

Poetry Series

George Tzouvaras

- poems -

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George Tzouvaras()

A Love Poem....

I will lean by your side
as the first sun ray will pet your eyelashes
and morning dew will kiss your naked body

I will lean by your side
when Summer sea becomes one with you
and its saltiness ascends on you as my kisses

I will lean by your side
as the noon by its light illumines your eyes
and heat will sweetens my despair

I will lean by your side
when in the afternoon we will see the sunset together
in a far distant coast and my words will warm your pain

I will lean by your side
as the night which will come, together
we will seek hope in our love embrace

I will lean inside you
for ever in your darks I want to be sank
and leave my light erased there and love you

like no one else till now.

George Tzouvaras

Admission

Isolated in a balcony
slipping silently into the void
in a fall invisible and imperceptible
with a light push by a smile
and a grief from a half ended afternoon
Politeness that kills
Naiveness which hypnotizes
Looking at the endless blue of horizon
I smile as I see my assassination
coming with a shiny noise
and with a thoroughly sloppy sense
of the most beautiful words in the ugliest of actions.

George Tzouvaras

As....

As the wind comes in hot waves
This summer night
As my window is open to breath
Some fresh air
As my eyes are closed
While I sense the kiss of nature
As you try to dream
My arms around you
As the silence embrace me
While you are away
As the tears of your soul
Try to reach mine
As the long distant look
Try to find hope
As the dreams comes
Silently in the night
As the night flowers of balconies
Spread their sweet smell in a peaceful night
As the lover seeks for the kiss of a lover
As your sent is in my heart
As my smile is used as a vision
As your gentle touch
Softens my pain
As you are me
And me am you
As the prisoner looks for a hole in the wall
As the cage bird tries to find space to fly
As my feelings try to find a way to message you
As the sick try to find a cure
As the poor man try to find food
As the homeless try to find a house
As the soulless try to find a wish
As the hopeless try to find a dream to believe
As my eyes are hurt by the cruelty of this world
As my thoughts run to the road of agony
While your lips touch mine
While your kind words scream in my loneliness
While you stare at me with shining eyes
As you shine like a diamond

In my pure love
As I fly to the moon
In your sensual existence
In your sweet desire
As those lines are trying to touch you
Let me dream that I can love you

George Tzouvaras

Ascertainment

Indelible marks of silence,
incised grimaces of despair
in a thought of love and betrayal
You laughed at your luck
as they trample your proudness
You kept going in your darks
and every time that you got out by one dark
a shadow changed your cast
and it was became night.

Some sun rays assorted your breath
and some gasping from your tag
your only company in your godforsaken hours
Behind the bars and facing
severe glance of your guard.
You swore the time and the moment
that you breath for first time.
There were moments that death was a salvation
There were moments that their laugh ripped out your soul.
There were moments that nights seemed endless.

You knew love and despair
You knew defeat and victory
You knew truth and all of their games
You walked by their commands
You tried paths painted by blood
of thousand people before you
expecting a different result.
Smile in the doleful silence
Look the pain straight in the eyes

Before you, there were so many
After you, there will be much more
Misery doesn't end with wishes
Truth doesn't painted by blood
The world hypnotized suicides
in a convention of grey
and in truth for the many.
Cause there is no truth without pain

Cause there is no convention without a self-deceit

In the dark catwalks of this city
I spend my memories and burry my wishes
breathing with agony.

George Tzouvaras

Awake

I ve been awake. Not sleepless like Hollywood boys. Just awake.

Yesterday is seeking for images of an invitation lost in past.
A sip of whiskey buddy, a sip of life with a suitcase in my hands.

Poisoning ideas of a man which chased some broken eyes. Daily activities in a sociability which has lost its smell long ago.

Smash, gold which left prints in my hands, some stupid ideas of a romantic fool, of an old man born in old times with old senses and tired occasions.

Counting the time till the end comes, smiling often to absurd, using useless words for friends, I am not gonna like you anymore while you gamble.

Awake. Not sleepless like Hollywood boys.

Fine things, articular sentiments, drawn in a bottle.

-You must always don't lose more than you gain my friend.
He said that old drunk to me this night which was snowing while we were drinking in that old wine bar with faint minds and free hearts.
-I ve kept a special cognac for the occasion
-30 years old, three star cognac used for funerals. He smiled.
-This is the night. Smiled again.

Another one faint face, through the fog of my misty eyes, smiling at me.

-In Amsterdam all is ok.... and he kept writing.

A room full of a land with no kings. No princesses. Just a goodbye to the autumn rain and a heart full of knockings of luck in a door which is closed long time ago.

Awake. Not sleepless like Hollywood boys.

Countless sips, nobody is sure where the fear lies.

Faces in turns. Found myself in the corner.
Sometimes to lay in a hood is colder than the snow falling on you.
I am singing my downtown blues....baby.

Play with me. You have my official permission.
Make sure that I will fall again from your window.

I've stolen so many rainbows till now.

Say goodbye to the climbing of madness.
Say welcome to the green fields of your lost hopes.

A sharp snake full of nightmares will come to knock our dreams.
Wait till the moment is right, till the dark is cool enough to exterminate it.

The drugstores always got yellow lights, rain always smells like sour taste.

The sips still got power. The sips still got brain.

Awake. Not sleepless like Hollywood boys.

Suspicious music I listen and cry silently in your thoughts.
-No more gambling buddy for me. He said.

Next day lost his life in a last bet with mr. Death.

Awake. Not sleepless like Hollywood boys.
Listen to the sax sound...let me dream about my broken bottle.

George Tzouvaras

Before The Dawn

Before the dawn I light my last cigarette.

