

An affair with a voice

Gregoria



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

To a man I've never met and I will never forget.

Acknowledgement

Grateful to all my foreign friends, who have enabled my growing and development as a second language speaker. I'm a language lover and a desire to do something unusual in English has led me to writing poetry.

About the author

A funny girl with a deep and serious soul.

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Out of nowhere

..and then you show up out of nowhere,
And my principles, concepts, beliefs
Go to hell- As if they've never been declared,
As if the Lord created you piece by piece...
Piece by piece... I ' ve got a strong inner feeling
That my heart is where you are- on the coast.
I for sure don't search for healing...
... piece by piece... from what I value most...

I should have

I should have run away without looking back last summer
Right after first time when I heard your voice
It would have saved two humble lives from drama,
From being a hostage of our own choice.
I should have listened to you, speaking wisely
about values, that we share both
You are experienced, you knew precisely
Affection is gonna damage our growth.
I should have cried after I blocked account
So as I never ever see your perfect smile.
If I had done this, every shadow would shout:
"What are you doing? Don't let THIS to die!"
I should have gained the power from the LORD
To not get used to you, not built the air castles.
Whilst music in my soul required a chord,
And the hole in my heart was waiting for its puzzle.
I should have remained silent not to tempt your pure soul,
and not to test your patience.
Whereas feelings have helped me to exempt
My cropped wings to reach my destination.
I should have clenched my fingers not to write,
So that my messages have been forgotten
Now we're in danger, wanting to decide
Something that might sink us to the bottom.
I should have that, I should have this...
It's only mind has mere understanding.
When something real within you exists-
You stand and stare,
while your plane's crush landing.

Destined meeting

We met one another too late,
When life roads have been already chosen.
What for should I now complicate
That my heart has stopped to be frozen?

For a year we' ve drifted together,
Somehow we' ve become related,
We feel like birds of a feather-
From different countries, hence reinstated.

The mystery of this connection
Unopened still, and let it be,
Cause difference in generations
Is not a preclusion to feel.

So various hobbies and habits,
And lifestyles which don't even match.
Why destiny' s brought us together
If nothing can be launched from scratch?

Some crosses your path for a reason,
Some don't even leave footprints.
You so often say you' re seasoned...
Pretend, you don't notice my hints...

I firmly believe- not by accident
I' ve come across your smile online
You ' ve been sent to me to complement
What I missed so badly in life.

When I can't go my own way,
And simply tread water without dreams,
I' m begging you to let me stay...

And dare to hope it's for real,
Like it seems...

From heaven to ground

From heaven to ground, and not for the first time..
She's already used to these downturns.
She wraps her emotions and pain in sounds,
For music expresses what her soul yerns.
All hopes are in vain, from the very beginning,
She's chosen not see it and turned a blind eye,
She couldn't imagine, that only in singing
Her soul will be whole and she will be alive.

Ineffable warmth, this omnipotent feeling...
It saves her and kills her - all things at once.
Her heart' s still refusing to ask for healing...
She' d sacrifice everything for one loving glance...

For a friend's birthday

Simple, cozy autumn day
When you came to this world.
A crucial milestone on my way,
You've been sent by the Lord.
To teach the language and much more,
To show me who I am.
I didn't realise before
My life was kinda sham.
You are my best and closest friend,
I pray God gives you piece,.His love , protection, strength to bend,
If trials are increased.
Your pure heart, your artist's soul
Are beautiful and calm
I'm trying hard so not to fall
I'll meet you in the sweetest dwam...
And now please go and jol).

Not a hero

You're not a hero of my novel,
You're just a tiny episode.
I've spent my soul, while writing poems,
You were like a glacier, boldly cold.

I've cried the heart completely out ,
You've stayed indifferent and closed .
You weren't meant to hear shouts,
Nor to react to who I was.

I saw in you my destination,
Yet didn't mean to alter lives.
You're right caring for a salvation,
I'm wrong, waiting for your soul's reply.

I longed for gentle warmth and cuddling,
Not physical, without lust .
For flame of souls, which doesn't burn, but sparkling,
And what is more , for endless trust.

