

I CAME TO YOU!...

By Anca Mihaela Bruma

I came to you with all my
Eternities...
measured you
with countless eyes,
sing to you
with countless mouths,
unfold you
in countless mystic forms,
breathe all your countless
subtle essences...

I came to you with all my
Eternities...
without outwardly cognitive proclamations
and delusions of senses.
Inside your atom I found
my whole Universe,
The ART of Life!
The Life of Life!...

I came to you with all my
Eternities...
see you in all non-moving,
unmanifested, beginningless expressions,

The Truth... which leads me
to the Eternal abode!...

I came to you with all my
Eternities...
With all Beginnings...
... without Ends!...

I URGE YOU...

To meet me on the edge of the World...

There, where horologes grow their wings,
there, where distances ache our shoulders no more,
where the metronome dissipates our breaths no more,
and unbroken smiles do not grow...

The place... where... you cease to chase

The shadows of Worthlessness!...

To meet me where Eternity has lost its clock!

Where dreams live, un mutilated by tears,
so we can find each other
beyond banal bleached days
of senseless sceneless seasons,
where I may still taste the aroma of your morning eyes,
a Time and Place where I may cease to remember
how my roots were stolen from me,
and I may strive no more within the molasses
of mundane monotonous equations,
and require no more Mathematical solutions
of... this LOVE!...

I urge you to meet me
at the place where answers lose their questions,
with no maps or recipes to touch the Heart,
where words cannot shatter my hearing
and Time is not crammed inside a dusty lost note.
Meet me where the verb "to cry" is non-existent,
no walks on nameless maze of streets -

Instead, arched inside a hypnotic butterfly's leap.

My Love...

I drew my Eternity under your eyelids,

words lost their senses,

past the borders between our thoughts,

just an additional pulsation for you....

to love me, insanely, without restraint.

No more random rusty routines,

Only... the Mirage of our cosmic Co-Existence!

MY WINGS HAVE NOT WIDEN FOR A TRIVIAL LOVE...

My wings have not widen for a trivial Love,

You!... just have filled your emptiness...

My light reveals your soul's wrinkles,

singing this song, I do not know anymore...

You took my anthem!...

An hour of absolution I try to find,
your existence to be shaken from my being,
your caress to be erased from my skin
and forget the reasons of your own oblivion.

The moment got stoned inside the adversity,
too early became too late!...

Not even my insane flight is aerial enough,
and I got tired of being afraid
of the shifting shadow of the Present.

That you were here,
but you chose not to become!...

Your departures still whistle in my tympanum,
no more icons inside this Love sanctuary...

You are aching inside my open wound!

Remembrances about you became like footnotes
and the punctuation replaced all my words!

The light's rustle chant your presence no more!...

I am still here... humming my melody... telling you

my wings have not widen for a trivial Love!...

Bio

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.

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!