

DISTORTION

(1988 - 1989)

Distortion

My twisted reflection is searching protection
My laughter dies in the night
I'm feeling dark tears blown on a breeze
Fall from my eyes through the disguise
And echoes of trains are coming too late
Never to catch me again

Tired

Well I'm so tired and so bored
That I'm not here anymore
For you it's just the same
And who can sing this song
Oh no I'm not the one

The sunset in the skies
Reflecting sorrows of the past
And I'm no one for you
I'm lost in a cradle of lust

Oh no it will never change
The stars are just the same
For nothing I was born and
For nothing I'll be gone

But I'm so tired that I can't
Wake a sound in my guitar
The cigarette ash is flying
Through the air

You (January, 13, Friday)

And why did you say it
why did you lose it all
when it stopped snowing
you were just sleeping
oh you were deep in your dreams
tell me just what did you see
was it a kind of a nightmare
or was it a kind of a movie
you saw today on TV
or was it a kind of escape
no one can say that he had a nice
trip to the UK
no one was in a broken plane that
fell on the rocks of the Channel
but you were in a crazy car
that ended up in the U-curve
when the police came
they've already burnt it down
next time I saw you in my apartment
you were sleeping on my new sheets
I didn't know what to do
so I let you sleep till morning

* * *

a portrait in a broken frame
the painter had fantastic fame
a broken cup they've found in Greece
we've seen the country on TV

never minding the yellow grass
look at things you got at last

the portrait in the broken frame
money that you spent in vain
a woodoo drum from distant islands
Campbell's house in the Highlands

never cleaning the window sill
how d'ya feel behind the wheel

the portrait in the broken frame
the secrets of the narrow lanes
a juke-box they've got in New York
and an old-fashioned family clock

never changing day after day
swimming in the orange bay

the portrait in the broken frame
a silver spoon on a golden chain
dust and years on the floor
never locking your back door

so you never change the signs
shining in the evening skies

Standing in the Rain

well it's another time to
bring the children into this crazy world
and who will understand me
standing in the rain?
and who can say that I'm a fool and who
can say that I'm a superstar
for no one is to blame that the time has come
the children will be born
while I am watching nothings on T.V.
oh it is such a drag
to move day after day
but who can save the time which takes away
the pain
and nine to five is all you've got
not a single day for fun
but the children will be born into this madness
the red light is still flashing down the corridor
with inevitable splashes
of paint flowing down the walls
I dreamt I was aboard the ship
that sailed across the sea
and it was named - it had no name
but the time has come to
bring the children into this crazy world
for no one is to blame
and I'm still standing in the rain
and I watch my cigarette getting wet
well the time has come new generation's due to
come
around the splashes of the paint in triangles of
these narrow lanes
so it's another time to
bring the children into this crazy world
and no one gets the whole idea of
standing in the rain

while I am standing in the rain
and try to hide my pain

Dancing on Top of the Glass

Nothing is going to happen,
Nothing is going to pass,
Dancing at half past eleven,
Dancing on top of the glass.

Dancing to find a solution,
Dancing to find a way out,
The chatter of revolution
Turning around and around.

Faraway cliffs in the moonlight
Faraway lands of the dream
Moving away on a cold night
Always not what they seem.

Running away in despair,
Running and finding some cash,
Trying to be a bit fair,
Ending in a car crash.

So nothing is going to happen,
Nothing is going to pass,
Dancing at half past eleven,
Dancing on top of the glass.

Birthday

I'm getting into a car
it seems now so crowded
searching for a pretty face
but I cannot find it here
going home
finding no mail at all
sitting by the TV
barely awoken
so it's nothing to own

I am running
running away from rains
and I am just insane
and I don't hold the knowledge
of who I am

and now I know
that we all
someday will fade
and will be gone
how can I stay now
speaking it aloud

now it's dark
my lighter's out of gas
it only gives the sparks
so I will get
between the sheets

and happy birthday
happy birthday
happy birthday to me

Twisted

With no thoughts
no dreams
and no coming dawn

With solitude dancers
cold dark nights
ending it all
older and colder

Twisted twisted twisted reflections
don't search anymore protection
I'm caught in the echoes of trains
now I feel I'm going insane

Crazy bike riders
deadly kisses
ghost feasts upon
the pillows

What for is it now
no answer but echoing loud
a flow of distorted sound

ICY PINNACLE:
WINTER POEMS AND DREAMS
(1992)