Trust, that there's nothing accidental,
We face all people for an aim.
My life was pretty uneventful,
Before the Lord gave me your name.

You're not a hero, I'm not blaming,
I simply had to acquiesce :
A tiny episode...game changing...
You've changed my world without reverse...

Autumn

I look at mesmerizing colors,
The autumn blossoms, granting warmth.
The eyes are pleased, yet the heart still suffers
And one by one is pulling out thorns.
The first thorn would be our meeting,
A blessing or a curse of mine,
it is becoming quite impeding
To navigate the passing life.
The second thorn is your understanding,
An endless wisdom I'm drowning in.
All that I have is so contending
To all I crave and feel within.
The third thorn is an infinite distance
Along with an irreversible choice.
My heart used to be nonexistent,
It's come to life due to your voice.
It mends my soul and kills my will,
It rings a bell like I've found a home:
It is the last thorn, not fulfilled,
This love should soon be overthrown.

Erasing your name

Erasing your name from my memory grave
I'm losing my breath and the air I crave.
I am suffocating like people being high,
One question is pulsing in my mind: " Lord, why?"
Why couldn't I live not knowing this sense?
Why should I be transformed, not having the chance?
Why to be missing you, who's not giving a damn,
And consider the wrong one to be my ideal man?
Why didn't I listen to you, saying truth
We shouldn't go further, for there won't be an excuse
For those violating their principles and laws
The answer is absent...the answer's :
" Because".
Because without you I was like a plant,
That's lost all its roots and was falling apart,
Exhausted from dryness, yet wanting to bloom,
Having an alive heart , imprisoned in a tomb.
Still hoping for rains and still wanting to give
To grant all saved love, and to spend all achieved,
To break all the walls that I have been kept in
And to open up to the force that can shine from within.
A sad transformation , the heart's gonna die
In the impossibility to answer this " why" ...
I used to be a worm , never looking at the sky...
But someone out there needs me to be a butterfly ?.

Begging you to stay

That moment souls collide
You might not notice fate:
If hands can't intertwine
Souls are for each other made.
If kisses are just with eyes,
Then hearts are closer tied.
It's inner paradise,
A giant urge to write.
The paper's doomed to cope
With sentiments I can't.
It knows - there is no hope,
I still don't want to bend.
To understand the life, my purpose and my way
To pull out the knife,
To not beg you to stay.

A numb heart.

Not my weather, not my autumn,
Rainy days and rainy heart.
I have reached my soul's bottom,
From this moment - end or start.
How to choose and how to fathom
The existence of a twin flame
We will never be together
And there is no-one to blame.
I didn't seek for you in silence,
you've entered a life like a thunderstorm.
To love so much is pure violence,
To stay in this is utter scorn.
You've crossed my path, altered direction
Of my whole life,
From blank to a blast.
I've never felt such strong affection,
It's outweighed all my past.
There's nothing left,
Just damaged ruins.
It was my heart, you held in hands.
I got it back with your refusal,
It doesn't beat , and I don't bend.
It doesn't live, it's numb and bleeding
Hidden from world , ready to freeze..
Beneath my skin , no longer pleasing..
There's nothing left to love you with.

A shattered heart

My shattered heart
Can't see the God,
Forgets His grace
Behind your face.
In your blue eyes is my paradise,
Your pleasant voice is
The wrongest choice.
I haven't fought,
Devised the plot,
Where you and me
Are destined to be.
Together write,
Not sleep at night,
To sink in words,
Forget it hurts.
It hurts like hell,
I want to melt,
To stop dwelling on "how"
and start living now...
...
Yet how can I
say last "goodbye"?
If just with you
I've learnt to fly?....

Muse

Grasp her hand tightly,
Come to her dream.
Love is almighty,
Ties are unseen.
Neither sweet fragrance,
Now summer nights
Can bring the balance
Without your eyes.
Drowning in blueness,
Wanting to scream,
Completely clueless
She's taking a fleam
. Maybe for healing,
Maybe for a death.
Love is a killer
For those the obsessed .
Neither the outer, nor inner world
Gives sense to living
When you don't play a chord.
She's a musician, you are her Muse
She has envisioned,
you have to choose.
Choose what this love is,
Hold her tonight.
Until the dawn rays awaken light...

