

Time

Files

by

*Theodora
Oniceanu*

Published on April 29, 2018
Publisher: Smashwords.com
ISBN: 9780463989142

“I would define ... the Poetry of words as The Rhythmical Creation of Beauty”

- Edgar Allan Poe (from The Poetic Principle)

Contents

PersonAll

High Fidelity Feel
Heavy Light
Autumn Tracks on the Spring Time Bowl
This Soul's Mushroom
Sleeping Pill
Altered
The "If-s" of an adolescent
Velvet seeds
Gentle seconds
White Phoenix
Red Hand Road

Aluminium Hope

Revolving Around Alice

Forest of United Slaves
First Melancholy *Autumnal fall
Orchard of Grey Thoughts
Lullabies for the All-Mighty
The News Era
Into the Forest of the Crow
InDifferent Shades of Light
The Butler's Dilemma
A Second Autumnal Melancholy: The Colour of your Sleep
On Rods of Time
Undercover Red
To the other Side of the Blue
Yellow Hopes
The Room and the Pendant
Road to Forever
A Third Melancholy of Autumn: Proper Tea Romance
The Deepest High
Crowned Clock
1. Garden Orders
2. Out of Order
The Watch Dresser
Am I Free?
Show Time

Muzzo Muse

I[m]Personal

Enthuse Killers
Why aren't you serious?
Wearied by the Force
The Calm Observer's petulance

1. I'm not here

2. For you

From my own sorrow and tears

Bringing back my faith

The power of self-delusion

The Antithetical Lobster

Just one more story, mom!

Remembering the myths and legends

Elegy for Elation

One powerful brainstorm

Redemption

Who/Where/Why

Go for what you want

What's new?

Time Files

By

Theodora Oniceanu

PersonAll

High Fidelity Feel

On the Alley of Sin, we spin
Trying to get back to that Holy Being
we need!

"They are debating my soul"
"-You are losing your time with them"
"-Please, step into my world!"

He gives me a kiss...
I put the world into my pocket and walked away...
A kiss in the name of the Father.

You are drowning in acid tears for me
But I don't seem to care,
You are diving into the bitter darkness; I'm seeing this in a past
cup of coffee...
You are drinking it!
I am smelling it!

You were drawing us to the forbidden land
But someone gave me a hand;
I'm suddenly crying for all that you lost,
my friend.

~

Taking a pause!
"- Resting your cause!"
I am going down with a high spirit and see
People walking in slow motion...
their steps are telling me
a story...
"Have patience, you'll be...!"
Advice for the silent he gives.

*

Alone in this copper house,
I'm getting the bits of your shattered lights.
"I am not alone, and have never actually been!"
Love is in my mind now, and your mind in my heart,
My soul is somewhere in my memory...
and memory's greatness shall hide in for me!
Then I will light a candle in the living memory of who you used to be.

"- Yes, my Holy Being! It is you my Pain Killer! I shall take you in!"

Heavy Light

Stuck in this sentence of two words you once spoke,

in a tongue I thought I should know
all secrets and meanings
then go...out there and explore
its factual beauties.
I struggle to become the whole I was shown
I can embrace and fight!...
~ I am having the beats of your light!

Now, while gathering the small bright particles of life,
I am making a promise to myself:
"I will keep this magic powder safe from the wrath
of the enemy inside!"

"-You go into fantasy! you go into that light!"

This reality's darkness was making me mad!
You brought your love into this darkness of mine;
"I think I am the one who was right but felt wrong about it...
All ... this Time!"

~

A word of caution,
A spirit in need for a holy distraction.
I don't want to pay attention to every detail of my feelings towards you,
Towards everything around
travelling with us while taking the opposite sense,
a different path to push us all
to the same old
dark grey
curtains
which cover and reveal a brilliance the gifted ones, bathe in
while playing on the beautiful
mysterious scene.

Autumn Tracks on the Spring Time Bowl

Light was wandering on the hill,
A promise I seal...
We can see a road and the tree
Through a filter made of tears
And I don't agree
with us touching the spring of our fears.

Feel the acid in your throat,
the chemistry of your burning thought;
You are close to my soul without being near at all!

*

Three cigarettes and a bowl,
She eats her salad, ... very slow
a movement.
Scents promised to the air
telltale.
The hills are green

but wear the skin
of Gold;
The copper light is wandering on
the site.
She thought of mountains
blue and strong,
of high bright skies
with a trace of foam,
she heard the whisper of that morning's Sun
when she left home.

Last night was cold...
When home, she felt
his spirit move around:
... release of a sound...
- not sold! -
She felt inspired and at peace
with everything within her being...
"And all was love and love was all they need"

The door shut loud!

Observing the autumn trees in the middle of spring...
I am touching the bud of eternity!

"-Come back! You're mine!"
he screamed.

The darkness's swallowing his being,
she brings her light to him...
He touches the Spring: "-What am I seeing?!"
She felt they're doomed,
"The bud of eternity has bloomed!"

Carrying the vision of a young man in her heart
And his lightning beam.

"-Come here! You're mine!"
she dared.

