



Windows without Dreams

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Argotist Ebooks

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Windows without Dreams

NOT AN ALTERNATIVE

I remembered
watching my shadow
running after a star
(me dressed in my skin)
that he
promised me a full moon
when dogs howl at her
he told me to lie down
on the red flowers
and to let him put her
the moon in my hair
and make love until morning
big alien bugs came down from this
moon
and bit me up until bloody
and this blood inundated
the land
after transformed into dust
my blood
a nice matrix for
an alternative
he wanted me sometimes
& sometimes killed me
with
forgetfulness
I am not an alternative
and take your moon back from my hair!
It is not fashion.

SUNSET

Sun goes down in abstract silences,
deep into the breath of primary colours.
The universe blends in perfumes
of passion's passed moments.

Singing midnight in white rime
by cicada, lost in flowers lime,
dreams move in the senses of the universe—
setting atomic desire free.

CRIME

I wanted to cure myself
of you
killing my past,
easily washing my hands
of the blood that flows
from the wounds
filled with idylls.

I burned the past
and threw its ashes
in the wind,
as your complex words.

I wanted to cure myself of you
walking upon time,
and any expectation
I still have—
my hands are grubby.

ESSENTIAL

When the night is long,
I wish to hate you,
and drive you away
when you cry.

When you are far away
from me, I want to curse you,
love you.
I have on my lips... your name.

Travelling the roads
through dust and smoke,
we lose our souls in a vicious
circle of hate,
which quick steps all
return to us.

Sins and ugly sentiments lost
in the furious fire that's coming...
Your heart that lives through me,
still flows in me... one crazy love.

You drove away, today.
You don't know how to be alone.
I don't want you—though
loving you is all I do.

I am resting now...
I don't want to talk...
I've killed my words...
I've kill all that I have,
even my desires for
all that love means...

You are still away...
You will never
come to save my soul.

ETERNAL WORD

With the last word in existence
Love penetrates the distance.
My eyes looking so far,
Mysterious lovers we are.

Life; our fighting with the words:
Love—End—Beginnings.
No matter the distance to be loved,
The souls are catalysed words.

I close my eyes; I'm blind..
My lips investigate your land,
Kissed lips in millions of colours,
Tested skins in taboo flavours.

My lips taking your breath,
Touched bodies on the Earth.
We fight until the last sword:
Love it is the Eternal Word.



FANTASTIC

Violet and light.
Fantastic birds and white wolves
are all around.
The planets are closer
and closer—
bigger, golden, silver, red... and
seraphim fly all around,
playing little harps.

I am *laid* on the Earth
watching the black sky.
Thousands and thousands of
constellations,
under the infinity
of your existence.

Am I the first woman
who sees this Universe?
When I look up into the stars
I see your face, your body
painted in God's colours,
floating in a midnight dream
amidst time.

The sound of the galaxy
swallows my mind in divine
musical notes.
The infinite has the colour of love,
And fantastic birds follow me everywhere,
whispering your name.
They form the rainbow
in my hair.

No, Sun, don't kiss me now!
Let my dream live!

MISSING YOU

Alone in my room,
the silence writes
empty words on
transparent walls.

The kissed memories
of rainbow sentiments,
salt wind
and the sand storm,
speak from
my skin.

Inside me is a war,
and the silent steps
of my tears
fall in the
desert of love.

Without you
silence sings a dark tune,
touching my hair
with notes of past summers.

SHANGHAI MONK

*I am
in the middle
of meditation
in lotus position*

*I am
the reason
for you to leave me*

*Solitude
the big opera of God
a poets reward*

*You are
the unspoken complicated words
dancing far away
only dust and smoke
(Evolution pollution)
is on the way
and remembers*

*Big destiny waves
no one here
to see now
what I feel*

*I am a
Shanghai monk
in orange pajamas
standing in the air*

DIRTY QUEEN

How lovely the morning is,
pervaded by the silence of loneliness,
as sleepy green and red dragons fly in circles
around lost feelings.

Next to me on an old couch,
God watches a movie with clowns.
I play chess, and it is naked
all around the queen, that
dirty
dirty
queen,
who reads the lines in my palm,
speaking lies about my dearest stars.

Beside me,
my cup of Romanian coffee is still hot,
while I wait
for the green and red dragons
to dissipate.



BESIEGE

I listen to the rain's soft music
of preludes of notes over deeper night
refreshing the venial air
which kisses the
zenith of my
sidereal heart

your hands besiege
my wax body
painted slowly with
drops of rain
my skin
water flowers
pink snowflakes
purple butterflies

you take the rain
& dress me as your queen,

the solstice kiss
and the silence of breath

24 HOURS

In the morning I open my eyes and I count
silently, dusting wrinkles
off the clock.
The perfect hour
when sleep is
more sweet.

At noon I open the information
to see
what level
they have put me in:
or have they deleted me?

I sprawl and open my big mouth.
My soul its out,
and now tears flow down
my cheeks with rage
on to the floor:
dreams...
very precious dreams.

My wrath makes me scream.
My hands tremble on one blue wedge,
that was from a celebrity writer.

