

LBRIS

We know
books

Andrei Nicolae Besleaga

Painting Poetry

LETRAS

Cuprins

Unwritten Letters	7
The White Clock	8
The Music of It All.....	9
Sailing.....	10
Up And Above	12
Would You Come With Me?	13
Underneath the Linden Trees	14
Our Rorschach's	15
The season that you miss.....	16
The season that I miss	17
Awaken.....	18
Flower's Promises.....	19
Cartoon Autumn	21
Postcard from another planet	22
Before I turn to black	23
Another life	24
Patches.....	25
The Song of the Dying Rose	26
Stardust.....	27
Seven Heavens	28

The Girl With All The Colors.....	30
Your shining.....	31
Winter Dream.....	32
The tree story	33
My castle	36
My Christmas	38
Are we human or are we souls	39
Our nameless poem.....	41
Talking with the moon	43
Seasons paintings	44
As golden butterflies	45
If not enough	46
Nightly memento.....	47
My blueberry.....	48
On the Way	49
Gardens of my mind.....	51
What good?	52
Underneath the mistletoe	53
wth.....	54
Would you?	55
When you're down	56
Let's meet!	57

In time	58
The life of the inside out egg.....	59
02.02.2022	60
Winter Poetry	61
Peace.....	62
Thief.....	63
Dance.....	65
The beauty	66
All our worlds	67
Her	68
Fall.....	69
Rose haiku	70
Moments.....	71
About your heart	72
All of You.....	73
Drawings	74
Colours to white	75
Before it goes	76
Little bit.....	77
One day	78
While Away	79
My wish for you	80

Don't you know?	83
Until Forevermore	84
When	86
As winter comes	87
Goodnight.....	88

Unwritten Letters

I'll miss all the colours I know,
I'll miss all the music of soul,
They'll all be always in poetry,
And they won't even know.

The White Clock

We'll meet somewhere in white,
The non-colour of the billion colours,
The non-colour of a ray of light.

I'll count the shadows for an hour,
As that is all what time just leaves behind
Onto the clock of longest daylight when it's night.

I'll take the golden of the hearts,
I'll mix it with the silver of the minds,
And we will make the soul's night bright.

The Music of It All

As either way from where it comes,
From past, the present or the future,
They all vibrate in waves.

They hold the key to what they send,
From longest fastest cycles,
To smallest shortest bits.

Then all of them will paint all
With language poetry of music,
While holding back the dark.

As everything is color and music,
As everything's but an illusion,
While we are us, alive,

The mirrors of our universe,
The whole of what is out there,
And hidden in our minds.

So let's tune in what's right,
And hold the rhythm so it feels better,
In harmony alright.

From start to end, and back,
The shortest of the longest moment,
As truth is just the love and light.

And all the time since then,
Sailing the ship of all the ghosts,
In search of you.

Through all the waves of light,
Through all the waves of sounds,
Through all the waves of nights.

To reach your cold ice castle walls,
To reach your cold ice guards,
To fight the whole world and myself.

To reach your world,
To swap the dream for life,
The secret garden from inside.

From bottom end, drowned,
With help of guides from other life,
To get me to those lights.

And sailing with their maps,
And losing my own sight,
But knowing what is right.

The never ending search,
When all we find are clones,
And people that are stones.

And work and dream and play,
To keep them sane and human,
To keep myself alright.

And know my world is gone,
Since there, that star is gone,
No matter of the other billions stars.

And hope we meet again,
The real you, the real me,
Somewhere, in flesh and mind.

I'll leave the colours of my heart
Again, in faith beyond,
And in your hands.

And then I'll die,
And use my wings,
And end in sky,
In my own heaven,
Away from them,
Into my dream,
Forever true.

In silence and in bliss,
In love and joy, at peace,
No need for hope,
When we will meet,
At home, in heavens,
Up and above, unhurt.

Would You Come With Me?

Would you come with Me
Into that special hidden world,
Into a sky above,
From gardens of my mind?

Where there's not hot or cold,
Where there's no start
Where there's no end,
Where's only all and none,
Where's only heal and light,
Where's only feel and being,
Where there's no need for fight,
Where's only music to the senses,
And silence to our minds.

But hurry, let's fly soon,
Before the end would come;
The end of a world
Which started with a drop,
A drop of word,
And then turned wrong.