Soon a new day was about to begin. Full of dull moments, full of unbroken dreams, full of wishes, full of bourbon.

Still strangers on the road, still strangers in their lives. I looked up in the sky which was getting a new grey colour, as the new day was too.

The first cars has shown up in this highway which I was sitting and observe the morning traffic not knowing what else to do.

The last zip of my bourbon burn inside me a wish of life. Remembered the days when so much younger cried out their hopes. With cold eyes looked around me for a while.

An ugly old whore sitting next to me in that tired bus station waiting bus to get her home. She looked at me. She smiled and her face suddenly became such brighter than before.

"It always happens before the dawn" she whispered and her eyes seemed to teared...

Stood up and start walking in the morning highway which now seemed more alive than before. A cold wind hit my face shyly first...after a while more daring. Felt her eyes as I was distant from her nailed on my back. Felt her words stubbed in my heart.

The empty bottle of bourbon cried for help. I entered the first café I found on my way. The owner had an old shrunk face with some cold blue eyes like death.

Ordered my strong black coffee which came after a while in a dirty cup full of prints of the previous client. In fact previous client probably should be a woman. A soft red dump of lipstick was on it.

While I was letting go my self to limbo the door opened and a preacher came in holding an open bible in his hands. Stood up right in the centre of café and said "It always happens before the dawn".

The old owner smiled at him and gave him some frozen coffee to drink and relax

his anger.

Looked around to find some cigarettes. Found a half packet in the next table and took one. Start to watch out of the big window the morning traffic that almost started to get wild.

So many cars running fast, so many noises killing the senses, so many faces searching for lost treasures. The first news papers already were hang in the bench of news stand. With their big black titles shouted to the world. "It always happens before the dawn"

A bleeding cat probably hit by a car was getting out her last breath. An urgent need of pee get me to the dirty toilet of the café. While I was peeing saw the wall in front of me. A message written with a red marker was in the wall "It always happens before the dawn"

Got out from the café in panic. Start to walk in a hurry without looking around me anymore. Just couldn't stop hearing all the morning sounds of this place which was called city highway.

The last voice I heard before enter my room was coming from a young woman talking to her mobile. "Its over...try to understand it"

In the stairs of the little hotel which was my room a junkie just took his last dose and laying in a strange way looking with dead eyes the ceiling. I passed him and headed fast to my room.

Locked the door behind me. Shattered my windows. The quietness of the room was suddenly became deafening. Open the fridge trying to find something to eat. The only I found was a beer. The taste was so smooth after all this frozen coffee and last nights bourbon. The taste became like oasis in the desert to my throat.

I tried to write something in a piece of a white paper. In my ears coming a long distant melody from some forgotten blue song which I was listening while I was teenager...

It always happens before the dawn....some imperceptible death in your soul, some breath of new life in your lungs, some failures, some success, some deserted feelings trying to build a new start in an old traditional reality of a life in turmoil.

It always happens before the dawn trust me.

Black Cities Got Yellow Lights.....

Black cities got yellow lights
fainted faces in some red doors
trying to balance in thin limes of the meanings.....
of the meanings of words which useless
hang around in the sickness of our ages
in the sickness of their voices.

Black nights got blood hands
thirsty feelings in shining eyes
dirty breaths in dusty dreams
and these moments of stillness
in the shadow of your cosmopolitan deception
in the meadows of your stolen senses

Black hearts got smooth touch
broken clocks in white clouds
sharp shapes of grey lives
wild seas in rough whiskey
seeking shroud hiding your grief
footprints in an endless need.

Black cities got yellow lights
I left a bitter smile in the air
Knowing that no one really cares.....

George Tzouvaras

Blue Light

Its invisible. Its almost unshaped.
Its our craziest dream
behind some dirty streets of this city
it's a hot coffee in the ice morning
into a bistrot for some guys who cant sleep.

There is a blue light melody.....

Doesn't have any sound. No one till now compose it.
Smiles at the faces of dourly passers by
and in the cars which run fast
in the nightly highway under yellow lights
just for catching up their desperate tries
for an illusion of life.

There is a blue background.....

In the souls of residents of this strange land
the land of the shadows
Cracks getting bigger and bigger
in the passage of time
and chasm opens its voracious mouth
to swallow cast-off vitalities in the trash
of an unspeakable and vapidly formalism.

There is a blue love.....

Flickers in the walls of the houses
and tears in the waters of the lake
which you used to play as a child.

There are some blue words.....

They don't make any sense, yet are secrets
passwords to open the door of your life
in the untouched dream of your hope.

There is some blue dawn.....

Has no season, yet birds singing
and nature wakes up sweetly and slowly
from its nightly lethargy
rising with her forgotten desires
in the dark side of your heart.

There are some blue moments....

Which each one of us try to breath
a little more unusual than every day
a little more clear and more freely.

There are some blue people

Which bleed every time that watch life
rolling down with bend head, full of despair
in the river of lost innocence,
following the silent pomp of countless deaths.

There is a blue light in my room.....

It's a gift of love. It's a gift so I can have some light
in my life, so I can got an illusion of life.

There is a blue light in my soul....

You are the only one to see it. You are the only one to cry upon it.
Don't be afraid, your tears wont faint it.
They resurrecting it regardless of opposites opinions.....

George Tzouvaras

Blue Sea

Blue sea of my light dreams
Small breath in a dry life
Simple white vision of mine
Dance in my heart

Blue sea of my long distant lands
In precipitous beaches I whispered your name
There which sun meets rain
I knew your eternal touch

Blue sea
Of my sweet love afterbirth kiss
The blooms of your depth I touch
Each time which your wet eyes I face.

