

Elegies written to the moon

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Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To my sister,

To who I recite every poem I\\'ve ever written

summary

Who am I?

I'm my own demise

There are graveyards of people who're alive

Carpe Diem

Be mine forevermore.

Your Poisonous Love

Who am I?

Am I the corpse that awaits the return of a spirit
Or the phantom that disappeared?
Am I the murderer who saw the blood on my hands; and on my face did smear it
Or the imitation that to the eye dead appeared?
Am I the bird who chirped in the wild forest
Or the observer that despises it?
Am I the pianist who performed till no more could her sore wrists
Or that listener that is no longer consoled by it?
Am I the dreamer who'd spend hours gazing at stars
Or the spectator so forlorn that she no longer dares to dream?
Am I the person who goes afar
Or the fool that stays where she is like the rocks in a stream?
Am I the artist who sees and paints the beauty
Or the pessimist who sees the tainted glory?
Am I the amity who thinks to be kind is my duty
Or the cynic who thinks the morals false of the childhood story?
Is my heart of lead
Or no longer beating?
Am I one of the dead
Or a part of the living?

I'm my own demise

I'm my own demise,
The one who pours poison in her own cup,
The reaper of the soul in my flesh,
The empress of the demons in my head,
The prosecutor of the spirit's stargaze,
The summoner of the monster,
The hunter of my sanity,
The captor of myself,
Stuck in the creations of my own maze.

There are graveyards of people who're alive

There are graveyards of people who are alive,
One of them is mine,
Showered with wreaths of lies,
Visited by mockingbirds who sing a colorless lament of bliss now unknown

Carpe Diem

They tell me to be vivacious,
To laugh until I can no more,
To speak of everything I love,
To dance in the moonlight,
To sing the symphonies within me,
To fly beyond the sky,
And to...be,
To be full of life and joy and love and laughter.

But what life will I live if I'm dead?
All I am is a ghost from another time,
Somehow still alive,
A spirit as black as coal,
A memory of another life,
That doesn't quite let me be.

They say that there's a light,
I don't see it of course,
So I light a fire of my own,
The darkness falls
And the fire turns out to be wildfire,
Flames that destroy everything.

What laugh will I chortle if I'm haunted by woes?
What am I even mourning?
I know not,
This grief is of another life, one that I don't remember living,
So even in this one I shall rot,
To this pain, there's no meaning.

There's an abyss all around me,
I am armed with knives and crossbows,
But what use will they be

Against impenetrable darkness?
How can one expect me to laugh
When all I've ever known is to burn?

What will I speak of if I have no voice?
There's alot I love,
Poems scratched on the walls of my throat,
But they never seem to escape that prison,
Alot of words,
Too insane to be said.

What curse is this?
To not be able to speak,
It must be a crime,
To hide so much with so much ease,
I'm only human,
Then why am I punished like demons.

What dance will I prance if I can't even see moonlight?
I don't see the stars shine,
Or the sun set,
I don't feel the rain making my hair wet,
Or the breeze that rushes past,
All I see is darkness last and last.

I told you,
I'm too far gone,
I'm just a bundle of thorns,
Dead roses,
That never bloomed,
Just sharp edges that form a deadly fortress.

What song will I sing if there's no music within me?
Of course I can sing my own elegies,
But they'll see my pain,
That I carry with shame,

The pain I cannot quite place,
For I have no recollection of the past.

They'll know I'm the half mad poet,
The deceptive storyteller,
Words that destroy,
Lightning at my fingertips,
Eyes sharp as daggers,
Heart dead as a corpse.

What flight will I take if my wings are broken and blue?
Where will I fly to if I'm locked up in a cage,
I only know to fight against this captivity,
To scream against these chains in rage,
Knives drawn,
Arrows fired.

I build myself a kingdom out of this prison,
The walls are high enough,
No one gets in,
I write my time away,
I will never live,
I will never know anything other than my prison house of pain.

Be mine forevermore.

In this long chapter of melancholy, be my sole happiness,
In my verses of madness, Be my tether to life,
To my sad melodies, Add the symphony of your blessed voice,
Pick me up from my everlasting void of grief, And pull me in your embrace,
From my realm of half remembered dreams and tarnished hope, Take me to yours of dreams
answered and newfound hopes,
In this masquerade of deceptive faces, Be the home I can always return to,
In the obscurity of my being, Make my presence known,
In this land of undecided fates, May our destinies intertwine here after,
In this dance of souls, May the twines of yours and mine interlace forevermore.

Your Poisonous Love

I begged for your love
Till my voice remained no more,
Till the arteries in my eyes burst,
Till my knees gave out,
Bleeding and scraped.

I searched for your love in every little thing,
In every withered petal and dried leaf,
In every grey sky and moonless night,
Stayed awake long enough to count a million falling stars,
Wishing on every single one of them,
And with every glimmer that vanished in the sky,
A million tears I shed.

Sung every song I knew,
Painted you a cloudless blue sky from the grey shades of sadness you gave me,
Tore off every lovely piece of me and gave it to you
So you could complete your puzzle piece,
Lit a fire with every log of wood I collected to keep you warm.

In return all I got was,
Lies fired like spears,
Lethal enough to bruise,
An unkept noose of vows,
Tightening around my throat.

And though I'll wish for your happiness
To every star that falls hereafter,
I must leave before I begin to despise your lovely smile,
And you know for you I'd twist the knife in my own heart till its in specks
But I cannot fathom that anymore,
Your love that I found in dying little pieces
Is poison I can drink no longer.