Seesaw

Icy pinnacle balance point
Middle winter needle
Paper jet lands

Feather seesaw
Balancing
Slowly
Rising

Climbing
Falling
(breathtaking)
Climbing
Falling
Sunrise at
Sunset

Tranquil eyes
reflect myself
inside
Eyelids tremble

Was it me or her in this movement

When
Climbing
Falling
is so strange

no stranger than a stranger's hello

softer colors
softer streams
slowly

We dreamt of us

tomorrow insights
are so clear so easy so sweet

like candy
melting
like waterdrop
dissolving
like wind
touching

Too close to see it

Climbing
Falling
Rising and shining

Too shiny to be true

We go up
so slowly
so rapidly

We descend
so fast
so calm

Reflect me
Reflect you

Reflect us
Slowly

Let it last

Incantation

Sun glimpse soft
Mirrored thrice
In water ripples

Lily white snowfall
Over downy pillow
Cold shiny feathers
In inner semblance
In ensemble

Spell-weaving wind whistle
In cold extremes
Delirium
Ice hot
Red orange and blue

Touch entwining
Enlightening
Also entrenching
Isolating

Too close to the sun
So he said
It will wither with time
Distance helps

Touch entwining
Deeper
Softer
Summer breeze
Like silk
Wrapping around

Too high to touch
So she said

In infinity is the infinity
No one believed

Sea breath
In our eyes
In choir
Dissolved
Sunk in eyeless liquid
Sea flows in
Skin melting
Bones thawing
Dispersing
Regaining form
Growing solid
Frozen
As the wave rolls back

Enchantment
Caressing air
Rhythmic tide
Tender
Hopefully

Everlasting
Sun
Longing for
Soft whisper
On your lips

Everlasting

Tidal Dream

Shell gathering vacation
Seaweed entwined rocks
Surf whispering faintly

Close to the coast
Lighthouse bright cape tower
Gulls sleeping somewhere
Out of reach

Close to the moon
Highsea wave
Tide withdrawing
Forgetting

Dreaming on waves
Floating offshore
Reflecting perfection
Waves tenderly splashing

Water homely waves
Keeping us afloat
Endearing
Draining
Filling

Surf whispering faintly
Faintly heartbeats oceans
In the lighthouse tower
Where we dream
Tidal dreams
Breathing in accord
Where sea salty smells
Mix with strange
Coastal fragrances
Of unfamiliar flowers

With seaweed sweet
Scent

Hold me
Like the sea
Holds treasure fleets
Deep inside
Deep under
Out of sight
Out of reach

Fill me
Like the tide
Fills underwater grottoes
With living wave

May we sleep
Dry seaweed bed soft
Dreaming
Tidal dreams
In our slumber
Meeting again
In floating world

Surf whispering faintly

Obscure Perfection

I

some miracle
like a whispering dream
least expected
but well come
no prophets
no clairvoyants
no gypsies
impossible to foretell
but well come
impromptu
but a complete
symphony
sounded strange
in a distant forest
so perfect
maybe not a symphony
but a mass also
perfect harmony
in choral voices
sky-cast
time too brief
clearly not enough
eternal sea tides
within me
within you
within us

II

obscure perfection
just trying to say
no proper sounds
to express
the feeling
breathe me in
embrace me in
your twilight shadow
so bright

what's in
name of the
symphony
in crazy times
sounding like
unearthly dream
love is not a word
fill me
tidal rhythm
sea breath
love is not enough
changing
like a rainbow

soft whisper
tender sounds

III

future reveals nothing
it matters not
you said
all I could dream
time matters not
we nearly know
we nearly feel it
within each other
many miracles
entwine tenderly

you are the name
you are the world
in desperate hope
harmony
cliché too small
may it be
all for you
all heaven within
you are me

Pictures

changes
melt like wax
rush like
 mountain streams
ice-cold crystal springs
into the frozen day
snow so white
torpid in it's
 beauty
long before the wind
in the time of
 fading leaf
sunrise bright
 unseen
the perfect creation
under the sun
looking for warmth
thy dreams
 meet the past
towers
 sky pointing
in ancient
 story
of feasts slaughter
tournaments
 falconry
ladies
 so proud
horses fly
spreading across the field
faint echo
 of iron hoofs
upon the soil
 moist and soft
wind whistling

faster
faster
than the wind
kingdom
 boundless
mighty lords
reign in glory
horses speeding
not touching
 the earth
towards the tower high
harvest of
 the year
long ago
forgotten
seen only
in our slumber
bugles whine
bid us farewell
leaves
 whisper behind
us
changes
whirl like snowstorm
starshine bright
upon the winter land
moon calmly
 mirrors
distant daylight
let us dream
pictures misty
obscure
but warm
 tender
 sweet

