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ELISA

WITTE

**SUMMER SONS**

*Eliza Witte*

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To the Bohemian Prince who  
did not happen to be my eternity.

The Author



## *The Sail Of Color White*

T here by the lighthouse embraced by the mist,  
H eaving up eastward is the pride of your ship,  
E ntagled, the seagrass will tell you the myths of a

S ailer who solely conquers the deep  
A reas of your thoughts, daring your navy. The  
I les and the rocks to beware: she's a  
L ady.

O f advantage deprived and of a  
F ortunate star, she navigates

C rests, exploring your heart  
O ver and over without a compass.  
L eaving her fate on the lines of your past,  
O mitting maps and  
R ules too obscure, she happily

W recks in your arms and securely  
H eaves the vessel upwards the ninth wave.  
I rresistable passion makes her so brave  
T hat it is frightened when she turns to your core and  
E motively finds her promised shore.

*When Words Are Over*

W hen words are over  
H ow does one  
E voke the essence of the  
N orms?

W hen time grows older  
O r when the sun  
R aises as a dark black  
D one,  
S omeone's poem in

A crostic  
R ebuilds again the  
E lysee.

O ver memories, too pale  
V erses run to  
E ven days where  
R eposed just love remains.

## *Tribute To Heine*

*Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten,  
Daß ich so traurig bin,  
Ein Märchen aus uralten Zeiten,  
Das kommt Mir nicht aus dem Sinn.*

*Heinrich Heine*

"I don't know what this is,  
And why I am so sad.  
A fairy-tale amidst  
Ol' days I can't forget."

The maiden of the river  
Cursed her vicious fate,  
In golden locks and singing,  
In waves that bathe the bay.

I often contemplate these  
Verses of "Good-bye":  
Each woman's sweet regrets  
Meet one day Lorelei!



*Te Deum*

T e Deum partum  
E lysee!

D ominus Sancti sit  
E llatum,  
U rsura  
M atris in Vos.

*My Real Name*

E nd of poetry when  
L ove finds shelter, when  
Y ou find an altar, blessed  
S oul! You fall from your own  
E den, swim through Hades to find a rest in my  
E mbrace.

## *Mamma*

Memento muori,  
Aphrodite,  
Memories dried,  
Madness arid:  
An Inferno!

## *Definition Of Love*

Like a coefficient  
Of what you're capable to give. Its  
Value equals to  
Eternity.

*In Solitude Your War Is Won*

I ntoxicated and then burnt there within  
N apalm of passion,

S ole riders waiting for their turn, expecting  
O rders from the Chief in question, named  
L ove, who gives Her two thumbs up  
I n this shameful masquerade  
T ill massacre of flesh and blood  
U nveils who's predator and prey:  
D ie within the chains of lust! Die  
E ccentrically, my sweet!

Y ou're meant to suffer, then to curse your  
O pportunistic suites, an assembly of  
U nisexes,  
R esting peacefully beneath, while you

W ait, and yearn, and  
A che for a  
R eal-time news feed.

I s there an escape for your fragmented  
S oul and for your

W andering bones?  
O h, you beg, you cry, you're sorry?!  
N ow comes the end of the story:

In solitude your war is won!

## *In Silence Gained The Upper Hand*

I f you were an actor with  
N o body to transmit emotions,

S ilently your eyes would sprut  
I ntelligence from your devotion.  
L ittle spirits again could cast  
E ffervescence in crazy trot,  
N o matter that they'd be surpassed by  
C anibalism in the job.  
E voking silence,

G etting crutches,  
A nticipating one's reply,  
I n the memory of his judges, a  
N ureyev still could fly.  
E nd with the carrier of a  
D eaf musician's lovely song.

T here, in silence, as peace-bringer,  
H e could still be carrying on.  
E very prayer

U nresponded,  
P ressure,  
P rey and  
E vil blood,  
R ocked in silence:  
H ell's resounding the human's  
A trium and moods.  
N ever ending speech is needless -  
D omes of Glory for the calm.

## *Intellectual Orgasm*

I nstitutionals, like most of the people are  
N ever gives them time to reconsider  
T erms of References different from their cars,  
E goes, status, bank accounts. Differed,  
L ess content within multiplication,  
L iterary over-swept with plans, to  
E voke emotions is damnation -  
C ut deep like scars - before the essence's banned  
T o the Every-Day's Life Episode Two.  
U sually, one lacks shared words,  
A cting solely like a prairie wolf.  
L ove's confused with paranoiac absurd.

O rder your next item makes you cool!  
R arely one reaches for a book.  
G azing at computers to compare the looks.  
A crostic changed for a commercial hook;  
S olemnly, this life has just been cooked in the  
M icrowave.

*A Little Red War Has Never Looked Better*

A h,

L ila, Terry, Jane and Chris,  
I have no friends.  
T hey've been dismissed.  
T hey've learnt their  
L esson: Stay away while I pursue the  
E lysey!

W hat is it that you can offer?  
A re you sure that by my coffin, all  
R aped and in disgrace,

H ats come down? This masquerade,  
A s set up by you who weep,  
S coffs my memory and sleep.

N ever had it been  
E nough for you, my  
V ultures,  
E very love!  
R obert, Stuart, Mary,

L is,  
O h, look now!  
O h, now you're pissed!  
K eep smiling, darlings!  
E ndorphines will be  
D elivered

By what's mine:  
E mancipate and hyphenate  
T he hypocrisy in my name!  
T hen turn around for it,  
E ngraved, will end up  
R ight on your own grave!

## *Heartbreaker*

H eat, burning sheets and dry air, and  
E vil glances thrown at you o'er the  
A bbys of the distance, where ir-  
R ationality comes true.  
T ribal, pagan and heretical, my  
B lood is spilled upon your fist.  
R ebelleous and even radical, my heart  
E njoys both sins and bliss.  
A waken in my own nightmare,  
K ites with tails of a dragon,  
E verlasting tournament for my core:  
R ape me, please! I'll beg for more!



*I Love You Till My Death And Back*

I am

L ost and  
O verwhelmed by my  
V oltage of  
E motions.

Y outh repeats itself in each  
O ccasion in an  
U nholy notion about

The things  
I want to  
L eave badly, but I  
L ove too much.

Maybe secretly I dream of peaceful  
Y awns and

D rowse that urge the  
E den back to my domain.  
A pproachable and yet, too far,  
T he pills I need to soothe my  
H eart,

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