

THE SPIRAL DESCENT

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SELECTED POEMS 1993-1994-1995



THE SPIRAL DESCENT

So, why now? Why put these poems together in a book now? Most of these poems were written over two decades ago in my early twenties. Some of them were edited over the years, some were left to be standing, word for word, as they were originally conceived.

For more than two decades, I reserved the right to edit them as I pleased, for in the writer's mind there is always an ever-doubting question burning with a paternal insecurity -- is the poem ever finished?

Still, in introspect, the execution may appear somewhat clumsy, naive -- the poetry of youthful angst. And that is precisely why I want to preserve them now as they are.

These poems have a life of their own, for better or for worse, as they are the slices of time and space taken from my past personal experiences, dreams, daydreams, fears and passions, that inevitably shaped my present and are still forming my future.

So no more finishing touches... no more edits.

This is a spiral descent, a reflection in a crooked mirror, an instance of creation, a walk on a tight rope... a reverie of me...

Then again, only time will tell whether there will be a revised edition.



Bordello

I have many ways with her:
drunken stupors
and wrist-cutting jitters,
ecstasy pills and decadent thrills,
all for the sake of
experience.

Smother me, please,
in your music and piss,
chain my nipples in chains,
and feed me to a dozen African lions.

Violated, ravished, and raped
she lays on the bathroom floor,
laughing derisively and cursing at me,
wishing me dead, smearing her lipstick
and make-up all over her beautiful face.
I just stare, then turn
and walk slowly away,
heading to my next level of hell,
forgetting that I have always
loved her.

Exalts of the crowd in a stupefied frenzy,
as I step into center of the spotlit ring.
"Fuck them all!" the audience screams.
"Fuck them all hard!"
Well, then, surely this ringmaster
will make an allowance --
Crack of a whip!
And we spill blood everywhere,
yet no one is ever planning on dying.
There are so many ways
to go crazy here,

you'd be crazy not to.
So easy to get entertained,
yet so deep I must cut you to feel it.
Have applause tele-prompt,
give us more thirst
for more sex and more money.

Roman games have fully commenced.
And I am cracking the whip now.
All is under control
while the booze sells well,
there is no need for your hope,
pity, or petty desires.
Place your bets, please,
and get in line to be schooled:
Scream when you burn.
Take a bet on it all.
Never trust in her game.
Better learn to play on your own.
For your friends are at best
your opponents
you have befriended.

What's there to do --
there is no escape here.
Steal, burn, and kill
as much as you can.
Not to worry,
all around are your adoring fans,
if you make a clean get away,
they will applaud you.
If you don't,
they are already
wishing you dead,
and the tickets are sold,
and the fun event of your
guillotined end is awaiting.

We have all gathered here,
ready to play as we are born,
So thank your own make-believe Gods,
You have rightly deserved this.
And the bleeding
and the scream of your soul,
trust me, I say,
will play out

as a beautiful song.
So buy it low,
sell it high,
rape, ravish,
and burn it all.
For nothing ever
lasts very long.
And we all die... well,
fucking alone.
Not to worry,
Jesus Christ
won't come to save you.

Gore and blood everywhere,
Money reeks of rough sex
and perfumed breasts...
And a memory suddenly
cuts deep through my heart --
that I always did love her.
Exalting cries and applause
to a cracking whip,
dozens of lions
leaping through hoops,

and I, I stand alone

in the spotlight...

What a damn shame...

And some innocent infant

sacrificed for a finale.

Oh, my dear,

as I had my way with you...

and tired.

Violated, ravished,

and raped --

you are still an object

of my perverse desire.

Jerk me off for a little more...

while I play

with my crucifix syringe,

injecting it

into my abused vain...

and accept my wish of dying.



Suicide

on the way to the stars

I'll be holding your hand.

I'll close my eyes...

I'll spare you the pain...

a torrid stream burns my soul,

memories running amok,

life crumbles and falls,

then in your laughter

I hear a gilded note,

and I find my comfort in that.
leave your rights behind, dear,
that you think you were given by birth.
leave your claims,
which you grew to believe in.

leave your name,
my darling,
this is only a dream
while we are fully awake,
and embrace the unknown.

on the way to the stars
I'll be holding your hand.
I'll close my eyes...