What for?..

What for have you been sent to me?
To mend the soul or kill it?
I feel offended by the destiny
That you're imaginary, not real.

My heart is getting numb at times
Due to enormous pain.
For it was dead for long decades
And woke up, yet in vain.

For the first time in my life I gazed
at my disabled will.
When I made up my mind to chase
Unknown magic thrill.

Your image's being multiplied in me,
My soul's completely hacked.
I used to be so carefree,
Now I'm fighting off attacks.

I feel you with each breath I take,
Like you're my dearest twin.
And there's no power forsake
This sense ruling within.

Heart is a debtor

Love is getting stronger,
Days are lost in nights,
Unsurmountable longing,
Unseen sturdy ties...
Who has tied together
Souls, but not life lines?
Regardless of the weather
It's raining all the time.
Her eyes are wet and yearning
Is all she knew the best.
Her life is self- deterring
From what was once expressed.
Her thoughts are self- convincing:
She doesn't need him , no,
She spends hours evincing,
It's something she should throw.
To cut off chains, to fetter
All words that cross the space.
Mind knows the heart is a debtor,
And a stupid one has to pay.
It's bought a gorgeous story,
It has believed in false,
Now words like blood are pouring,
Trying to break his walls.

Razor blade

Love is a razor blade
When it comes out of time
In my soul yours's engraved,
Although you can't be mine.
It forces to admit
How boldly was stolen peace.
I dared laughed at it,
And now I'm on my knees.
I dared to think that I
Will always have a cold heart
I was mistaken...why
Am I falling apart?
I wanted to be in charge
of everything I feel,
Now every day enlarges
What I'm trying to kill.
Now every minute whispers:
"Forget him and move on,
This pain isn't worth risking,
You know that, it is wrong".
Now every minute makes me
Want you even more:
In words, in conversations
To touch the man I adore.
In words I want to die,
In endless giant deluge
You won't be in my life,
You're just my soul's refuge.
For words is all I have,
Too little and so much
While 2 poetic souls
Stay in this tender touch...

Wrong or right?

I'm failing to decide
If love is wrong or right,
Whether I'm saved or killed,
Heartbroken or fulfilled?
Does it make me fly or crawl?..
I haven't cried at all.
I have been bled in words,
For a life can't be reversed.
This silent scream's not heard,
I've lost the heart in depths
Of his bottomless eyes,
They help me to survive.
My soul melts into his
Despite all distances
Though a meeting doesn't loom, Connection grows and bloms.
Shall it be kept it or thrown?
Cherished or withdrawn?
Lord, give me take a side:
This love is wrong or right?..

Having walked at the edge of your destiny...

Having walked on the edge of your destiny
Has she left at least a subtle imprint?
Since she curbed a desire to flirt
Only poems and songs were expressible.

Having touched her heart accidentally
For the first time in a life, being so far,
If felt like someone has lit up the star,
And it shines changing all her identity.

Having dozens of deep conversations,
Where she felt she's being heard and respected
She's recalled something she was neglecting,
Her desires and dreams woke a temptation.

How do you feel now, knowing so much of her?
Why do you get a little closer and run away?
She doesn't ask you to choose her or stay
Just to be, so the life isn't a blur...

Sacred ground

I'm standing barefoot
On your heart's sacred ground,
I'm scared to take a breath, I don't know how to move
I didn't know the rout to make your soul sound,
Either let me stay enwreathed, or get back in the groove.
I simply lived my love,
For warmth was beyond measure;
When doors are completely crushed ,
You can't protect the heart.
And I am asking now:
Let's cherish fragile treasure,
If you have heard its calling,
Do throw away your guard.

Don't push away the dream,
Though we won't touch the bodies,
The souls in their kiss are firmly intertwined.
Is it real or does it seem?
I'm giving up all battles,
I love the world through you, and this feeling is divine.

