

Poetry Series

Elena Ioannou
- poems -

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Elena Ioannou(27 5 1968)

Lover of fine arts, with artistic trends from child with a pencil in one hand and a book in another... I remember myself, to paint and write, listening to music. Realistic with my own way, if there is realism because life we now live longer moves the boundaries of surrealism.

I live my reality through music, studying at the Municipal Conservatory of Kavala, drawing and writing what my conscience dictates. I am inspired by what I see around me... a picture, a person, a cloud... the mood of the moment.

My poems are included in anthologies of English poetry publishing house Bonaltia LTD.

I have won in English poetry contest.

Participant poetic tribute album for '100 Years liberated Kavala.'

My poems are hosted in remarkable literary magazines of the internet, as well as in magazines about poetry.

When I have time available I write articles on web news.

My name is Elena Ioannou (Helen John) and I'm from the beautiful city of Kavala.

In my past I studied Fashion Design, Interior Design and Aesthetics in private schools in Athens.

I have in my assets, art exhibitions and a show various content «ENA STYLE» on local channel «Ena Channel» as a television producer and presenter.

I attended seminars on theater and I am a member of the ' Citizens Theatre Kavala.'

I sing in choirs my city.

I feel lucky because even in my present to studying music and I try to spend as best I can.

Besides, life is too short to be sad.

Passion for Poetry____ Elena Ioannou

2014

I am revising my life.
I think my right
theory adopted.
The blurry sea
will not bury my foundations.
Smash the deadly death.
I grow big, I draw strength from the words.
Magnificent courageously betake 2014.

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Elena Ioannou

A Dream Within A Dream

A dream within a dream
a life beside a life
you are dreaming
but you must beware
your shadow around you
beware the death is near you.
A soul is inside you
and you can't feel it
fear is on the top
and you do not know it
beneath your foot is your steps
and you can not see it
life and death are your situation
manage them.
Find the balance between them and yourself
and your soul never fear again
into deep darkness.

Elena Ioannou

Anticipation

Dead are the words
From your absence
Lips are sealed
Continual silence
Cries inside me
Destroys me cruelly
Disperses my being
From matter's dust
Standstill in time
Unique true of my existence
Your coming I await.

Elena Ioannou

Bloom

I bloom every dawn
In sky's blue
To the breath of the day
Seal my blossom
To the blue of the night
To the aura of the stars
I drown my fears
To the blue of the sea
To the light of the moon
I come out at sunrise
With a new flower
On the lips that kisses you.

Elena Ioannou

Dandelion And Daffodil

I dressed Autumn

to welcome you

and you come

to bare me

with a sunbeam.

Dandelion and daffodil

to fade away

at Autumn's sadness.

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Elena Ioannou

# Ebony And Ivory

I wasn't born in Africa

but Africa is inside me.

I wasn't your relative

but I mourn your loss.

I haven't ebony's colour

but the black of ebony

is into my veins and on my skin.

Ebony Nelson Mandela

you passed across

and you left mama Africa

-a Cinderella of Earth-

to be poor without you

but a proud daughter

for her spiritual father tata.

A Man, which we called King

and he felt just a simple man.

A King, which we called Leader

and he felt just a teacher.

A Giant, which we called God

and he felt mere mortal.



A Nelson which called Madiba

and was a Great Man

and a Mentor and an Agonist.

The Titan Nelson Mandela.

Rest in peace teacher

Heaven is for you

You are free now,

and some day or night

-not relevant-

we will meet each other

at the abode of the God.

For the time being

we are on mother Earth

ebony and ivory

side by side

we are walking together

and we are waiting

for cruel politics, pain, poverty and deaths.

Pray for us dear father of people of Africa.

Pray for all the people of Earth.

Pray for a day without war

and without racism

that we will become one colour, one religion

a day full of truth and love.

To ebony man Nelson Mandela

An ivory woman from Greece.

Elena Ioannou

# Entity

Lost entity

in a universe that expands

expanding its boundaries

indefinitely.

Causal link between

causes and consequences.

A space-time continuum

voracious, restless and evergreen.

Energy and matter,

being incomprehensible.

It gives me room to move,

to think, to breathe.

In a dream

or reality?

From scratch

I feel energy

that floods the universe!

Elena Ioannou

# I Let Myself

I let myself to birds

I let myself to wind

I let myself to earth

I let myself in universe

From where I came from

there I'll go

Naked, I came pure

Dressed with sins I'll go away.