I'll spare you the pain...

as I find you
in our mutual silence,
blame always falls up on me.
is it wrong being merely a dreamer
taking flights over the sea

in the twilight of orange and yellow?
is it wrong to go on
as a king with no past,
believing one's lies,
living by the strength of tomorrow?

is it wrong to pretend,
curving destiny
on the palm of a hand,
holding on to the tearful hopes,
as time burns,
and leaves you no breath.
is it wrong to question one's wrong?

on the way to the stars
I'll be holding your hand.
We'll close our eyes,
dreaming of love,
and I'll spare you
the pain of the unknown.



Untitled

the Wall is in front of me;
the vague, blue fog streams
through the crack
thin as a splinter
running from atop.

there is a concrete staircase
and a marble tomb stone
on the other side.

I escalate taking steps
to and sometimes fro,
always watching my step,
not to trip not to crumble.

still the wall remains
always high,
no matter where you may stand
or lie after a fall.

although, he might
be the everlasting deceiver,
he will break us through
the oppressive wall.
first of course,
smothering our flesh
through the crack filled with fog.

even the bloody red stains of dread
will leave no fractional trace
of compromise on this cold,
knobby textured surface.
the lifeless terror springs
no more from my veins,
as I realize our fate
- yours and mine -
to be forever surrounded,
magnetized behind
the true eyes of the phantom.



Fall of Innocence

I saw him tiny, little baby
crawling on the balcony alone,
as I stood on a firm ground
three stories below.

Held up by the mischievous nature
he climbed up on top
of the balcony sill,
uttering a determined murmur.

Holding their breath two older boys
came to watch,
astonished by what might be,
quietly placing their hands to rest
on my shoulders.

On the brink of his life
he made each move,
not having eyes yet to see
that the air may consume him.

Let's go and tell, I said,
wondering whether we should.
No, let's stay and watch,
whispering voices held me
by my shoulders.

And, we stood still enveloped
in cruel reverie,
holding our transfixed,
cold gazes.

He did not fall,
shaking hands of the old man
grabbed the youth and held it
in the large arms clasped to the heart.

He did not fall, something else did,
as I heard disappointed sighs
of my friends.
It fell and shuttered,
never accepting its new form.

Sitting on the roots of the old oak,
where I hid under
shadows minutes later,
everything all of the sudden
seemed bigger than me,
I felt the icy splinters
in my eye and heart,
I was being seized
and taken away by life.

Coherence of Young Cocaine Blues

Doing coke
drinking liquor
watching pornographic cartoons

night is short
cursed birds are singing
spitefully looking at the party balloons

sweat emerging
ran out of liquor
coke has changed us into cocoons
last pile of it
mirror reflecting
'maybe it'll last for couple of spoons?'

gloom in the heart
endless pacing
all we are is a bunch of goons.

Smoke

Choking on white smoke,
he runs into his long,
forgotten past -
blaming her for love
they never shared -
falling into a blue forest of illusion.

Kneeling

Long strings of hair fell
upon her tan shoulders.
She smiled at her;
staring into empty space.
Demented or diaphanous
her intent might of been
upon her beloved friend.

Untitled

Too much pain
from the past
links into future,
without ever
establishing
present to last.

How strangely
life takes form
in illusions,
repeating itself
in a dream
one dreams
waking up.

Untitled

Through the consent of the dreams
the stream runs pushing
pendulum of tears.

The star which falls beneath a reach
will make the heart internal bleed.

The sacrifice of all the needs
won't help the one who still can breed.

Writer's Block

Fear of empty page

hidden inside me.

Shapeless lies

stick to the paper.

Crime goes on in my groin,

burgeoning more life -

frivolous, amorphous, amorous -

all of it cries within,

then flushes,

leaving emptiness,

which bites,

leaves scars

on the crooked chest,

where the heart tirelessly

yearns and aches.

Blood stirred up to nausea,

nicotine hangover...

Creative life.

Loss of a Friend

Twenty feet of the freeway

painted with blood;

the car must have drugged him.

Electric light shines

above the bonfire,

sparks glitter and fall,

burning my heart's lonely desire --

she won't understand.

Her laughter oozes in sand

cold stars fade in the mist

"there is something that

I always forget" she says,

speaking of her dreams.

