



POETRY PIECES  
OF  
EUROPE

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POETRY PIECES

OF

EUROPE

*Anthology of Contemporary European Poetry*



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# Contents

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<b>Claudia Salajan (Romania)</b> .....	<b>7</b>
Prince Vlad .....	8
Sleepwalker .....	10
Ventriloque .....	11
Introspective Silence Of A Solar Eclipse .....	13
The Wilderness Of Mirrors .....	14
Fascination .....	16
Kingdom Of Heaven .....	17
<b>Paola Di Gennaro (Italy)</b> .....	<b>19</b>
Thank You, History .....	20
True Farce .....	21
A Saga's Table .....	21
Sharing .....	22
The Game .....	23
Creation .....	24
Raison Perdue .....	25
Victorian Hall .....	26
The Usual Plague .....	27
Sphinx .....	27
Resolution .....	28
Grand Piano .....	29

**Sandra Stolnik (Austria) .....31**

What Is It Like To Be Hearing Impaired? .....32  
Beep .....33  
Voice Distraction .....33  
My Hearing .....34  
Sign-Language .....35  
Imaginary Friend In My Ear .....36  
Silence .....37  
If You Need Silence .....38  
I Must Hear .....39  
Valentine's Day Memories .....40  
One Day I'll Meet A Deaf Man .....41  
I Will Come Back .....42

**Sabrina Ferrai (Italy) .....43**

Intro .....44  
A New Day .....45  
Banality .....46  
Worlds .....47  
Music .....48  
Seasons .....49  
Study .....50  
City .....51  
Soul .....52  
Country .....53  
Away .....54  
Trip Or Hope? .....55

**Lionel Daigremont (France) .....57**

Blind And Deaf .....58  
When 6 Meets 9 .....59  
Brake Down .....60  
Mind The Gap .....62  
Idiots .....63  
Share .....64  
A Jail Of Letters .....65  
The Unexpected .....66

**Hans Saturn (The Netherlands) .....69**

Afraid Of The Night .....70  
In His Will .....71  
At The Other End .....73  
Camembert .....74  
In The Park .....75  
A-a-ah-nonymous .....76  
The Last Sound .....77  
Ball-Masque .....78  
Bed Englisch .....80



# Claudia Salajan

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*“Writing is who I am, and it’s my personal form of expression when spoken words can’t explain it all.”*

Claudia Salajan was born on 28th of September 1983 in Romania. Her early life was affected by the Communist regime. By the age of 15, however, Communism was history, and she was already in search of new adventures and love. This was the time of her first attempts to write love and nature poems. Unfortunately, they appeared to be “too strange” for the school’s paper, and it was not before her joining the college that she gave another try to be published. Studying for a Bachelor degree in International Economic Relations and later, for a Master degree in European Economic Relations and specializing in Alicante, Spain, did not give the chance to her poems to be considered, though. The College’s papers appeared to be no place for poetry but for accounting and statistics. So, she kept writing unnoticed.

After her graduation, she worked as an economist and travelled a lot through Europe. France, England, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Greece and Spain enlarged her horizons, but it was back in her homeland that she rediscovered the medieval history which later influenced her work. More inspiration she finds in nature, which she considers a very important element in her writing process as well as particular places, people, legends, mysteries, paintings, movies, dreams and nightmares. This is Claudia’s début as a published author. At present, she keeps writing poetry and have just started her first novel.

# Prince Vlad

**“I on my part give up the uncertainty of eternal rest and go out into the dark where may be the blackest things that the world or the nether world holds!”**

**Bram Stoker, “Dracula”, Chapter 25**

At the times of the dark Middle Ages  
When humans feared, forbade and chained in a cage  
What they couldn't understand,  
The truth was covered in blood stains,  
And there he was, **Prince Vlad of Vallachia** during daylight,  
Ruthless war-lord who forbade justice and Christ,  
**Dracula, Prince of Darkness** during the night,  
A thirsty vampire, to whom the blood was sweet bliss –  
Two personalities without a past  
In a duality of different masks.  
He was **Nosferatu**, the first vampire,  
The sole ruler of his new dreadful empire.  
After stabbing the cross right in its core,  
For his wife was murdered, the wife he adored,  
He decided to sell his soul to the Devil,  
There was only darkness left in this soul of a rebel.  
So, he lived within the depths of the night,  
Where dreams wandered so hungry,  
And death brought him delight.  
Immaculate blood drops overwhelmed every boundary,  
**“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!”**  
His food was your blood,  
His home was your grave.  
Living in darkness, he never knew good,  
For he was so brave.  
The blackness of his soul  
Conquered up his mind,  
Blood-thirsty mind.

He lived in a far land, named **Transilvania**,  
Right in the middle of **Romania**.

