

THE HOUR



OF

THE BLUE MAN

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In the memory of my father.

The Hour of The Blue Man

By

...

Theodora Oniceanu

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BlackThornE

Spirits grow high,
His paintings catch the feelings
Of the mighty believers
Who died, for their lands.

Heroes are meant to be used
For a second rent

.In peace.

Rest
They'll find
In the end.

Black Thorn of mine!
Where can I find
The rest for your spirit,
The growth of my humble existence,
The growth of this self of mine,
Requesting for learning and fun?

Mirror-Man Mask

Inside your thoughts
She found two rods
Of blooming love with ruby thorns
born out of bloods'
DiViSiOn.

They're spiralling out his twisted eyes
While shadows keep their haunting down,
Imprisoned.

Two candles light three windows up!

The church behind is bleeding out
The history of your Mighty God.
Beg Light!

Your thoughts, inside they matter,
Your feelings will be higher,
For her you matter.

Out of three twisted visions
Their eyes see clearer and clearer:
As shadows of black and white,
Imprisoned,
Break free,

Our spiralled thoughts light candles of hope

In hearts ready to embrace you.

Your thoughts inside-out worn,
The church behind bleeding
out
the history of your Mighty God.
Beg Light!

Looking for Significance: Traces of Crayons and Paint on the Wall

Voyaging scratches
Get-up from your feet,
You're offering life with every move you make!

You're giving a lifestyle
Imagined so far
By an elated spirit and a powerful mind!

There's green and there are blues,
The crayons tell the news of some crimson, reds,
magenta-pink and yellows
Fulfilling all their dreams;
An orange finds some yellows,
the ochre pales near you,
The white of whites,
The sorrow, of all fine hypocrites.

It's black, the great reunion
Of all those who have known
About your aching moment,
One sorrow to be born
To offer hopes and dreams,
Religions and great meanings,
means
To cold sharp steels;

One sorrow,
Crayon peels.

The paint in painting feels!

..

KDS : Work on A Mess

Textures scratching down the wall
Of a basement, deep and tall;
Sinking down the couch while writing,
Moments passing by while fighting,

Mirror windows on the screen
Of my minds sewing machine.
Every foot sings marching lounge,
Music stops forgiving signs;
Smiles of shadows crying up,
Lights on spirals show full cup
Of Swayilence.

Touch my mind with sweet bee thoughts
Of smiles sitting down our throats;
Watch through bottles' emptied gold:
Separation of The Bold
- from the wicked -
Human feelings lie their hopes
On our perfumed book of notes.
Now I see the work on a mess
In great need of a caress.

..

Wild Flights across Forever

Another day, another drawing,
Seeing roads across forever...
Running!
Living fever
Keeps us calm while chasing
The Love of Sun!
~ We all run! ~
Day for nights and nights for hollow
flares;
working for another pair
of students.
Schooling's finally over!
They can play!

Ever thought of stopping to stare instead of posing?
Beware for he is staring!

Days and nights of dances and poses,
He studies, she writes;
Twisted minds trade places for places _
He draws she dies.
Lights make contours appear: interpreting a star's shine she descends,
He follows her,
She studies, he dies.

Another day, a different drawing style,
She makes progression happen,
He poses, she dances, horses run like wild.
Ever thought of stopping to stare instead of posing?
Beware for he is staring!

...

City States of Mind

In a moment thought too weak
Tears of coffee light and sweet
Shown on trees, caressing sun,
Loving creatures touched my arm.

Bitter flavours reached my soul
Place for heavy coloured whole
That's myself playing more roles
Looking straight into the holes
Of these buildings in my world
Real or not? Perspective's call!

Worshiped memory of love
Breaking mirrors to find hope.

Light all cast upon this story
Made me feel I touched true glory!
In my head, I heard some flight
Paced in beatings of a heart
That's not mine! You offered it
So, I can live happily!

"Many thanks" sounds awfully fake
So, I'd better go create!

A Place to Remember

Darkness was cruel
With callow attempts
To show some protection,
Keep history safe...
From callous decisions
They make to forget
All human corrections
Of what was to end.