Dry wind on my lips

tastes as the bitter honey

No she won't understand

that my dreams are oozed

with his blood --

on the freeway

twenty yards behind me.



Stripper

Remember the night
when I saw you the first time?

You were swaying
with drinks in your hand.

You evaded my eyes
and elusively smiled,
mistakenly taking my drink.

Cigarette smoke
covers your nakedness
turbid glances,
contorted lights.

Thinking of you

I hold time in my palm,
seeing a thorn of pain
run through my life.

Windup-doll dance:
You are dancing for tips,
lustful stares, amorous sighs.

Thinking of you
I hold the key in my hand,
winding up my treacherous heart.

Empty shot glass and
I fall into a dream -
rhythm of music
draws new life:
the foreign city,
the breeze of the ocean,
spilled champagne glass
that lies on the sand.

You in my arms - the moon,
which I hold in possession
caressing you endlessly
soothing your heart
in the world of no lies.

Empty shot glass,
smell of stagnation,
fear and wonderment
lurks in your eyes.

You are wound up
in the burning sensation,
so is my treacherous heart.

Seeing them smiling queerly.
Seeing them lewdly
staring at you.
Seeing their cruelty
ravishing innocence.
Seeing them simply
looking at you...

Cigarette smoke
covers your nakedness.
Turbid stares,
contorted lives.
Intoxicated by you
I lost the key from my hand.
Key, which unwinds
the dream of my amorphous life.



Blue Blooded Shadow

High pedestal stands casting
a shadow; your silhouette
in the window, light goes on,
life erupts inside it.

Tangled in those veins,
blue lies I inhale,
hoping to catch a glimpse
playful as sunken waves.

All through the body,
on high pedestal,
I receive my shadows.

Chamber of Pain

Under seven feet
of boiling water,

Under the scalp
full of white hair,

Under the stone
in passionate loins,

Lies my soul
in the chamber with holes.

No strings, no leaks,
crimson dreams.

Chewing on my ear
I think of all of us:

Indeed there is no truth,
goodbye my youth.

I am playing the lead
in the world of ash..

I Detest Jacuzzi Bubbles

and ashtrays and ashes
go together as well as
suntan and your skin.

I figured what it is
about French men that
attracts broads to them:
they all have winning,
insolent smirks.

Let him clean our table,
while I order another
Grasshopper.

Best Friends Girlfriend

Heart overflows with the beat,
hand unusually steady.

I watch you dance
thinking of your sweet breath
and other cliché's in the world
that I can tell you.

I need to take you away
from the one,
who you dance with.

The moon is the only one,
who can understand me.

Praying to your God,
I play your game too,
"Speak to me only with your eyes,"
and I'll never betray you.

The Aftermath

White ivory smooth shell,
warm wave, I am slipping
on top, with your nails in my back.

Warmth of a snail trail in my throat,
the bed is wet;
it feels like sea weed lawn.
I'm all soaked, the sheets stick
to my sweaty skin; my groin is at rest
I soon shall fall asleep.

Shadows, waves, air, a jungle
symbols, bridges, plateaus,
booze, frustration, sweat, a star,
fate, moon, the Mars and you,
conflict, fall, a cross, dimension,
footsteps, running, away, another floor.
Life is torn.



Dream

I dream I stand still
in a shadow of a tall wall.
The wall has blocked two streams
from their confluence.
There are two ancient fig trees here,
bound by a massive chain
with the heavy locks on,
and a crooked mirror
in the golden frame
precariously leaning
in the dark of shadows.

I'm standing still,
but see myself now running,
pushing along the wheel of raging fire.

The distance of the path
restrains my goal,

then city streets arise
contriving some reliance.

By standing still,
I feel the sense of grace,
in balance with the harmony and style.

But then, I hear the wind begin to howl.

Wind curls up above the cradle
of the breathless child,
it currents randomly with force,
revives the child's reverie,
as gently as the cupid's lullaby,
and carries the infant
high into the sky.

What does await me?
I think I'll fly now,

but who's silhouette
I see behind the glass door?

It roves within with wicked smile,
feeding on my fleeing soul...

Could it be me?

My mirrored image
has approached me,
and I'm standing still
as it grows ill.

I have no morals.
I am a villain.

What goes inside me
is not for real.