George Tzouvaras

Colours

Reinstatements of "cute" movements
in the red line of a blue horizon.

White figures called lives
in the chase of the green power.

Pink vaginas giving birth to strange creatures
in their evolution black monsters of mastership.

Brown tones of a seasonable bypast
and some colorless voices looking as if it comes from nowhere.

The life-force of the one, the light of being
surrounds every cell of life
which exists as the one.

George Tzouvaras

Expectation

I circulate dressed with thoughts without face-value
harrowing my moments in the faint lights of the road
Death is an expectation to unknown
Try of purification in the last smoke
Commonness clams by the traps of habbit
Habbit is like sin; Bitter and unfair
In the lost light of life i pray
In the sweet calmness of a late afternoon i eavesdrop
the breath of winter
Expectation in the white of truth
Truth in the expectation of unusual
Paradox game of thought with sensations
smooths my steeply breaths
I was found somewhere in the end of the world
I was found hidden in your bones thought
I expect you to find me.

George Tzouvaras

Grief

Words floating in a soft reality
Sentiments surviving into traps
Eyes searching desperately for light
into abysmal darks
using words for comfort
while the mirror is beside them broken in thousand pieces.
Attempts of trying weld lost hours and moments,
they wont save you by the tragedy.
Every try is a failure
when what you say is just a blow in the wind.
Listen to my lament.
Listen to my crack.
Feel my chasm.
There isn't a place that you can hide.
This house seeps by grief.
Black irony, white life,
there is a tear which refuse to drop
When I will be lost, you will understand
When I will vanish, quietly, without noise in a bustling dark corner of this city
When nobody will sense my death
Then grief will surround you forever,
as it surrounds forever my breath.
There is always hope,
Smile, your delusion got wear,
Night has solutions to offer
Its not their words,
Its not their images
Its not what they give to you
Its what they take by you
Grief, without mercy, endless.....so simple as a quite death

George Tzouvaras

Have You Seen The Moon Tonight My Love?

Have you seen the moon tonight my love?

Have you seen that became a friend of mine as I was thinking of you?
As I was driving in the night streets, for a moment I thought that I was
dreaming.

I saw to become a moon and to caress with my moonlight your half naked body,
getting in insatiable through your wide open window.

Have you seen the moon tonight my love?

It spoke to me with tender words about your love.
It told me not to be afraid, and if you are far away from me you are always by
my side, and as desperately I seek your touch so the moon above me tonight
sleepless stayed.

Have you seen the moon tonight my love?

Got something of your hair in its look.
Got a sorrow which sweet the night bleeds,
Got a scent of love which hides well protected into your heart.

Have you seen the moon tonight my love?

You, somewhere lost into your problems.
Your thought looks like a labyrinth and the exit seems like to be lost in a love
which you didn't live till now.

Me always dreaming the impossible, this which only my poetic madness allows
me to see.

Me always adrift in your eyes as they whisper to me "I love you" on a snowy
night.

Me always an egoist in love ask of you everything, forgetting sometimes that
above all I love your pain.

Have you seen the moon tonight my love?

I wonder how I can hide in it so I can always touch your soul?

Have you seen the moon tonight my love?

It speaks for you and me with night.

Together they make love one more time and then become a morning dew in a green meadow offering hope in the despair of the lonely people.

George Tzouvaras

I Have Always Been Haunted.....

I have always been haunted by some long distant night lights of a city.

I have always been haunted by some strange dreams for two blue eyes and an odd death silence.

I have always been haunted by some eerie ghosts of my most dark moments.

I have always been haunted by a sorrow which wept through a melancholic rain.

I have always been haunted by the loneliness of the winter park of a big city.

I have always been haunted by that acrid smell of rain as it falls in a dry road.

I have always been haunted by some cold nights without moon and some half burnt cigarettes in an ashtray.

I have always been haunted by a sensation of the blue sky hidden as a secret in the white of your eyes.

I have always been haunted by some crazy lines which sing about love, life, death.

I have always been haunted by some sunrises and some sunsets and my soul was shivering as I watch them giving birth to my unconscious self.

I have always been haunted by that loneliness you feel when you are surrounded by a crew of "friends".

I have always been haunted by that tearful glance of yours saying to me "love me".

I will always been haunted by a child which grow old and still refuses to become a "well respected man".

George Tzouvaras

I Want To Write Something Beautiful

I want to write something beautiful
something about the blue of your eyes
which carves my days every time they blear

I want to write something beautiful
to got something of the sorrow of the world
the lament of the winter wind
something of the dawn of sleepless faces
and something from an autumn morning rain.

I want to write something beautiful
without the fuss of the crowded streets
without the pain of the desperate people
which howl their agonies with clamorous laughs

I want to write something beautiful
as the dreams which come true
and as a fragrance of love
wet by the waves of a winter sea.

George Tzouvaras

In The Dark Road

In the dark road with the fallen wet leaves
counting my casualties
embraced by sorrow
in love with rain
and a summer sun
I walked my life tonight
There are moons which I never met
and days which never came to light
moments which tonight will shine my life
above in some neon lights.

In the dark road with the fallen wet leaves
calculating over time
between shadows
in apprehensive presence of life
in pale faces and in hard phrases
I spend a bloody vitality.
There are howls which I never howl
and nights where moons tear
moments where dreams die
erase under the fuss
of a city which amuses her Saturday night.

In the dark road with the fallen wet leaves
a dark figure, a beauty and a clown
walk together after rain
trying to discover what you lost
what you find
what you deserve
under a moonlight full of treasure
the treasure of your soul.