Elena Ioannou

# Imprisoned Thou Of Shadows

The night brought darkness  
Black lace embroidered at moon's face  
it brought the pale light  
that fell on the dark house.  
The shadows spread around,  
encircle the dark house, embraces it.  
Black grey the garment of fear-  
lank figures, long fingers,  
eyes nonexistent,  
empty, shadowed by death.  
Existing figures; actual figures;  
at walls, at windows,  
at the trees of the garden;  
from the night mist-at the wet grass.  
Their slipping, their coming  
approaching, in approaching,  
it feels like nothing is touching you  
and the thrill to penetrate  
deep to the bone.  
Wherever you look,  
in the circle around you,  
It shades the eyes, fluttering veil  
The shadows are sliding around you  
spreading the fear.  
At the veins the blood flowing fast  
the heart beats  
loud sounds of war drums  
it touch your mind, your skin.  
Around you, terror scene, frightening  
Death clouded your dreams  
any form, at any time...  
the dark house haunted your life.  
Mercilessly, can not escape  
Imprisoned thou of shadows  
become a shadow and you  
fainting pulls in the dirt  
rot, sepsis occurs,  
become one with the dust  
become moist soil...

become nothing not, you're a nobody  
a shadow, the shadow of yourself  
the dark house is you  
shadows are your thoughts  
that growing up, deep in your soul  
become giants, devour you  
can not escape.  
Life becomes death  
and death becomes life.  
you become a shadow, fading in daylight  
lost in the air like tobacco smoke,  
you tearing apart...as well as time sucks you.

Elena Ioannou



# Mourning

Sad Spring  
during the mourning  
and your flowers cry.  
The tears of sorrow  
shall not become  
the source of great sadness  
for the people who wait  
the resurrection  
of their souls.

Elena Ioannou



# Nightwalk

Nightwalk to the sanctuary of my soul  
Hearken to the wispers of remembrances  
I see into back the lychnos of expectation  
I leave the darkness, I return  
I go to the light  
The' re bottomless unexplored the limits  
And the memories will bleed  
I return to the aged horizons of life  
To throw the petals of my blossoms  
To the aspects of the existance world.

Elena Ioannou

# North Wind Of Time

? wind of change rages  
blowing furiously  
through the heart's leaves  
which hit themselves  
back and forth  
inside me silently,  
though poisonously.  
This big silence  
amidst the whole turmoil  
drives me in madness.  
I have never felt  
so much insecure,  
so much instable.  
I fall in a vacuum  
and I cannot get up  
I do not want to feel  
collapsing once more.  
The ruthless north wind of time  
meets me  
freezes me  
kills me.

Elena Ioannou

# Pale Peace

I will chisel pale doves of marbles  
from the gold and ivory statue of Zeus  
in Ancient Olympia  
and from the Acropolis rocks.  
I will chisel pale doves of peace  
from the columns and the temple pediment  
in Athena's Temple.  
I will make a Doric and indivisible Alloy  
so that the enemy's spear never hurt them.  
The Gods' Ichor  
will be flowing in their veins.

~

From the blue of the sky  
and the blue sea  
I will color their eyes.  
When they 'll look at you  
you 'll see the salty water  
of the seas which skirts around Greece.  
When they'll look at you  
you will travel in peaceful lands, without wars.  
The immortal Greek soul  
will give them finally breath  
and a Greek soil's olive tree branch.

~

On the sacred rock of Acropolis Caryatids  
will be the priestesses-guardians of them  
until the moment they 'll be left  
free to go out from the backstage of the temple  
and emerge as an ancient light through  
the columns of Parthenon  
praising the Greek spirit  
of Democracy and Freedom,  
proclaiming Love  
and sending worldwide  
a different message of eternal peace.

~ Peace on Earth ~



# Poets Of Eden

Kavafis, Elytis, Seferis, Sikelianos, Palamas

All that you're being placed and daydreaming

To the cyan gardens of Eden

Send the poems of heavens

To the memories of men

That have been ossified

To the alienation of the days

In time's merciles passage

Wake up the memories

to get out of the labyrinth

going in a journey with the poems of Gods

in worlds of emotions

thoughts, images and love

forgetting the miserble desires

that leeds them to the bottomless wel of Lethe.

Elena Ioannou

# Release Yourself

As I watched my idol in the mirror

suddenly I thought

'-where am I? '

And my thought answered me back

'-you are inside your soul

release yourself.'

Elena Ioannou

# Silent Room

Silent Room,  
absorbs the steps,  
absorb the screams,  
voices, speeches,  
whispers, respites.  
The sounds buried in silence  
and echo on the walls,  
past, buried  
under the thick, heavy carpets,  
behind the heavy curtains,  
in the heavy atmosphere of a room.

Elena Ioannou

# The Dance Of Erinyes

Initiated

to the rescued one

from memory's labyrinth

and the mysteries of heart

My mysticism love, to YOU.

Anything yours sacred,

anything yours dear,

how can I forget? When you exist?

Who is punishing me?

What Erinyes hunting me?

Curse...

Whosever false oath of love has sworned,

to the blood of his tears will drown the undefined,

the connected with love feeling...

night castrated will meet

the anger of Alecto's and her mania,

Magaera's hate and envy,

the revenge of infernal Tisophone.

Alone with anthropomorphisme will fight

and always emptiness of love will be.



Elena Ioannou

# The Sea

I'm not the floating island  
that you see on the horizon  
I am the sea underneath.

Elena Ioannou

# Vulgar Moon

How vulgar is the moon  
to shine upon you  
and to lay bare your soul.

Elena Ioannou

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Elena Ioannou





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Elena Ioannou





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Elena Ioannou

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Elena Ioannou

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Elena Ioannou

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Elena Ioannou



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Elena Ioannou