

FABRIS

poetry by **Lucia Nima**



40. Mirrors and years



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**LETRAS**

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## Cuprins

Cuvânt înainte.....	5
Reborn .....	7
Twisted .....	8
My claim.....	9
Long I live! .....	11
I go on.....	13
Zbor .....	16
A picture of stupidity .....	18
From the receiver.....	20
Being the others .....	22
Great expectations .....	24
Dezamăgirea (în reflexie) .....	26
Lunatic .....	27
How it all comes back! .....	28
A letter to God .....	29
About a lost self.....	31
Agony .....	32
The call of love!.....	33
Chemarea dragostei! .....	33
Sângerare .....	35
Meditația unui mort .....	37
Blestem .....	38
Povara acuzării .....	40
Zădărnicie .....	42
Moartea Genezei.....	44
Gând.....	46
Crăiasa și Zmeul .....	47
Tu cel dintâi, tu cel din urmă.....	48
Zi fără de nume.....	49



Aștept primăvara.....	50
Și de-am hotărât atunci... ..	52
Dorință de Zburător.....	55
Pierdută .....	57
Delir .....	58
Povești de dragosti... ..	59
Poezie.....	60
Reflecții.....	61
Să fim iar doi.....	62
Trecătoare .....	63
Oare?!!! .....	64
Un ceas.....	65
Nebunie .....	66
Inocență.....	67
Atunci.....	68
Destinul .....	73
Departee!.....	74
Te vreau! .....	76
Când frunza cea din urmă .....	77
Cuprins.....	78



12 decembrie 2016

## Reborn

I need a breath of fresh air  
To wash my lungs as holy water,  
My sight and thought and mind to clear,  
Remove the veil, reveal what matters.

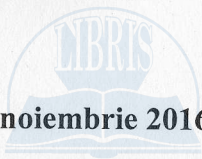
I need to bathe in plainful colours,  
Exile black and white at different poles,  
Curageously invent shades on the palette,  
Expand perspective and to change the tones.

I've lost my shape as lead in heat  
And now, in search of my whole self,  
Some parts of me don't even meet,  
Just fill a void and pose a freak.

I'm reinvented and that's how I feel,  
I am reborn so after each disaster,  
I sweep the ashes of my being,  
Clay it together, being my own master.

And in the seventh day I do not get to rest,  
But I start over then and over after,  
In an obsessive cycle of no end,  
I am my own God, master of disaster.

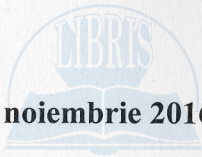




23 noiembrie 2016

## Twisted

I see with my whole body,  
I feel with the aura around me,  
I hear with my eyes all vulgarity,  
I smell with my tongue all you are thee!  
I taste with my ears all essence,  
I'm twisted, deformed and distorted  
And yet my hideous presence  
The seed of all things not aborted!  
You seem so complete and perfected,  
Embody a pose of succes!  
There aren't any aspects neglected,  
There's no space'n your life for guess!  
Tormented, consumed and derailed  
And groping the meaning in dark,  
I lack all the spine and I'm frailed,  
I crumble, I crawl, reach that spark  
That gives all existence a meaning.  
I'm hunger to know what's it for?  
I'm eager to walk, not just leaning,  
I'm thirsty to seep out the core!



23 noiembrie 2016

## My claim

You better peel me off my skin  
And can't be more horrifying than this!  
You better thrust the nails into my sin  
And can't be as painful as this!

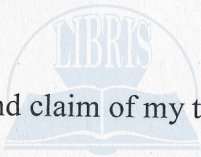
Come empty my eyes-sockets with a knife  
And you can't equal the emptiness in my heart!  
You end my life and I'll give in without a strife;  
No strife matches the clench I'm having with you, God!

Questions of no answer ponder in void;  
Ravishing search of meaning turn me inside out;  
But all the possible reasons are deployed,  
Because there can't be any logic, only doubt.

Where's the logic in stealing the meaning,  
Where's the reason in blaming the love,  
Where's the core in this hollow living,  
Where's the beauty in confining the dove!

Your order of things is above me,  
Your logic of God kicks me off,  
Your ponder keeps me bowed in mediocrity,  
Your balance just throws me aloof.

Acceptance is not one of my options,  
Submission is not one of my choice,  
Revenge it arises'n this caption



And claim of my things in one voice!

I'll sponge on ugliness and drip out the beauty,  
I'll stuff in the void with wholemeaning sense,  
I'll kill down the hate for love fill the empty,  
I'll fight down dispair for joy in defence.

Embrace my dispair in loving completely,  
Reviving the hate reacting to blame,  
Give in to the void and not feeling guilty,  
Caressing the ugly ang killing the shame.

I feel all the warmth in kissing my error,  
This hug fills my arms and presses my heart.  
I see now the meaning'n this mumbling manner,  
I calm down dispair, confusion and hurt!

You can't make me rub out some pieces  
That come with my body and spirit as whole  
And all the betrayal and treason not rinses  
By bending the knee and pray for the soul.

Is this what you wanted from me as reaction?  
Is this what you call poetry?  
To build up a whole that is made up of fractions,  
To value the atoms of such poverty?

I reach now the values from small, little pieces ,  
I feel now the worth in every embrace,  
I see now the spark in all the abyses,  
I claim now the love from all this debris!