

Anthology of amethyste



Presented by

My poetic Side 

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Sheep

It all began with clouds in the sky.
We used to call them sheep, horses..
Me and my friend,
Every other object.
Same sync.
How would I walk?
When there was no friction?
It was an awkward tense.

Darsi

I do not like sex much these days
My body itches
But you set me in the mood
My sweet heaven
You get my bitch neurons activated
And I want to make love to you for hours
I get lazy to take off my pants with other guys

Come and do me
Once
Twice
Forever
Oh stay forever inside me

I have made love to your photo
All these months
But tonight you were real
Oh
Your kiss sweeter than honey
I did not want it to end

I love you
I am yours.

Calmed down

I am calmed down this morning
Like a little baby after drinking milk from its mother breasts
It is all because I met you yesterday
It was a moment of silence and relax
A sweet island out of this gray blurr
I am going through these days
And you made me write again
I feel calm this morning
With your presence
With its exquisite allure.

Dance in the dark

No matter what I did
I wanted to dance in the dark.

Humanity

Humanity might get wiped out of the surface of earth.

And nature wouldn't care.

It is in its kind to go.

Undisturbed!

Uncaring!

For the infant that helplessly relies on her.

For nature nothing ever begins.

Ever ends!

Ever exists!

Waiting

check the phone

No message from you

And I wait

I wait

For a vibe

For some color

On these deserted days of mine.

I do

I remember how we kissed
down there in the street
I remember I did bite your lip
and I lightly touched your dick.

Jasmine

Every night I go to the window to look at
The little bud that grows each day.
Today it's white like silk.
Jasmine is expecting to bloom.
I can not wait for daylight.
In the morning, I look to see if it's awake.
The bloom gives a small tremble of joy.
It knows I dreamt, wrapped in silk sheets.
The white Goddess flower opens wide.
I am softly hugged by its fragrance.

The boy in the bus

I was standing in the end of the bus;
Sitting on my chair amidst people;
Then a boy entered in the bus;
He was out of the blue;
Light blue jeans.
Light shirt;
An enhanced belt;
All the focus in this boy was in his belt;
All I could think,
In my head,
At the moment,
Was to remove that belt;
And I said to myself,
This boy really must be gracious,
Out of the blue,
In the middle of the fog.
...Without a word or a look at me;
I just want to remove that belt now;
And have him hard;
A blue perfume, strong;

I miss you

I had a secret to share with you
How you would smile
And say
You silly
But you are not
The cold death took over you
And I talk to the wall.

New worlds

I want a new world today
I want to see and explore it
As I have fun
In the discovery Tm.

Ocean

Amethyste & Jimusic

I wear my
bath costume
And I surf by the ocean

Devoted
I never
miss a day.

He, in his
everyday dream
Hovers over
the beach

Moved by
her daily dedication
Wishing he
could surf.

Almond seed

Seeing the almond seed,
How it had grown.
What it looked at her?
A little leg...
She would feel surprised.
Before just an object and now?
It was a living being!
Either it had always been a living being?
Either it was not a living being now?
She gazed and gazed at the little leg,
It was a matter of time.
It would become a greenish silhouette,
In flocks and branches.

Picking up seashells

Now I am taking a walk along the shore;
I can see the blue sky and the sun
Painting a golden haze over the water;
I can smell the fresh air;
It is always different when you smell along the shore;
The sand is smooth and I can sense it
Cuddling my feet;
There is a Tip Toe ? Sand Affair
As I walk and leave footprints behind me;
I see a seashell;
I bend and pick it up;
It is white with some creamy lines;
I enjoy its smooth surface,
In the tip of my finger;
I am taking it with me today;
In fact I am here just for them;
They are small,
They are elegant,
They come once in a while with the tide
And I enjoy picking them up;
In fact there are times,
I wait for days to pick one of them;
It takes long,
But when I have the seashell in my hand
I enjoy it;
It is like sniffing the perfume,
I enjoy most
Or splashing earth color in the palette;
Some days,
I wait for days,
To pick up a seashell
But when I do, it is worth the time;

Nude

She left home early;
After two hours,
She had to go to the studio
Of her friend, who was a painter
And who was going to make a portrait of her;
She thought:
There was sunlight
And it was the perfect day to lay on the beach
Which was much nearby her house;
As soon as she arrived there
She took off all her clothes
And nude laid on the sand;
Her full breasts and pubic hair
Glittered under the sunshine;
One passerby,
That was walking nearby,
Stopped as soon as he saw her;
He went to a place nearby,
A quiet corner
Where his looks would not disturb her
And sat in order to look at her;
Two men that were laying on the beach nearby.
Somehow altered the tones.
And speed of their conversation.
And time after time took a look,
At her blossomed body;
Quietly and gently not to disturb her;
The same with two men,
That were standing at the shore;
Time after time they would turn their heads
And admire the nude that was standing,
Still enjoying the rays of the sun;
As time went by,