George Tzouvaras

In The Lonely Hour

Progressively lost in your presence, I am left in the detail of your eyes, in that faint thin balance between the moment where I touch upon you, and the moment where I let you go of me.

The evening came, its summer, hot, almost hypnotizes me.....
There is no need for description.
Only the need to live.

The air whispers your presence and I love you again as damned.

In the absence of moment I will feel my desperation, and it is this desperation that makes me to feel more....not your absence but your poverty.....desire for the visible, appetite for the marvel of your love.

In this evening I will be lost in the hunting of your hope.
In this evening I will chase my love not as adventurer but as a desperate man.

There is a hope that I know. When I am alone I ll find you in the dark searching for me. You will find me in blood-stained lines that have been written for you.

I want you not as a desperate man. I want you so I can live.

Then will come the silence. I know it, I know..... it is cowardish and sneaky, it conquers you without to realize it....alone therefore I will justify my existence with memento of my presence some certain foolish lines that speak for the despair, the love, the life, the way that I see people.....

The night came, the dogs bark their loneliness and I lick my wounds... as a loose dog, ill and misunderstood..... alone and in sometimes hurt, in some others just stoned by tiredness and in some others just peaceful by your love.

So I will weep but not with tears, I will smile again and again till I found you in a summer meadow and.....my weep wont be a sad one...will be full of smiles and moments awaiting to see you coming to me again...and a light blue hope that this time I wont have to let go of you.....till then I can only dream about the next time I ll see you.

George Tzouvaras

In The Summer Heat

In the summer heat
a dry mouth i got seeking for your lips
In the summer heat
death silence surrounds my heart beat
In the summer heat
a song of love i whistle just for you
In the summer heat
i let my hopes to see the sun
In the summer heat
i see your eyes like never before
sparkling in the sun
calling to be adored again
by your crazy poet.

George Tzouvaras

Its Forever

There is a smell tonight
which refuses to leave me.....

Its not the night and its sweet melodies

It's not the peace that suddenly found me
in your love

It's not the calm Sunday morning
from a world that seemed had forgotten me

It's forever you wet blue eyes
when i first kissed them

It's forever your naked snaky body
as i touch its curves

It's forever my crazy mind
seeing you as no one till now see you
full of grace and joy

It's forever my cold beer
and my stupid dreaming self
as i walk into your roads

it's forever your beautiful heart
dressed in hyacinths and light blue colours
of your wishes

It's forever you, pale, kind, innocent
as a dreamland in my
so dark sleepless world

Outside my window,
dark figures dance in an eternal rythm
of nothingness and existence,
but yet.....

it's you forever

in my heart and.....i smile
like a child in it's endless sweetness
of his first cry.

Note: written just for you my sweet J.

George Tzouvaras

Koyaanisqatsi.

Rundown walls of idols and murdering elevations
disobedient people that do not guess
the interpretation of ancient prophecies
the destruction that brings a foreign life in a foreign life
unknown white whirlwind of dream
and light blue glance affair
Where is the dream of Koyaanisqatsi?
The cool sough of green plains
waving of neckerchief in the top
shining eye of neon light and an unexpected silence
A dark chamber is the mirror
of every modern try
Where is the dream of Koyaanisqatsi?
Quiver of silence and insane pain
Dead ends of broken desires and lost selves
listen the rhapsody to the other
listen the rhapsody to the death of habit
Where is the dream of Koyaanisqatsi?
Dress the harmony of your heartbeats
persuade your self about your fall
three knockings on the door of a non-existed future
Where is the dream of Koyaanisqatsi?
White softness of pain and you my fog
under the rundown fields of people
Where is the dream of Koyaanisqatsi?
Miserable guilt with black capes
shadowy surround the air
and a hurt butterfly stands still.
Where is the dream of Koyaanisqatsi?
Execution of a clack over a phone call
between boundless ocean of tears
Where is the dream of Koyaanisqatsi?
The morning dew and a cigarette
flickers behind the curtains of civilization
and some comfortable cerebral armchairs
Where is the dream of Koyaanisqatsi?

Note: Was written long time ago almost at the dawn of a cold winter day, after seeing the film in my hometown Thessalonica in a cinema called Radio City. The film was directed by Godfrey Reggio and music composed by Philip Glass.

Ko. Yaa. Nis. Katsi. (comes from the Hopi language meaning)

Crazy life

Life in turmoil

Life disintegrating

Life out of balance

A state of life which calls for another way of living.

George Tzouvaras

Last Night While Was Snowing.....

I.

Last night while was snowing
a face looked at the sky
two eyes teared or was soft hails
which thaw it in her face?

Last night while was snowing
an illusion of love with opened hesitatingly lips
kissed inside me the equanimity of immensity
and become one with my shadow in the white scene.

II.

There are moments dreaming that you exist
there are shapes that belong in no dream
there are words been told just like this
as a white dream in the freeze of the night
made just for you, just for a life in...a word.

III.

Last night while was snowing
city slept quietly in its ignorance
shadows was at one's last gasp of their mirrors
and two lips whispered gently a life....in a dream.

George Tzouvaras

Like A Green Field.....

Like a green field my love today.

Situated in a turn of my mountain.....

Saw a little white cloud smiling in the immensity of a vernal noon and clear blue sky, waving at me to follow it.

Speechless and firm closed my eyes so the light warm wind carress my soul with the sweetness of innocence.

My mind clear and strong as never before....

Looked down while the city was just trying to adjudge the contemplations of its residents.

I think i saw you smiling at me....i think i saw you thinking of me with a little biterness in your lips, with a little tear in your eyes like your forgotten dreams..

Tried to give you back a warm smile.

