking and crunching of sand
the hourglass poured it what was
for predicting, it is it, what you
aren't able to understand..

Maria Barbara Korynt

Young Smoker

it looks like gold - but very appearance is too little
tombac he also looks quite well and it is it
and the young girl even is looking appropriately

for the this afternoon he is lighting
beers with the navel but too much it was because
liver
ahead also on top of like of truths is clambering out
uninvited and is pulling

hand into the package to smoke out neatly to smoke
heavily and to walk away leaving stench after
oneself let other it as she will feel in youthful

burnt lungs

Maria Barbara Korynt