

# Anthology of Dana Stanic

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Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*To the most vivid feelings you all hide*

## summary

Little Leaves

five minutes

Ghost

bus stop

Crossword

choir of the soul

key

finally free

## Little Leaves

*Little leaves, little leaves  
feeling the breeze of the wind  
I wonder if the wind is their reason to live  
like every line I write  
a reason to be alive*

## **five minutes**

**Show me your darkness**

**Show me the deepest**

**Show me your colours**

**Show me your sorrows**

## Ghost

Is it true? Am I truly safe around your arms?  
I know they want me as much as I do  
they claim for me in every morning at two  
the warmness that they give me is like feeling at home  
without any doubt, they are my secret hole  
Can you see it? it's everywhere, between the clouds and the wind  
Can you feel it? it's everywhere, between your mouth and every breath  
Feel it, touch it, I'm there  
Feel me, touch me, I'm here

## bus stop

*I bet your hands are still cold  
Is it because they never found a real home?  
I swear that is not that bad to be alone*

*right in the corner we met again  
without knowing it would be my last amen*

*you came closer, close enough to reach my eyes  
did you remember how they looked like the last time?*

*you still make me shake  
as if you are some kind of snake*

## Crossword

*Sometimes I wonder if I'm not some kind of crossword you have to read again and again to finally get to the key word.*

*I am, indeed.*

*Key, the key, what key? Is there any?*

*I desperately hope so.*



## choir of the soul

*they come out of my mind like strong waves trying to reach the coast and feel the warmness of the sand*

*but then tiny rocky wounds make their appearance at the coast wandering through the halls of my soul looking for the light that survives*

## key

*I wonder if I'm not some kind of crossword you have to read again and again to finally get to the key word. I am, indeed. Key, the key, what key? Is there any? I desperately hope so.*

## finally free

*They wait eagerly to the sound of your voice to come out of the cage because they know you're my serenade*

*They wait peacefully to the touch of your hands because they know you're my warmth*

*They have been waiting, and they have known you have always been their favourite song to perform*