

# Poems from a Dreamer

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Presented by

*My poetic Side* 



## About the author

A regular human being who spends most of his time thinking, dreaming, and writing.

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## Mediterranean Blue

A sea like no other sea.  
Theater of the Odyssey,  
and of Cleopatra and Anthony.  
The sea  
of war and of peace.  
Cradle of known civilizations,  
and jealous keeper of secrets  
of civilizations yet unknown.

To me, it is simply  
the sea  
where I took my first swim,  
panicked and sunk like a stone,  
pulled down by the wrath of Poseidon,  
that eternally angry god of the Greeks,  
who, it was said, lived a thousand fathoms below.  
But a strong hand quickly snatched me, lifted me up,  
and at the surface I saw a reassuring face smiling at me.  
My father was standing in chest deep water,  
and I heard him saying,  
"son, you got to keep your legs and arms moving."

To me, it is simply  
the sea  
where I fell in love with the Mediterranean blue,  
where I lingered long summer hours at the shore  
lazily dreaming,  
about people and lands  
beyond the faraway infinite line,  
that elusive border  
separating two magical shades of the azure.

## Coup de Foudre

Hey you,  
the one gazing at the sky,  
I see the blue sky in your eyes.  
Your lips are red as ruby,  
your hair as golden as the midday sunshine.  
A goddess from the icy north  
visiting the warm shores of the south.  
I believe I love you!  
Can a beautiful northern goddess  
warm the amorous heart  
of a brown eyed boy from the south?  
Your eyes keep looking at the azure skies,  
but I only see the blue sky in your eyes.

## Coalescence

I stood alone listening  
to the silence of the oblivion.  
I heard a gentle breeze  
whisper the secrets of the universe  
to the quivering leaves.  
Grey clouds slowly parted,  
to let faint rays of moonlight  
diffuse into the warm air of the summer night.  
A milky moon gazed down  
on the sleepy landscape.  
Then, suddenly, in a transient instant  
the infinite space  
coalesced to a single point.  
So, I grasped the entire universe  
inside the palm of my hand.

## Escape from the Ordinary

My imagination!  
It's a wormhole,  
an escape hatch to the only dimension  
where everything is as it should be.

All is fantastic there.  
There, I dream of places of rare beauty,  
I experience feelings of the greatest intensity,  
I meet the most awe-inspiring people.

My imagination is  
where time-travel is possible,  
where astronomical distances shrink to nothing,  
where immortality can be achieved.

My imagination.  
Where would I be without you?  
What would I do without you?  
How could I survive without you?



## Sisyphus is Us

I have always disliked repetitive tasks.  
Hated taking a shower after I have already taken one.  
Shave my beard after already shaving it a couple of days before.  
Wash my car after already washing it a week ago.  
Go grocery shopping after having done it not too long ago.  
No, I am not Sisyphus, I tell myself,  
cursed by the gods for eternity to push a rock up a hill,  
only to see it roll down to the bottom of the hill.  
Doing something once is enough for me.  
I need to move on, yes move on  
and do something entirely new.  
But then again, doing something new and moving on to something else  
sounds like an ongoing repetitive cycle.  
So, in fact, I am just like Sisyphus; we are all like Sisyphus.  
The cycle cannot be broken.  
The Earth goes around the sun for 365 days  
only to start the same celestial voyage again,  
on and on for billions of years.  
Stars are born; stars die and then are reborn again.  
And so it goes on and on.  
Sisyphus was doing what everyone and everything else keeps doing.  
People, planets, stars, the universe are all Sisyphus.

## War

Declared by the old,  
fought by the young.  
For glory they are told,  
and to make their country strong.

The victims are always justice and the truth,  
society gone helter-skelter.  
The vampire sharpening his tooth,  
and the innocent finding no shelter

Humanity down with the deluge,  
hunger and fear everywhere.  
For the weak and the sick there is no refuge,  
not in the night, not under the ground, or anywhere.

Thirty year war, one hundred year war,  
World War one, World War two, and then some.  
Many more came before,  
other wars will surely come.

Will the madness ever stop you would ask?  
Not likely, I am afraid to say.  
For perpetuating madness is the devil's favorite task,  
corrupting man's wisdom and ruining his day.

## The End of the World

The world is ending  
and this is how you can tell:  
It is the end of the world  
when nature starts unleashing hell.