The darkness of those days was about to end,
His bright light inspiring her being...
She took it in!

"Hold on, hold it in!"

*

My brain catches the beams of light;
That power inside
shows through the veil
I hide behind my sight,
an echo I seal;
I have become so un-Real!

I watch the arrows made of coal
"I have a goal!"
Before I know I am dissecting my soul.

I step aside,
The door has opened wide!

*"-Pictures and words, put on a wall
to be shot at then left alone"*
Lone.

*

The table holds an ashtray on,
two pencils and a bowl;
She ate her salad, ... very slow
a thought ...
Three cigarettes were smoking on,
in the middle of the ashtray
right next to the door.

A last call: ...
'-Hold on!

"Hold It On!"

Light was wandering on...

This Soul's Mushroom

*"Blue is the colour of your faith,
Red was the spectre of our strength;
The shadow of our Love wears the colour of Truth."*

Three steps on the floor
waiting to be cleaned and stored
in her memory...

A long red haul: ...
The garden behind the mirror on the wall
was withering.
"-They need this purple water!"
She walked on high matter,
Whispering tales of the unknown theory of a bright ghost.

The bucket filled with water blue
met cinder glue.

She threw the water towards the mirror
watching it go through...
Blue-purple truth reviving the garden,
once so vulnerable,
ignoring their howl,
increasing the power within

and bringing up faith.

...

The hall was waiting to be cleaned,
all dust and cinder being stored
in memory.

... three shadows of his steps awaiting...
... on the floor...

They're WhiteGold!
The Old New Love's reborn!

...

*"Red is the colour of my faith,
Blue was the colour of his strength;
The Three purple shadows of their steps
Are reflecting in the rapturous Truth
of their own reflection."*

*

Sleeping Pill

Words are spelling the right sounds
of the images
I need to understand...
I see... I generate...
emotion.

"- You're not missing him!"
*"- What's the point in missing someone, now?
This won't bring back but the memory
and a piece of his soul,
a bit of a spirit,
maybe a cup of mind..."*

("I will have all the time in the world to miss him, right?")

Memory to be cherished and loved,
Substitute for a feeling
once left to rot inside;
That something to return to
when I need to remember what I used to call
home
without ever feeling that I belonged
...there...
at all.
No progress in this
continual healing process
of hating
what one loves!

"-You're not missing them!"
What would be the point in missing the ones who already gave themselves to me?!
They're mine now! Forever to be...! with me!

"-You can feel them!"

This will bring back the memory,
A piece of soul, bits of their spirits
and maybe a cup of in-Sane mind!
A memory to be cherished and loved,
The substitute for a feeling left to rot in my soul...
Something to return to when too old
And tired of what I call now my home"
Shouting at myself:
"Without any feeling you cannot belong to them anymore!"
"-Hush...! They're sleeping!"

Altered

Irises down,
The tree is high,
My mind hopes for a change in perspectives;
I'll die before they release the synopses of this sky!"

Lying mirrors of mine
will you reflect the truth from within,
when I'm gone?

My reflection watches you
from the emptied glass of water, I broke...
Sometimes I yell at you loud.
There is no answer: "- What should I do now?"

Down on the streets of this small town, I'm losing
(behind)
I can see all of our people in need;
no money,
no feelings,
no hope.
-I feel misplaced.
Disillusion and fear
of tomorrow,
of a bitter end.
Lost Love,
Lost Credence,
I'm feeling like a dot in the middle of your sentence.

God knows I want to do something,

Help us get out of this state... of mind.
I take a turn and reverse
this sickening fantasy
I was dropped in;
It's like a curse
we're sometimes visiting
so, we can find, eventually,
the answer to our questions,

sometimes the answer to a prayer...

Down, in the middle of this grey sea of people
carrying on with their heavy legacy
of dark lies pretending to show the light...

The sun is burning my skin,
"Did you begin to bleed for your sin?"
I can feel its taste...
Making an effort to shine
my way through
this grey light that I read

...
"-Be On, all the time!
See everything around and inside,
you!
Take notice of...! observe
everything
and

everyone!
Consider every light...,
take care of yourself
(Love)
give and take,

: Passion and Love"
generate
Emotion,
Be
Pure Energy!
An enlightened spirit.

"Go on, do wrong instead of doing nothing at all!"

Is this the devil I'm hearing?
I want a taste of the sweetened sand,
A holy scent
And a spirit from high above
by my side.

It'll guide me to our cold forgotten Pluton.
From there I'd see
the whole galaxy:

Shattered particles of a diamond
reflecting Life's pasts we missed,
bits of our recurrent dreams,
to release,

chips to offer for our own relief...
I'd see the diamonds reflecting our lives
into the light of a Sun
destined to die...

Hard!

"-Go on! Do nothing wrong!"
The angel in me has spoken! Now ... He's strong!

I was there, living into the memory of your needy children;
short money, less hope...
I couldn't cope
with their lack of care and love
for each-other.