A woman who has not become your fate...

A woman, who has not become your fate,
You will recall her, asking why she's happened,
She's happened to you and felt like a soulmate,
When she has gone you're not yourself and saddened.
An inaluctable meeting's changed your world,
An impetuous confession out of the blue... All of a sudden a life became so blurred, Perhaps your
view of it is a misconstrue. You've come a long way, simply chatting
It wasn't an immediate retrovaille.
At first she was the only one combatting Not welcomed feeling , singing like a nightingale.
You sometimes listened, sometimes didn't open a message
For many days, you didn't need those songs .
Another woman, one of the countless many,
Who you've been chased by, but you didn't long.. .
You didn't notice the time you started waiting
For getting something from her,
And no matter what-
A song, a link, a serious question ,
Or in a sarcastic style her anecdote.
For only she, her green and sparkling eyes Rejuvenate the best thing that you have,
A poetic side, that's hidden and disguised, You now want to let her in, as she deserves.
You now have battles too-to dive or stay on a shore,
You want to sing again, to reply to countless songs.
The dream will not come true, yet it can't be ignored,
You can't abandon it, although this feeling's wrong.
She thought all songs were in vain,
But notes became your chains...
Her voice now feels like home,
You search for her in crowds,
You both share one keystone,
Your faith tells you to bow
To stop inquiring " why",
To tear those fetters ,
To merely survive Cry out your souls in letters.

Magic of the Meeting

Now please, you tell me,
A man, who's made my soul vernal,
When my world back then was dull and grey:
Why did I meet you under sky eternal,
Amidst vast chaoses of roads, if you can't stay?
You and me are eternal like the sky is,
And as long as the worlds flicker
You will come to others you should be with,
I'll come to you ,my heart's now bigger...
How it is workaday and prevailing ,
How many times the Earth has seen such hurtful scenes...
Yet you and me ,we aren't never - ending.
This brings me closer to a loving spleen...
There's no us and hence it isn't tragic,
That on the miryads of roads we crossed on line.
I will forever cherish magic
of our Meeting, although you're not mine...

True love

You will be living in the lines,
You are the essence of my rhymes
I have engraved you in a stone
You' re in my bloodstream, in my bones.
You will be living when I die,
You voice once helped me to survive.
If you could know how I regret
That a soul's unable to forget.
To let slip from memory this sense,
How I was left without defense.
Without my shell, with broken walls,
When a naked heart marked the life as false.
For only love is ultimate truth,
In a weary soul is a fountain of youth,
In gloomy days it's a rainbow splash,
A healing power for the crashed,
For thirsty land it's long- hoped for rain...
And just for me...eternal pain...

Poison

...and how should I forget you now?
My soul is standing on the verge,
Love's labelled poison and I bow ,to drink, enjoy the scrumtuous taste.
Such a bewildering poison I
Have never drunk since I'm alive.
Such pure sorrow and ?ompliance,
Such thirsty passion that it hurts,
Such screaming that I hear in silence ,
Such bright and shining light around,
Such starry nights wrapped in the sounds,
Infinity in just one day...

Out of my thoughts it could've been a novel,
How people love in the dead end.
All poems like the flowers thrown
Under your feet on the dry land...

Someone shut off my heart

Someone, shut off my heart for a while,
For a couple of hours at least
To not remember him, his eyes and smile,
And not see unfulfilled dreams.
So that I don't search for him in each look,
In each window ,
In daylight , at night....
Please, disable my heart ,
That he took
When I bumped into his soul's light.
Let this love take a break ,cause I'm drained,
I am jealous of him and distraught.
Nothing tastes, nothing can't be explained ,
Even honey's perceived like a salt.
How I dared to say this to him?It's not me ?
It's volcano that's brewed in my soul .
All my nature strives to disagree
On the fact he has gained a chief role.
Save me from this invisible trap,
And turn on my heart back, not for him.
I don't want be unwhole, like a scrap,
I start hating myself feeling dim.