A lot of people that were passing by,
Would slightly turn their heads
And look at her breasts,
Her pubic hair,
Her thighs;
It all went on for two hours.
And then she began to wear her clothes.
And headed to the studio of her friend;
She had promised to pose nude for him.
And she was getting a bit late this time;
She walked for twenty minutes.
And then as soon as she entered
She took off her clothes.
Leaving them at the chair.
And lay on the bed;
Her friend in appetite and content
Just as before a good meal
Began his drawing;

Violets

I read your poem
I got my satisfaction
I gathered some humid leafs
And violets
Blossoming there in your head.

I miss you

I can not think of you without a smile

I wait for your call

But in vain

You are nowhere to be found.

Jasmine

Jasmine is a little heavenly creature
It has got a softness in the hand,
That charms at any cost
Those little beautiful white angles,
In the little white flowers,
A cuddling architecture.
And then as you put it on
And expect an white angel...
Cuddling!
And long legged,
You sense that dark wood,
That comes from the depths of earth.
As of petrichor,
Trunks,
In the depths of the forest.
It would be amazing to be like jasmine.
A dual entity.
Smoking and evaporating from one world to another.

The plum tree and the boy

In the center of the city,
There was a plum tree
Whose flowers were in bloom;
White and rose
They attracted the attention
Of whoever walked by;
In the morning a girl,
That was walking by the tree,
Took her camera and began to make photos;
Later on a mother with her child,
Was passing by
And her child was pointing at the tree;
The mother took the child in her arms
And he began taking
Some flowers from the plum tree;
Any passerby that passed by.
The plum tree turned their heads
And looked
At its white and rose flowers;
In the middle of the day,
A young couple stopped
And sat by the plum tree;
The boy took some little flowers
From the tree,
With care not to harm the tree.
And gave the flowers to the girl,
Who was sitting,
Admiring the beauty of the plum tree;
Time after time
Would be heard voices,
Of the people who seeing.
The plum tree would say to each other:
»Look this plum tree is in bloom now!«

«Look isn't it beautiful!?»

Awkward

I could see him awkward,
As he tried to walk her space,
Give suggestions
And results.
After all it had always been her home,
Even she did get confused on drawers,
And cupboards sometimes.
Imagine then him:
Yet!
I could see him...
Useless!
Out of touch!
Claim to know something he had never touched...

Jasmine

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Those little beautiful white angles,
In the little white flowers,
A cuddling architecture.
And then as you put it on
And expect an white angel...
Cuddling!
And long legged,
You sense that dark wood,
That comes from the depths of earth.
As of petrichor,
Trunks,
In the depths of the forest.
It would be amazing to be like jasmine.
A dual entity.
Smoking and evaporating from one world to another.
The sweetest of angels, for some who see
Accepts and gifts a complete comfort,
Overcoming resistance that may be offered
If your eyes are weak, use the looking glass,
To see the barely bearably beauty of the petals,
They embrace you so as you melt there in joy.
Wrapped in this near-ecstasy
Give yourself fully to this pure lovely whiteness...
Fully, mutually, lovingly embraced!
Standing tall and joyously,
You do not fear the deep, dark moss of the wood,
You feel the full gentle power of our Mother.
It's more than a smell,
Coming from beneath, above and all around you,
You're truly home here in this deep green place.

We can almost be there as mortal angels.
Free ourselves to be there too as we are here, now.
Vaporous yet complete,
Whole, free to go any or everywhere as we please.

Genuine

I do not want to surprise you in a poem
I am not an entertainer
Call me a bad writer even
I express my thoughts
in paper
and if they are boring it is ok
they are genuine
and mine.

Love

I welcome the cold freeze on my skin, it keeps me safe!
Yet I lust longingly for Warmth of the Sun!
For relief from the drear of my long lonely nights.
The warm breeze reminds me of love.
The Jasmine and Lupine gently increase my desire.
I've suppressed my longing for this sacred scent.
All below me, 100 generations touch my heart.
And teach stillness and contentment in the now.

