

OCEANIC LOVE AND OTHER POEMS

By Zoe Kassiotis

I want a love like the ocean
To crash into me
With the weight of the sky
The pacific paradise
Is vast and temperamental
The unpredictable magnificence
Of you and I.
The horizon is romanticized,
But churning substance
Lies beneath the surface,
Where beauty is found in darkness
And remnants of my storm find rest.
What is love?
If not tides of the mind.
The retreating flood line
Exposes crimes of passion
And green-eyed trust intertwined.
I want a love like the ocean,
Naked in torrential splendor,
Engulfed by promises of
Ever changing direction,
And ever lasting surrender.

WILDFLOWERS

The flowers wilt.
Uprooted out of guilty
Apologies that pluck

Femininity from us.
Show me wildflowers
Spreading with soul,
Feeding off the creativity
To roam where they want.
My thorns can stay on
If I want
To be protected
From the patriarchal hunt.
To pluck stray leaves
Changes God's image of me.
A wildflower feasts
Unapologetically in hopes
And dreams.
Growing,
And re-growing
In ways you cannot hold.
We are wildflowers,
Man cannot tame us.

WINTER OCEAN

Down the cement hill
Away from wailing sirens,
Towards rolling and crashing
Of the winter ocean waves

Winter wind develops a voice,
At the bottom of the slope.
Louder and more unkind,
Icy and unforgiving

Nose red and running,
Ears frozen and pounding.
Watering eyes rejecting the gale.
Mind calm

Crisp currents wash in
Ocean scented optimism.
Blue thoughts roll out.
Mind calm

How many grains
Make a shore?
How many tears
Make an ocean?

A vast body of water,
Yearns to be summer blue
For under the grey haze,
She looms jaded with August

Footsteps in the sand,
Tell a deep trail of thoughts.
Running away from her now,
As feet touch bitumen

Back up the hill,
Mind racing.

SEA & VINES

She sits alone,
But she is not lonely.
Across the fields she stares,
The hues keep her company

Aloft a red earthed hill
Where vines meet the sea,
Basking in a purity unspoiled
By friends who flea

Distant clouds roll over
Grass covered hills and
Rows of vines where
Unsociable serenity sings

Lone trees stand proud.
They whisper to the vines.
The language of the sea breeze,
Is music to her mind

Wishing she could tell the trees
That their modest beauty is
Her escape from tall buildings.
But maybe the vines know what it means

NEFELIBATA

Infected by the personality
Of people and places,
Authenticity is my disease,
Cured by walking the clouds
Of my imagination and dreams.
Catching life and sharing
Stories of lived experiences
Is the richest oxygen.
To dream of meaning,
Is to dream of adventure.
A life that calms the hunger,
Never seduced by cheap glamour.
Satisfaction over the seas
Is the beating rhythm
Of a nefelibata's heart.
A gypsy soul does not
Live in the conventions
Of literature or art.
A life spent searching
For things she didn't find,
Is not a life wasted but of
Defining moments intertwined

SEVILLE

Evening sun kisses a sea of rooftops .
Birds sing a goodnight song of golden summer,
While you wake to August winter raindrops

Where heavy distance robs nights of wonder.
Oceans away now, but I see your skin glow
Golden on the terrace where we would start.
Alone in the plaza where we gazed flamenco.
'Just stay' breathed a fool's hope that you would not depart.
Where buildings burn pink I only see your cheeks,
Rosy from fleeting passion of a Spanish spree
From lofty peaks I watch lovers enter the streets,
As the sun falls behind Saint Mary Of the See;
Love grows in me still like the Apple of Peru
Pen to paper now- for you must know, I am you.

GYPSY DRESS

Crimson burns eyes that stare
At fabric yielding under passion.
The whirling vortex aches,
A fire so fierce writhing
Into climate of its own.
Gusts of lust pouring out
Torrential torments of love.
To see the delicate cloth dance
Is to but taste a fruitful life.
Delicate red frills seduce,
With wild rage at men.
The fabric glares through souls,
Each flick of the dress
Punishes the floor for its wrongs.
Dragging along the hard wood
With the weight of a gypsy soul,

The dress of substance discovers
Meaning through experience.
Red dances unapologetically
To unearth the meaning of love,
Satisfaction closer with each twirl
But out of her delicate reach.
The dress that will not stop wanting
More of nothing and everything.

Bio

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