

***BETWEEN REAL AND SURREAL & OTHER POEMS***

**By Anca Mihaela Bruma**

Me and Myself... between Real and Surreal...  
Standing on my own edge, it's my Life's ordeal...  
Hoping my last sacrifice would allow me to reveal  
How my dreams are your last and distant seal.  
Watching Life how many curves it throws,  
And forbidden beauty how majestically it glows...  
My Life scenario is choreographed again... but it's only for the shows!

***GOLDEN ILLUSION***

I painted my Illusion  
in a golden substance!...

A loss of affection  
transpires the vibrations  
of my perplexed mentality...

I envisioned the inception  
of another fantasy  
in the effigy ashes  
which demand  
to cover my World!

***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, unmutated by tears,  
so we can find each other  
beyond banal bleached days  
of senseless 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!

### ***MONOCHROMATIC ME***

There is a Verb screaming inside of Me,  
pushing me down on my own knee...  
such a shame you could not see!...  
You prescribed me a symphony,  
sung by the heart of a lonely tree...  
Monochromatic Me,  
I shall just Be,  
with no foresee!...

### ***SACRAMENT***

Bend the knees of the Moon  
to undress the Cosmos,  
and torch my Heart  
along the flaming grass.

Sketch merely for yesterday's tomorrow,  
caress the moments  
to denude the World  
from hypnotic garments.

Then.... Only then it is possible!  
To discover your Every-ness...

To become a No-Body among some bodies...

Unfolding centuries of untold hidden stories,  
where... hellos transform into goodbyes,  
and... the ritual commences.

**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.