Wind robbed the cradle
of its baby, taking it outward,
then throwing the infant
safely back into its lean.

The wheels of fire
slowly rolling,
from atop of raked,

imaginary hills.

one from the right,

one from the left,

I am still.

Who is the one that gave me reason?

I give it back, for it only stings.

It is the time that locked me

in someone else's visions,

and I am swimming

in illusionary streams.

I am a hawk - don't - please -

come near...

I'll kill without sign of fear.

What goes inside me?

Who is the dreamer?

What is he trying to achieve?

He swims, he runs,

he flies from evil,

yet making more of it

by simply standing still.

How near and yet how far,
I think I'll reach for neither,
I'll wait until it will come to me.

She is near,
the sea makes waves of grievance,
and all my sorrows,
appeal to neither of her reasons
nor her tears.

She walks ahead,
I slowly follow.

Who are those people
shouting in the wings?

How strange
the beauty of darkness,
it puts the warmth
on curtains of this dream.

My eyelashes like the birds
that fly south,
in purpose of the lasting glee.

This dream is only like tomorrow,
blowing its wind
from lingered yesterdays.

The stranger walks by,
waves and smiles.
Tall shadows from behind fray,
then shatter.

The pendulum of time
breaks the reverie of a child.

All birds had flown
to the south now.

And I

have led you
through
this
reverie
of
me.



Virgin at Thirty

Light headache and

not enough sleep,

languid forms

and lives that

morph in dreams.

I lay right next to her,

and yet she seems to be

a world away.

We lay in silence,

savoring this

semi-conscious state,

my soul is hovering above,
perhaps, I'm still asleep...

Breasts, large, pink nipples.

Legs, white, long, all bruised up.

Stomach sunken in,
smooth as an ivory shell.

Bottom girlish, small,
with dimples.

Navel of a thirty year old
ardent, slightly swollen,
and sweet,
seems as though
it should sparkle.

Hands gently tremble in fear,
surprisingly soft skin
on slim elbows.

What does she think, I think,
prolonging growing,
now painfully, silence.

Little hairs on her armpit,
foreign cigarette she smokes.

Drop of sweat on the temple,
childish smirk.

Tear cascades,
mixes with the sweat drop.
I slide down and
taste her love,
protecting and covering
her nakedness
from the mirror.

What does she think, now, I think.
What does she fear?
Lit cigarette falls to the floor...
And we go at it again...

Dominique

She is everything
that you are not.

Brave soul
trapped
in the house
without walls.

Paradox of nature,
as free as she is,
she longs for
more...

Where has the sun gone?
The roof leaks,
the storm is coming.

Notes of wisdom
profound as pain.

Heart filled with
submissive longing,
needing, craving warmth.

Torrid heat seizes
her abdominals,
lashing injustice,
abuse, domination.
Tears of principles,
sharp, irreversible.

Hey, stop!
is this all that I have got?
life...

Is it worth to take
another lash
and more after?

What do you know?
Why do I care?

I don't need you,
I don't...



Picture Frame

Blue light fades on a cracked wall,
as the sun is setting outside
with the colors of yellow,
crimson, and gold;
cigarette smoke fills the room
spreading melancholy.

There is a picture
of you in a patina frame,
your angelic smile in contrast
to the mischief in your eyes.

If I didn't meet you that day,
would you love someone else
in the same way you loved me
for a while?

Sanity lies behind this sundown.

Call me, speak to me, love me.
Our love will never forgive you,
it will never forget me.

Cigarette smoke, melancholy.
Golden light is inside you,
sun is burning inside me,
and yet we made rain.

It was supposed to be you and me,
it was supposed to be us against them,
it was supposed to be.

Why did you have to invite him.

It's alright, now, you are just
a picture in a patina frame,
fading out in this golden sunlight.



Breakfast

Fifth ring of the phone got me up.

Electronic clock by the bed

flashed 2:30 pm.

It was my mother on the line.

I tried to fake my voice,

so it sounded as if I was

awake for many hours,

when I told her I was busy

doing research on my novel.

She didn't buy it.

She knew I was sleeping.

For the first time in weeks,
she hung up on me first.

of the pan, fried them,
then ate them,
facing the cockatoo.

I got up. Shaved my cactus.

Found some underwear to wear.