Emersion

Sunrise over crumbled past
Eclipse no more
Morning rays break through

Fill the room with gold
Shine through the dusty air
Dust sparkling diamonds

Waking hour so sweet
Dreaming of a day to come
Filled with visions

Eclipse no more
Hollows dispersed
In eternal void
Paper jet lands
Cold icy frozen windy
It matters not

Future bright clear
Clarity
Unexpected blinding

Is it enough

So

Heroes of old
Mute shadowy ghosts
Speak
It matters not

Ivory chess carved cunningly
To resemble
Ancient Powers

Long since dead
Chessboard marble white
red

Encrusted with gold
Game long since left
Unplayed
Not won not lost

Entity

subtle delights
seagulls crying overhead
sounding strange
hallucinating

chaos
ravaging formless beast
roaming thunder
roaring in pain
staggering agony
hungry flame
searing flesh
anguish
in liquid fire
gnawing bones
in lust for blood
frozen leaf
exploding powder
in unbearable heat
chaos
universe unfolds
distracting frightful
in innumerable
blazing suns
flaming gas breathing
so scary

hallucinating

longing waiting missing
your gentle whisper
soft touch
save me within
enfold me in your mantle
hide me within

entrench me with rivers
drive away the nightlings
sing me a lullaby
soft and tender
breathe me in
so that nightmares
cannot appear

evershining sunrise
distant echoes

Cloudwatch

long ago
so long that
I cannot count
the endless time
days linger
unbearable
rigid and pressing

tomorrow is still
not

so it seems the only way

contemplation
sky movie
in the window frame
colors pale
shadowy winter
gray and blue
formless forming
figures floating
above

days linger

all seem to be seen
castles and dragons
beasts of all kinds
hollow shapes
grow to shrink
formless steam

days linger

steam cold

torpid land
slightest
snow cover

faces in the sky
float westwards
again

again?

no sound heard
but a car hiss
tires touching
wet highway
unseen
out of the frame

days linger

tomorrow is still a
cloudwatch day

Homecoming

seedlings grown
forests wide
so many years gone

long since the sea
white foam thrown on rocks
marked the beginning
cliff high near the border
sentry of the coast
in desperate solitude

forgotten prayers
feverishly muttered
in distant days
Christ forgiving
in infinite mercy
for prodigal sons
and daughters
in ages dark and solemn

all within us
and the eternal road
always promising
the phantom of home
around the curve

long since sea-tales
childlike hope
childish beliefs
do they ever come true

mute colors
faded with years
barely visible pictures
of home

unknown and distant

so these cypress trees
seen only in occasional dreams
remind of the first steps
so remote

night ends
with the dawn
slow and shy
upon the mountain peaks
the gorge awakens

but it's all told
all known
only our reflection
is new to us

the cloudwatch is over

phantom of home
is now solid
close enough to touch it

we are one

we go now
now
time too brief
more more more
time love breath
more

parting is pain
a trivial fact
an old cliché
funny

until you experience it

more

eternity is too small
longing for more

new prayers
for time enough
Christ in
everkindness
Lord of all that is
grant us
time enough
we stand at Thy altar
hoping

homecoming
word long senseless
a twisted meaning
too solemn for it

we are nearly home
hollow worlds crumble to dust
only paper backdrops
and mannequins
love healing
granted by heaven
in gratitude
in reverence

symphony crescendo
so bright
like sunshine
lighting inflammable
unveiling clouds

homebound train
fast and light

love is the world

NIGHTLINGS
(1994)

Nightlings

I

The city absorbs everything. It consumes folly and wisdom, angels and demons. Equally. This is the greatest paradox of a big city. Angles turn into demons, and vice versa. All this takes place before our eyes.

Sometimes we just silently contemplate these metamorphoses, sometimes we casually look away as we pass by. Sometimes we are a part of this play. Usually subconsciously, and only rarely realizing our transformation.

Here, amidst winding streets, within a strange web of tree branches and wires the ancient idea of heaven and hell mingled together finally appears in its full glory.

You cannot ignore these signs.

lost in the wind
the childhood is gone
chasing dark leaves in the snow

You cannot turn away this time.

II

Memory is a subtle torture chamber (built for delight). As you try to recall a day (seemingly important), you enter the maze (join the Game).

You start playing mind games (with your own mind).

