



Under a starry sky

by

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Contents

[Moon Reflection Morning](#)

[Ode to the Sun](#)

[Oh, Brightest](#)

[Moon's Garden](#)

[Muse of the night](#)

[Under a waning moon](#)

[This moon obsession](#)

[Moon Tale](#)

[So, there's justice](#)

[Hurt I](#)

[Hurt II](#)

[Helpful Tears](#)

[Crescent Moon](#)

[No more tears](#)

[Blessed](#)

[Silvery Moon](#)

[Roses well dressed](#)

[My cruel poetry.](#)

[I know what you can love](#)

[Saints of the Dawn](#)

[Painting of the Past](#)

[Why won't I understand?](#)

[Awake](#)

[Heart of a lonely poet](#)

[Technical](#)

In love

You need to be loved

A stain's lament

Sun melody

What brings you

New Samhain Celebration

I wish I knew what happened

Perhaps a tear or two

Obsessed

On how to ask

"Please"

Hell Sonn

Ostrich Feathers

To my beloved

Home-sick

Symbols

Paragraphs hunters

More of the blessed

For Christ's Sake

Emotional

Microfilm lust

My tears of sorrow can kill

It's not enough

Power obsession

Beautiful

Enraptured

In a sculptor's home

Awake the good star

Faithless

In love once more

A show of potency.

Courage

House of broken hearts

Give me a reason

I know how that feels

Sacrifice

Confused

A journey that matters

Petulence

Respect

So and so

Am I

Curtains

Rights

Rough

Concern

For your life

On the land of fun

Coral Reefs

Serotonin levels

Exotic

Truth be told

Mischievous plans

Force

Reflection in the Mirror-Poem

Moon Reflection Morning

Morning came

 bright as always

Smart shine unseen before.

Still, I remember well.

The sky is deep,

 into the heights I look: the vastest blue!

There is no star to shine brighter than the sun here.

I should have one hot cup of coffee;

A nightmare proves to me that I have made a grave mistake

in a past I could not forgive myself for.

Now I can... have an idea or two about how to escape

 the agony of being so cursed.

I pass...

 A cup of fresh water to clean and wash away

 the bitterness of the ugly past.

There's breakfast well prepared

 on the table,

 fresh eggs and bacon,

I watch you eat.

I'll have something later,

 a shower would be nice, now, before leaving;

An office-business's ready to receive me with its arms open wide...

Fresh air outside!

I walk with confidence

and proud of this day I am

as if it were my fault

it's splendour.

Above city-trees, blue depths of a sky fresh and luminous

meet the reflection of a white moon.

Away!

she is so far away...

He is in love with her beauty,

the proud moon of today.

"Somewhere a rainbow drops colours of adored eternity."

Ode to the Sun

You shine again for us,

we embrace the gift of life,

your righteousness, so great and us so humble!

Adored, oh, worshipped star we loved

for that beauty we're allowed to watch and let ourselves defeated
by its power!

To see, accept, believe...

Out of the dark,

Much loved, Oh, our beloved star,

we are looking into the skies of evening with hope;

you will return to her, your love, once more, for moments of joy

to be returned,

to be returned,

to be returned.

to all those worthy of your love;

to be returned, to be returned

to their beloved!

Much loved star, oh beloved star,

You still shine for us,

letting us embrace the gift of life!

Oh, Brightest

Oh, brightest star of morning
where is my soul,
what did you do to me,
to it?

What happened to my spirit,
broken,
it came fast back
and wisely sat a soul with you at the table.

Oh, brightest stars,
what have I done?
to my soul, all poor, lost and broken...
spirit that was strong, why have I sinned so badly,
why did you hate me. why did you love me,
oh, why?

Rise and shine,
Imagine the goddess you once loved!

Moon's Garden

A garden keeps all roses proud
for admiration of the swans
is kept on floating boats
made of a lily;
two frogs are telling
to one another
words of good love.

The garden keeps them all well watered and fed,
for the moon to come and say
a few little words of blessing for two lovers to appear
in the garden.

But then, only then, when the sun will give his blessings,
will the two find their full-time of happiness.

Sweet moon is waiting, patiently shrouding them in mystery,
caressing the swans, and the roses, the trees and the garden's two

lovers.

With her warmth she jaundices their faces, with her heart
she calms their wounded hearts.

Muse of the night

In a corner, dimly lit, by the bed
stands the haughty silhouette of a guitar.
It's strings touched by moonlight rays
shiver and frightful breezes of wind climb up and down the strings.
Note by note, the song gets composed:
"- Now it is time!"
the musician speaks as if only for himself, the moon and the stars.

