

Poetry Series

Vladimir Marku
- poems -

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Vladimir Marku()

Acrostic

I sing a song

Listen to it and weep
Of all the sins in the world
Vanity I loath most
Elegy should be the righteous hymn.

You wonder
Or just think
Universe was meant like this.

Miracle supposed to be
Yes, didn't it?

Friends
Right or wrong
I apologize
Excuse me
Nothing more cunning
Devil could do to the universe.

Vladimir Marku

Adieu, Adieu ...

Loitering down through shrubs of my spirit
Briers, nettles, thorny buds
Looking for a daffodil, a daisy or a myrtle
Oh, his touch of butterfly
Blushes the rose with a cry
I thought nice'd be a glass of wine
Amber, blessed, red and fire
To sin tonight my spirit plies
And forget the holy ashes of my hopes
OK, let me draw remorse in the depth of my soul
Damp it deep and tie with nerve wrathful ropes.
Rubies of stars sprayed on fair hair
With the splendour brooch of Milky way.
Adieu, adieu dystrophic dreams
Hanging on my life's line
Waving rags, dried and ironed hundreds of time
Have I wasted my life
The wretched, the unworthy?
Could the choice be now a knife
And damp earth with life's wine
And close the rusty gate?
Oh, my love, it's now too late
And drink your face with the wine.

Vladimir Marku

Countryside Tracks

It's hard to find countryside tracks in cities
With the smell of straw, with the awesome smell of virginity
Where intertwined are the truths
The truths of the earth and universe.

However, under the tiles of civil manners
You could discover the ancient messages
Of the straw, the earth and childhood
The entire divine code of the starship.

Vladimir Marku

Death Passes Over Palestine

From the groan of the ruins
A voice crying: "I'm innocent";
A pinky shaky little hand
A Teddy bear lifts on rocks
The dust of curse softly falls
On the stream of blood
Underneath the ruins
Hovering high a plane-crow
Industriously planting death below
Teddy bear resting its head
On the rosy little hand
Silence layers on the wrecks
Death passed over Palestine!

Vladimir Marku

Eve Of Spring

It sprouts in my soul
Luxuriates gaily
Mistletoe of the kisses

Spring on its eve
Gracefully clad like longing
Her eyes anxious pearls

Zephyr brings the tear
Conceived in spring
Labored by the mistletoe

Spring's coming
Cinderella is lonely
Her eyes like pearls.

Vladimir Marku

Fall

Color-clad trees
I hide behind fall
Lost are my tracks
I, the prince and all.

Vladimir Marku

Frank Sinatra

We two, drank with Frank Sinatra till dawn
Thirsty for words, dug in each-other's silence
Tying and untying our scarves of yearning
Sinatra sang, amused with us.

Vladimir Marku

Hallelujah Leonard (Leonard Cohen)

We are different worlds
In different ways, Cohen
I'm nothing like you, voice wise
But when you sing, my friend
Like a baby I feel, newly born
Hallelujah, Leonard Cohen.

Vladimir Marku

Her Smile

The horse of air
Unbridled gallops
Red mane flutters
As a lightening
Between the sky
And the earth
In the light blue fields
With white fluffy sheep
Meditating
Horseshoes sparkle
Bluebells ring behind
Giggling
Am I in heaven?
No, her smile passed by.

Vladimir Marku

I Turn My Head

I raise my tearful eyes of the night
Look at the balcony of the hurt sky
The young lady day
Hanging clouds to dry

The clouds dry and I get quenched
Damping my hopes marrow
The sun of the soul already set
To hell with all universe.

I turn my head to look at me
How I pity my own eyes
Overflowed by my thoughts
Clouds drying rain on me.

Vladimir Marku

Kill

Suddenly I have the urge to kill
Take them one by one
Mass slaughtering
Cunningly I invited my dreams
Hope was included
Sent an invitation to all memories
All allegations and doubts
All were invited round for dinner
Dreams, hopes, doubts
Guests in a macabre wedding
I felt like a groom
Irony playing on my lips
Trying to decide where to begin
Before they all suspected
And killed me
From my arsenal of mass-killing weapons
I opted for the most dangerous
I chose poetry
And started my crime career.