I would like to pour hopes into a glass,
To be grateful for knowing this sense,
Yet I feel only mist between us,
Only emptiness and ? fat chance...

Destined love.A translation from russian.

Having not born yet in heaven
we quietly whispered in silence.
-I'll seek for you. Do you hear me, Helen?
But how will I recognize you?
-It could be in sounds unspoken,
Or maybe with twinkling stars,
by the songs of the winds in the open,
By the echo of steps, by hush.
-What if there will be an error,
What if I'll go suddenly blind?
And someone else's smile will burn me...and I'll become ash in no time?
- I'll take ash in my hands and gently will pray for you not having rest,
And you, suffocating from soreness
will resurrect as a fiery bird.
And you will soar up to hereafter. The paradise's always above...
You fly every time when you're dreaming,
Why would you reject wings given by love?
Empyrean whispering's subsiding :
-I'm letting you go. Farewell ...
-My love, will we meet?
- I 'll find you
-Will you recognize me?
- No doubts ,I will.

Forgive me, that I was. A translation from russian. Zlata Lytvinova.

Well, it's all over... Please forgive me, that I was.
I've touched the heart or maybe I just wanted...
I tried to figure out what love caused,
Who I've become and why I'm still so daunted.

Forgive me for the nights without sleep,
When I was dreaming what might happen later,
For that immense and giant leap,
For words I wasn't able to say straighter.

For happiness that engulfed me for a moment,
For I believed you like a wave believes its shore...
The stronger feeling - the stronger disappointment;
I want to remember you as a man I adore.

For I've forgotten my feminine prudence,
And I was going to my aim outright,
I was so naive, I have no excuses
You were my breathing and you were my light....

Forgive my fondness and forgive being harsh...
All for the first time was with you... because...
I'll say no more...I'm kissing you... goodbye...
And please forgive me... that I was...

Meridian of your soul

A meridian of your calm soul
Has cut my heart from Pole to Pole.
Totally frozen, it was blind,
Having got the eyesight,
It's running wild.
It's bursting out of my chest,
It's screams without having rest,
It's in your hands , though miles apart,
For only love is a life start.
It shows you true authentic self,
You want your dreams to be excelled,
One pair of eyes and gentle hands
Is your beginning and your end...

Useless messages

All their greetings and " good nights"
become impossible to bear,
Why among dozens men I know
My heart craves you,
Who doesn't care?
Why out of myriad of stars
It's only yours I want to light?
And for ending up in gentle arms
It's the entire world, that I might fight?..

Writing about a writer

It's ironic to write about a writer,
When he's skilled in the nuances of words,
And you are just a desperate fighter
With your heart...and for him- a funny girl.

A tight grip.

You' re asking someone for a date,
I'm talking to my ruthless fate:
Why did I meet you, and what for?
Does this man exist, whom I'd adore?

You're free and traveling the world,
I'm caught in a grind like in a web,
How did they cross, 2 parallel lines?
For my heart it's no less than crime.

It is a crime against my soul,
For just to you I'd give my all,
In front of you I'd stand in awe,
And wouldn't feel a life like a chore.

There are no answers, nor relief,
I'm drowning in my silent grief,
I don't wait for spring or gentle sun,
I can't get rid of a random stun.
For how long can I be a mess?
How come this force can't be suppressed?

How can I start a forgetting trip,
When all I crave is your tight grip?..

My beautiful defeat

You are my beautiful defeat,
Despite not wanting to compete
I've launched a war to win your soul,
I felt: with you I'll become whole.
Despite a gazillion times of " no",
I stood in front of you in awe,
And it is lurking in my mind:
Eventually you'll be mine...

Quitting the fight

I'm resigning myself to your absence,
And my heart is about to quit.
For it can't be eternally restless,
Waiting for your attention in bits.

Tiny bits of your interest and care,
It was so undeniably bold
It was dreaming of this words affair
Yet it knows that your hands are still cold...

It no longer can feel what it used to,
A heart dies slowly, dropping hopes like its leaves ,
All I do is intentionally beshrew,
With my stupid and desperate beliefs.

