



# CELTIC LEGEND

Eliza Witte

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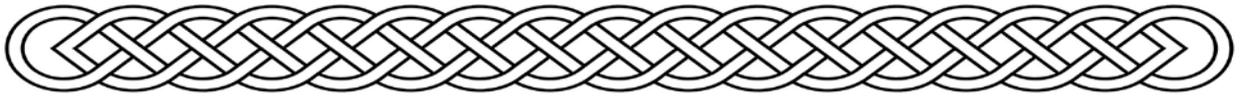
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To my family.

Eliza Witte



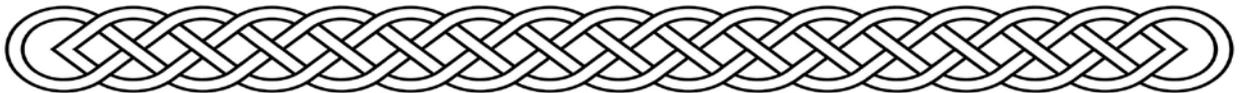


## **Celtic Legend**

The wood... The morn was playing.  
Perfume – resin and earth.  
The early dew was laying,  
Remembering a birth.

The spirits' feast is over.  
The paper lanterns sleep.  
Their homes – with soft moss covered,  
And gifts were apples sweet.

The juicy fruit... Oblivion,  
The drink of honey gleams.  
Elves who came in millions  
Were honoured in a dream.





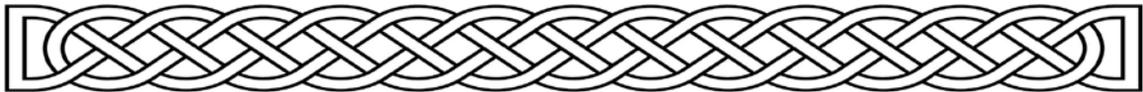
## **The Real Summer Has Begun**

The real summer has begun.  
The skies were dark with ages.  
I look upon my book and, stunned,  
Discover empty pages.

My wanderings would last awhile  
To catch the waves that kiss.  
So blue, and herring gulls so white,  
They'd harmonize my peace.

The dragonflies would chase the light.  
Have I had a dream?  
Have I ever had a flight  
With my broken wing?

The portion of my freedom waits  
Lost between my days.  
Have I ever got its taste,  
Though granted, anyway?





## **Flight**

Mountains – gray and old as the land.  
Their foreheads are furrowed. Time  
Crosses them, leaving the sign  
Of each moment on their wrinkles' length

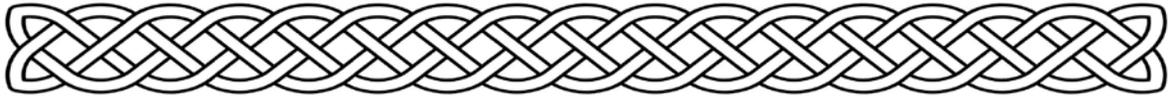
And clouds, tempting the poet  
Who builds castles of air.

Cyclops – an open blue eye of a lake.  
The wind hits their cheeks,  
Wild paths conquer their peaks,  
And rivers' run cuts their veins.

And clouds tempting the poet  
Who shares a secret of theirs.

Savageness, broad plane and freedom  
Determine the eagle wing's rhythm  
To its marvellous flight to the clouds.



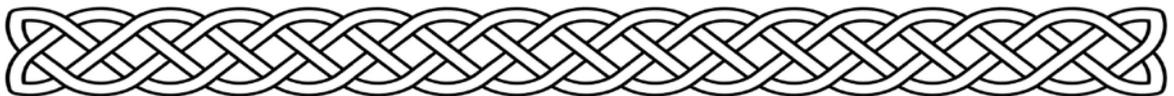


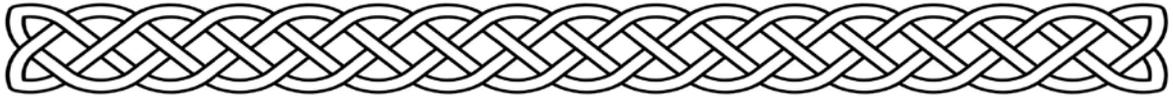
## **Summer (The Last Horizon)**

Boundlessness, silence, irresistible blue  
The sun was bathing waves golden...  
A scream of free, wild dolphins  
Became one with the summertime blues!

