

Pieces o'Poetry

ONE

Jan Kaan

JK

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A promise to you
Shall I not neglect
A promise to you
I shall not reject
My fair, the cave
Where I belong
Shall it never close
My heart that strong
Caused by the ghost
Of the red skies
I shall follow yours
Far from bad lies
And we shall lay down
Forever near the gods
Together you and I

to C with love

Also by Jan Kaan -

The Splendid Soul of my Novelist

Sapphire Blues

Catacombe

The brain produced
A body of words
Wedged
Between each other
Named it language

~

Reading people
Eating faces
Till hollowness
Holds over

~

Writing through time
A reef without endings
With waters so pure
Surrounded by no cure
And just flowing along
Continuously

Imitation of reality
Poetized in verses
Addicted to diction
The lines dramatizing
A slow waltz, steaming
Forgotten songs
Of tragedy

~

Transfixed by wisdom
The idea of knowing nothing
I follow my path to emptiness
Soon to be filled, occupied
By questions that need no answers
They will come as time is ripe
When I'll have been satirized by life
Laying down my sword
And action is no more
Than a gone by plot

~

As soon as silence penetrated
The creature craved to charge
That vacuity with reverie
And misreading began to chew
The unborn energy

Syllable by syllable
Words flee
Unscrambled on
White, flushing
Waterfalls on
Screen of light
Screaming
Fights of scrambled
Units
Wherefore language
Arises

~

The poets tree grows everywhere
She claimed marvelling my soul
It springs from skies
Delivering cries
To people everywhere
Making no miles but one
To the heart
Faking no smiles but one
Tearing apart
Raising others
To bloom

Make love on paper
I told myself once
And many words came out
Matching rolling bowling balls
On a carpet of wood
The sound of my past
A cloud full of lost wishes
Typical of rain on a sunny day
Would do so anyway
They kept weeping fast
My angels at last

~

Remain sealed letters
The bridge closed
Make way for poetic
Singing in dense fog

~

To you driven
By oceans eyes
And stare mine
Full of words
I wish

Slowness rushes to her
Slowly spraying time her spears
They will remove any creature
Nothing pinches her soul
And let me wait
Time is only fragile
I yearn and bathe in something
That does not exist

~

Was open what will be close, toil
Never stifled in sweaty pain
Go forth in harmony
Ye string melody
Without measure or rhythm
This tells me enough

~

Got to know you
The warmth of a creature
My twin brother
Nice to know you
Deep down
We feel the same
As flying together
Is our nature

Beach boats hidden
I see in the fog
Bare trees died while
Calabashes hanging in their branches
Death have missed
Green bang fierce longing
To ancient times
Sings cas di lodo
Her own song and not die
Already overwhelming silence

~

Gorgeously high clouding
Runs globe its people

Strokes air her bow

Caressing volcanos
Lagoons
Shores of sands

The resilience of her orbit

Embracing forests
Rivers
Coastlines of lands

When forcefield
Leaving us
There is nothing
And nothing is everything

Time stands still
Leave us
Not
Revises youth

~

How can a mouth without laughing
Are more beautiful than the most Spirited lips
A mouth which was seen
So beautifully shy
Lying in a shadow
Of sunshine
Meaningless

Blinking eyes
Soul of matter
Moving back
To its base

Light travels
Ever returns though
In silent shining
It stays

Still in motion
To work, act
And affect the
Theatre of worlds

~

The universe is in me
It's me
The substance
The particles and the none

~

Time couched around me
I like beforehand dream
Time flips collapse

Visible in the dark
Invisible in the light
Contemplating pain floated up
Flew slowly without
Direction to heaven arc

~

Page twenty
An endless book
Of plenty more chapters
A journey that took us
Through time and space
To mountains and islands
Any place, you can see us
Rowing
Just to reveal one little thing
Called the hidden secret
The Free-Flowing Spring