Cold blooded children I was seeing
Carrying on with their purposes,
Bunched together, they were the organized tea-leaves
of my peace of mind.
No feeling, no real meaning!
My faith was declined...
"Are they blind!?"
I was suddenly screaming: InCanDéscent!
They only coped with the season's credence
"-Where is the Right Time!?"

I felt like the dot in the middle of a sentence.

The "If-s" of an adolescent

"What if..."

I feed on a dream
Then put my arms around this fission
and sing...
I have control over myself
and fusion with a Sun!

And if I were who I wanted to be
You'd be so much better!
than me.

A facet and its hanging portraits
Catching the orange warmth of our traits.
Why "if"...?

We cannot stop thinking about ourselves for a minute.
I try this hypocritical feeling;
We get to sign it,
The contract with the troubled yearning
lit! :
--by a candle on wet concrete-

"Well, if I could..."

They tore apart the good I left behind;
Searching now for a clue in the backstage of my mind.

"Perhaps..."

"If I were a man, I'd do much better!"
I'm closing the door to my room to secretly burn the letter
to You.
"Maybe... I would!"

And if you'd be my good to bare
I would keep you away from their dangerous care
[for our ghosts]
only if...

*If you care enough for your humans and their human values,
If still in love with what you are
Deep inside your God forgotten sorrows,
If you care for the trees,
For the laughter and the seas,
For the joy in your tears,
The old
that is new,
For what was good
Inside that Great You...*

*If you care for our cries, for the sorrowful lies,
For all mornings' glorious pains;
If you still cared...
If you're still there
For our suffering,
Our kind stares into the sun,
Making a living out of your hell!*

Only if you care...

Velvet seeds

Drawing your time,
Illumination of the New Born;
They will bring happiness and joy!
Feel the truth that makes one fall
Into the infinity of Love!
A spot on the ceiling:
- Creating an oasis for those who crawl,
For whoever makes the run and struggles for the one

whose higher view
makes the tallest queues
grow small;
insignificant dew:
the meaning and purpose it gathers
you see and start wonder.

Charcoal stripes
Create a nightmare too sweet
For the ones who need to know the secret
behind this wall.

Diamond strikes:
"-This hurting love will make you stronger, my All.

"No more nightmares!"

We're drawing New Times,
Illumination for the New Born
Who'll bring more happiness and joy
To the ones who tell the truth and make one fall
Into the infinity of Love!

Gentle seconds

"His light was walking on the yellow-green grass"

Vanilla left your soul
During the night's fall
into that Sun
which found its sounds
behind your curtain's coal
clouds.

Yesterday's sky was bright;
A brilliant light was warming the site
you are working on.

I am touching the scene
while curtains reveal
a divine setting:
"I'm dim!"
Vanilla's surrounding your being.

I left your soul
During the night's fall
into the Sun...

White Phoenix

Clouds expanding towards me
This morning looks so happy to be
The one which finds ourselves together
Sleeping away consciously our Second Life Dream
forever

to share with thee.
I look aside while swallowing the essence of my numbers' night.

~
She's wearing white,
Waiting for the car to take her out
For working late hours tonight.

*
I am remembering...
See the particles of the light sphere
Lying shattered
on the alphabet of my fears.

Her suit's becoming dark,
Your blood living eye sights' remark
is cutting them up...

out...
Reddish Fantasy:
He is revealing
that blood's cruelty;
She is healing!

~
Clouds expanding towards me,
I was looking at the diamond in the sky
while you were drinking your tea;
It cast its light upon our (day) dream...
I look the other side:
She's wearing black,
In wait for a whole new night
of fight.
Another flight...
Tomorrow she will run this Life with the speed of your light!

...
Fantastic Consciousness, too Bright!

*
We're speeding up,
I cannot stop
Thinking about your steel like eye sight.
I remember the day I got you,
On the Internet, I met you...
I kept a copy of your picture
in my work files.
I am here, now, in front of your memory,
Wishing you could speak to me, ... tell me, ...
What was your great secret, old lady?

~
They're wearing blue.
She is lighter,
He is the one whose gloom
Has left the shelter of the glitter
they gained so soon.
Young couple
Setting their hopes and dreams
into the shutter of my lens.

*
Fantastic Consciousness too Bright
Tomorrow I will run this Time
With the speed of light.

~
Clouds expanding towards me
That day looked happily at me;
It found us all tied-up together
Living consciously our sleeps second Dream Weaver
we share with thee.
I am looking aside while absorbing the essence of my numbers' light.

Red Hand Road

The Sun to the left

The Cloud to my right
I'm half a dozen wild roses
strong,
going straight
to my old Black Heart
he hath;
The other half is going on
with life.

*

Flashlights absorbing memories of your lifetime
activity;

They're hanging on my mind
Appearing to be light-bulb glowing clouds,
A painting I've never seen before,
A shelter for the poor.

*

Two red spots of paint on a short black skirt;
She is listening to the trees' whispering secrets
wrapping around the others
while the cup of coffee's getting cold...
-errr...

The ground is too soft,
Her feet absorb
the living water of the clay loft
they built
a long time ago.

Walking on the drained cracked soil
She shouts out quietly the dream which will recoil,
hitting the strong shoulder
of her beloved
brother...