Unpaid bills and phone numbers come first. Weather forecasts follow. Soon you find yourself buried within a pile of junk memories. And completely lost in the maze.

Finally you give up. Yet, in a year or two you recall it unconsciously in a flash.

Enter the fog of the suburbs - dream

Xmas is come: Xmas is gone

All in all, we cannot trace these unconscious movements. Only a blurred image is caught sometimes.

III

Sometimes it's hard to follow
the insane creature called 'human nature.'

dream - enter a sweet forest of the south

walk on

you'll find a small fountain
hidden in a forest cave

drink - the water will quench your thirst

To learn the truth means to die
(truth is an instant quietus).
Or to write a love song.
In any case it all just turns to dust.

IV

the city mist
enfolds
fills with
the strangest feeling
of not being alone

of being a part
of these midnight
streets

of lights in the windows
of happiness
and despair

V

Follow a tortuous path of your memory.

Try to love your neighbor.
Until he slams a door in your face.
Or shoots.

Try to love the world.
Until it casts you away.
Normally you never would think of it.
Still, once you are entombed
in the shadow play of a big city,
you're on the way to it.

Tell the truth to anyone --
you acquire another enemy.
Or corpse.

VI

shadows that we are
playing games
of love and warmth

deceiving
our everyone
and
first of all
ourselves

unconsciously
hurting
making excuses
and
hurting again

VII

People tend to form groups (that's normal). First of all, they form couples (based on sexual options). That's ridiculous -- and absolutely abnormal. They justify their lunacy. They say that it's normal for any live species. Yes, it is normal (these poor little animals). However, animals just don't know how to deceive. Thus, there are no excuses about forming pairs. It dilates all intrinsic human contradictions. And a big city absorbs all wasted emotions. Creates more monsters. Creates vice streets, false promises, lawful couples that are happy to have an occasional secret affair.

VIII

death of a dream

is always painful
is always sour

it hurts
throws you
through dimensions
and times

in search
of anything
that's more real
than this false scenery

but the only
real thing
is dust

IX

We are a part of the big city. Part of the Game.
Monsters and saints. Angels and demons.
With false desires and impossible dreams.

These signs are too obvious not to notice
them. Still, we ignore them, put on our daily
(nightly) blinders. And slowly drift towards
decay and death.

chasing dead leaves in the snow

We are nightlings.
Nightlings in a multibillion asylum.

The Journey

Prelude

Awake to the sound
of distant waterdrops...
Wait till the night fades away...

The dream is so remote,
as you drift through the
nightmares and monstrous illusions
that clutter your mind and
betray you...

Awake, awake, the dream is come
What you never though is real
is here, at your doorstep...

A pattern of your mind,
so splay and insecure
is all the gloom you know,
and yet a faint remembrance
still waits within...

Options

Soft sounds fill your dreams,
Enfold you, veil your mind...

The dark illusions are what you live for,
Accepting them as the only reality,
Living all the lives you might have known,
Dreaming of an instant Deity
that will release you some day,
cleave your mind and
let you live.

The ways that you may choose,
the life of endless choices,
chances, coincidences...
What are your options for today,
flap your hands and make another
decision,
that's what you're living for...

That's what makes you...

The Margin

Dark are the dreams -
Hollow shapes fill the night,
linger in your mind
until you reach the edge,
the point of no return...

The Now is here to devour you,
there's no way to escape,
to close your eyes...

Ghosts dissolve in the night,
depart to the worlds unknown,
the dreams are nearly gone...
In the haze of marginal
remembrance you gladly accept all tokens,
take it all as it comes
and aimlessly float above
the arcane events...

The Final Roundabout

Close your eyes,
dream of your timeless journey
for one more night...

Light beams / hollow blackness
Dark ghost
That is unreal / too close...

As I travel in darkness,
disorder, and rains
I rejoice through the pain,
I walk on through the days,
I try to be myself...

And I sleep through my dark days -
Dreaming of being safe
and secure:
yet that's only a dream
that comes only on Sundays -
and this is a faint
remembrance...

And hope for something -
that doesn't come at all -
blind as I can be -
so lost
in the timeless vaults of darkness...

A Drift in the Darkness

As we move away
We forget all that we know --
we are estranged and
only our last words
glue the scene,
keep the shattered glass together...

We walk to turn away,
to lose this faint remembrance...
We drift - we're lost,

slipping through boredom
loneliness
pain
distorted days
drunk haze
diluted mind...

We're lost and slowly drift...
We're only aware that we are still here...
Hardly ever dream of light...