After breakfast,

Paraded outside to get my newspaper.

I smoked two cigarettes,

Looking into the fridge,

looking absentmindedly

I felt hungry - at least

on the blank pages scattered

that was a good sign.

around my room.

However, fridge was empty,

I opened the gate

with an exception of two eggs.

of the cockatoo's cage,

I threw a pan on the burner

and got back in bed.

with some butter in it,

Let him fly about my cage,

watched the butter melt and slide

while I sleep doing

on the warming bottom.

some more research.

I could feel the patronizing gaze

of my cockatoo, as I brought

two eggs to the stove.

The bird looked as if it wanted

to ask me for a blind fold.

I cracked the eggs on the rim

Untitled Sonnet

There is a fly stuck
in my tape recorder.

I think I'll get it out
with my lit cigarette,
so then I can play
my classical music,
like Vivaldi, Chopin,
and even Ravel.

There is already smoke
coming out of the deck,
yet the little bugger
won't budge.

It's buzzing
and humming angrily
in E minor its funeral
march. I find delight
thinking of how many
sisters Bach had.

It got away, flew out,
vanished in my blind spot.

Damn, my tape deck is broken,
lit on fire. Licking my
burned index finger,
I'm cursing at the radio
playing top forty.

I'm glad Beethoven
was deaf.



Oh, to be a Dream...

So I awoke in a dream...
And all of the things that
I hear, see, taste, and feel
have already taken
the best part of me,
some I remember, yet some
I have long forgotten
and have to learn them
all over again.

Who ever said
that there was a method
to one's madness

must have been slipping
into mental illness.

Still, I go on running fast,
into the distance,
feeling out of time,
slipping from sanity,
without having
to make decisions.

Running real fast
one has no time to look back.

Still, I cry out, sometimes howl,
the demon in me indignant
and enraged, demanding war,
demanding change.

And thus, I'm through
with asking questions: why -- for lies
forever linger in circles,
as I make circles around myself,
chasing that same old,
used American dream,
hurting others with my pain,
running so long on mere

caged hope for fuel,
steered by suicidal autopilot,
driven by insane laughter,
during moments I wish
I could simply cry.

A shed tear, perhaps,
all is needed
to forgive oneself and forget.
A few tears and a few lies
to escape the fear of existence.

Still, I idolize
the erotic dream -
flying over the forgotten land,
holding my lover by hand -
being told by many that I'm wrong,
when I feel right.

In love - true love -
lovers share a single soul.

The world around
is pleasure and pain.
A cliché of extremes,
my heart beats in between,

as I run wishing to fly,
always whipped by the time,
wondering whether
there are enough lashes.

Whether the idea of time
is needed at all,
when we have created so many lies
and new ways to use them.

It's easier to self-medicate,
lie to yourself, and stay
righteously convinced
of the mass produced lie
we proliferated.

I wonder,
will you all come
at my humble request,
dressed in all white,
and sing and rejoice,
sincerely, at my grave,
placing on top, let's say,
an octagon tombstone,
which should certainly

read as follows:
“He lived to love
and He loved well,
therefore He lived.”

Still, will my deeds
will they matter at all?

I wonder... as I run and dream
of a time when we all have our wings,
without having to make decisions.
Will it all ever come to an end?

Does the poem ever...
when it is merely reflects
the particles of my life,
which are in themselves
particles of a broken
universal mirror.

There is no escape...
To awake in a dream
one simply goes insane.
Alas, perhaps a good lie
is the salvation...



To The Old Man

Because it hurts more

When you hide it,

You made yourself up,

As a hero, climbing

Pedestals of ego, through

The pain in your gut.

And the hideous, paralyzed

Old man is bumming

A cigarette on the corner.

You lived that life,

Now I am working on it.