Look around you; listen to the news.  
Earthquakes, droughts, forest fires,  
floods, typhoons, and financial woes.  
Aren't these signs of the end of the world?

Not so, science tells us.  
Natural disasters are nothing new.  
Do not listen to superstitious preachers  
who cite old tales that may not even be true.

For billions of years more  
the sun will still shine.  
Humanity may one day disappear  
but the universe will continue expanding its shore.

When asked about the end of the world  
the old sage replied with a sigh:  
"The world will end  
exactly at the moment I die".

## No Escape

I am so thirsty.  
I have been thirsty for too long,  
seeking some form of shelter  
in the rubble of my town,  
now a devastated landscape, an oblivion,  
rendered featureless by the wrath of man.  
Without a home I found myself adrift,  
a stranger, aimlessly wandering,  
hopelessly walking and walking in a world  
devoid of directions;  
devoid of sustenance;  
devoid of empathy.  
Doubt has been my companion,  
while being stalked by fear like a prey.  
I need a long cold drink  
to quench my thirst.  
I need a moment of reprieve,  
under the cool shade of a tree,  
to soothe my aching soul.  
But there are no trees left here;  
there is no refuge left for my kind;  
there is no escape from the endless carnage.  
So, I need to keep moving;  
I need to keep searching,  
for the elusive shore of safety.

## The Med in the Summer

Turquoise sea melting into blue sky.

Warm salty air hovering high.

Flocks of seagulls flying by.

Fishermen's boats sailing nigh.

Foamy waves crashing against the rock.

Yachts returning to harbor ready to dock.

Swimmers storming the beaches around the clock.

A sunbather lying on the hot sand like a croc.

## A Conversation with the Old Artist

"Soon I am going to die!"

I did not reply.

Just waited to hear what else he would say.

He was old but did not look like a man who was dying.

I finally replied with a question:

"What is life? You who lived so long,  
you must have a good idea by now."

He looked at me for a minute and then said,  
with a twinkle in his eye and a raised brow:

"Life is many things, not all of them pleasant,  
but feeling alive bestows vision even to the blind.

That's the only part worth talking about."

"Tell me about that, then."

Suddenly all gloom departed from his face,  
and he declared with much emotion and grace:

"Life is the sun rising from below the water.

It is the dew on flower petals on an early spring morning.

It is a beautiful woman's lips ready to give you a kiss.

It is the taste of the first bite from an apple,  
after a long day of fasting.

It is the smell of the fields after the rain.

It is a bird bathing in a waterhole on a hot summer day.

It is coming to port after riding out a perfect storm,  
with your clothes soaking wet and your mouth salty and dry.

It is waking up in your warm bed to the smell of coffee,  
after a long absence from home."

The old artist suddenly stopped, took a deep breath,  
and said with a hint of regret:

"I have been around for eighty years,  
but if I condensed all the moments I felt alive  
they would add up to days,  
maybe hours, no more.

That is how it feels, for sure."

A few months later the old artist passed away,  
leaving me with not a word to say,  
but with a deep impression in my mind,  
that feeling alive bestows vision even to the blind.

## Goodbye my Love

Tears ran down her cheeks as she stood on the busy quay of "Gare de l'Est"  
and waved goodbye to him.

He looked at her through the train window without any show of emotion,  
waived back and took the seat facing me.

She kept sobbing and blew a couple of kisses towards the window,  
but he did not see her do that.

He was too busy rearranging the luggage around his seat.

The train started moving in the fog and I lost sight of her.

Out of the fog another vision entered my consciousness,  
right out of the deep recesses of my memory:

She looked at me as I was ready to drive my car.

She had my red flannel shirt on.

I could see the tears running down her cheeks,  
as she waved goodbye.

I looked at her through the window of my car without a show of emotion,  
but my foot refused to press on the gas pedal.

I shut the car engine off and looked at her again.

She looked so beautiful in my red flannel shirt.

I rolled down the window and asked her in.

We kissed passionately for a while,  
then headed back to my place.

The train whistle startled me and brought back from my reveries.

I looked up at him.

He was calmly reading a paperback novel.

Outside, the fog started to dissipate,  
and the golden sunshine slowly warmed up the frigid air.



## Just my Fantasy?

I am caught in your orbit,  
I think you know that.  
An invisible string ties me to you,  
I believe you feel that.