Dont you see my love?

Its me up into that little white cloud trying to reach you, for a simple hi.

'when strangers want to hurt you they first make sure to give you something that looks beautiful' my favourite line of one of my beloved poets came to my mind...it doesnt concern you my love....not me...its how this world is made....

I choosed my path long ago, without grumbling or offense...

The sun warms me almost like your love....

While i was walking trying to catch my small white cloud i saw it! ! !

A green field with its grass just resurrected by the spring that came suddenly. It was wet and almost as if it was waiting my touch.

The smell and the touch of it.....the sweetness of your kiss....the madness of my dreams, all mixed together in an eternal dance of sensations.

I lay at it like a kid and started suddenly to roll and roll and roll....till i found a rock to stop me....

I smiled once more 'so rock and roll its all about eh? ' i thought and laugh out loudly.

Stood up. Watched my little white cloud travelling to the way you live. I shout at it. 'Tell her that i love her'

Turned my face again to the city. Remembered all those dark corridors i ve been through till i found myself laying on the grass.

Talked for a while to my guardian angel and continued my road.

While i was distanced took a last look of this green field....

The white cloud was allready lost in the far blue horizon, just wished that could bring you my message.....

George Tzouvaras

Lines Of Absurdity 1.

In the night hour of silence. There which the bars of the night caging our thoughts, our dreams and our hopes perish, mellows their colours and become steamy figures which they dont hurt and bother anyone.

We some times lose our subject with success. Some other times we are just lost.

Rain has stopped. In the shiny after rain roads, which in some point become mirrors we stare ourselves.

There is not any relaxing. Some rest we seek.

Around me the vague speaking about everything annoys me in the worst way it can.

The style, which is certain and so sure disgust me so much my friend.

I have learned one thing my friend until now very well. What has already passed and die dont try to resurrect it again. If after so many tries you manage even to shake it a little, then you will see it in front of your eyes to die in such an ugly way....

Trust me this will do to you so much more harm than to feel nostalgic for it.

Nostalgia is a word which hides inside a far clear blue sky, some lost eyes in infinity, some nicotine, some alcohol, a misty brain, maybe some small bleed of your soul....

A cracked smile once in a while.... Nothing else.

We pay visits by crows. How many times havent we heard the phrase 'nevermore'?

In the repayment of time notes of this life we lose ourselves my friend. We seek to find the money for the next instalment.

As time passes by, the interest rises. In a few time by now is more than certain that will get over the dept.

- Dont speak like this anymore. My inner voice command me so.....i smile

Pessimism my friend is the concealed aspect of optimism. Meanings reach to their absolute limits. From now on every more use of them cant be nothing more than a deception.....a deception to life itself.

George Tzouvaras

Lines Of Absurdity 2.

Closed in silent offices, all embalm in front of screens,
We welcome every spirit of calmness,
We isolate the riots and with the persuasion of our capitalistic democracy, we survive.

Don't search to find hell in the books.

Hell is here, transformed in dancing bars, in seminars for restive spirits, in countryseat and in questions like 'what are we gonna eat today? '

To belong to this world its not just about your life. It's the adventure of a constant murder of your desires. There are those which gonna say 'its not everything around us beautiful but what can we do? '

I spent in the sand my exiguous strengths of childishness that remained.
Looking the dim full moon, waving at me to reach it with its scream.

I caress the sky with lines full of blood, in my nightmares I don't scream anymore. I sit and enjoy them with the stoical style of a suicidal man.

I am defeated thoroughly and totally.

In the day which just begins I exorcise my fears.

In the moment of horror everything turns out in red. Like blood. Like freedom.
Like breath from hell.

Only in your love I can find peace....

George Tzouvaras

Lines Of Absurdity 3

Watching the lines of our lives mixing up in a vicious circle and while we are pretending that moments are there just for pleasuring our poor incarnations.

Learning by loneliness is a sign of wisdom, if you got the power of vision in your senses.

I've met too many minds trying to figure out the exit on the door of their thoughts, but always the same conclusion ends up in a river full of tears, hate and self-pity.

There is no exit and if eventually find one is just an optical illusion my friend. Cause the exit is just a mind door and you know how the mind can trick your thought.

Windows with black curtains, painted by needs and unfulfilled lust, waving silently in this night of sweet pain. In this night that you are alone with your fantasy taking care of your mind. Of your soul.

Spots of unrevealed thoughts when you discover, don't turn your head away for it is there for you and me. As the clock keeps its beat, and your heart still follows it open your eyes wide and seek for the unseen, speak for the unspoken, dream of the undreamed, write for the unwritten....

In a starlight night, in a night summer field I wondered to look some signs of this unspeakable desire to find you. To feel your presence next to mine as if you were really there with me.

You said 'close your eyes'

I did

The world became an imaginary scene.

All the stars, all the rivers, start to speak through my thoughts. The sea still waits for my touch. Still there are moments which seems centuries, still there are centuries which seems moments.

In a desert land like this, with some poems for company, a bottle, some cigarettes and your love walk alone to find what I have never had.

Strange lines curve time in a grow dim stage, passers by watch me to try climb
in that hill were fifteen pretty boys died by loneliness, were fifteen pretty young
girls died by love.

The sweetness of this late spring night surrounds every cell of my body, while
the silence of my soul try to take a rest from its endless seeking of knowledge.

I ve been in so many dark rooms that I almost became dark as the spaces I was
visiting. The light has a relevant meaning to me, such as a drunk whore who tries
to find her lost virginity of love.

Open your heart my friend to feel the sorrow, to feel the joy of someone who still
tries to stay alive through those black lines of power that command us to join the
countless army of dead smiled people.