His castle stood on the highest mountain,  
Surrounded by cliffs and vultures and fountains  
Of blood; there were entire rivers of blood.  
There was nothing else left behind these woods  
But the souls that he took, for he could.

His sanctuary was the open graves  
Of maidens – his most favourite prey.

**The Thief of the souls,  
And you, Night, behold!**

He'd die at daybreak and would live in the night yells,  
Inside of his own made Hell.

**Son of Lucifer**, the Master of Darkness,  
Just one bloody moon would be his mistress.  
His teeth would be growing along with his passion,  
His eyes were the mirrors of lust for his victims' obsession.  
To him, the blood had never had a colour, just a taste.  
From a distance his fingers each heart could embrace.

*His cult was the blood!*

Deprived of a soul,

Half a man and half a beast,

How could he suffer when he was deceased?

There's no magic in death!

For centuries you've been cursed to live forever.

And forever hungry for a better faith,

In search of the androgynous soul's cover,

Your salvation is Darkness, your obsession is Light.

To you, Heaven's a lie, and Hell's a delight,

*You're a fallen angel in the blackest darkness,*

*Ardent lover of the deceased.*

Impatient desire of inflaming sensuality,

You're a spell of charm for the mortal's frivolity.

Decadent spirit of a never-ending sorrow,  
The grave is your Heaven; the crosses you follow.  
*Master of darkness, incarcerated in fear*  
Of living alone forever, with ghosts that only you hear.  
Absorb mortals into your blissful desire,  
Inside of that heart that burns in the fire,  
Forever cursed to search for the blood line.  
**Sex symbol of gothic mistresses,**  
**Symphony of horror on violin strings,**  
Spectrum of mirrors without a disguise,  
You'll find your own **Mina** in each century  
To heal your loneliness forever to be!

**“My revenge has just begun! I spread it over centuries and time is  
on my side! “ Bram Stoker, “Dracula”, Chapter 25**

Dedicated to Vlad Dracula (1431-1476), The Son of the Dragon.

## Sleepwalker

The *succulent* perfumes of the night  
Absorb my steps through the *sunflowers'* fields.  
**Dempasar** moon brightens my *path* to the valley of death.  
There's no-one to make a *conversation* with but my shadow.  
The city lights are *catalysts* of the stars;  
The wind blows *newspapers* on the empty streets,  
While the dawn breaks in the *lounge* of my hunger,  
And the *kitchen* is full of light and silence.  
Your *coffee* is my spirit's balance;  
Two worlds collide in the *therapy* of a sleepwalker.

# Ventriloque

*I was born in 1936, in a small town called Wooden Sights.  
Such a beautiful place, such a lonely place,  
With more trees than inhabitants  
And one graveyard on the Eastern side.*  
But this silence, **this wooden silence,**  
**Is the sound of my revenge.**

## **Who am I?**

I usually come as a gift,  
Wrapped in paper and red ribbons.

## **Ha, ha, ha!**

It's not a crime! You don't know what's coming!  
You don't know, I'm the Master of destinies.  
Still, I am a riddle, a puzzle of the unknown deeds,  
Of the undead spirit that lives inside me and haunts,  
Yes, it haunts your blood line until the last one.  
That's the curse of your family tree.

## **Who am I?**

I was made of wood, and I have a human's face.  
Still, I can talk, but I need a ventriloquist to hold me up,  
And I am the star in the greatest talk show of all time.

## **Who am I?**

I am a modern **Pinocchio**,  
In the hands of an old **Geppetto**.

## **Still, who am I?**

Humans laugh at me because they think I am just a toy,  
The fake image of an innocent human boy.  
Still, I have a voice of my own,  
And oh, I can do so many things!  
You can't even imagine everything I can do!  
The darkness inside of me tells the truth  
Of justice. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!

**Ha, ha, ha!**

You don't know, but *every time I change my place,*  
Something happens to the chosen one.

*Every time I move my eyes,*  
Someone will cry!

*And every time I speak,*  
Someone dies so that others cry!  
The only escape is the **silence**.

**So, hush-h-h-h, and you'll live**

Again in obscurity and sin,  
For I am the destiny of a legend, lost a long time ago.  
I was chopped in wood and given to my Mistress.  
Her love, care and devotion created me!

*It was her voice that I followed,*  
*It was her soul that I borrowed.*

But the people of Wooden Sights killed her in cold-blood,  
And now her soul is screaming for the revenge of the wood.

Her curse follows the **blood line** until the death  
Of the last male descendant, even of the *unborn heir*,

**Ha, ha, ha!**

Too bad that they chopped many more like me,  
Boys and girls made of wood,  
Created to entertain and to keep company.