~

Time flies
Tempus fugit
Tempo ta bula
Time flies
And love
Resting on her wings

Going under
Fasting failure
Absorb meek
Look on
We have done nothing wrong
Do not hate
We are more
Solidarity is sufficient
Comfort and learning lessons
From the past
Wait
Wait
It reduces life
Because who wants to be high there
Who raises the sword
Who speaks the word
Too many read along
Let the doubt slumber
Until returning to the dawn
It happens again, suddenly
In the cinema, in the neighborhood
Where one was tough and stoic
Proved short-lived

The flow of life
Is to know things will go on
Days will continue to pass
Seasons will too
They know

~

The story of life will change my world
To become a timeless voice in space
An everlasting pace of calm breezes

~

Don't kill time
It's not alive
Open your eyes
And dream my mind
While reading words
Will I awake, like waves
Rolling to you

I changed
In many ways
Altered my me
By moving oversea
Seeing a lot more
Of me

~

To aim and game
Hunted and swift
Why not delay
The metaphor so that we can
Change what we are
The world itself

~

Life is a journey
Even before the birth
Does it make you more familiar

Life is furniture
Even before you settle down
Does it make you comfortable

What was dead
Did not die
How stupid
Was thy lie
In between
Bold sky
No thread or try
Of faith
That we've seen
Even death
Couldn't've ever
Met my dream
Nor should've
I

~

Who is afraid
Is anyone
Of the dark
What would it be
Anyone
To walk, spend
An hour in the darkest
Cellar
Cold
Without rain
Sun air light
Afraid

Devine storm
Two times
To distroy
Khan's men

Kamikaze
A many time
To ruin the
American

Muse of the past
What is it
That man confuses
So sad

Not rarely
Shall one see
The ignorance
Of history

What whiter than the root
Purer than the core
Serene as a star
Cleaner than a pit
Hidden in the fruit

Prouder than the stones
Which has built Rome
Than the rock on which
The home is
An underground sensation

What grows deeper than
The human soul
Beyond stars
Sheds lights
In darkness

~

The cave
Where the marmot lived
In a burrow
Was wider than a chapel
Smaller than a church
The damn cave
Hell
No escape possible
But sorrow

One day of endless measure
Hours of bending pleasure
Minutes that walk away
Leaving the seconds behind
The ones that stay

~

As Sirens sit on slumbrous rocks
The song of treason melts the fog
Since Sirens do not fit in old Greek
Lyrics the ancient Arab can agree

'Cause even hidden Esther sings
Her things, in Biblical sleepwalks
She fulfills the harmony of times
In which we all wander for a while

And whatever may occur
In future ballads of mankind
There'll always be a better way
To treat each other's minds

Full with respect and understanding
We shall again be free of any shades
Forget the past in many ways
To unjudge ourselves in neverending
Hopelessness waiting to awake

Why do I write
Writing is what I do
Right
Why do I talk
Talking is what I do
Like feeding my mouth
Is what I do
Three times a day
Unlike breathing
It is not popular at all
During a midsummer night's dream
Or when the leaves fall
And reading is the air
To ventilate despair

The ship, the message
Sailing without course
No one can track
Its beacon line

The verses, the waves
Announcing death
Of a mermaid so brave
Guided by trust

Planning poetical communication
The hidden meaning of guidance
Of repeated written lines
Words, made of dust

Particles of poems
Every symbol creating space
Syllables of cosmos
Space becoming less
As the story grows
Into pages of black ink, prose
No longer powerful
For its lack of blank
A place linked with rest
Not possessed by anything
But silence to confess the true
Strength of words
Like dynamic spirits of
Rising birds

~

The light was kindled in my dream
So really, it was white, bright
I saw the room where I was
Neon flew towards me
It did not take long
But long enough, to see
Nothing more beautiful
Than obvious

Sonnet, can not shine
Like other poems do
Unless it is broken
In two pieces of poetry
That allow the sun to shine
So the sonnet can feel
Its heat, forget rhythm or rhyme

~

Nature's cry
Why leaves should die in fall
Even springtime could get frozen
Acid on her wing
Nevertheless, would we permit
These cries to be a stupid
Kingsize mess

~

Look and see
Search and find
Probability bordering on certainty
But there is only one
Truth
The Blank Slate