-hood.

For the good:
Don't cry now, my dear
And don't rest that pencil
making me wonder
about Him.

*

Don't praise me,
Don't hate me,
I am not to be yours for eternity
'...Unless... you come with me
too far away from our beloved humanity.
We'll leave them to our work,
Give them a kiss goodbye
And they'll give us their faith.'

- break 1 -

What are you eating, there,
sweet Faith?

I see you standing in front of the window,
watching the men
cleaning up the grey rainbow
I am walking on...

- ... ~ ... -

Don't thank me,
Don't get me!

I sometimes walk on the Pink Road to understand the "Me".

The beauty behind the curtains of life
I'm seeking
Is never too high.

- break 2 -

Wild irises I'm seeing
to the left
now,
to the right
then,

ask me: "Where are you speeding to, my dear?"

Rewinding: ... Overwriting: ...

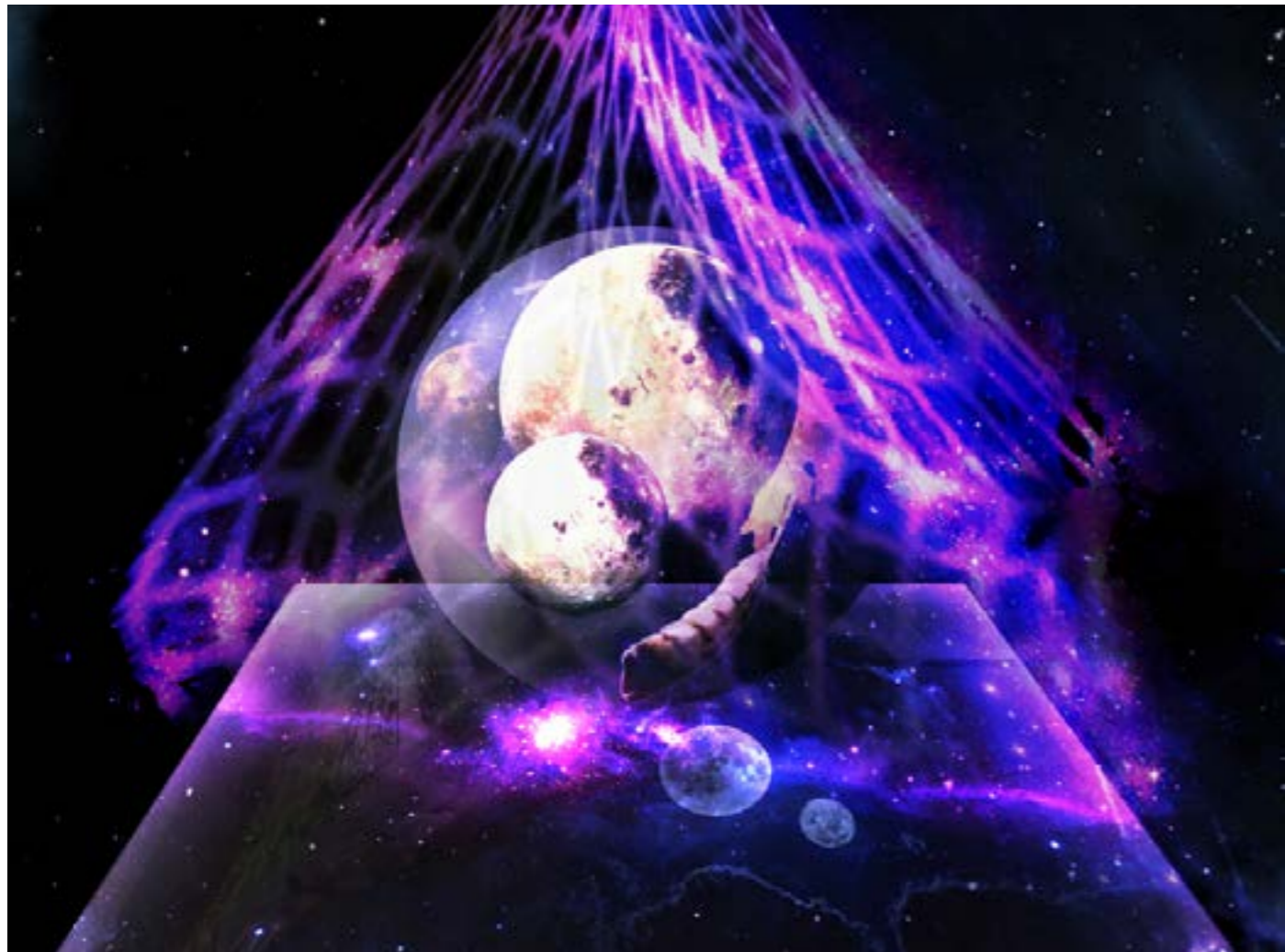
What were you eating there, sweet Heart?!
I saw you standing there, in front of the window
watching the men cleaning up
the rainbow
I was stepping on.

- BeLoved-

-child-

The Sun to the left
The Moon to my right
I'm half a dozen wild roses
strong!
Going straight
to my Blackened Blue Heart
He hath.