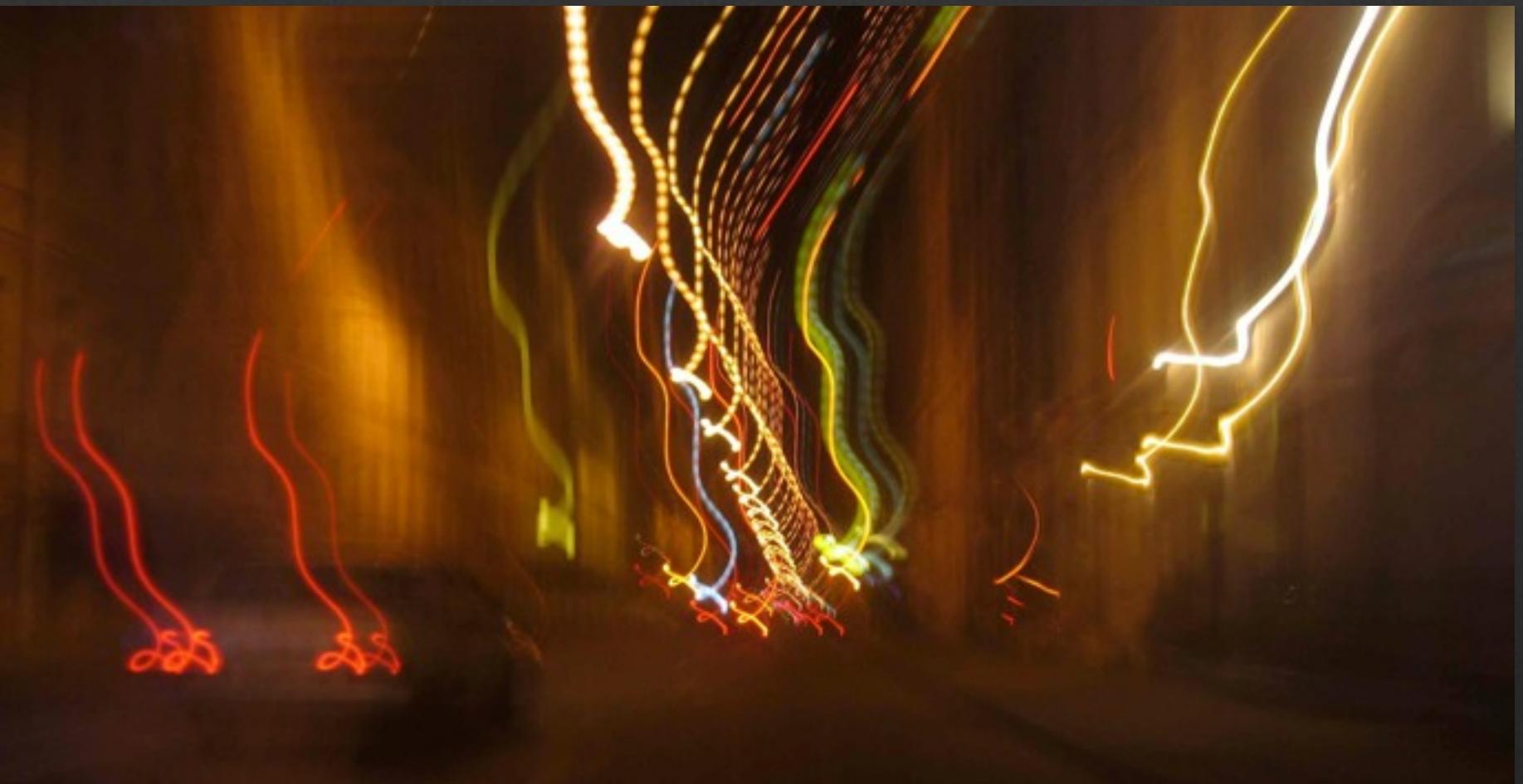
Driven by feats of
Public masturbation.
Envisioning a row of nuns
Walking on the glass staircase,
As I stare below, peeping,
Masturbating all along.

*And the half-witted, retarded
Old man is picking up the butts
Off the pavement.*

As I peer under the bottom
With my testicles cuffed.
Exalting the cries of
Contemplated madness.
Nothing fake, though.
I hope.

I Hate Long Poems.

*And the old man is crying
his eyes out for the love
he lost or never had.*



Sleeping

In the cheap motel

on dirty sheets

I made the long night

go by in pleasure.

Wasted and craving more,

I fell into the triangle shaped pool,

only to get my toes wet.

I hit my spine on the edge,

but it did not break, as I looked

blankly at those guys beating the dust

out of that same old couch.

The light of day
broke through,
only to get mixed
with the glitter of alcohol
in the sparkling glasses,
which had red, thick straws in them.

