

***IN MY DREAM... (A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM)***

**By Anca Mihaela Bruma**

In my dream

I reinvent myself within your mind  
to change the rhyme of our hearts  
with no stories from forbidden times...

In my dream

Your Name is prescribed differently  
within this bending staged Reality,  
with new intervals and beginning without ends...

In my dream

verses are submerged in talismanic memories,  
my fingers skate over your face in poetic curves  
defined by white spaces and silenced tear drops...

In my dream

I craft future tenses in red sung symphonies...  
my poetry flows through your iris, labeled as Destiny!  
A Life overture of multiple psalms and whispered blisses!

In my dream

I recite your thoughts like a requiem of me  
not being just a quotation of your own biography,  
a story mirrored by sentences and lost reveries.

In my dream

I have no nights to steal, but just assumed absences,  
with forgotten Scriptures read by an unknown hand,  
and silences between us are renamed piece by piece.

In my dream,

our Love is placed no more in parenthesis...  
we martyr ourselves in each other's kisses.

I will be here.... as I was... in the future!

### ***MY TRANSCRIPT***

My Life was crafted by the same mystic edict!...  
Unbearable lightness and shadows of awe made me an addict...  
Burning the letters of My Name, it was the divine verdict,...  
So, lucid volts of eccentricity could not contradict!...

Lost in dissociation, I needed My Life to decrypt,  
Writing a blue pamphlet, it sounded like a prescript,  
I resurfaced my apocrypha as the only way to exit...  
And another lifetime was added for me to rescript!...

My smile was measured against the sunrise like a transcript  
And silence fell in raindrops, smelling like an eucalypt,  
Chanting in the shades of a star, it felt like a delict,

A transparent sense of worth made me feel equipped!

Mature circumstances demanded to write my manuscript,

Practicing arpeggios, it was my only way how to depict,

With white spaces and forgotten dreams, it was my script...

Your Name sounded like My Name!... That is my Postscript!

***NO MORE***

No more

hidden notes behind your skin...

No more

gestures to dilute the predicate...

No more

symmetrical variations of a scarlet soul...

No more

crescendos of good byes...

No more

persona changing within free lines...

No more  
spectrum of self proclaiming...

No more  
sporadic sensations and aphorisms...

No more  
inked lyrics on my dreams...

No more  
your shadow within my shadow...

No more  
history engraved as a noun!... (Anca Mihaela - 16th April 2014)

**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.