Somebody said if I wrote with him
I would be a celebrity, too.

If I had been born in Paris I would be a lady,
but I was born in a different world.
Better to forget who I am, sometimes.

I run with no identity on the bank of deep water.
Maybe it will swallow me
with all my ideas;
with all my words spoken (or not)
to strangers.

I will be free!

WE

for all poets

We have
hands to hold words
and those we love,
eyes to see and cry, and
lips to say wonderful words
and to kiss with, and a heart
to tickle time...

The Earth has hands:
the trees,
and lips:
the wind
(that sometimes kiss our face),
and words
for when we look at
the alabaster sky,
and it's eyes are the rivers
and oceans.

We are complete:
humans and Earth,
poets and wind,
words and sky,
eyes and rivers.

We are all oceans.

NO MERCY

No mercy.
The horologe has stopped
At 12 o'clock in the night.
I jump from my dream bed;
Strange dreams with
White flake and perfumed magnolias.

I take the horologe
And throw it on the flour...

The time has blunted my senses.
Taking another chill pill,
I drink boiled water again from one
Fired cup...

I walk in my empty room;
Crazy white walls.
I blow chunks with my nervousness.
My ears...
like one hell sound:
No mercy time!
No mercy love!

I take the horologe and I fix
The hour I wished for:
The hour of my love...
Tick tock, tick tock...
Crazy love...
This time will never stop again.



SPECIES

lost sounds on heights of tenderness
floating over cries of
human ancestors' feet

the fallen angels
in love with virgins with horizon-hair
and sea-eyes

elongated from the sky
the Supreme Master
created a new species which
loses in silence and mystery
with every kiss
with every history

still the earthquake keeps the secret
the tunnel which links
two worlds
in Carpathian

at silent tables
the colossus
explores DNA

the wise know
but the silence is
above honour

humans
fear of disappearing
all
exiting from this experiment.

PLAN FOR SEDUCTION

every grain of sand
has a plan for seduction
for the footprints
of your perfect skin

with every touch of the skin
your body struggles in circles of light
rising up to the heaven of my soul
between earth and sky, not any free space,

senses taste of vanilla and white chocolate

all sand sticks to my pores
building pearl castles...

every drop of water on your skin
turns on harps, which runs hunted deer
by white wolves

your hands descend
from my face to all of my body
carving love
allowing all wolves to devour
my eyes, my lips and my breasts...

YOUR INDIFFERENCE

today,
all seasons have passed by me
like a supersonic wave,
a deafening roar, untamed,
when your indifference touched my skin...
every pore looking
still silent

this look
containing the Ocean, waves, seagulls and all

(fly my nude eyelashes kissing your dreams)

I am the hourglass
that time returns to on all sides (prematurely)

as feelings—wet sand—to pass by destiny
with mad seconds
killed
by you

all transparent

time claps their hands and feet
the exact hour
like a military leader
ready to attack

you do not know the seasons, the time
and my skin

TO NOT LOSE MYSELF

You can break out of me
time strips,
to throw me to the sky,
to be immortal in your hands,
to not lose myself,
to be a constellation,
and always looking myself young
with each sunset when we are love.

To let gods play for me
with harps of heaven,
and for their hands to caress
all that is missing,
to gather the groan dissolution
in a bunch of dew
when you go,
to can make destiny rain
and the tears of heaven
fall over all that is love.

Raining... raining over arid land,
to smell a wet soul ...
at sunrise or to the sunset.
I might fly as high
in love with you
in ether.

Nobody is sad ...
we have ourselves.



WINDOWS WITHOUT DREAMS

1. Winter night
black and white
when the world
goes to sleep.
After midnight
every window
has a shadow
of a dream
waiting answers,
freezing there
until morning.

2. The sad lullaby
is the first snowflake
that melts on the wind's lips,
blowing all dreams
from your eyes.

3. Morning never has been so lonely:
not singing, not speaking, not whispering...
without answers.
Give me a reason
to build windows without dreams.

A GIFT

A day snowing with big star-flakes;
the sky opens the angel's door.
Everything seems separated from a fantastic story;
snow with cherry-flowers and haiku.

Every star-flake has a Swarovski shine.
They fall fleetingly,
faster than an hourglass where
the whiteness and purity cover my soul,
counting the time without you.

Your image is everywhere:

in the air that I breathe...
in the water that I drink...
in everything...
in every sound of my existence...

I love you more than ever.
I want you, today,
to be mine for eternity.

Let's listen together to
Deep Purple,
and to make love to the
'Moonlight Sonata'.

Be mine,
and the eternal springtime
will be my gift.

A THOUGHT

The sky is naked and
the thinking of time is anchored
in words of love
and romance.

On his feet,
traces have wings of verse.
Each step like a waltz.

Gate-souls in constellation,
why have you enclosed time
in an hourglass,
to let him struggle like a beast
caught by hungry hunters?

ONE DAY

It was one heaven or one kiss from the light,
which floats slowly away and
penetrates your little sphere.

Too much desire
I have for you: a love
as big as the moon or as wide as the
desert... as beautiful as the sunset.