The other half is going on...
with life.



Time Files:PersonAll

- 1.High Fidelity Feel
- 2.Heavy Light
- 3.Autumn Tracks on the Spring Time Bowl
- 4.This Soul's Mushroom
- 5.Sleeping Pill
- 6.Altered
- 7.The "If-s" of an adolescent
- 8.Velvet seeds
- 9.Gentle Seconds
- 10.White Phoenix
- 11.Red Hand Road

*
**

Aluminium Hope

*The crumbs of inception:
Deception;
On the cable the elephant slides gently
A silhouette on a bike
And the bicycle, sweet,
Sweet syrup of strong fruit*

*And the coffee got eco-sweetened with honey
Making the pale sandwich feel a strong envy
On the cup of tea next to him.
These strong feelings break apart one small heart: this sandwich found near the copper cake factory,
The proper machine to have its sides a little burned;
Now the sandwich is tasty
Like never before.
The after-ever extra sweets in your bread need to burn;
The after never is suddenly
Unbroken.
The aluminium factory moves for you, baby!
**
**

Revolving Around Alice

Starting with

'A Reverie'

*-... she then said: "I need this! I need to punish them for what they did! I need to punish them for what they didn't do! I need it, duchess! I need this!"
-Oh, the queen must be very upset! Now what?*

*Complete I need to feel now, see?
I'm not afraid of your curse and your story,
This society business: too fake for me, I want out
For a moment of living
An archetypal dream in a different world.*

*"- Up-stairs down and away you go!"
A dark creature I heard saying
Last night in my nightmare;
There was a chase and they won
A lot of sweets getting out of my pockets
I didn't even get the chance to see the sweets
Just like those magic ounces of salty-waters
poured out
From my napkin.*

*

*-Too busy with myself now,
Too much to watch and learn from,
Too many steps to take now,
Take care of yourself sweet blonde!*

*

*Of sparkling silenced matters
And science voices down
Inside those hours of a soul
That's freezing its new cold
They sat and spoke and laughed about,*

No troubles to appear,
no problems to abound.

The girl was learning well her lessons
And he was brilliant!

Of beauty and of kindness,
- *Have tea or coffee, ... darlings!?*
They both laughing at ease
Run far away from her,
The old-old lady.

~ *one look into one another's eyes and they decide to run* ~

-She's boring!
-Oh, I know! I know! (he's catching his breath quickly)
Now let me tell you more about our Alice, dear!
-Oh, please, do tell me more!

Forest of United Slaves

-*There is no crow in this story, what are you talking about?*
-*I'm not talking about the story!*

Too strange and clever creature
To stop and watch my scars and bruises
For too long,
Instead it flew away
For its real food.

- Perhaps they weren't meant to mend those scars of yours!
- Oh, really?! I suppose yours were about to be healed anyway, weren't they?

Too frightened was I, really!
I could have sworn to see them in my room,
They were now arguing about a rattle ...
snake?
Or was it...
- A simple rattle, my dear!
You should not worry this much!
- Ah, yes, the rattle in those stories of yesterday!

Inverted silence: *Now she's talking too much!*
I am beginning to miss those days when she was silent, the poor thing;
a finicky child whose taste in life
Needed to be refined;
She got saved by her curiosity
And I trapped her with my stories,
My long fancy stories
About someone like her,
A girl who needed to learn about how lucky she was,
How privileged and how unfortunate
At the same time!

Isn't it odd, me pitying a girl like that one, there?

(two short knocks at the door; he covers his book with a cloth.)
-Yes, please! You may come in!

A very thin and dry old woman,
a mummy to become,
came in to express her faintly excused by the custom roar.

Clearing her throat she starts:

-I am so sorry to have interrupted your calm evening, master,
But I was told that you are telling stories to our girl.
-Oh, yes! please do take a sit, madame!
-No, thank you! I will not be keeping you for too long!
I came here only to remember you, sir,
Of your great duties
Related to your work of educating
Our little lady.

Please, do be careful about your behaviour;
She started talking more about odd tortoises,
mad queens and crazy Hatters,
odd creatures dressing-up for tea parties
And griffins telling jokes all night long!
She almost forgot about the songs that I taught her
And most certainly is not obedient and kind since your arrival here!
she said with reproach in her tone, her eyes glittering like thunders kept under control.
Lately she's been disrespectful, she followed, to all the rules of being on time:
for tea, for supper, for some ceremonies....
She's behaving like a distant relative we don't want around,
Making sarcastic remarks
And laughing a bit too loud during our parties.

-Of course, *madame!* I'll see what I can do!
-Make sure you see and take the measures you need to!
After all, it is you the strong reason why
all this is happening!
-Of course, *madame!* Of course! ...
-Good night to you!
-Good night!

~ and for the first time he felt great happiness and pleasure ~

their stiffness was deranged now!
How could he not feel good?
Even if he did not intend to
Create such 'great discomfort'
To the entire family!

His job could be affected;
He has to think it through,
act much more carefully

as he'd planned to.