The clatter pushed me outside,
where I sat in the lounge chair,
looking West.

She walked past me,
talking to her friend.

My fingers reached out for her hand
and I stood up from the chair.

She seemed happy to see me, yet
I knew that she was doing me a favor.

Oh! A weakness of mine and desire.

She felt my ass,
I felt her fingers on it,
my ass felt tight.

I laid my fingers on hers,
it felt nicer.

I wanted to take her with me,
as I went to get ice,
yet she stayed
in the room with dirty walls.
As I walked through the hall
I was inside the school, library,
and the museum.

Back at the pool, her friend
was swimming in it,
she wasn't pretty and
wore peculiar glasses.

I looked at the old man,
the keeper of the motel.

He knew I was running out of money,
yet his rooms were cheap.

I didn't know yet,
but it was time
to move on.



Liar

In the twilight of a summer evening,
the liar sings with bittersweet promise
of long forgotten childhood dreams.

There in betraying illusion
he finds his essence of being,
making you twist and turn
to the notes of his gilded flute.
Don't question his motives,

for you may be surprised to find out
that his lies are much sweeter
then your comfortable truths.

Boasting his talents,
and there are many,
he puts on the mask of maestro,
orchestrating your perfect demise.

Brave, if you are,
you'll applaud his betrayals,
for he has used the best of you up.

The orchestra is playing on,
and he is now conducting.
You are swaying along,
taken by this magic lure.

People don't change,
some finally grasp it,
that the liar is who leads them on...

Ghost

White, linen drapes
on an open window
flap as sails
from a light
ocean breeze.

Sound of waves
gilded in afternoon sunlight
can be heard in the distance
breaking with force
on the old wooden pier.

Like a dream
of disturbing visions,
prophetic of times
we lived in before,
this verse for you,
triggers nostalgia,
as sudden as tears
on the face of lost angel,
who had fallen from grace,
when he had fallen in love.



Searching for you...

As the night falls upon us
I feel you near,
brought to me by the distant winds.

Your fiery eyes smile,
as I draw you closer,
feeling lost in a *deja vu* dream.

Your sweet scent lingers,
alas you vanish, amorous promises
wager against the length of the night...

Lured by the chase,
I lunge forward,
holding an image in heart
of a smiling angel,
who beckons me and leads me on.

crushing me straight
into the lover's daydream:
Can you remember the time,
when I covered your nakedness,
or is this all a part of
someone else's dream.

Searching for you...
as the night grows older,
I see you hide
among the shimmering stars.
Can you feel the toils of loving,
when your life is brought
to the alter of love.

Searching for you...
as the night hours fading,
I look for you in the sea of my love;
drowned, I search for you
at the bottom,
as I bottom yet another one up.

Piercing strength fills my being,
ravishing me in a veil of lust.
Manic leaps my heart has taken,
searching and racing after you
in the blind dark.

May the winds
carry you further...
May the sea take you afar...
What I have learned
through the time and the journey,
is that I shall always find you
inside of my heart.

Same, old *déjà vu*
holds me in nostalgic reflection,



Untitled

In the past
or in the half-dreamed memory
between the laughter and the cry,
your voice echoes in my mind,
as I put out fires of longing
with my tears.

Hold on now, tightly,
hold on, as I kneel against you
in our treasure sleep,

with maddening yearnings
thrusting me toward
the life inside of you,
opening you up like never before -
forever, sheltering you
from the cries of death,
nurturing birth, forever -
in embrace of our love
under the phosphorous moonlight,
which glitters over
the pearly-smooth flesh
of your navel capable of giving life.

Burning down all bridges
I lead...
as a man, yet merely a child,
claiming the world
with ravenous heart,
as I taste your opiumnating nectar
on my trusting lips, lost and found
within your amorous kisses.



Acrobat

Tangled up in life's devise,
he walks on a tight rope of love.
Blindfolded and fearless,
making his way above the arena,
he holds the faceless mass
in suspended silence.

Single spotlight shines upon him,
no shouts from the wings,
no drum rolls.

Even the cruel clowns are breathless,
frozen in still-life,
in awe of the courageous act
he performs with the skill of maestro.

hopelessly searching in the crowd
for the only pair of eyes
that would bring
meaning to existence.