As for the lone star don't you worry about it... will always keeps company to
those who still dare to dream.

George Tzouvaras

Lines Of Absurdity 4

Loneliness sculpts my wounds.

Those still open, with their blood still fresh, enjoy the care like little girls enjoy
while their mother brush their hair.

My faith in the things around me seems inexhaustible.

I even sometimes be surprised by her courage.

The craven night, always kills when you are naked.

The importance of the moment always tortures the knowledge of the conscious.

Unconscious is smiling cause it knows that cant be beaten.

With the arrogance of a winner stares at me snootily.

The vanity of pain circles diffused instincts, which flow under the yellow lights of
a night highway of this damn city.

Moments daze their seconds.

The vertigo of silence approaches.

Knockings of destiny touch their limits.

There isn't a moment that you don't remember.

Vertigo starts beats you

You are dying.....

George Tzouvaras

Lines Of Absurdity 5

In moments that all paths look the same, there are words, phrases, which flow in a trouble surface full of admissions.

The take offs are the same and not as a continue of older terminations.

Breaking to pieces thoughts born by misty minds, by mean situations and by the need of encryption.

You gave variation to your face, and you let your self let go to the trip for a while.

You found what you were looking for but you didn't touch it.

You let your glance to fall into the void.

The void is creepy. Its yours. You know it. You are not afraid of it.

The fear. The magic word about variation and encryption.

I knew the pain. I am not afraid of it. I am scared by their phobias.

The noon of the dead hour. It's the hour that the only thing that has to show us is, self sarcasm, bitterness, irony.

You look around you. There are hackneyed corridors.

The film is already played so many times before. Its version is a modern one. So are the feelings.

You welcome their needs. But please shut your ears to their sounds. They cant compose any melody.

The curtains has been drawn. The spectacle ends here.

I don't like your nakedness

My road is waiting for me to continue. My voice waits to climb in higher walls. In walls higher than those you build your dreams.

There is something in civilization that can kill everything in its pass by.
Variation and encryption.

I ve got a different road to walk.

George Tzouvaras

Lines Of Unconsciousness

Beautiful dreams, building conventions
abstention from your feeling and a music
eyes shining in the night
and a phrase you use always.
Sweet memories torture you
bitter minutes and chillsome breaths
colourful thoughts
in the foggy draft of moment
In the graveyard of souls a bowed angel
waits his death.
In the rainbow of your sorrow
you left a mark of bitter smile;
in the embarrassment of the time
you sigh your look.
Walking in your dreams
finding the ghosts of your mirror
you bend your eyes in lethe.
Every night my shoulders are growing heavier
every night there shall be a scream
quite as the dark that shroud it
inexplicable as your love

George Tzouvaras

Love Is An Action Of Despair

The time that shapes disappear
and the waves of your love overflows the room

The time when your eyes looks like Madonna's
and your gentle touch caress my body

The time that your lips greedily taste me
and you body shakes from pleasure

The time when day goes away and the nightfall comes
with the form of one more lost chance for our journey

The time which sorrow descends in the room
as hurriedly you should be dressed

The time were surreptitiously you'll kiss me
and look at me for last time till next comes

The time when you will become a long distant shadow
like everyone else;

This time were only your scent floats in the room
reminding me of your previous presence

This time i perish in the despair of my love.

George Tzouvaras

Love Letter....

Saturday night, quiscence dressed with nightly sorrow
forgotten longings blues i whisper
my head lightly bends
and a cigarette in my hand smolders

A sip from my whiskey
a dropp of your absence
a little blue from your eyes
and a version of life which will become peace

Sitting in a pale light for background
on the wrong side of the road
observing their moves and being demoralize
i learn how their suspicious eyeshots to avoid

Hopping in a "cant be done miracle"
I always was a visitor in expectations
without face value;
with a smile, with an illusion

In the despair of a gelid night
in the soulless streets
were lights exist only to quench after a while
i am writing you a strange love letter.....

George Tzouvaras

Moments Away From You.....

You know too...so many moments away from you just hurts so much.....i know it too.

You know too....i fight with myself on this and all the others around me..... i know it too.

You know too....each day that pass i love you more.....i know it too.

You know too....i trust you more than you can ever imagine.....i know it too.

In moments like these "where we are so far yet so close" as you told me one night biterness visits our lives but in a sweet way like your kiss, like your touch, like your dream for me, like my dream for you.

Silent Saturday night, the evening traffic already started outside my window, a fresh night, piano melodies is my music, alcohol thoughts in my mind and my little daughter loves me and watch t.v.- i smile at her as she watches her father to write again about loneliness of the soul.

In such moments of pure isolation, watching tears of passed years wash my dusty dreams your form comes as a vision, sits in faineant position and keeps me company till dawn comes.

Your warmth which now leads my breath is allways like a bleed love falling into my heart dropp by dropp till it vanishes my existense. Till we become one as lovers do in desparate nights....

In moments like these my love i feel you next to me, holding my hand....guiding me to light- and me? poor full dreamer- smiling in your eyes like a child which now learns to walk.

You know too.... in moments like these, away from you, i see you, i feel you, i love you, i kiss you....i know it too.

The moon which follows my steps this night gonna spill all the shooting stars to your feet just for you to walk on by, my sweet fairy soul.

In moments away from you, my soul sweetens by your thought which keeps me company in this lonely time-road...you know it too as i know it my love.

Sweet dreams.

G.

George Tzouvaras

Moonlight Sonata

In the circles of prematurely lost chance you let your glance go.

In the melody of moon and in the dry images of a night city you invent your freshness.

Lights on in the houses. The night is the same as the one before.