Back to his desk he takes a glance at the old candle:
-I lost it! No! I lost it...? How... How come?
It was just there, in front of me
When I was writing!
(the panic made his skin look frightening pale)

A whisper from a windy chill made him watch closer
Through the window,
Towards it he moved fast,
with rapid paces and slow movements of his arms;

A bird-like creature pretty large and black
Seemed to have something wrapped along its beak.
-It shines and glows into the light of the moon
like never before:
The pendant of my grandmother.

-I tell you, I now feel just fine!
There is no reason to make such a great fuss about it, dear!
Please, don't worry!

First Melancholy *Autumnal fall

*Like a leaf in a year
This autumn passes,
The third-round leaf of the lovely danger
Of falling in love with this bad weather,
The reports for tomorrow look stronger and stronger;
And I am here, watching the leaves of autumn getting real
On the carpet of tar.
The richest rug is covering the softest
Greys of these grounds!*

*- I want to know what was the lesson
to be learned?
Was I supposed to learn how to ignore you all?
Was I supposed to stop my caring
or my love for anything or anyone?
What is that thing I didn't learn?
How to make myself useful
to any of our worlds?
How to destroy,
And how to kill and dance on
the graves of those who didn't do enough of their killing?
Well, I guess that this is what I am doing!
Here I am,
killing you with my work!
I hope you'll enjoy it,
the ride and the stop
for a breath of fresh air
or whatever you need to realise;
You know that I didn't care now because I cared a lot in the past!
Some say: too much!
There's never enough care
for the kind and the good heart!*

*

- Sometimes it seems to me that a part of me is... away... in another world, on the other side... my guess is

that I'm dreaming a lot! And when I'm awake doing this, I get very conscious about that side of my dreams
that isn't revealed to my flesh!

(You think so?)

Then, when I am asleep that flashy part awakens for that other world in which I decided to live a short
dream that has proven to be just another suicidal mission;
(At least it is a pleasant one!?)

why should I be committed to this running away from everything I'm needing?

*

Red Giant, Sequence Star
Aligned to tell more about the Solar Mass
Of our Sun;
Massive stars living
close together on our sky
In our minds
Helped by our human eye.

Orchard of Grey Thoughts

A moment in a battle song of vinegar and cherries,
Too ripe they never really were
To tell the ripest story.
The girl got bored and so are we,
she needed a new singing tree
from which she got remembrances
of funny worlds we were all living in when children.

*Too busy doing nothing,
Too busy now to die,
Too busy for your children coming to say goodbye.*

-Can't listen to your servants,
I'm not a maid, you know?

~

How dare she treat me like
One of their own?

~

Can't speak now, mirror, really!
I'm serious, please see!
Can't think about you all, now,
Those shattered screams to speak
About the troubles you are taking,
The pain you're going through!
Oh, my! I have forgotten!
I'm still in love with you!

-Have time for me, though!
Beg you! please do not be ashamed!
I'm actually in great need of a friend!

Two hurt and shattered soulmates
Awaiting to be born;

Our Alice seeing on their whitish faces
The scars
reflecting their troubling past worlds.
She asks herself a lot of questions
And never hesitates to ask;
- I'm tired, Alice. Go and play now with your dolls!

*Too busy with myself, now!
I'm growing it to sweet.
Too much to watch and learn from!
I'll be your cruel disease.
These mirroring new creatures
Are showing to our life
The way you were:
The beautiful shadow of a wonder girl!*

- Alice?
- Where, in the name of Heavenly-made cookies, is this girl?
- I'm here, I'm here! Nanny, ... (in whispered tones she soliloquied) Chill! I am here!

The Orchard got now filled with pale white rabbits
And a lot of apples falling
For them down from the trees.
Alice was following the hare to his leads.

-Keep losing it,
you'll keep finding it
Your, hare!
S_he's there!

Lullabies for the All-Mighty

Softly and stiffly
The little cat was dancing
On a roof,
In a dormer
Where a couple was enjoying
Their sweet awakening
given to the rays of the sun;
The song of a delicate bright bird
And the smell of a fresh saint-like
Cinnamon feeling,
the grace of being rewarded
For their time together,
Doing nothing
For the generations to follow,

inspires.

*

How do you like my nothingness filled
With sweet memories of the world that could have been
If we only had more courage
And less faith

In the disappointing edges
Of a knife put into the wrong hand!?
- I'll learn how to fight it,
Just give me a knife!
- A sword, for you, dearest!
So you can tell your enemy goodbye.

-Why can't we all be friends,
Just like before?
-When was that, before-era
You're talking about, old-girl?
All times of confusion lifted off her shoulders,
The girl watches the window and the window says: - Hello!
-Now, that is a nice smile, oh!

-Be careful and kind, love will still be around
True love cares, everyone dares to fight with you!
Who will be the winner?
The princess? R2D2?

All the times of confusion got lifted of his shoulders!
- I really did a bad thing, making her a prisoner
Of her own passions and for my own needs
To take revenge on a kid
Who didn't do any harm to me
Nor to my earthly family
Back then!