You tremble my love, and
grab every sound
of abstract noise from my heart,
like the passing of time.

You never ask me "why"
I was in heaven.
And I still ask myself why.

I implore you
to never pass over us.

The light in heaven
transforms us...

silent for both our souls.

RAINING

It's raining—
cold, aggressive rain—
towards an impossible horizon.

Lost feelings sing the drops in dissipated jazz,
beyond searching against the wind.

Far away, the ocean reads the inferno:

sunset in sailors' eyes,
witches hanging on poles like tired birds,
sometimes snapping in the wind.

Not complaining like lost virgins,
the rain, a perfect nude,
waits for the artist's hands.

You can shape the rain?



BLIND

Night savaging the notion of space between us;
seconds dying in particles of memory.

It is raining on me with lime fragrance not bloomed,
and tears of saints on earth
in a port.

Traces of sunrise from yesterday
still sit idle on the sea.

Sun soak keep in arm all love.

The blind morning rips me
in particles of unloved time.

Waves were caught by my ankles stray
not kissed of any shadow
pulling me in deeper
blind.

SURFING SILENCE

Every day it is a place for another day:
for yesterday, for today.

We wait to breathe perfume,
without dust and smoke, in a delimited air zone.

We are in a hourglass which flows with souls,
one by one,
in ether.

We make space,
we struggle for a place at the front.

Or we hold on to any excuse that we transform
in a scale, to climb two steps or three steps
upon our corpses' desires.

But we fall in the abyss flow,
on nimbus-like demigods,
guiding, after the unique harp's rainbow,
and divine songs.

We wake up, then, from dreaming about a
democratic constitution,
at soul rights from this hourglass:

I have the right to dream at my liberty.
I have the right to live forever.

Life, like a breath of wind fluttering in our lungs.
Breathing: rare, dense, rare, roar.
Life, always wanting to escape
in a different body or in space,

with silence interspersing the empty space
between the soul and us. The soul, breaking
and disappearing anytime
it wants, without giving us any explanation.

Only the silence remains, transient upon everything,
like a last huge wave to clean our sins,
then retires leaving only the hourglass sand print—
somewhere...

Who will remember?

STYLE

what I like about you
is the indifference which penetrates me as deeply
as contaminated nitrogen air

my skin is filled with cries
and every scream grows a wing
my hair is like a crown tree
flowering cherry

I fly
I learn to feel the air on the
unexpected height of me

you don't see me
even if I belly dance

you see through me
simple

remembering
non-existence

I detach every night
from unripe lips
to one last poem which I
dedicate to you
but the words
remain untouched
not saying my name

and I wait...

any answer is like new breathing
because I don't breathe
I refuse to breathe
till you respond to me

I breathe deeply
in time with the 360 Grades

I walk on the Tropic of Cancer
equilibrium on a plan of seduction

I would throw you
to catch me

and your hands like your lips
are not found in this space and time

I love your style.

SKY HANDS

sky hands
touch a paper face
writing on the lips
with rainbow pencils

the last poem of autumn
before the first snow

lonely rhymes
flow over the sunset

a conqueror's destiny

and a golden infinite song of the soul
called love
that is beyond the open transparent sky
paints your image
on a cloud

TRASH

I am not your trash,
to send me to death,
like paper on fire.

Maybe I am your soul.

Keep the trash inside you,
or take the paper and write a book.

Make me recyclable.

YOU ARE SPECIAL

First we construct words:
simple, complex, love-words.

A game becomes real
with every word,
that starts to build a new poem:

a fraction of life—
in another life—

here and there, far or close together.

I wanted the night to come early—
depending on words hungry for invention.

I can't hear you,
but words can say,
a thousand times,
that this voice
was a part of you.

I learn the blind silence,
in steps of vowels,
every morning—

happy to be in another life,
somehow, somewhere...

You know you are forever special
in my mind and soul.

I love you.

The cold spring comes
early this year,
with hope for flowers,
windy songs of birds,

and poetry.

TABULA RASA

you know
 respiration of heart
 lisp eyelashes
speed to flowing tears until
breast

you dry these tears
 with one verse or two
& a suave kiss

fighting with ignorance
your mature love
has written history on tabula rasa

at sunset
 radius of faith revived

in the morning you paint me
standing
in divine waiting

to illuminate my self
to fill you
to merge with your soul

wonderful incarnate

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About the Author

Daniela Voicu is a Romanian poet, novelist and painter. Her poems have been published in *Poemul Ingerilor*, *Cuget Liber*, *Agero Stuttgart*, *New York Magazine*, *Curentul International*, *Revista Luceafarul*, *Pagini Romanesti in Noua Zeelanda* and *Pheonix Mission*. In various anthologies, including *Tears of Ink*, *The Poetry of War and Peace*, *Words on the Winds of Change*, *Just a Dream* and *Reflections on a Blue Planet*. And she has a collection of poems published, *Blue in Vitro*.

In 2009, she founded the international journal of culture and literature, *Cuib Nest Nido*; and in 2011 she founded the international poetry festival of music and contemporary art, *The Art to Be Human*.

Since 2009, she has been a member of the Writers' League of Romania.