Tango

A tango between "what if" and "almost",
Unspoken words, feelings are untamed.
You are my dream, or maybe my purpose,
Though it so hurts, I'm warmed by this flame.
I'm standing on the verge,
The heart 's almost quitting,
Endearing submerge, this pleasure is guilty...
Maybe in a flight, I'll find a reply,
To eternal pain and everlasting " why".

A dream.

I'm resigning myself to your absence,
I'm forgetting how your mild voice sounds,
You're my gentle defeat and suppressor,
Without you I no longer feel ground.

Without you I am me , but just halfway,
I don't know if I'm needed by someone.
You're my life's blessed and radiant Sunday,
Though I see losing you in the long run.
Tears wash away grief just for minutes,
Sleeping steals me from harsh circumstances.
Next to you I can feel: pain diminishes,
In the seconds of crossed loving glances .

My biggest fault.

My biggest fault is having a heart,
Which feels against, and loves despite.
This sense isn't grinding to a halt
In spite of you, being fiercely cold .
In spite of millions miles apart,
My soul's repeating:"It's a start.
I've never lived, I just postponed,
I wasn't breathing, he's my ozone".
His absence is felt like end of world,
His warmth is craved , the road is paved.
Where noone stood , he's walking fast,
For him I sing without a rest...
I don't give a damn what life has planned.
With him I'm ready to crash land.

A painful goodbye.

The end of world or end of me
Who cares when you're not there...
In someone's arms, in someone's dreams,
Where I can't be, for I don't dare.
I'm running out of tears to cry,
I didn't think you meant so much.
I'm saying last painful goodbye,
I don't want to be touched.
I don't need careless "hello"
After this silence has been broken.
I stood in front of you in awe,
And now it's time to change this ,
Cause all the words have been spoken.

Our forever

On the road to myself
There's unimaginable fire,
I can't believe that a heart's a liar,
And that in vain has it been burnt.
On this journey I met joy,
Even though I wasn't searching,
As we are gradually converging,
I am seeing our souls alloy.
I asked once: " Love, maybe it's you?
Once in a lifetime, real, pure?.."
I got a response: " There's only a few,
Who have th? power to endure .
You have been chosen , a perfect match,
Creative, gifted, God- obeying.
Your strength derives from constant praying,
For you can't start the life from scratch."
This undeniable connection so irresistibly attracts,
You're both ignoring all red flags,
You need this sense for self- protection.
You relish warmth and nurture minds
In deep profound conversations,
It's something more than just a temptation,
From now you' re both doomed to feel pined.
Giarnomous something, secret magic
Brings you together more and more.
Only from the distance you adore
Another half, that's why it's tragic.
It is unreal and divine,
It can't be suppressed, though you endeavour,
Not in this life, yet in forever
Your souls are firmly intertwined .

Eternal yell.

5 thousand words and twice more miles-
Is all that's lying between us.
And someone's life with yours combines,
For I'm not written in the stars.
5 thousand words, a poem book -
An open wound will stop to bleed.
One day I'll throw a farewell look
There is no way, but to concede.
5 million steps you didn't take to meet me on this route
While I was running toward you and breaking all my rules.
5 million notes that I have sung
When waking your heart up,
Alas, I'm not the only one,
This knowledge makes me stop.
I'm getting sober, being like drunk for incalculable months,
I am a student who has flunked
For they wanted all at once.
To whisper a final farewell will take enormous strength.
It makes my heart forever yell...
I'll love you...to the end...

Closing a book

I'm turning a leaf and closing the book,
I've nothing achieved,
I've only got hooked
On my own lie, on far- fetched naive dream,
In my mind's eye this sense was supreme.
I never succumbed to your gentle charms
To admit am I doomed
There just weren' t ones...
Charisma, oh yes, and fierce power of a man,
Yet not interest in a funny duft girl.
I'm one of the dozens, who's caught up by your smile,
My heart shall be frozen, not wanting to die.
My soul should have felt, you are out of my depth,
I'm walking away, avoiding death threats.