Vladimir Marku

Kiss

Let me die in your arms
From your lingering lethal kiss
I become your eternal trophy
And you, the dazzling altar of my destiny.

Vladimir Marku

Let Me Retreat

Let me retreat, honey,
Let me...
Let's look through the windows
Let's meet on the silver-clad moon...
And drink
Each-other's eyes
Till intoxicated and
Fall in Morpheus's arms...

Vladimir Marku

Little Angel

Glorious innocent sunshine
On the baby lotus smile
Ivory hands try to catch
At his darling mother's face
Little red velvet lips
Cooing songs from the future
Silky colourful daisy eyes
Giggling messages from the past
Turning bright every corner
Bringing gaiety to every soul
Universe in celebration today
Little God magic casts.

Vladimir Marku

Memories

The sun plunging behind the horizon
The sea wild for missing its warmth
The memories linger like a painting
Nothing goes waste, it's growth.

Vladimir Marku

My Girl

We are bits of shattered reality
But we are not part of a game
Unfortunate it is, my eternity
We stuck in the dying flame.

Vladimir Marku

My Migratory Students

They fled, and when they leave
Take with them parts of me
Others will come
And when in turn fly away
More parts of me they take
When all my students
One day flock together
They can build me all again!

Vladimir Marku

My Urn

She was an after-rain rainbow
With a childish joy I embraced

It burnt me into ashes
A little deceitfully

So her heart became my urn
Miraculously.

Vladimir Marku

No Sleep

When I don't sleep at night
Chew twinkling stars
Pick my teeth with the moon
Inebriated
I think of you
We mate
And radiate.

Vladimir Marku

Omar Khayyam

As I was sleeping I chanced Omar Khayyam
He was well over himself, but his words sensed
Leave aside your anger, and let's drink, he said
So the blessed peace in our souls sets.

Forget the toil, despair and insults
Even without them life is so short
And if you have walked so far
Khayyam pleads you, with wine a relationship start.

By tossing cups and kissing girls
Let's enjoy every beautiful day on earth
Love is worthless without them
Love is noble, o friend!

Come on; raise your cup, o lad
World is the life inside yourself you live
And if thousands of time they ask for apology
Oh more and more you deserve.

As I was sleeping I chanced Omar Khayyam
He was well over himself, but his words sensed
And I followed him for awhile
To make company with the amber cups.

Vladimir Marku

Pacific Dream Of A Solitary Dune

The sky is burning west and wide
An excited dream, dim and bright
The sun laid its glimmering tie to the shore
Where I enjoy my heart's lore

Blooming flowers of my spirit land
Blistered lips and trembling hand
A heart sore from amber hopes
Screaming under anguish ropes
Lips tremulous for a mate

No hope to lose when there's no hope
And no thirst to quench when there's no thirst
No fail is there without victory
Happy with loneliness and no pain aware
Seedless land of love bare
O desolate a glance o voidful of smile
A desert limitless of mile

Pain and anguish but no hate
With this heart that was born old
My sorrow-crowned head
No songs of pain
Eyes dead

Yet a while you lean and pause
Lily of the valley
Smiling rose
A whole world with sparks of gold
So imprinted in my memory
Slender and smile with a background bright
Gasping air of your loveliness
Dark hair crowning black amber eyes
Like two pearls set in silver jewelery
Oh, my only truth, my only life and dream
Elixir of paradise

A glance that heals the wounds of sadness
Bowed am I before my throbbing love

Bowed and awed before your mystery
The temple where lute quavers a melody
Soothing on the fragrances of daffodil
Fluttering of snowish dove

Ah, the cliffs of remorse scratching my heart
With weeps of blood my conscience crimson
And my all body crumbles
Beneath the fate millstones

I will sing and cry with the Muses
With broken cords and worn voice
Weeping, sobbing night and noon
Like an anguished dog to the moon
Lure the lords of nature and moan
From the scary dusk to the fearful dawn

Back to the boredom of my own delight
With the poisonous wine of lingering time
With the glory of a solitary tree
In the desert vastly hollow
With a heart far from free
And flap wide wings in fiery fight
With nightmares day and night

O wasted matter - newly born soul!