To stare

I stare long at every face

That looks like you

Your are a mirage

I come towards you

Your body is a dejavu

Of warmth

Oh to touch it

Oh to have you mine.

Night

The seduction of a feel,
Of a flower,
Of deep night.
When
I think of catching the spirit,
Of the
Night.
Over there
On the
Palm
Over the stairs.
If i could catch
That
Slump
Into a gaze.
Encryption
And
Put it in a
Vase...
Bottle...
Paper...

You

2 seconds after I left you
In the street
I began missing you.

You

I met you today
And you wrap me up
Like a warm scarf
As I take this walk
Late this night.

Poem

You are the smile on my lip
You are the verse on the paper
I panick not to loose your number
There will be no poetries anymore.

Night

The seduction of a feel,
Of a flower,
Of deep night.
When
I think of catching the spirit,
Of the
Night.
Over there
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Palm
Over the stairs.
If i could catch
That
Slump
Into a gaze.
Encryption
And
Put it in a
Vase...
Bottle...
Paper...

The touch, so deeply desirable,
The bloom is opened,
Especially in the kind dark.
Reaching
For the comfort of this living ghost,
That
Warms the evening.
My view is
Of the
Arching branch
Sheltering the walkway.

With
Graceful sway
It enlivens my spirit.
Few, perhaps only one
Feel
The sensuous art
Of phrase...
Of hand...
Thought conveyed by eyes only...

Hush

Hush

Look

Mud can talk.

Work

He entered and came next to me;
They had decided the roles;
He was the supervisor
I was the employee;
«Why are you sitting?»
He said to me.
«I have been standing for 8 hours straight!»
My legs are hurting;
I thought to sit for a few moments;
Now there is nobody in the building.
Therefore I have no client,
Whatever;
So there is nothing I can do.
«How can you say,
There is nobody in the building,
While I am here?»
«If there is nobody in the building,
You have to go to stand up for me!»
I stood up;
As he went away
And sat comfortably in his office;
A clown in a costume, probably chatting online;

Earthquake

Some slight movement of the bed,
At night,
And I suddenly become alert;
Is it shaking?
Is it an earthquake?
I stop and stare,
But nothing moves anymore;
It might have been an illusive perception,
Or I have caused the movement
Of the bed;
I have never had
These kind of perceptions,
In my head before.
But we have had two earthquakes.
And even though,
The earthquakes have ended.
Memory remains;
Memory never leaves you;

Leopard

He is sleeping.
And I have taken time
To watch and enjoy him;
He is wearing a white undershirt,
That shows his white arms
And smooth skin;
The line of his muscles,
Play with the light.
And I can not but fix my eyes
On his strength coming out
And evaporating in the room;
A handsome flexible animal.
Designed to be fast and effective;
A beautiful leopard.
Fleeing over the green heaven;
This is he,
With his long and large muscles
On his legs
And arms;
With his strong and flexible spine;
He is my lover,
Companion, exotic animal.
Inspired by no one but his own strength and exuberance;

My boyfriend's cat

As i woke up in the morning,
My boyfriend's cat
Entered in the room;
She did not know me well yet.
So I kept calling at her
To come nearby
As I was laying;
Reluctant in the beginning.
Finally she gave in
And hopped in the bed;
She came nearby
And with her chin
Touched my face,
And kept on rubbing my cheek;
«This is the code of this little alien to say hi!»
I said to myself;
«Why does she do it?»
I often wonder about these things;
Later on, we went away from his house.
As he accompanied me to my work;
When we were separating,
I went nearby my lover,
And with my face
Touched his face;
All of a sudden?
I was reminded of the little alien
Of the morning;
I am doing the same thing.
And yes, it is not helping me,
To understand:
Why? or How?
Silently I headed on towards my workplace;

Sophie

Sophie and her family
Had once found
Two sicklish cub lionesses
In the forest.
And had decided to take them home;

They had a big garden.
So her father and she
Had decided to keep them;

The lionesses
Not only turned up healthy
But they even made cubs;

Sophie would go
And spend time with them
Regularly;

One day when she walked
Outside in the garden
And found the cubs reading the bible;

She got surprised;
«They are reading the bible?»
«My father has made them read the bible!»

«He certainly has got sense of humor!»
She thought to herself;
«What a prank!»

She made her way in the main road;
Meanwhile one of the cubs whispered to the other

Something about sin and eternal life;

«Just imagine the surprise of the lionesses,

When they see them.»

She said to herself;

She had walked for a while,

But then decided,

That she would take the book away from them;

But when she returned,

She already found them chewing

And biting on the book;