A dreamer sitting, the warmth of the sands,  
A mood brought by the wind's evening tales,  
And a feeling, daring, like a herring gull's wail  
Gave birth to the fire of the red sunset's dance.

From the depths, a hidden desire was rising.  
It would reach the rays of the sundown today,  
And defeating times, distance and pain,  
It would start home touching the last horizon.



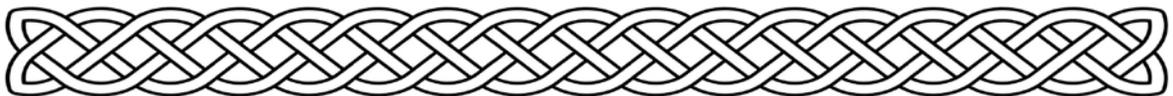


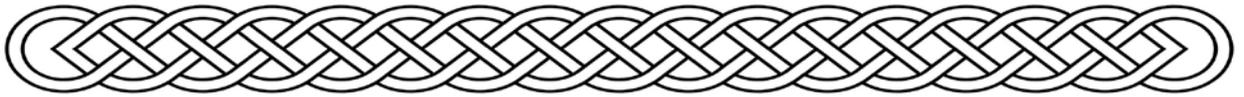
## **Irish**

I dream about things never been.  
I see green clover every day  
And ask, "Why not?" to all my dreams:  
Happy pebbles on my way.

Despising war, a warrior  
I became because I live.  
My path, my glorious chariot,  
And my sword, and my belief.

My shield of gold my song will sing.  
And freedom I will taste... and then  
I'll close my eyes for peace will bring  
An angel's wing above my land.

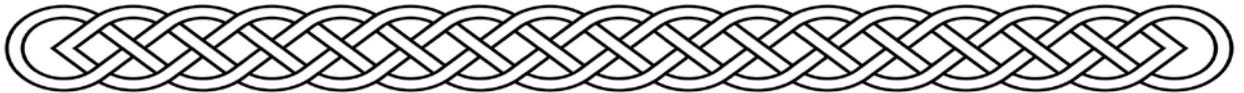


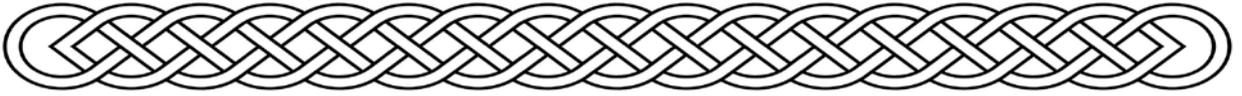


## **Trust**

dedicated to Gymnast,  
an old horse and an excellent jumper

The velvet leaned against my hand,  
The tearful eyes, the veins – innate –  
And the image of the grass:  
A nuance that would surpass  
Sophistication... Worried notes  
In snorting, leather and in sweat.  
Insecurity they hide.  
Tenseness, the muscles load.  
The trust will win, the trust will let  
The jump above the broken pride  
To be...



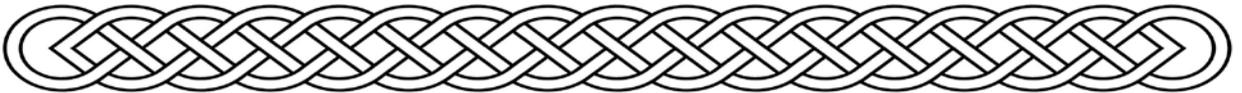


## The Sphere

The sphere...  
The sphere, which was a crystal,  
A crystal, holding the thoughts,  
Holding the salt of the tears,  
The waterfall's power, the blissful  
Silence of the eyes that ought  
To be blaming.

The taming  
Of the feather's dance in the wind,  
Of the energy in the warmth of the palm,  
Of the run of the indocile years,  
Of the rhymes in the heads of the lindens  
Of the sea – endless and calm...

This is all caught in the sphere.





## **The Lily Of The Valley**

The lily of the valley and the silence...  
My soul has run away.  
Light in beautiful whiteness  
Took course to the sun of the day.

There, my most precious lyrics  
Went to visit the lake  
Where the purest feeling  
Beside that lily was safe.