Vladimir Marku

Phantom Ship

The flying Dutch does not call at ports
A phantom roaming over ancient wrinkled seas
Loaded with souls crying for help
Cries which push the sails of the wicked Dutch.

Ah, no, I am the naughty Albanian sailor
In love with the ports with chests full of hope!
Naturally, I insatiably criss cross seas
And back this sailor comes, to rest in ports with longing sick sails.

Vladimir Marku

Revenge

Covered in blood I am from the cynicism of people
As a morning greeting I get a stabbing from them.

Oh, it's people's way
How to exalt themselves.

I brave them a glance
Their cynicism turns into a verse
My smile
Leaves them a scar.

Vladimir Marku

Shoe Laces

When I undo my shoe laces
The first rooster bids me to sleep.

Moon in the wedding dress in my bed
Undresses me from weariness and life
Like a good bride.

Vladimir Marku

Shooting Star

Shooting star drizzling and sighing
Draped the darkness with silver spray
Filled my heart in blessing joy
Floated my spirit with the power of pray
Clasping childish fingers, shining virgin's eyes
Wishing bliss for each alive
Wishing peace for the ones to go
Alas, my friends, it's just an illusion
A love that thins before it dies
Cosmic dust of memories
Falls on me with missing tides
A remorse and crying sigh

Vladimir Marku

Sing With The Muses

I will cry and sing with the Muses
The silence of knowledge, tranquility of love
The make-up of your voice and ankh of heart
The fluttering of soul and cooing of dove.

Vladimir Marku

Take My Life, O God!

Take my life, o God
Stretch the hand I will kiss
On those petals I want to rest
Meet the breath of my heart
Tulips, gladiolas and roses
Absorbed in her velvet eyes
Take my life, o God
And stretch your hand for me to kiss
With her I go
Become single breath
So, take my life, o God!

Vladimir Marku

The Flute

There's this flute, don't know where
Accompanies the Muse of my loneliness.

I weep in the bosom of my memories
With the sobs of evil fate.

This flute fluted well before my birth
And will follow me into space.

Vladimir Marku

The Hunters Shop

Accidentally I stepped into a hunting shop
The "Masonic" shop owner
Was plotting against animals and birds.

On the walls hung cries of blood
Fixed with shots
Very sickening scene.

Vladimir Marku

The Sinister Year

Everything switched to countdown
The alive were buried
The dead joyed in dancing.

The demon spread its wings
And threw up blood
On the white dresses.

Angels came
And pushed the Devil
Back into the bottle.

Vladimir Marku

Time

Time can roll, glide, sneak, fly or drip
Without caring, minding, considering
It's you and me who should never sleep
It's love we have to build never weathering
In each-other's eyes and soul lie deep
In eternity laying our feelings.

Vladimir Marku

'Timeo Danaos Et Dona Ferentes' ("Beware Of Greeks Bearing Gifts")

Dardanian Troy, Greeks in battle defeated
Unbeatable they were in love and sword
Greek ruse, hidden was in the victory trophy
No other traits Greeks owned, but diableries
'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes'
"Beware of Greeks bearing gifts"
Laocon cried, then strangled by Apollo's serpents
Trojans remote to understanding
Delirious with the trophy and victory
Won't even listen to Cassandra
Dardanian Troy crumbled to ruins
Deed of Greeks, never of the Gods.

