

ELYSIAN TRANSCENDENCE AND OTHER POEMS

By Anca Mihaela Bruma

Your pastel sunsets incandescently intertwine my velvet dreams,
and my verbs know how to whisper gallantly your prepositions.
I have even learnt to have fluency in your body language,
inhaling your line breaks, structuring the sentence of our Saga...

Staccato notes and runic destinies are hovering my peripherals
with cubist twilights, Venusian madness and supernova desires,
passionate crescendos weep in rhapsodic existential reverbs,
dismissing yesterday intangibles... welcoming today freedoms!

An iridescence craved by seraphim passions and aeonic embraces!
Breathing you... breathing me... in curved celestial impressions
with stellar glimpses of thirty thousand empyreal souls,
mysteries colliding with wonders in shadows of evermore!

This Love! Oh, yes... this Love! Keeps re-birthing me!
In retro films, silenced streams and harmonic breezes,
out of nothingdom my poem rises up and never ages
steadily reminding you: I was there... before I existed!...

SHADES OF A SOUL'S FOOTPRINTS

I have found you...

inside few hypnotized dawns and veils,
within an unfinished aeonian flight gesture,
stunned behind the butterflies' murmurs,
entrapped by your crimson pulsations,
still... trading the syllables of your Time...

I have removed your savant vertical conjugations
so, a vernal promise come into being between us,
layered you within my lyrical veins and verses,
releasing your mercurial spectrum of emotions.

You are flowing through me increasingly reinvented,
and your flesh sings now between your empyrean dreams,
a new sound of luminescence ricochets my tympanum
and your throbbing rain keeps rumbling at my doorstep.

My euphonic existence is sauntering
along your heart's lost avenues and ascending pyres
invoking your eternity requiems and serendipities,
serenading an everlasting empirical Samadhi.

I have found you...

between ciphers, sacred silences and cradles of Time,
with your auric horizons and cerulean skies,
living... whilst you have ceased to be!

Shells of heaven and lost codices were deciphered,
heavenly sonnets have been transcribed nonchalantly.
I have removed even your fleeting effigies and dissolutions,
your terracotta tears, renowned your pyres of adulation
so, the parable of my own existence coexist within you.

I arched myself inside your twilight blood,
rejuvenated my own mandalas and ascending hymns,
left my Eternities to become before your Time
so, days and nights may collide in rhymes,
catharsis will be bleeding no more at my ankles' door
as I depict you with chimerical and prosaic efflorescence.

I have found you...

forgotten on a seraphic wing, transfixed...
ardently burning your orbs, chasms and existential drops.

Harmonious silences, rumbling eternities and somber dreams

have enclosed your zephyr memories at the gate of a Satori.

In this biography of us, you have been the author...

But I am the finisher of our faith...

And I bestow you as a divine anthem

to a cherubic everlastingness...

THIS SONG OF ME...

Whispers of my long forgotten song
arise in syllables, break into oblivions,
birds started singing from my ascetic hair,
my footsteps lost its own penumbra...

I have reached
so many shores...

Just by thinking of you...

A drop of spring sings insides my mind!

Let me be impaired again of this azure,
curve the words and collide

your infinitudes with my existence,
no more to crave for my own ankles!

I gathered all your hours...
I gathered all your alabaster times...
Even my light has dug shelters under your eyelids...
My longingness smoothly flows behind your ear.

If you could just... be...
If I could just not... flee...

My temple hits your horizon,
naked grass whispers your heart beats
as time stopped its breath in rainbows,
inside you, late stars found its own retreat,
my knees grind no more of so much waiting...

Of so much light, it hurts the sky inside me!
This... twilight... does not belong to me!
Your distance is nearer to me, I know
and night between us is burning most lively
mastering all facets of this gained reality...

Your frosts bedazzle and also fire me up,
crushing my colloquy into five words.
Just your silence confided your yearning
while my face turned over a new leaf...

Pathos has wept over your left lip!
We embraced each other in a rhythm beat,
deciphering our own equanimities ,
so lofty wings can find their flights back
and your lips will not be made of wind...

How can I heal the other side of the world
with this insane song of ME!?!?

It hurts
this sky inside me!

It hurts
this nearer distance of yours!

I do not know the antidote of my burning wings
nor the remedy of my anthem long forgotten.

Don't come to me and say
You lost that song of ME!

Too much red in such a grey world
and I forgot to be reborn
thousands times more!..

MEYOU

How do I love you?...

With all your astronomies and eternities
with all your uncharted geographies,
and left unstudied philosophies!

With your different constellations,
supernova desires
and gravitational collapses
inside your luminosity,
outside your debris...

This is the Astronomy of Love!
This is the Astronomy of Life!

This is MeYou!...

THE AUTUMN OF OUR SPRING

My autumnal words fell on the sidewalk of Love!

You looked like Autumn... I behaved like Spring...

I found you when I had lost you

In this autumn... of our spring.