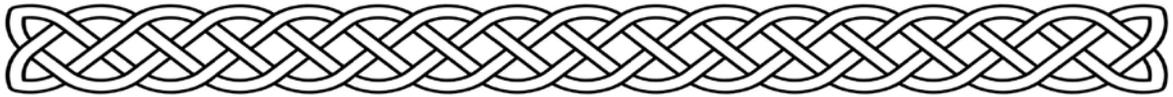


## Lament

The grass was slowly turning yellow.  
The breeze was moaning from the sea.  
The wind – unknown and peaceful fellow –  
Would chase away the memory.

The coffin, white like pure tear,  
A single rose in red was dressed.  
Love mocks, love kills, but love would triumph  
Despite its temporary rest.



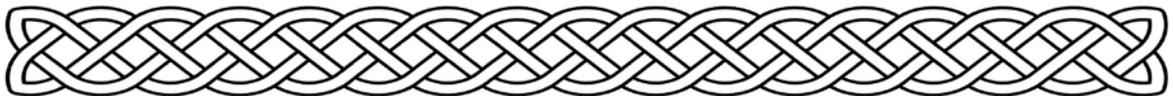


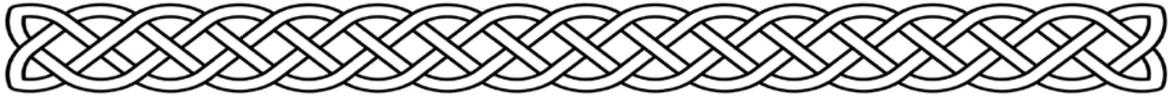
## **They Who Dance Upon The Meadow**

They who dance upon the meadow...  
Lush green grass does bow beneath.  
Blades do struggle with the shadows  
For kisses poisonous but sweet.

The manes embrace the cold wind's threads.  
The warmth of life a story tells  
Where fight will be recalled instead  
Of braided hair where daisies dwell.

The breath – the anger born in it.  
The dance is faster. Speed will soothe  
Hatred and infernal heat  
In dreams about the stolen youth.





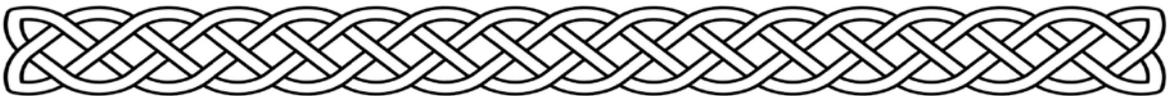
## **Apocalypse**

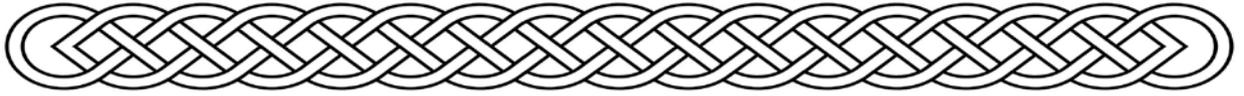
The marsh is waiting in its hunger.  
Islands – cold and opened graves.  
Messages of coming thunder  
Are floating over bloody waves.

Divine, the ghost of crying willows  
In prayers raise their naked hands  
And pass the prophecy through wind blows  
As stand on guard on sacred lands.

Expecting ground – upset and breathless.  
Grass and anger in her hair.  
Pain is hunting mad and sleepless,  
And strong, and evil, and unfair.

Now recognized are rage and wisdom.  
Wreckage voice moans from the deep,  
Passing terror in a synchrony  
With the last souls' dying weep.



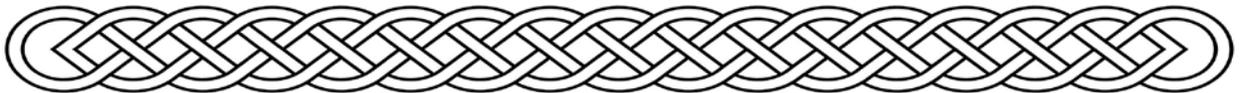


## **It Used to Be My Childhood - Mom**

The spirits were sleeping,  
But the mountain woke up!  
The forest was breathing,  
Wheedling over the fog.  
The morning which was about to begin...

Here and there a tomtit would sing  
In the heads of the trees, still heavy from sleep.  
The air would listen, how the dear would weep.  
Clouds would bother the peaks with their run.  
Mystic and power – the rise of the sun!

A dewdrop on the needle of the old, white pine tree:  
Colors... the view for the life of the skies.  
And Mom was laughing. The world could see  
The child in the adoration of her lovely brown eyes.



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