

GIANNI FRANCO
SORACE

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GARDEN LODGE
Thomas Keirst
LOWAN PLACE

An Art Book

MARCO

THE GIOVANNI
BY

Eliza Witte

THOMAS KENT

An Art Book

Second Delux Edition

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This book is dedicated to Freddie.

The Author

INTRODUCTION

“Thomas Kent” is a collection of poems which has been inspired by a true-life experience. Everyone of us has to face the loss of someone we love at one point. This book tells the touching story of a young woman and her own ways of finding peace and harmony in the memories of a lost beloved. A whole new world of visions and fantasies is depicted, where questions sometimes might be haunting, but talent is a sanctuary. Unique in its structure, the book suggests a way of preserving the most precious emotions we have, making them alive, stronger and able to resist time.

Celebrating romantic poetry, “Thomas Kent” captures the reader with its sincerity and is an exciting experience for those who admire traditional poetry forms. The combination of poetry, fine art and a theater play is the core of this art-book, which is dedicated to the great artist, the late Freddie Mercury.

Nadya Emanouilova
Editor

PROLOGUE

Before I Called You Thomas Kent

The autumn day did sadly smile.
The swing was lonely in the yard,
And you, my dreamer, for awhile,
Stopped your battle, long and hard!

You took a look at days that passed:
There was nothing you could catch.
No memory recalled, no warmth,
No face, no place and no regret.

Chances missed, too scarce - the time,
And never, ever comfort found.
I saw the tears in your eyes,
They slowly fell upon the ground.

The yellow leaves, and then the snow,
Then spring, which we all take for granted...
Will you see the flowers grow,
These flowers that your tears have planted?





When The Phoenix Would Sing

The rotation captured me,
And from its snare I hurt.
Youth and laughter and belief,
The ambitions of daring worth.
They from the innocence drink,
When the phoenix would sing.

The boy, who would step into manhood.
The present of an unborn child.
The energy boiled in his blood,
And the life in his veins was so wild,
When making love wasn't a sin,
When the phoenix would sing.

The muse would embrace him with care.
The fibers of the cosmos he caught.
They would dance with the light in his hair.
And I - I wasn't a thought.
The ark with the talent would gleam,
When the phoenix would sing.

His soul had the key for this ark,
And his lips could perform the touch.
And I - I exist as a warmth,
And I long for belonging so much.
To be, to vanish, to dream,
When the phoenix would sing.

A piece of luck, perhaps, or a burden.
My birth - so different ways.
The years pass by like a thunder.
Corridors of the time - a maze,
In which I have lost the link.
I've never heard phoenixes sing.

The eyes were mirrors of myself.
They never saw me though they weren't blind.
Hope for a crossroad, but then
He closed them for the very last time.
He never knew. Away sighs to blink.
The phoenix no more would sing.

Now I am breathing, alive.
Or at least one part of me.
Shivers at night would arrive
For the other part refuses to be.
I still keep calling the phoenix:
and "I Can Hear Music"... and lyrics.

You Went Back Home

You went back home, my Master Kent!
The Master of my heart!
Your trail, my dear, inspired friend,
Was like a shooting star!

Light among the faceless lives,
Light with no compare!
The earth was small, too low the skies
For the flight you dared.

And even poetry was mute,
Ashamed, with words too few
To be-rhyme the golden flute
That played inside of you!

You were too good for this foul world.
You just winked "So long!"
And flew away without a word,
Where angels do belong.

Thank You, Lord

Thank you, Lord, for giving me this gift
To chase, and catch, and make the words obey,
To make the passing feeling always live
In the music, which on them I play!

Thank you, Lord, for you have punished me:
The sea of sorrow was so blue and deep.
The corals of its salt re-tell a plea
Each and every night while I'm asleep.

Thank you, Lord, for giving me this chance:
To bleed as I do hold the quill in hand,
To be myself through rainbows in his glance;
Through letters memorizing only them!

Thank you, Lord, for sending me this curse:
In breathless run to their promised land,
These letters long to come out in a verse,
And sing the songs of Thomas Kent!



DEJA-VU



I Was At Home

I was at home. I sensed the ivy
To braid around my worried brow.
The autumn day was smiling lively,
A toll of bells did sing “hello”.

Narrow streets, the smell of steam...
Tardy, silence in its bosom,
The river hid in depths that gleam
Secrets beautiful but lonesome.

Hope in tunnels that were green,
The willows kissed the water calm...
A picture once already seen
In dreaming and in crickets' psalms.

Abandoned tree in dark verdure -
A being, vanishing in dawn,
And pure, like a mystic virgin,
Would fly with daring of a swan.

Virgin

Thrilled and breathing and so shy,
Outside the cherry tree's all white!
The blossoms, future brides in each,
The sweet and loving air will reach.
I'll wait for Thee, when Thou comst near,
I'll blush and bow in front of my dear.
I'll give Thee a smile, I'll take Thy hand,
And on my breast I'll lay it then.
Thou shalt feel my timid heartbeat,
My pure breath will fall asleep.
Thy kiss will flicker on my neck,
Thy fingers' touch upon my back...
Oh moon, you pale friend, be mute!
You, our witness, bright and good!
The song that swans had come to sing
A scent of dream fulfilled will bring.

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