

MY SOUL A WALHALLA

By Daniela Voicu

in midair,
sharp spears stuck
in the wings of other people
pick me on tiptoe
all the wounded who have tattooed
last poem of love
on hope,
catch my hands
with eyes inside me
I gather my fists
with a last prayer - question
me too?

ON THE KNEELING STREETS

On the kneeling streets
of prayers
from dreams with fragrant dragons,
people caught
virtual lights in right palms
blinking with curiosity-eyelashes
counting of from 2 by 2

rarely
listening few hearts-sky...
How many of us are still here
to embrace all
this absurd thing
called love?

UNCERTAIN HALF TIME

In an uncertain half time
The sky spread silence
In drops of eternity where
Every cloud
Carries thumbnail dreams
In children's arms
Full of butterflies

CRUSHED ANKLES

I crushed my ankles
running straight away
in a rusty clock
without rhyme
of tomorrow
to every 13th hour.

Before was
the flood
from which we reborn
living in peace after

loving.

WE PASS

We pass
some people through others
cleaning us of water
which makes the purity - red
Our bare footprints in hourglass
turned upside down by God
at every 13
It hurts us each return inside us...

IN SUBURBS OF MY FINGERS

In suburbs of my fingers,
words trembled at every comma
deleted by each point ...
the words gathered in their fist,
this poem called time,
who still wear sand, on left shoulder
the hourglass perfecting it
in nude
our times ...

GHOSTS OF EXISTENCE

From dark water, red sound is born
spreading death into the light

old fog comes home
shadowy spirit sings a dream to escape death

With a new metallic life, soul
fights until the last sword for Peace
shadows scream inside the body of the floating trees:
Who will remain in our blurry world,
hungry for essence?

We are the ghost of this era
no one sees us
we can be what we want, just closing the eyes
in remembrance of happiness...
(in every mother exists an unborn hero)

„They” killed the last Eucharist with stones
in the middle of the big plaza, rewriting history
from the blood of each saint.

AMBIGUOUS

sad raining
it hurts me every drop of rain that
penetrates my soul forming gates to reminders
thru I travel a million times
in spheres of light and darkness ..
remembering your lips taste like rain
of late season

moon rains and listening her sonata ...
in a neighborhood on earth
pianos hurt fingers sharp of words
musical score-burning papers in the wind
what is left trampled by travelersrushing by rain ...
on cobblestone streets
night shows its face in the water crystal
silhouettes
with eyes closed souls embracing trees letting the rain pass ...
in another dimension

Bio:

Daniela Voicu is a Romanian poet, novelist and painter. Her poems, interviews and articles have been published in more than 50 journals and magazines, Agero Stuttgart, New York Magazine, Maintenant 7, Poetic Diversity, Pirene's Fountain, Romanian Pages in New Zealand, Pheonix Mission and much more. In various anthologies, including Tears of Ink, The Poetry of War and Peace, Words on the Winds of Change, Just a Dream and Reflections on a Blue Planet etc. And her poetry collections include, Poems of Angels (2006), Blue in Vitro (2012), Surfing Silence (2012), Windows Without Dreams (2012), Sky Hands (2013) and Vulnerable Breeze (2013) Sunset and Love (2013), Plan for seduction(2014), Tatto Time (2015).

Her first novel *Silence* will appear at the end of 2015.

In 2009, she founded the international journal of culture and literature, Cuib Nest Nido; and in 2011 she founded the international poetry festival of music and contemporary art, The Art of Being Human and poetry group with the same name. She edited in 2013-2015, 14 volumes of The art of being human International Poetry Anthology in English and in Romanian.

Since 2009, she has been a member of the Writers' League of Romania.