You're into the light now,
You're gaining your faith!
Remember though, dearest:
That Darkness was safe!

So, Darkness was cruel,
Their callow attempts - only pale
And human corrections

Of what was to end, only callous.
A place for myself to change
Those things I am so afraid of living,
The ugliness I don't want to believe in!
A place to remember.

Oh, Darkness was cruel, their callous attempts
Of showing protection,
Keep history safe,
In shape,
All ruined.

And human corrections in need for directions
To find a new truth;
One place for them to change faith,
Their trust in the shadow that makes them do wrong
To another soul.

Yes, Darkness was cruel;
Their callow attempts only pale
And human corrections
Of what was to end, only callous.
A place for myself to change what I don't want to live and believe in!
A place to remember,
That place where my darkness and light are both for me safe.

I'm into the light, now,
Re- gaining my faith...
Remember me, dearest,
Our darkness was safe!

Guardian: La Bête

*Je suis une bête, ma chère
Mais je t'aime... bien!
Je vais t'aider et protéger
Tous les jours,
Toujours,
Moi-même!
Ils auront peur de moi,
Horreur!
Ils seraient terrifiés par cet amour pour toi,
~le mien ; ... c'est le tien ~
sans pouvoir faire rien.
Ici, la seule Chance d'exister
est d'aimer... bien!*

*Moi-même je serais,
Mon amour,
Tous les jours, oui,
Je suis ta bête.
Ils auront peur de moi,*

Horreur!
Ils seraient terrifiés par cet amour pour toi,
~le mien ; ... c'est le tien ~
sans pouvoir faire rien.
Ici, la seule Chance d'exister
est d'aimer... bien!

Rumours

Mistaken was I
by the chance of making their pearls happen!
Mistakes are all made to make one only greater!
Since
Chances were taken and broken were fears,
Superstitions mistaken for Bitter-Sweet tears;
Friends and illusions, well known entities
Locked once and forever in frames of a breeze.
Love taken away, mistrust and shy feels,
Perspectives on all our spiritual peers.

Untitled Sun

No title, no rope
Just a lie full of hope!
No phantoms, no touches
Only faint little torches.

Eternal existence
We'd like to achieve
But the Sun 's going down
Dark blue with our dreams.

RrAE

C'était le jour de la rencontre avec un chemin perdu,
Le temps d'un amour presque oublié,
Hardu.
Il semblait à tout le monde,
aux tous fous,
un idiot...
ces idiots qui croyaient qu'ils ont fait tous les jours
rien que
d'ennuis...

*Dans tes larmes,
ce chemin rencontre,
Toujours quand il faut,
Toujours hardu...
Il fait semblant !*

*C'était le jour du temps d'un chemin amoureux de la vie,
d'un amour vrai et sombre ;
celtique, un peu roman,
comme les murs de tes paroles
qui rigolent dans les mers q'on peut voir dans tes yeux,
Ces oceans de tes coeurs,
Le souffle d'une âme amoureuse
... de l'amour qui fait semblant et parait hardu.*

Part of This LGame

Lying in bed, burning thoughts of the voices swallowed
in a dream,

She believed this was the new life to take.

- Total Madness: Building a bridge to Your Love!

- He called her name, she could not hear
but felt his call from far away,

this call reflected in her being; now she can hear. -

Rescue: he is kneeling besides her bed: *"Will you be my wife up there?"*
Silence. ... she only starred.

A thought: *"Will I ever be human again?"*

A dream: The mirrors of lies, ... words for both sides.

A shadow from the future seemed to share with me
Secrets of the new world to be

So, I call Him in my dark hours, in my despair ...

"small things we do out of Love"

I call Him in my sleep!...

"Do not forget!"

I call Him when I feel the emptiness of my protected shell.

"I will never forget!"

- Call me crazy, but I still care.

I call Him now; A nightmare turned into a sweet dream caught up into the mornings' web, touched
by the silent rain of those long hours of last night.

- You are there, in the book in my head!