How did it happen?  
How does it work?  
Is it you or is it me?  
Or is it just my fantasy?

Are you a diabolic sorceress?  
Did you make me swallow an alchemist's potion?  
Or is this just a lover's feverish hallucination,  
borne out of sheer fantasy?

To feel is to be.  
So set your heart and mind free,  
and they may lead you up to me,  
or maybe this is just my fantasy.

I can't tell if you're real or a figment of my imagination.  
Regardless, even if you did not exist  
I would make you up; I would invent you;  
A beautiful fantasy of my own creation.

## Humans

Humans,  
who are we?  
What are we?  
Habitats for microscopic life-forms?  
Fertilizer for spring blooms?  
Animals, incessantly foraging for sustenance?  
Polluters of the Earth and its atmosphere?  
Killing machines with insatiable appetite for war?  
Yes...Yes, we are all that and more.  
We are poets and dreamers,  
truth seekers and love makers,  
scientists and prophets,  
heroes and villains.  
We are the damned and the blessed  
inhabitants of a lonely planet.

## How Long is Now?

You say now is the time  
to start planning for the future,  
to leave discontent behind  
and move forward.  
That there is no use in harkening  
on past mistakes and  
misguided deeds.  
You say that there is no better time to act than now,  
that now is the time  
to forge a new path,  
to build new alliances  
and to seek better horizons.  
I say yes, I agree!  
Since time immemorial  
"Now" has always been the designated time  
to do all that you said.  
That people have always waited for that special "Now"  
to make meaningful changes.  
That people have always been waiting  
for that elusive moment in time they call "Now".  
Which makes me wonder,  
which makes me ask, in fact  
how long is Now?

## Melancholia

On one side of the narrow alleyway  
there was an open door  
letting off hints of cumin and fresh caraway.  
A boy with dreamy eyes walked in slowly.  
Oriental music from a transistor radio  
laced the warm air with tender melancholy.  
Inside, the sweet aroma of summer fruits filled the courtyard  
where a woman holding a tray whispered some words  
but hearing them was rather hard  
The sun was high in the deep blue sky,  
visible from the roofless courtyard of the old house.  
The kid looked to his left at the room where he was born  
with its faded blue door and its striped curtains half torn  
Inside were a wooden bench and scattered pillows,  
and uneven steps that led up to a loft  
where an elderly man was sleeping  
under white linen, silky and soft.  
Outside, the music was still playing,  
and to its slow beat the old woman was swaying.  
The kid looked up at the room's whitewashed ceiling,  
supported by wooden beams  
and that's when he came undone at the seams.  
So hurriedly he walked out and away  
passing the old woman with the tray  
who followed him and begged him to stay.  
Not looking back, he increased his pace  
and with his sleeve wiped warm tears  
running down his bourbon vanilla face.

## Justice of the World

What do you see?

What do you think?

when you see the word "Justice".

I see "Just Ice":

The ice-cold hard tribulations,  
of the weak and the powerless.

The cold shoulder  
society shows the poor and the destitute.

I think of the ice-cold hearts of dubious leaders,  
who send young men  
to kill and die in faraway lands,  
and of the chilling "resolutions"  
the powerful inflicts  
on those who can't defend themselves.

I see the frozen dark landscape,  
that becomes the dwelling of those displaced  
by humanity's perpetual and senseless conflicts.

## Home

My home is you!!

I can be in a big city,

or in a quiet hamlet out in nowhere.

If you are there, then I am somewhere.

I can have a lot of money,

or not a dime to my name.

If you are with me,

I would be as wealthy as can be.

It can be a big-old cold castle,

or a small hut made of mud

If you are there in it,

the place would feel as cozy as an English pub.

I can be in a faraway land,

or lost at sea.

If you are there holding my hand,

it would be just the place for me to be.

The skies can become dark,

and the gale blowing away.

If you are by my side,

it would be the most beautiful day.

## Cruelty of Time

Young siren,  
with eyes as blue as the Aegean,  
lips as red as ruby,  
skin as soft as silk.  
Our paths only crossed for a brief moment.  
What remains now is only a distant memory,  
memory of your beautiful face,  
of a youthful and innocent time.  
What is left now is only a deep longing,  
for a sweet feeling,  
that time could never replicate.  
Time is an assassin and a thief.  
It murders the beauty of youth,  
erases its innocence,  
and steals its laughter.  
But I keep your memory deep inside of me,  
under lock and key,  
and beyond the reach of time.