Shadow dancing with death,
making steps to and fro,
he smiles defiantly in the face
of illusive and ever deceiving fortune;
finding moments of delight
in the torment he invented
and learned to love.

Alas, no need to keep
the appearances,
the act is finished,
she is long gone.

Abhorring the flattery,
the lies, the cowardliness,
he completes his audacious routine
to adoring applause.

Defying Gods above him,
to the horror of others,
he leaps down, in a fleeting
and final moment of delight,
or as a mere mortal
would call it, madness.
For in love, as in life,
he did not get a net.

Taking a bow,
he removes his blindfold,
gazing upon life in his last reverie,



Spellbound

She said, I should slap her,
if I really loved her.

Instead I listen to my heart,
which hurts so much,
that I take a flight
down the stairs,
running away from it all,
down the spiraling, steep stairs...

This is where I find
some long awaited silence,
but what trickery it is,

to my surprise, I hear
pervading voice inside me,
the voice that used to always guide me,
but haven't heard in years.
It startles me with a gentle whisper,
tempting me to take this trip,
“This is something new,
you never have encountered,
watch, observe,
and most important --
remain silent --
for silence here is golden
and has to be obeyed.”

So I run ahead,
descending spiral steps
in total darkness,
for some knave in mischief
removed the light bulbs
from the chandeliers.
Taking careless steps
I stumble,
and luckily I falter,

for an arrow!
Yes, an arrow!!!
Zips right pass me!
Merely missing,
it flies over my head!

Then I hear some shouts,
coming from an upper landing,
squawking, bickering and bitching,
followed by a loud knocking sound,
pervasive and obnoxious,
the tooling of some hammer,
wrecking something old.

Why is there so much uproar,
I wonder, in the place
where silence's golden
and ought to be obeyed.

This is not a church, however,
This is not a temple.
This is just on old staircase
leading windingly
down in the spiral stairs...

Yet every instance here
is an instance of creation,
and silence is golden,
and has to be obeyed.

“Beware, my friend,
of what you’re thinking”
someone out of the dark,
whispers near me,

“You think
and there you are --
you have created...”

So I turn to him,
I like to thank him,
but then alike
the Cheshire cat
with a crooked smile,
he vanishes away.

I can’t believe
these stupid shouts and
this obnoxious racket,
prompting deadly arrows

to fly right pass my head.

So I crouch and hide
near a wrought-iron rail,
trying to quiet my heart,
beating very load,
for the noise out here
is punishable by death.

Who are these spirits,
shooting arrows
out of the darkness?
Are they my brothers?
Are they the searching souls,
alike my own?
Are they my sisters,
or some vengeful phantoms,
hidden in shadows of lost,
forgotten, and never found love?
Is my lover there,
that I will find among them,
born into this lifetime,
or is it, once again,
an empty promise,

and we are pulled
apart by karma,
separated by the never ending cycle
of our birth and death?

It seems that I can not
proceed any longer,
there is a grand piano
pushed onto a landing,
blocking the staircase
and any further chance
of my descend.

So I sit behind it
and I play it gently,
the shouting quickly stops,
and the arrows
cease to fly abruptly.

I'm in the open,
there is no need to hide for now,
they must like my playing,
for no one shoots me
in between the eyes.

All I can do is finish my recital,

I never played in real life,
but here I'm really very good.

Alas, as soon as
I stop my playing,
the hammering above
starts off again,
and a deadly arrow
zips right by me,
yes, you've guessed,
right over my head.

So I hide once more
and listen,
feeling like a child,
lost, a bit naïve,
and scared.

Someone else starts off
playing the piano now,
something old
and painfully nostalgic,
and my heart is torn,

and I can't help but wonder
why these stairs are endless
why must silence
has to be obeyed?

originates.
Alas, all else
falls short of a slap
across the face.

Then at last I get it,
as I hear silence of my heart
in between hypnotic notes,
and all my fears
vanish in an instance,
and I recognize the phantoms
as my kindred souls...

Every instance here
is an instance of creation,

like an arrow flying
toward its target,
aiming for a kill.

In this world of
ultimate conjecture
only silence binds us,
this is where
my love, my life, my art



NOTHING IS IMAGINARY AND EVERYTHING IS...

comments:

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