Under a waning moon

There's anger, under a waning moon,
There's regret and loneliness, distractions and hopes,
all crushed, resurrected, revealed
under the cover of the night,
concealed by the loveliness of flickering stars.

Under the waning moon I can hope,
I can breathe, I can live!
The sun is no longer with us, dear!

There's space to be filled with more dreams,
Thousands of plans,
all tossed mistakes on tons and tons of paper
until all right.
Under the cover of night,
There is love, there is power, there is hope.

This moon obsession

This moon obsession
Growing with the season of fall,
the season of colour burning bright
In my soul!
Moon obsession, colouring the grounds of night

in silver-shades of mystic power.

Moon Tale

Moon, you've been telling me lies
Of the unforgettable,
A bedtime story,
a children's book you once wrote
For us to believe
In the magic of our spirit.

Moon, you've been telling us tales,
you've been nurturing feelings of importance,
in our minds you grew
ideals!

You've drawn us to new acts of cruelty
to make us sane;
You gave us the stars to learn good ways.
You've told us whom to trust and whom to let go,
From where to learn and how to pay for our fall
into the soft, protective arms you built
with your crocheting needles.
Moon, you've been telling the truth, all this time!
98.

So, there's justice

So, there's justice after all, in your garden
where the sun shines so proud and strong,
where the moon smiles back at us
as we look for fairies in the grass and Santa in the skies!

"So, there is justice in the world",
The child longed to know,
"There is more laughter and more joy, for us!"
"As we look for our dragons to tame, we learn how to dare!"

So, there is love of true, just like in a fairy-tale,
And we're not allowed to hurt one another

in your garden, where the sun shines so strong and proud,
Defending the righteous, destroying the wrong...
But who made them wrong and why?

“Yes, there is justice in your world,
You are that powerful!”
A feathery touch of air brings medicine for my overheated brain.
“There’s justice in your world, my world!”

Hurt I

Her Venus body, inviting you to a close exploration,
Her pale skin, under the moonlight shining,
Her ruby lips, kissed by a rose-petal,
Sweet, like your embrace:
All yours, you deserve it. How come?

Her shadow’s silhouette,
Her hair, so long with golden lustre
streams over your body as she leans towards you,
On alabaster temples she deposes her kiss good night.

Your mind distracted, by soft rays of waning moon,
Reaches heights of the unbearable and breaks into visions
Of multiple ideals you like to believe your own;
It is how you’ve grown.

She paints invisible circles and curls on your cheeks,
down your neck, but you’re not there.
You’re half gone with the moon and she knows,
Your eyes miss her long stare.

Into your mind she breaks, she knows
When you need a doctor or a friend,
When you deserve her lips and when to put an end
To all her miserable existence there where you are.

Half naked, staring at the moon shining through the veil,
You forget you’re alone in that bed you bought with her on sale.
Do you love her? Did you ever? Was she only a tool?

Perhaps an ideal to watch, from time to time, to have.

She's gone, now! You're alone.
Your Venus found her way back home.
Her heart won't matter now much more
But yours will!

Hurt II

You had a goddess but you wanted the Moon,
The Moon didn't want you but for a little game of hers.
"Nighty-night, little ones! May your paths be guided by stars!
May you be loved, may you be hugged, may you be kisses
By the sweetest Joy. I'll give you light through all the darkness of
night"
As she weaves her precious light down to you
Your heart remembers: "She was a goddess but I went for the
Moon,
Now I'm alone in silence,
And cruel is this night with me,
At this late hour I write sweet pathetic letters
to cover that soul of mine weeping with regret.
She was a goddess but I went for the Moon."

Helpful Tears

Helpful tears are pushing out impurities in my eyes
As I watch your hatred pouring out in waves,
They could fill the labyrinth of the Minotaur in seconds
And drown a myth forever!
Then, I wonder, who would start searching for the story,
for the lies,
for the truth?

Helpful tears are trickling down my face,
washing my sorrows away,
There's nobody to wipe them but myself.
You did your best,
When I needed you you were there, by my side

Now go rest... I can manage.

Helpful tears are mending an ugly scar,
The miracle of a new life with the promise of no mistake made.
Now, can I believe in this star?
It is time to breathe-in again;
The cold, refreshing air is calming the burn inside.

A soft caress and tears of an angel helped,
Now go rest!
You deserve to have a meaning!

Crescent Moon

Crescent Moon, yearning for your children's tales
to be told to the one who pales and shines
Brighter than the stars.
Upon our faces you cast your warm light
Telling a fairy-tale, giving us hope,
Giving us back all our dreams,
Letting us live with the spirit of creation -
Tomorrows come with the same great feelings.