We became alive through our Mistress, and now she lives in us  
And seeks her revenge for all the humans' sins,  
For they were so cruel and abandoned us

In an old oak commode,  
Kept away from the world outside,  
*From another soul to conquer.*

I am the boy of the ventriloquist,  
**The Master of puppets!**

*My time is yet to come,*

The murderers' sons will die  
*Every time I change my place,*  
*Every time I move my eyes,*  
*Every time I speak!*  
If you are their descendant in time,  
Beware because as we speak  
My curse will follow your **blood line.**  
**So, hush-h-h-h...**

## Introspective Silence Of A Solar Eclipse

*In the obscurity of a total solar eclipse*  
**Butterflies** go blind,  
Flying amongst whispering sugar maples.  
Who knows what they will find  
When the opaque soup of stars  
Stops shining upon the pitiful **human beings?**  
For one moment in time  
And for one second in space,  
**Everything** fades to black,  
Within the introspective silence  
Of the **universe,**  
*In the obscurity of a total solar eclipse.*

# The Wilderness Of Mirrors

*Sometimes, I forget that the moon trespasses the skies*

*While the night spreads darkness.*

*I feel each trace of conscience that dies*

*As sensations of a volatile abduction crawl*

*Deep inside...*

*Have you ever looked into your soul,*

*Where there's no conscience, neither sin*

*But silence, the pure seducing patience*

*For perfection of the being,*

*For the endlessness of love,*

*In the wilderness of mirrors?*

*There's no shame, there's no hope,*

*There's just an empty hole.*

Exotic **whispers** take over my mind.

Can you hear them, the **voices of my void**?

They tell me many things,

And I call them by many names.

I love with a depth that frightens

Even the coldest hearts.

*I want to kiss you with that ardent kiss*

*Of the razor between my lips,*

*I want to touch you with that sensual touch*

*Of the cold blade of the knife against your skin,*

*I want to adore you with a pagan adoration,*

*I want to feel your body next to mine like a tender breath,*

*So that I will be the pure personification of your death.*

I don't know what makes this night so special.

It is maybe that there is no sound between us,

No shout, no scream, no fight,

Nothing but **silence**.

My darling, you are so attractive!

Your skin shines so seductively, holding me captive.

You keep in yourself the **scent of the moon**,

Your lips are as red as a **hibiscus** on a rainy day,

Your hair is as black as the raven's feather.  
Now I long to see your sweet surrender.  
You're not asleep, yet you're not awake  
As **droplets of your essence sanctify my anger.**

You are the pure vision of sensuality.  
*Whenever the razor traces a scar on your skin,  
You are a dream to come true.*

*Whenever the knife stabs your perfect features,  
You're the blood of my oblivion,  
Within the fire of my passion.*

**The sensations play love songs on my heart's strings,  
And a blind tremor of my lips arises deep within.  
I feel like a Saint of Darkness that guides you to Paradise  
When you give me your last breath of life.**

My darling, it's dawn,  
And the wood looks like a strange cathedral;  
The birds sing funeral songs  
As the fresh sunlight shades caress the trees,  
And dew drops flow upon the green oleander leaves.  
The coldness spreads some darkness on my hair,  
And the wind spreads fog in the air.

Darling, I think you're ready!  
I don't want that beautiful body of yours  
To be buried in a plastic bag  
Or to be eaten by worms in the earth's dirt.  
No, the **voices** promised me that I would set you **free.**

I'll give you the **purification** through the fire,  
And you'll be a part of both the fire and the sea,  
Just like you've always wanted it to be!  
*And when I take a look deep within my soul,  
I'll see that void is filling me with silence,  
Yes, that everlasting patience  
That the voices call the wilderness of mirrors.*

# Fascination

If you were the **Phoenix bird**,  
I would let you **burn in my passion**.  
If you were the **Morningstar** that shines above,  
I would be the **Moon** that rises to be by your side.  
If you were a **dying vampire**,  
I would be the **source of blood** to bring you back to life.  
If you were **El Dorado**,  
I would be your **Fountain of Life**.  
If you were a **samurai with a katana of honor**,  
I would be your **kanshi poet in a floral kimono**.  
If you were a **cherry blossom tree**,  
I would be your **geisha of fragility and mystery**  
*Yesterday, tomorrow, the day after it and all the days to follow!*  
If you were **Caesar of the Romans**,  
I would be your **Cleopatra of the Egyptians**.  
If you were **Ares, the God of war and armory**,  
I would be your **warrior-princess**.  
If you were **Sisyphus**,  
I would be your **shelter against the rock**.  
If you were **Vishnu, chosen Rama**,  
I would be your **Sita in the ethereal Shangri-La**.  
If you were a **dying hero**,  
I would be your **Valkyrie in Valhalla**.  
If you were an **ancient violin**,  
I would be the **seducing song played upon your strings**  
*Yesterday, tomorrow, the day after it and all the days to follow!*

**“The soul mate is what we aspire to and like to understand about us is what we deem to be perfection, purity and endless regarding our own being.”**

**Sorin Cerin, philosopher**

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