Only Beethoven touched our hearing.

As moonlight sonata finishes sweet and fainéant so shall finish our trip.

Without ruffles and wild cries. Simple and beautiful as we lived.

Conciliated with our darkness's, in love with our wounds....devoid from the unnecessary load of daily routine, dreamers and unapprehensible.....suspects for ever in the eyes of logic....traitors of obedience and timelessly madly lovers.

In the sweet fortune letting go ourselves hoping.....and sweat our words....and there isn't anything that we can not expect....and there isn't another love except yours

Note: written inspired by listening moonlight sonata

George Tzouvaras

Music

Lines, words
floodlight,
notes flickers in the soul
of a bound world
which tries to recover
from the eternal shock of loss
and the sweet violin plays
as our heart, with dreams
in the wet roads
as autumn rain
touch the chords of our desire
music sweetens
bitterness of our deserted
and scattered vision.
This piano plays its last notes
a half- empty glass of whiskey
a cigarette in an ashtray
and a semidarkness by smoke and music
lights your eyes
and I faintly disappear
in your touch.

George Tzouvaras

Observations On A Summer Picture.

The streets of this big city
through a sick Sun
shine by absences.
Giving an invisible side of reality
where everybody try to forget
from this beautiful lady with the white dress
till the priest of a small town
from the angry teenagers of square
till the bum of a park.
Desperately you try to hold on by
images, memories, hopes, dreams
but all fall apart into
a deafening silence of absence
and in a new song hit that radio plays.
Our shoe soles had been fused in the road
cars loose honk
a cab driver fights with a lorry driver
people pass by
with a bottle of water
with a load on its back
and an agony for survival.
A dog just pissed outside of a church yard
and an old lady just being robbed by an immigrant
In the park a young boy and his girl snog
without shame and almost with an innocence way
Some tourists taking pictures of the ancient statues
mobiles ringing all the time
flies between scrap heap
and hopes look around to find peace
somewhere between the cracks of images
fights a logic flight of objects
the subjects insist in their try
and you smile ghostly
drinking a cold beer
and a nip of whiskey
under summer noon heat
sweaty and blind
as if nothing else going on around you.

Pretence

Pretence

There were truths bleed
There where tears fall silently
and mirrors broke in thousand pieces

Pretence

There where dark tricks light
There where eyes meet vitiation of sight
There where laughter becomes a howling

Pretence

There where silences fool the words
There were images reflect shadows
There where ridiculous becomes real

Pretence

There where mourn becomes joy
There where moments turn to be invisible
There where non existence touch gently your hair

Pretence

There where faces wear the masks of acceptance
There where smiles kill love
There where phrases assassin without exceptions

Pretence

There where suddenly you breath without air
There where you think that Sun has died
There where you tear without a reason

Pretence

There where hearts are drawn in fake sentiments
There where souls sigh without a vision
There where lives slowly die by boredom
There where God is abandoned by his believers.

George Tzouvaras

Reviews

I. (First phase-You)

In the dark arcades of a year that leaves
behind daring truths and habits that must change
between sneaky advices
into ugly voices and nightmarish moments
in dimly faces from the hibernation of tv
in some old and forgotten vows
which dying into cigarettes and alcohol
you just stand there and wonder:

"What's left to live?
Whats left to forget? "

II.

In a room full of smoke
Forgotten melodies for company
some photos and faint smile
two abstract lines you draw
beholders of a coming age
believers of a leaving age
dreamers between realists
lunatics between sanes
simple hearted between pretentious

II. (Second phase- Them)

They say that life is too beautiful
full of light and hope for tomorrow
well dressed and comically disguised
debouched as hordes of barbarians
in sad hang outs of one night
maden by golden prospects

carvened by the methods of ephemorous hygiene
knowing "common truths"
helping humanity stand on its feet
with crutches ideas that change
as it change their guilt.
Wrapped in colourfoul clothes
as they walk they are sinking into fens
of their "social absence"
and they scream and they squashed
for a place in the sun...a sun
which not belongs to them.

IV.

Alone they will finish in some sad sunsets
The crown in their funeral too much
full of tears and "good memories"
but i allready see the man with the black suit
somewhere in the crowd
remembering a shock-in story about the dead
the sorrowfully lady next to him will smile
and then will go with him to some cheap motel
for a quick stand.

V. (third phase- me)

Quiet melodie in the room of silence
The age crawls shyly and invisibly
like a signal which must illume some dead ends
the day spins around in so many colours
and in tints that fit right her eyes
as it was oredered only by her.
Many times i wondered
"What could be this that turns me always to a start?
Which unseen power enrapture my soul? "
Shyly thinking, well dressed too for the occasion
i use to consolidated in internal moments of escape
ready for a flight
without a pilot, without ship.

VI.

Alone again, stoned
in a deafen quietness
and in a palinode between tomorrow and now
Ages march before my eyes
like the little moments i lived with
ages proclaim my breath of life
and carry my vision.
In the wet fog of ages that comes
In the sunshine of ages that comes
In their wish tonight let me be.

George Tzouvaras

Sales Time

I learn to use words as they hint me

In the show window a shinny doll
In the show window a doll in low price
I run, pick up my few things,
with a suitcase in my hand
try to fly.

Next show window
a gentleman in low price
dying housewives run to catch up the opportunity
sun is burning them, but they push each other to grab what they can.
Perspiration, mephitis,
Despair's mephitis
a slap in my flight try
I run with a suitcase in my hand
try to fly.

In the show windows souls in low price
In the show windows lives in low price
In the show windows truths in low price
How much it cost?
How much it cost to carry yourself?
How much it cost your sellout?
How much it cost my sell out?
Huge temptation
Price is good
Shall I stay or shall I go?
I run with a suitcase in my hand
try to fly.