I re-arranged my rustic colors

so Love might gain a new anthem

with fluid steps and no numb regrets,

forgotten overdue epiphanies,

lost stolen rainbows

and red echoes with tangerine taste.

In this autumn of our spring

with its golden trail and acoustic wings

the season paints its words as a grand finale

while your leaves whisper secrets to the World

and a puff of wind lingers our photographic memories

as journals left and long forgotten on the path's end.

A stolen cry, a remembered loss of innocence,

as my desires hung on Sun's shoulder,

I see a repainted canvas of us

with cycled memories on the hills' canopy.

How sensual this autumn is!

Spiraling its space... tumbling its distance,

prolonged myself by flaming orange leaves.

During this autumn of our spring

my World turned into a September embrace,

October tinted your presence

With blossoming hues of green-orange undertones.

A dreamy dream... an autumnal fugue,

during lost Summer epopee,

and I breathed... with November pulse.

My soul's crimson is ambered and rubied

And I feel... autumned...

I left my cinnamon spice to learn more about your beauty
the citrine embers of your eyes under the raindrops,
watched the cosmic dance on your skin, a whisper in time,
my temple of words still carry a forgotten white procession.

And love again... and again... dawns upon my future self
with rain scented winds, thrumming my life in your heart...

Words still scream the nuances of your disappearances
sailing across my punctuated flight...

Of so much yearning... I have sharpened more wings...

In this autumn of our spring, I will stumble no more
behind your voice... as Life cannot be half sung!...

A stolen cry... a remembered loss of innocence,
and I have learnt how to die... by living!...

THE INFINITUDE OF LOVE

Embraced equinoxes

on the lips of a Spring,

breaths made visible

with Chi power,

meridian feelings,

no North poles

on the other ends...

Solstice mysteries,

boreal mélange

and infused potpourris,

we twirl with Druid feet

and sing our footprints' song.

During all our 27 glacial years

in front of each winter I knelt,

all monochrome seasons were bundled

and veiled each midnight sky

with Mercurian hands
and Venusian dreams,
traced your smile
between Neptune and Jupiter
with thousands of hellos
and millions of welcoming good-byes!

During all our 16 eternities together,
LOVE kept growing exponentially,
with realities colliding in poetic holograms
devising the infinitude of the Infinite.

Bio

Educator, lecturer, performance poet, eclectic thinker, mentor with staunch multi-cultural mindset and entrepreneurial attitude, **Anca Mihaela Bruma** considers herself a global citizen, having lived in four continents. Her eclecticism can be seen in her intertwined studies, she pursued: a Bachelor of Arts (Romania) and a Master of Business Administration (Australia).

The author labels her own writings as being “mystically sensual”, a tool and path for women to claim their own inner feminine powers. She uses poetics as a form of literary education, self-discovery and social engagement.

Through her writings she surpasses what seems to be the limitations of the human but emphasizing the essence of the woman, of the Goddess. The main theme, Love, is basically presented as a transformative experience in life, the energizing force in the universe and empowering the creative feminine.

The artist Anca Mihaela Bruma has just launched her first book which is entitled “The Light of Our Beingness - I Am That You Are”.

Anca is a firm believer in the ‘total artist’, and synthesizes her own view of how she visualizes and interacts with the world, by blending the arts, and bending the fundamental rules of these arts for the sake of Art itself. She has creatively transformed her own writings into a Visual Art, in much the same fashion that Débussy and Stravinsky reformed the structural principles of music, replacing them with structural visualizations of art. Anca brings renewed hope into our lives through a healing by words, where patterns shift and collide and the geometric shapes of life assemble and re-assemble in mathematical purity and perfection. Her poetry are as rhythmical notes on musical bars revealing the psalms of life in sweet adagios, concertos of chaos and powerful symphony whose final crescendos sweep us into eternal bliss, surrealism and universal dimensions of exquisite transcendental realization of the circle of Life.

When she writes she sees a painting in front of her eyes, using symbolism and allegory in order to capture the infinite intelligence gathering the reflections of truth with a strong mystic sense of the boundless, of the opening out of the world of our normal finite expressions into the transcendental. Like an architect of a language she builds a language within a language, a world within a world, using vivid, sometimes surreal, imagery, giving her poetry a feeling of transcendence.

Her writings reflect her spiritual autobiography, with depictions of hidden reality, with no limitations of space and time, - a quantum view of Existence. Currently, she sees her writings as

a practice of being present within the language, a paradigm of living encoded within the message itself, a poetic consciousness with a spherical view of Life and Love. It is related to the realization of the greater self beyond the mundane and established laws of the society: as an expression of both the rational and the intuitive, in the concise poetic form, increasing one's mindfulness with expanded, even unfamiliar meanings.

Anca sees her writing as an act of Creation, in which the pain transcends into Beauty, allowing a profound healing process to take place. She, as a poet, alchemically heals herself through this process and subsequently heals all who are touched by her writings. She considers that is the main purpose of ART, to Heal and Elevate the minds and souls of the readers!