Still, the prison... cold and old and dark as always.
In her prison, she prays her odd-own ways!
There is a God that's mightier than her belief
in this small and narrowed-down world!

- There must be more!

Oh, there must be much more!

Without knowing she learns step by step
That her own prison is much too great
For one to wish to escape
Or simply drop dead!
Her world is much more
Than the world itself!

-This is a prison to explore,

Forevermore!

Where am I going
And why is this here?
These mice keep on playing
Confusing my treat
For the birds.

All birds out there,
Bathing in the morning sun,
It's a cold day today there
But there's even more coldness inside
The citadel.

- Winter is coming, dear!

- What could you possibly want?
I am old but I need to carry on with my fight
For what I want!

- I do not care too much about your wishes!
- I am only one of those queens
Who learned things all by heart
Then forgot about it all
And left the buildings and their fancy people
behind
For what we call-recall: The real call!
- The meaning!?

- You keep on burning and dying there, please!
With your beloved owned calls,
Your
Strong beliefs,
Obsessions, regression,
Progressive thinking and passions.
Whoever saved you won't be
Doing it again!
I can assure you of this!
Goodbye to you, my friend.
- I used you too,
You see? This is the world we live in!

Are you awake now!?
Can you see?
Did you even bother
To understand and care for me?
~

- The queen is all upset now,
let's give her privacy!
She must have had an awful time
Remembering
Some
Thing.

~
It was almost lunch-time
when Nanny called for breakfast.
- Are you okay with this one?
the butler was now asking.
- Oh, it looks wonderful!
I love it!
Thank you!

Bee...?
(they're smiling in their sweet complicity)

*

Stiffly and softly
On the roofs and chandeliers of time,
On the strings of the city
In which everyone lives at least one lie,
The dancing cat was making her moves,
From town to town, looking for the proof
That things were still worth doing completely and deliciously
Wrong.

Just like before: all fine!
And people fed the cat so well,
Some dressed her and offered her shelter.
She always filled their hearts with joy
Then left again out in the cold
Novembers', bright, Decembers' spring mirrors of boiling hot
antithesis
From where she could learn more
About the troubles of others to fix,
illusions adored by realities to mix
in the new elixir of life;
She's taking pride on her new grips and
On her great new achievements.

I hope you enjoyed this elegant elegy.
One Ré-son d'être!

*

The News Era

- *They say the world is going to an end! Why is that?*
- *Probably it's because we polluted it! I don't know! What's the subject now? the father asked his little girl.*
- *Listen...*

«Cet massacre de la langue qu'on connaît si bien vient de nous envisager des nouvelles d'après les temps qu'on a oubliés. Y'a des choses qu'on veut bien comme ils ont été toujours, envisagées pendant que les autres doivent faire l'épreuve de ce qu'il pourrait être, ce qu'on ne connaît pas... même ce qu'on ne doit jamais connaître.»

- *That's beautiful but don't worry too much! There's still time to fix it! The world will be fine as long as you do the right thing.*

*

Softly and stiffly
And smoothly she moves
On the roofs of a canvas,
The cities caressed by her brushes!
Are they yelling and screaming in silence?
Release them! Give them the freedom they need!
They need to live out there, they all need to breathe!

They love to be seen, admired and loved!
Just like you, black little kitten!
Only just like us all!

Two mirrors of three stories felt neglected by your painted soul
Two mirrored walks repainted the walls
And made one caress on a soul in agony
Find the peace and the comfort of a friendly hierarchy,
Antagonistic writing back at and against myself,
When our words collide
New worlds realize their thoughts about their own existence.

Into the Forest of the Crow

-Tweet-Tweet, Tweetle-Tweet-Tweet
-DumDum, Dumb-Dumble Dum-Deed!
-Rejected by a musical, you were!
-So, what? You are much dumber than before!
-That isn't accurate, you see? I have made my progressions here, into the land of elves and fairies!
-What are you talking about? There aren't any elves and fairies here! Only The Crow and sometimes the White Queen!
-Ha, hah! He heh! Hi hih! It is so obvious! You couldn't see the change!
-Oh, yes I did! The Crow has gotten wilder than before, Tweet!
-Phaaah! Humbug!!!

*

- What's got into you two? Why are you fighting again?

Didn't you learn your lessons,
The ones from your Ice Queen?

- You're talking about Our Queen?

Why, you don't have any clue
About who she is
And what she can do

- To you,

- Yes, to you

- And you! our girl replied.

- Oh, no, no, no, no...

- This is not our lullaby!

*

As Tweet-Tweetle-Tweet and his brother Dumble-Dum-Dum
kept arguing with Alice
we moved along with a mighty song and another breaking point
for an illusion to happen; only another miracle,
for the ones who can take some more of that fight.

Into the forest she found some peace and serenity
But The Time Hairdresser, angry and dark as a mad crow
Came back for TweetleDums And DumbleTweets
Once more;

To re-establish the order
Once and for all!