## The Perpetual Struggle

Our life is a constant fight against mediocrity.  
A repetitive attempt to rise above the ordinary and the mundane.  
It is a struggle to overcome our chronic laziness,  
and to do one more thing of substance before relapsing to average.  
But goals are like the horizon,  
they move away as we approach.  
We never seem to reach what we aim for,  
destined to remain unfulfilled for perpetuity.  
But we keep telling ourselves, one more push and we may get there,  
not really knowing what is or where is "there".



## The Lure of Freedom

The call of freedom is so loud,  
loud enough to make you go insane,  
to walk aimlessly in the pouring rain  
seeking some way to break the chain.  
The lure of freedom makes you ignore the pain,  
urges you to forge ahead  
with the momentum of a runaway train,  
telling you to never submit again,  
and that your suffering will not go in vain.  
It pushes you to break free and to sustain,  
and to claim a piece of earth as your safe domain.

## The Company you Keep

Cardinal de Richelieu once said,  
"I may be a zero but put to the right side of one,  
the one becomes ten."  
Keep good company!!  
The company you keep,  
defines who you may become.  
Good company amplifies you,  
lifts you up when you are down,  
protects you when you are weak,  
catches you when you fall,  
corrects you when you are wrong,  
shows you the path if you get lost,  
warms you up when you are cold,  
loves you in a world full of hate.  
Bad company diminishes you,  
and ultimately cancels you.

## The Scientist

***This poem is dedicated to scientists who labor tirelessly to advance science for the good of humanity***

He labored tirelessly in his laboratory,  
night or day made no difference.  
One track mind is his story,  
scientific truth is his reference.

Looking intensely on his contraption,  
no one knows what he is thinking.  
His assistant waiting for a reaction,  
even he, does not have the slightest inkling.

The scientist eyes light up with surprise,  
and gestures to his assistant with urgency.  
Eager to pursue the suspenseful enterprise,  
the assistant complies and changes the driving frequency.

Something suddenly happens and they get excited,  
as giddy as fair-bound kids.  
The scientist, after drawing the results on grids,  
smiles and declares, "A new device has just been created."

## The Us vs. Them Paradigm

On our differences,  
the powerful capitalize,  
creating the "Us versus Them" paradigm,  
and cutting us to size.  
"Divide and conquer" being  
their modus operandum,  
swinging our emotions  
like the oscillations of a pendulum.  
Science and arts are the restoring forces  
that bring us together,  
and strive to lighten our burden  
down to the weight of a feather.  
Artists show us the beauty of the world.  
Scientists help us understand the world.  
And they create to beautify that world.  
But the forces of division are mighty.  
Divisions lead to war,  
a most lucrative enterprise,  
with fortunes to be made,  
and power to be gained.  
Love leads to material loss.  
To love is to put the welfare of others first.  
Who would do that?  
Only fools and dreamers, they claim,  
who do not see the shark  
encircling them,  
going for the kill,  
under the cover of the dark.  
The victim's loss is the victor's gain,  
who, when fully satisfied  
feints friendship and peace once again.  
But only for a short while,  
until the next war

promises the biggest feast by far.

## The Magic of Pi

The irrational Pi,  
fascinated many a rational guy.  
From the time of Babylon,  
its importance grew on and on.  
Needed in geometry,  
but very crucial in trigonometry.  
Some physical constants depend on it:  
The period of the pendulum uses it,  
and Planck's reduced constant is a function of it.  
Even the speed of light,  
can be expressed as  
a power of it.  
As you can see,  
amongst numbers,  
the status of Pi  
is incredibly high.

## No Plasma, no Life

Did you know that  
plasma is what the universe is made of?  
No plasma, no fusion!  
No fusion, no stars!  
No stars, no light!  
No light, no life!  
With plasma, here we are,  
exploring lands and seas near and far,  
and making our own plasma.  
No man-made plasma, no integrated circuits!  
No integrated circuits, no modern computers!  
No modern computers, no internet!  
No internet, no smart phones!  
Slow and disconnected our lives would be,  
no better than in the 19th century.  
So, remember: Plasma is an ionized gas.  
You can find it around you, in the stars, and everywhere,  
a special state of matter about which you should care.