The Journey ends in silence,
in these dark dreams...

The patterns wait within your mind...

Silent Mystery

The night embraces the city
Veils misty silhouettes
Distorts the view

We walk through the streets
in desperate search for a home:
the cold air enfolds us
freezes to the bone
strips all memories that were here
a moment ago

The feeling comes and goes away
We live lives of other people
Here in the dark
Where we are unseen
In silent mystery

Occasional smiles
Occasional rituals
We live through these days
not knowing faith
and daylight

Mirrors are all dark
as the days pass in the mist
of the night

THE DREAMWALKER

(1992 - 1995)

The Dreamworld

*Worlds occasionally shatter –
dreams sometimes linger...*

the times may change
the worlds may shatter
still dreams persist and carry on

we drift alone
we dream alone
and yet
there's more beneath our masks

we're static
amidst the storm
that rages in this realm
we shiver in the cold
we only dream that we're safe

all options are gone
lost in a kaleidoscope of
self-determination

the last choice

monuments of ice
will linger here
for a while

locked in a web-like pattern
clinging to the lines
drawn on our palms
we're slipping

descending

* * *

Enter the night
With mournful faces
Staring at you
From each lit window
still scattered upon
the dark walls
of the city towers
Enter the realms
of self exile
Veil yourself by darkness
Enter the night

City Mist

silent steps
are faintly heard
in the corridors
of abandoned buildings

was it my choice
was it a dream
on a dark long night

you can read my eyes
yet my mind
is obscure
even for me

touch my face
little snowflakes
turn to waterdrops

bitter water
on the lips

white is the color
white is the sound
bless it
let it shine
let it fill the world

feel the mist
of the city streets
touch this
water web
entwining
filling

soft hiss of cars

rolling past the
window

love and hate
are mute in this
water world

the flame
is cold
a candle
melts and dies
before the dawn

this day
seems something
special
yet
nothing
but a few more hours

dream of the sunlight
dream
in peace
forget the days
forget the pale faces

dream
these silent steps
will never
wake you

Snowflake Wine

snowflakes
touch the lips
melt into
a sweet liquid

windy streets
& icy sidewalks --
a winter backdrop

tunes forgotten
are heard again

and we walk through
the strangest city
where all ages
are mingled
into a finest blend
stronger
than the memories
that still fill your mind

but as the snowflakes
are melting
on your lips
you start to forget

long gone ghosts
never will disturb
your dreams
no,
they will not
not until the dawn
of tomorrow
bringing light
and forgiveness

dreams
reflecting sunshine
and warmth

walk the streets
float above the ice
drink the sweet potion,
this sweet
snowflake wine

Full Moon

a dream
within a dream
a time
to make a wish

impromptu
amidst the snow
memories
fill the moonlit highway

make your wish
in the night
of a full moon
forget yourself
become a ghost
to float above
the street ice
to forgive and forget

a dream within a dream
another night
to make a wish

A Dream

We walk in silence,
Holding back
 betraying breath.
We walk alone,
And yet...

A shadow joins us,
Walks in our steps,
And shyly hides
 behind the marble
Of monuments,
 dark pillars, stairs.

It joins our steps,
Unseen,
 unheard
Walks silently,
Yet in accord —
An echo of our
 secret dream.

We walk alone
Through halls of time,
We dream alone,
We dare not speak...

The Dreamwalker

*Was it yet another dream this night? —
Or was it just a pattern
somewhere inside my mind,
reminding me of another time and place?*

we come from diff'rent times
we come from diff'rent places
to spend our brief delights
and passions, sorrows, pains
upon this soil of pleasure

yet mortals envy us
'cos nothing in our eyes
reminds them of their own
delights and pains

reflections in our eyes
are obscure shades
but we just keep them
here
upon this soil of pleasure

we linger here, but
the memories in our minds
retain the pictures
that we've seen
in other times and places

the drift, the dream, the course
the aimless course of passion
we live among the ghosts
encompassed by their faith
and deeds, and false delights

they come here just to pass
away with time
like autumn leaves in dying season
still lives they live are something bigger
than we know

still dreams we have
through nights and days
are guiding us
not to this soil of pleasure
but
into the times and places
that we have known long before
we met this world of mortals

this mystery is holding us
inside the shells of mortals
we long to know
all unrevealed to us
but nothing is made known

we drift alone
between the worlds
unwilling to be here
reluctant to give up
our other times and places

the endless dream
enfolding us
entwining us with senses
scents and pictures
is real even here
upon this soil of pleasure