

PILGRIMAGE IN TOGETHERNESS

By Roula Pollard

Along oceans I sailed, along continents for centuries I walked
In search of a voice, in discovery of a soul...
Till our voices, our vision, our routes united.
To fight against the darkness of time,
To dilute hate piled up during eons,
To prevent fear from penetrating our cells,
To close the gap of the man-made abyss,
To remove death's wings flying over us,
Masked as nuclear weapons.
Oh You! Unknown to me then, became beneficent,
Your silence eloquent, eliminating distance of continents
Till Your sigh's echo broke the storm of indifference.
I overcame with inner strength illness, pain, loneliness
Humanity's strength I learned from You.

Along oceans I sailed, along continents I walked barefoot,
In search of a voice and soul.
In the springs of courage, in search of water and food, I met myself in You.
Within Your justice give me shelter,
See the starvation of my countrymen,
Remind the world of what it knows.
Who protects unprotected orphans,
Helps swollen bodies to soothe their angry wounds?
Yet, a glowing vision grows stronger by the hour.
God walks on our land, stretches above the plains of our hearts
Like a giant protective screen, extending hope to the horizon,
Narrowing the distance between divided hearts,

Killing the disguised demon of poverty,
Exterminating all opposition against His guardian heart.

Unknown to me in the past, you are one blood with me on this journey
Our tongues taste both love and honey.
We have taken the oath, sealed with destiny.
Together we toil as saliva and tongue for humanity
Until humankind walks the land of Reason and Compassion.

© ROULA POLLARD

IN SEARCH OF A LAND

The scent of the sea travels with me since birth,
Countless places I've discovered,
People I yearned to meet in time, I did meet
But when I touch you, a voice like the existence
Of all beings awakens from the earth,
Like
A house opening its destiny to the sun
Nearing hope and love
Between sound and silence.
But when silence cries into a lonely heart, I am there.
When hunger and destruction afflicts the world,
When love is absent ... I know the place
I discover what hurts
I understand the cause of pain.
When luck, dressed with sadness, changes direction,
When a voiceless expectation leaves a person
Lying on life's beach exhausted, like a swollen whale...
I am there.

So, stay with me tonight, like an unfinished story,
Touch me again like a galloping horse,
Cover me with morning dew,
Draw with your lips a rainbow on my heart.
Brighten my shadowy valleys with your sunlight.
My sleep awaken with your rays.
Travel my body through your continent of love.
By the intense flame of your eyes
Narrate the journey of passion to my soul!
Touch me, till darkness exhausts itself.
Chronicle the story of our existence.
The reason for our genesis,
Heart's sensitivity explain,
To narrate to our descendants
Events escaping their awareness.

Hear!
Love re-grows its sacred plains and valleys,
Mountains, springs and waterfalls of body and mind,
The cosmic entrance of understanding opens,
Future Love opens
To understand how
As sunrise gives birth to blueness
The Aegean Sea returns my human face.

© ROULA POLLARD

LOVE ADVENTURE

When Love is lost
Within the walls of words
Outside deserted words
Between cold words

Under hidden words
Besides the blindness
Of the blackness of words

Love is found
Between touch and silence
Inside the nudity of eyesight
In the voice of the universe
Pronounced by two hearts
Inside expectant words
In the worlds of known and unknown
Under the body of passion
In the affection of taste
Dreams of sunrise.
When bliss overtakes
Time's speed
beyond hope and expectation
Starry routes

And whenever
Past the eyes of the desert
Vision sees peace.
When continents apart
Are joined with love
No storm endangers it.
In a sea of syllables and rhymes
When I see your eyes in my eyes
Our bodies one again.

© ROULA POLLARD

CONTINENTS OF LOVE

Migratory birds

Carry on your wings

Vastness.

Ancient ballads

Narrate the winds

Arriving at the shore

Love's story.

Ask the sea's

Hidden currents

Its caves, its stories

The sea's enormity

Its light, its blueness

The waves' echo

To reveal if love

Fills continents

Does the wind sense its breeze

Between dawn and expectation?

In the continent of destiny

Ask time

The sand's voice

The rocks' silence

The roundness of the pebbles

To strengthen you with the richness

Of Love.

© ROULA POLLARD

PEACE, WHERE TO FIND YOU

If you don't find me
in your heart, search for me,
invent me, sense me.
You will find me in the sensitive
heart of all ancient stone.

You will find me in Earth's heart,
on soil, dew on morning's face,
in Earth's organic ingredients,
on the trodden footpaths
un-trodden by time, since the time
my ancestors discovered clarity.

I find you in the fragrance of mind,
land of reality, dreams,
flame in the wind, the end at the end of storm,
under blossomed orange, lemon trees,
in the orchards of happiness of nations, true self
in the endlessness of white-blue blueness,
in the heart of yellow, your next sun,
sunset with declarations of life, seasons
of innocent maturity, never ending sea caress,
perfection of new blueness in the ocean
darkness searching for light.

Always holding the light of Hope on my hands
to terminate hostile clouds, hateful shadows on the land,
to remove darkness, the immaturity of soul,
to erase doubt, confusion, hate, envy,
lack of confidence between the nations.

I find you in my mind, in my heart,
in every rock, plant, drop of rain of my soul,
beyond the vision, inside the vision,
the vision I conceive every day, when I kneel
praying for Love on Earth,
praying for Peace.

© ROULA POLLARD

TO YOU, THREE YEAR OLD REFUGEE SYRIAN BOY

How much pain
a name contains,
Aylan Curdi,
island isolated, continent
isolated
by our indifference.
You are
the non-finality
of an angel in eternity.

You, a symbol,
when a child drowns
the world drowns us all.

By your name
one continent,
three, all continents,
hear your cries,
does your pain rise
like air, cries
above the earth,

as if children,
my child,

Never die,
when you die,
do not die
my angel!
I hold you, my child, alive.
We are holding you,
all poets hold,
caress
your hand.

© ROULA POLLARD

Bio

Greek poet and writer, she obtained a B.A. in History and Archaeology, Athens University, and an M.A. in Classics, Leeds University. She lived in England for 25 years and taught Modern Greek at Wakefield District College and Joseph Priestley Institute of Education.

As a literary promoter, she organized poetry readings for well-known English poets in colleges, poetry festivals, high schools, writers' and international associations. She cooperated with students, Dance and Arts departments, painters, sculptors, writers and poets.

She has published three poetry collections, short stories, literary articles, translated works of Sylvia Plath into Greek, broadcasted on Greek radio, and is included in Poetry Anthologies.