Greece today, hatching tricks in your hay bales
Proud of your wooden horse, never to forget
Fraud is your virtue, and a knife on the back
However, Helens ridden are by Paris
Switched you have your style, o insidious
No more horses stuffed with soldiers
You build cathedrals, put up memorials, rob graveyards
Buy acres of sea, invent Greeks, open banks, grab properties
The trophy for the traitors, and national carcasses
The power is, at the head of our country
Hold on, too early to joy and celebrate
Your Fifth Column, the Horse to replace
We are the Pelasgians, Etruscans, Dardans, Illyrians, Albanians
Together are going to make Arbëria, again.

You slither like snakes, you sneak like hyenas
Eyes blazing Laocoon, spear in hand
Not going to throw it onto the horse this time
He's going to thrust it into the horseman.

Vladimir Marku

Torch Of Legacy (Dedicated To Mandela)

Lungs of freedom have rested
God, have rested in your peace
And his last breath, his last breath
Kindled the torch of human courage.

Kindled the torch of human courage
And his soaring soul draped skies
In its full spectrum, as it must
This legitimate righteous rainbow
Of earthly races, black to white.

Of earthly races, black to white
No chain can strangle
Love for freedom, never, not
This Divine right for every soul
To exist, he served, he taught.

To exist, he served, he taught
Tides and tides of endurance
Wash over shores of peoples' lives
Forever, unless seas get dry
Seas of human blood.

Vladimir Marku

Try To Be

Try to be a poet
Try to be, o poet
Try to be
In love with a poet

Vladimir Marku

Want To Live In Eternity?

Smile, my friend, smile to me
Smile to everyone, smile forever
Smile in the morning, in the evening too
Smile to brighten the corners you stay
Smile and freeze your smile on your face
Smile with your eyes, smile with your lips
Smile with your hands, smile with your body
Smile to babies, boys and girls
Smile to your parents, to your dearest smile
Smile to your sons and daughters
Smile to your friends, girlfriends and boyfriends
Smile when happy and smile when sad
Smile to the poor, to the wretched and homeless
Smile to the hope, smile to the desires
Smile to the past and to the future smile
Smile to the insult, slender and gossip
Smile to the good and the evil
Smile in eternity, because after all
You bless every heart with the chisel of your smile
Building a monument to the Good Human
And living in eternity.

Vladimir Marku

Winter

I don't like winter's humour
Even less its sarcasm
Stalactite hanging under roof
Not even its smile
On its frozen road lips
No wardrobe can contain
Its frosty breath
Like cold wires
Where birds tousele
Their winter solitude
Grey, grey, grey
In this season dungeon
When the word "warmth"
Sounds a miracle
Liberty.

Vladimir Marku

Xmas

Shrill of laughter jingling high
Ghostly cities joyfully twinkling

Whirling in the wind of dream
Like a rhyme, limerick, punk or game

Saddling thoughts and fantasy
And galloping in loose rein

Blossom that hangs a while.

Vladimir Marku

Your Name

Everything reminds me of your name
And fire blazes my blood
In my system startup, your name is by Default
Giving me breath in the loneliness permafrost
Without saying.

Vladimir Marku

You're Right, Baudelaire

Yes, Baudelaire

"It is the Devil who pulls the strings that move us"

"Our sins are stubborn

our repentance is cowardly"

"As beggars feed their lice"

I do agree with you

A hundred fifty years later

All what you say

Is not less true

No one dares

To pronounce you insane

The way poor Schopenhauer is crucified

by females

But lamenting and disgusting it is

How we waste precious time

In orgies and rapes

Of bodies and souls

And invent sundry excuses

To dampen the fornicated morality

The murderous morality

Baudelaire!

Vladimir Marku

Zephyr's Bow

Take, I will, Zephyr's bow
The strings of branches softly play
The sigh falls like a leaf
My nostalgia in tacit cries.

Tuning be this forest of love
Until trees fall one by one
But the tree you planted in me, love
Will never go down, will never be gone.

Vladimir Marku

Zzz...

Zonked out
Rose petals on my pillow
Teardrops
Dark lakes of my eyes
All tonight
In early sleep
Zonked out.

Vladimir Marku