T-his is my punishment, never forget...

- This is my revenge; you keep crying for the loss of my eternal wings!

("I still can't decide how to hurt him")

- You are not my king!

- I am the one who will sentence you to the eternal death.
A demon you created for your lovers' god,
An angel you missed because of your dad.
You were so sad..."

"- *Let me take away your sins...*"

Relief:

" *Now you can start all over again!*"

- ... -

"- *Dangerous game, my friend.*"

- This is a dangerous game.

Almost drowning in their circling thoughts.

- Oh, I' m not playing.

" I will let You guide me through the darkness of this night!"

"I will let You tell me what to do!"

"I fought you! I defied you and then left you, only to recover myself!"

- Will I ever be human again?

I am the housing that reflects Your will and the memory of who I used to be...

- ... thoughts and feelings resulting from a battle between angels and demons ... -
So! I pray: my work is my confession, my will and my warning,

I ask for Your Light and then pray for

The Eternal Light

... everyone...

reborn in us!
there's night for:

*"- Can you feel it? can you see it?
This cross was crushed so you can access Eternity!"*

Blasphemy Lane ~ Orison of a Pagan

- Creating a god inside me was the perfect start for this battle of the sad spurred sands.

*"- Here I am, on Blasphemy Lane where everything's dead."
[They killed it]*

Fill the void inside me
With Love and Meaning,
Brilliant Sun travelling
Through space and time,
enlightening the blackest of Seas;
This darkness in which we dive seems too empty!

~ Rotation ~

"We're spinning around on our own selves to face a dead god."

[They closed it in]

He learned we're in need for some warmth then started looking for it in every galaxy.

"- This hell is cold..."

"- Do you remember the time you swallowed the serpents of Medusa? What did they say to you? Could you hear their screams while burning down your throat? Did you spread their ashes throughout the sands of your hourglass? ..."

[You took in the stars]

"...- There is your boat!"

...

"- I don't know! I'm too cold."

...

Do fill the void inside me
With Your Love and Meaning,
Brilliant Sun travelling
Through our space and time, ...
enlightening this Black Sea;
The darkness in which we dive looks ... empty!

~ Rotation ~

"I need to burn like a torch and guide you through this cold night."

They gave us warmth and a warm thought and left this cold.

"-Now I can remember:

A kiss in the name of our God!"

Reflection on Solitude

So, I said: Her eyes were pure,
Her Soul: Too cruel
To let you cry.

'Left your home for something better in return...
Yet she is the only one to know
About that soul,
Alone.

'Fought for what's to fight for;
Life!

'Found her way with no full understanding of the price to pay.
Still some questions left
Behind;
Still thoughts linger in my mind!
Relief ...can't find a spoken answer
to all that!

So, you see: Here, eyes are pure
Yet still that soul too cruel
to let me cry...
Until all illness died.

The Third Infinite

Searching for it in every human being,
he was leading his heart
to find another infinite;

Love,
she spread:

..
bits of your heart;
24
... beats per time ...

..
The drummer puts an end to the song
joining the Universal Minds!

...
- I cracked the system!
we went up and down;
to the left:
the hearts they found
are moving to the right place now.
They keep on moving,
we keep on following,
their lights are guiding him...
but where will he find the third infinite?

...
/... love .../
circles and triangles,
basis for
the eight rhomboids
of a sun;
cones and spheres
gathering for The Sphere
we' re spiraling up and down
into
continuously...
This never-ending snail shell
we' re drawing from
is leading us to the
hidden by the light images.

/...sun.../
It' s three o' clock in the morning;
Eight rays are spreading warmth.
Endless cubes are spiraling around.

- Abstracted Progression -
The other eight hearts establishing the grounds
of that new something we need
are constantly looking for their Passion.

The sound of my blood is running premonitory,
I'm searching for the soul that found its peace in your songs' gallery.
The colours of the rainbow composing the light
are hiding inside.

... I see! ...

Images protected by light.

