

AT YOUR DOOR, THE NIGHT CLOSED ITSELF...AND OTHER POEMS

By Anca Mihaela Bruma

At your door, the night closed itself...
In this town, no story remained anymore,
In my words, no chattering disbeliefs...
My wing and your step don't see the same flight
Yet... I left my hands as a seal on your forehead

At your door, the night closed itself...
You froze suspended as prolongation of me,
when you crumble, you fall over my precipice
but I cannot catch my soul from your wings,
and the thoughts run barefoot on the words' edge.

At your door, the night closed itself...
Just listening to the late blossom,
and smell sunrises of your departures,
ceasing to gather each of your drop,
now, your eyes' blade does not hurt... anymore...

At your door, the night closed itself...
I am crawling inside the corner's words.
You are disheveled from my breathing,
my eyelids do not cradle your being
as washed away your dusty lost traces.
At your door, the night closed itself...
That night which grew stems on my body
Not to depart, I stopped inventing caresses,

my knees are risen by other wind archways
and the sunrise's root buried my teardrops.

Even you closed your night at this door
Still, the Love can sing in rainbows over me!...

COGITATION OF A SOUL...

Your Look concaves my retina...
Truth... dripped from my Eye!...
Each moment is moisturized
by fractured fractals.
Engaged in your disengagement
in this residual stillness,
my past Self... still spins
inside an alabaster universe...

Choice?... just an illusion
in these phosphene empyrean dreams,
the place... where your Name
shines in parallaxes!...

I know... Now... Your words
cannot satisfy my thoughts.
I am left here...
reflecting thousand times
your feathered images...

Logarithmic mirrors watch me
how I climb my own
bibliography of a Wish!...

ERADICATED COLLOQUIAL ARTICULATION

Synapses framed inside a photograph,
conjunctions filled at superlative
bursting apart a new language
with horizontal coherence,
a disarticulation of your syntax,
the un-saying in an apophatic plea,
totally negating itself to render the Real,
as a prosodic strategy,
a choice of Silence
for harmonic practice,
an immanent version,
or self-reversing expression
of theophanic realities...

Beds of parabola
with words lying next to each other
meaning silently radiates through them
within an ambivalent context,
elating its forms
and crack a world
of normative conventions
and terrestrial dichotomies...

Coincidentia oppositorum
you may cogitate
on how a language
may exteriorize the interiorization
and your extremes conjugate in order
to capture the formless in a sole form,
dreadfully alluring
inside the insider most
of my cogent conversations...

Meanwhile...
your transcendent imprint
is getting anthologized
by effervescent chemistries
of a sound
tattooed inside
a morphological breath...

Your syntax allured me,
yet your diction made me go...
away...

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, unmutilated 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!

Note: Poetess also has added the video which she had created especially for this poem.

Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yd0g01FC74&t=81s>

I URGE YOU

Written and recited by Anca Mihaela Bruma

Starring Roberta Di Laura

Musical background by:

1. Nigel Robinson - Scotland (United Kingdom): electric piano, strings and clock effects
2. Juan Jose Garcia - Madrid (Spain): drums
3. Francesco Mega - Grosseto (Italy): acoustic guitar
4. Joel Hall - Ferndale (WA United States of America): trumpet
5. Jan Kopcak) - Kosice (Slovakia): saxophone
6. Johnny Alich - Chişinău (Moldova Republic): tracks mix

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.

EPISSTEME