"Oh, I wish I create only what's lovely and sweet,
only the beauty of your spirit I'd sing",
but the fool I am wanted more,
So much more,
And now I stand alone in the darkness of my room,
Praying for everything that means nothing to you - it's my
something!

"Oh, pale Moon, crescent Moon!
Do not let us suffer alone!"

No more tears

No more tears,
 "the nightmare is over,
 you can breathe now,
 it wasn't your fault,

don't you worry,
it's going to be fine now!
Believe!"

No more tears under the sunny sky of summer,
Under the waning moon tonight,
No more sadness and disillusion,
no more embraces of fake,
to smother and murder your lovely soul.

No more nightmares
during these nights on sorrow-land.

"What have I done?"

Believe that your word was only fun, funny fun to have,
And laughter, pure joy!

No more tears, no more nightmares, my dear!
Only sweet disillusion
for the great.

No more sorrow, no more cries,
only your wishes true.

Blessed

Child, be blessed with good fortune and love of true,
Child, be loved, you are strong!
Child, amazing and wonderful, you are,
You are loved!

Child you can make it on your own,
Child, you will have what you'll need to be well;
You will be given a great chance in life,
Child, you will be given everything you want!

Silvery Moon

No torments other than the ones you want,
It's time for you to look into the depths of this dark starry sky
and read your ways
to worlds you can love.

But wait,
A silver moon is teaching you of wisdom of a past;
Of present days, and future speaks
She's here!
He's here!
We flicker little waves of tearing water.
"Our famous home is beautiful!"

Under the starry sky of night
The silvery moon descends
To bathe into the seas and oceans,
To dance her light on the soft grass,
To hide her face in the corn-fields
And whisper more tales above lakes.
Into the woods she descends to tell stories
Of a knight in shiny armour and of a princess,
A show of light on each peak of a mountain,
A luminous sigh over deserts.
Flickering light given to the rivers
And a nighty-night kiss to all of her children.

Roses well dressed

Curled with the sweetness of ambrosia,
Like petals of lily her strains of hair
Whisper to you songs and poems
For the future to praise your audacity.

In digital roses well dressed with words
Taken from pages of a torn apart book,
A sonnet covers with kindness and wisdom
The caring heart of the tormented with angry doors.

Two eyes watch the tale burning
With passion that unfolds secrets
Already well known
And a goddess awaits in her chariot
A poet, a lover, a star!

Her gentle movements inspire the house of lost souls
The goddess goes for her god,
Exploring a new feeling of kindness and gratitude,
Oh, maybe they knew! a whispery voice is searing.

And as you pack for a new adventure
To take you to the highest peaks ever known
She is waiting for you in a corner of the room
Well prepared work to do gathered on the table.

A cup of soft drink is speaking to her of you.

My cruel poetry

And if my cruel poetry started to hurt you, what then?
Why so proud, why so shy? Why all those faces?
And if I died for a little care and compassion,
For a little love, For a song that you wrote?
What then? You would hurt me? again?

And if I cried for what's left of me, for a dream, for a hope!
What then!? You would destroy me for trying to be your friend?
What if I'd die to make it all right, all good, for both of us!? What
then?

What if I cried no more and started living something beautiful!

I know what you can love

I know what you can love!
You can love me broken,
You can love me sweet as the candy you want to crush under your
teeth!

You can love me bitter, you can love me sweet.

I know what you can love!
You can love me cruel, pathetic and mean,
You can love me savage, you can love me angry, released from all
fear!

You can love me happy, you can love me sad!

Eyes pooled with tears,
You can love me wrong, a little,
You can love me right and standing up for my right to be obnoxious
if not else.

You can love me righteous, you can love me nice,
You can love me like your strangest line.

Saints of the Dawn

I have upset the saints, I know!
I tried to be closer to the moon and the stars and now I find myself
all broken.

How come we're never there, too good, too angry, too sorrowful?!

Dawn cracks the day open as angels fall from the sky
To make me remember of this perfect life I'm living.
Graciously I'd step with more pride if I had any reasons of real.
With the desperation of a teen I hang on to the little things I believe
can be useful.

I have upset the saints,
Perhaps some gods also got very offended!
But here I am, again, not knowing what is better, is it this or that?

Flames dancing this way and that in the hearth,
My heart ponders as days of our perfect lives
Pass right in front of my eyes!
And I wish I was stronger, I wish I could make this existence of
mine useful.

Painting of the Past

I let a secret out while painting a painting,
A gift of mine for others to enjoy the presence
Of two creators.
How else could I tell you what happens when they meet!?
How else to describe all that beauty!
Their distortions,
All correct,

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