Remains of a Lost Soul

Rhomboid flowers swing down at my feet,
Cold as a statue of stone I am;
Inside, the core is washing down memories
While feeding my spirit with unknown entities.
Left out for a moment,
You want now back in
Yet something attracts you to the other land you've seen.

A parallel into this Universe was made!
Now you wonder: *"What is there to know about them?"*
We live in dimensions you try to discover,
Now, tell me, do you know where that soul of yours crumbles?
Desperately looking for it in Eyes and in Voices;

Please, tell me:
Who are your friends
and where are your enemies?

A spiraled caress of their inference,
You end up observing with a touch of indifference.

A tear to be dropped

The silence that gives back your freedom
is the one in which lies what you're needing
and what you were given;

They'll all try to make you feel better,
Feeling worse only because
you are not envious.

They will try to make you become a human

Don't be like me darling
it's horrible!

To be punished for good things that you're doing
and listened to wishes they don't care about...!

To wish for others do what you once dreamed of
Because they ripped you off
your gifts
and your soul,
that love...

{get back your everything}
this new Jesus they're making of you
is not what you should be!

{give: hope?}

just breathe
and feel happy with what and who you are
'cause nothing lasts forever,
clichés to have fun!

Rainbow Clouds

A picture hanging on the wall, a desk and two black curtains
falling down to the floor;
The full-moon hides, behind rainbow clouds,
stories of that yesterdays' sun,
written
metal sounds
and two drops of heavy dew.

... *Sighs* ...

I was circling your thoughts,
they were mine
to wonder about
and make-shine
all the way
through the spirals of our times.
... *wishful sighs* ...

A picture hanging on the wall, a flower on the desk,
two black curtains falling down
and up the full moon staring...
An almost hidden by rainbow clouds
love for that yesterdays' sun...

The two drops of heavy dew
are reflecting into the floor.

The Hour of the Blue Man

Time profile; the candle is burning now,
Waiting for someone to stare
At the Great Entrances into new days;
More ways to gaze
At those worlds behind his head.

You kissed her
In the middle of that road I took
For a mask to put on

and be brave!

“- *Did they...?*”

You filled my heart with pure joy,
“Old man” who still can feel like a child.

“Be grey, be brave
and don't access that grave
which shatters the soul
and leaves its remains
to die in your heart,
then murder your mind
repeatedly;
always too dark,
never enough for your *Dei*.”

- Be brave, kiss that girl and make her forget all the pain!
I can see you in the middle of that road,
again...

You're both young, as never before
and your love shines through!

Fill my heart with joy, old man,
Please do feel like that child you used to be!
Kiss her goodbye now,
greet her new way...
You'll be joining her soon,
You'll be singing with her
for your *Dei*.

Changing Memories

* the book felt and was brilliant; a lady wrote it nicely enough.

The man behind this story lived all beauty
making her cry for the miracle
which was about to happen.

{for him}

She's there,
He's here,

You're everywhere and nowhere, my dear!

Everybody knows you,
Again, you failed in being aware
of the fact that they adore you!

Again...

Change those ugly memories,
Feel the songs that help you reach out
For the “big fat lie”
which is our life:
That dream

...

Once more...

Failed to fail!
The cave of our beings
holds the candles and torches
we hold dear to!
They shine and glow
in our way.
We get deep down
Into the darkness of our veins!
Oh, the carbon we use to fry
The evil inside!
Let's make it shine,
Our Big Fat Lie!

T H M: Dances for Heavens

My Hell, your Heaven!
The one we wanted to last forever;
My sorrow, your relief
From a life, you felt that was incomplete.

My Love, your Hating new song,
My life: the death of your Wrong
delusions.

Be happy, now, dear!
Don't worry for what might have been!
Be kind to yourself,
Don't treat yourself with disrespect!

I'm dancing for
our
Eternities' Sake!

... .. /\/\

~ (Dots & Dots, Broken Rods) ~

Safe spots,
three sweet dots
in a title-quest
to have some rest.
Their bets can be as charming as harmful;
The publisher said "No" to my handful
of "reasons".
So elegantly spent,
this time!
In the end
it's only a choice of living another illusion.

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