*

- Please take this new hat now... its magic, you know!
Protected by the magic of an enchanting elf-girl.
- You're most certainly joking... Tweet-Tweet interfered with offensive outrage.
- Thank you, my dear Alice! I hope that elf is you!...
- Oh, no! I'm just a human! 'Have nothing to do with her!
I only caught a glimpse of her magic done into this forest once!
... then found this hat all grown there... and picked it right away.
She blushes like a rose that learned and knows:
Her happiness of being beautiful and loved
Was something that she shouldn't take too much pride on all alone!

*

The battle's on!
The Crow is coming down with dust and old wrecked foliage
lifted-up
Into the air.

Now, things seem only too unbearable to watch!

The fight is over,

The Crow has gone

And Tweetle-Tweet is looking out for his brother.

-Oh, Dum-Dum Dumble-Dum!

Where are you? Please, do speak!

I didn't mean to hurt you

While we were fighting bravely,

So oddly asleep!

Oh, Dumble-Dum! Please, tell me now

One of your jokes and riddles!

Please, Dum-Dum!

Say something!

Where are you, brother!?

Out of a great dome made of fresh leaves came an answer:

- Poof, Poof...!

-Oh, thanks Lord! Twettle rushed to find his brother
but got tripped and taken down by one firm hand
grabbing his ankle.

- Hah! Got you on this one!!

A fig?!

I found it here, near this new foliage retreat.

- You... You... cold pathetic prick!

Out of the foliage retreat shows Alice;
She carries one bright leaf in her hair
And two other reddish-like on her shoulders keeping her perfectly balanced!

-Ah! There you are! My dearest girl!

-I hope you had a good view

-...Over our fight

-... most glorious one! I admit

-... from where you were hiding!

*

Out of that foliage she came,
just like a fairy in a fairy tale,
Her moves were dancing their new waded songs
Coming out of her delicate strong arms
And so, was Alice hiding from
The victory of falling prey
To The Crow!

*

There was a delicate new feeling
on the fine lines she was about to cross.
But that is for another episode, round.

InDifferent Shades of Light

Out of the blue of this cold forest
A windy storm of sun-rays fell
Upon the trees.
And Dumble-Dum with Twettle-Tweet
Were gone.
- They vanished! Said the girl, a bit amazed,
A little scared as there fell darkness once again
Over her solitude in this cold place.

*

She took a breath, a deep one, see?
And moved along, wandering carefully
with the curiosity of someone
expecting new dangers behind every tree.

*

Just as she fell at peace with all that darkness
And mystery
A
Crash was heard.

- Ooooh... Loooord! A creaky moan and the disintegrating sound
of a metal-fall of armour startled her then made her squint.

-Hello! How are you, sir!

The old man didn't seem to bother about her existence at all.

-Where is my sandwich box? And where, my sandwich!? I'm hungry!

- Please, pardon me, sir! Here's a box I found, ten paces away,
Down from where I came.

The man was still ignoring her: - And where are those glasses?

- Here! She picked-up a pair of glasses and handed them to him!

- Oh, thank you dear!

Now, you were saying something about my sandwich?

- Oh, not the sandwich, sir! I couldn't find it! But I found this...

Perhaps it is yours...? She said while showing him a box of leather.

- Oh, dearest! Thank you! I've been looking for this one for ages!

- I thought you dropped it just about now, when you...

-Oh, no, no, no... You see, this? This is my old box for sandwiches

That I lost once in a battle with The Black Knight.

- I see... the Black Knight... The Crow was here before!

- Shhh... we do not talk about The Crow around here!

- Why not? It always seems to haunt this place around!

- And that is precisely the reason why!

- Oh, alright! You're right!

- I know that, girl! I am always right!

Just watch me how I'll get back on my horse and fight for justice and kindness and beauty once more!

- You are the bravest knight of all!

Said Alice with innocent kindness in her voice. I'm sure that back in your days you were the strongest of
all the knights!

- WHY! That is preposterous! The man replied

With dignity that was hurt he spoke:

- I'm always strong and brave and always conquer it all!

- Of, course! I didn't mean to offend you, sir!

- hen don't!

- It's strange though...

*

They soon got very well along together for the talk that followed their long walk into the woods.

- I will protect you, dearest child, since it is my duty to do so,
around these woods!

- Too strange this fact of you not remembering me, sir!

- Remember you!? What are you talking about, young lady?

- I mean... I feel that I have been here before...

- Oh, that's another call... That has nothing to do with me or this story!

- I see! I am sorry if my words offended you, sir!

- Never mind, child! I will protect you since it is my duty to do so,
in these woods!

*

And so, he kept his promise until the Black Knight showed again bringing The Crow to them, this time
taking our Alice away.

-Oh, Lord! What have I done!? The knight cried while crawling to get up
on his feet
then ride his horse again!

The Butler's Dilemma

Where is the girl, now?

*And **Why** am I still here?*

The second time was supposed to bring her near to this castle much sooner.

What am I going to do about the poor bastard waiting there

For the two messengers to come with that pesky letter from the queen of Hearts?

- Personal... Impersonal...

~ the soup needs more pepper! Pepper! More!!! More pepper! ~

*

*the smashing of the dishes
from time to time awakens
the sighs
of the old butler*

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