I am hiding for a while in those nightly show windows
Dolls male and female in upset price
Inexhaustible stocks
I touch for a while the plastic of their skin
It seems to me they are real!
The exhibits in the show windows they tear
The exhibits in the show windows they die
The exhibits in the show windows they live
Is it true? Is that you want?
I run with a suitcase in my hand
try to fly.

With wild instincts of revenge
I melt my silence,
With wild eyes full of desire
I melt my vision
With yellow fingers by nicotine
I make my wings.
Does anyone remember how much it cost?
Does anyone remember how much it cost
to sell your soul?
Solitude. Dark. Shadows moving deathlike
Exhibits walk in the dark
Exhibits baptize dark as light
this light becomes their price.
I run with a suitcase in my hand
try to fly.
In the desert land I am,
I need the rest baby,
But your body is by plastic
like your soul,
but the air in here is suffocating
like your love,
but the souls in here got sold out
and the show goes on.
Agony of the last rattle before life flies,
a spasm like a last orgasm,
I run with a suitcase in my hand
try to throw away....this show window by me,
cause exhibits don't live,
cause you cant live as an exhibit,
cause exhibition in a sales time
its not a discount....its a fall,
a deafening fall like the non-existence of your soul
like a baby who was just murdered
in the second month of gestation,
like your warm blood which spills around
in my leaky shoes
like a howl of despair
of an exhibit who just sold its soul to devil.
I run with a suitcase in my hand
trying to throw away every human sign

They learn to use words the way I hint them.

George Tzouvaras

Sentiments

Music and sentiments in a pale light of hope
Unspoken thoughts and melodies
whispering gently into our hearts
the sweetness of our passions.

Heavy clouds up above In a world
which seems to burn by the desire
of the untouched dream
of the unfulfilled being.

Soft colour of azure
wet word of love
peaceful eyes of my soul
create this white scene.

The warm light of the morning sun
softens the pain of this lost boy
and in the gardens of humanity
a crystal tear falling without remorse.

George Tzouvaras

The Engraver

Writing covertly
Through spineless sunshine
That unusually today warm my hands
Admitting my sins
and trying to live from the start

I spoke with strange people
in some basements only filled with desires
I touched upon angelic shapes
in the moments where logic dies
i knew their truths In empty bottles of alcohol
and got in their broken brains
Beautiful words I engraved
in chill some white tombstones

In the streets I found my image
Floating -tragically alone-
In a beautifully made fairy tale
Just for winners

I believed in the theories of lunatics
I knew the resistance of my limits
I founded my truths
and moved on in my dark corridors

I illuminated their souls with a glance of mine
I grew cold in their frozen hang outs
and defaced my breath with theirs
without hope for a deliverance

Now I will move on in the point with no return
alone and heroic
I will choose my fall
and will fly in its bottomless depths

They will know my truths
They will learn how to write their name
in the white symphonies of my dreams
they'll get warm from my vernal midday

At some time when all will finish
Buried under the luminous stars of sky
in the serene of the endless galaxy
now as a stellar dust, I will search in becoming once again.....
desperately human.

George Tzouvaras

Under The Same Sky

Under the same sky
with a heart of a Summer night
you smile in the sorrow of your soul
as a butterfly
which grow up away
from the spring flowers

Under the same sky
I bend reverential in my life
in the miracle of your sweet expectation
I scrape a leg
a silly clown
amusing crowd with my utopia

Under the same sky
an expedient you do in life
smiling in your blue dreams
you offer a summer aura
in my moments
and you sunk in my deepest desire
with a love which caress my face.

Under the same sky
I walk with you
in a moment of inexistence
in a wishful night
in a night where its dark
will vanish me forever from your life
as a dream which always a dream will stay.

George Tzouvaras

When The Poets Cry

When the poets cry keep your head down my friend
And do not speak more
You ll see another blood colour sunset

When the poets cry open your heart to the sea
You ll still feel some of those romantic lines which make you tremble

When the poets cry do not shed a tear
They will cry instead of you
Another afternoon you ll go through without love

When the poets cry eavesdropp
Their lament will flow over the flowers
Over the faces of passers by
Over the roads you used to walk
Even over the summer sun
Which warms with its rays unsuspected people.

When the poets cry do not speak
They will speak instead of you their lines
For another time will make you smile in your despair

When the poets cry doesn't need any rain
Words becomes water drops and refresh your soul.

George Tzouvaras

Wintertime Echoes.....

I.

Let us forgotten in melodies of wild winds
there were the purple of sea
meets grey of the sky.
Our dankly eyes full of crazy hopes
caress somewhere, somehow, the limits of empty spaces

II.

They were got dressed expectations with the sounds of winter
in the evening lights of the streets
they rolled their desires,
for a search without a start and an end,
with the monotonous sound of rain
hard hurting their hearing.

With eyes that shine from agony
vicious visions wake up in the frozen night
searching to find what they never knew,
lose their senses in the unconscious of their desires
fighting with ghosts of a forgotten past.

III.

In naked branches of trees in a big avenue
In the parks that melancholically stand in your passage
in the statues which grace their souls
and in the mows of a frozen world
wintertime echoes sounds like blessing.....

George Tzouvaras

X-Rays

I.

Naked nights in dark versions
swallowing millions of moments in agony
hoping in the resurrection of the unborn word
deleting your self in lost images and smiling while you cry.
There is something in that distant look
maybe was the light too faint
or maybe your dreams already shattered by dust
dont reveal dont shout dont feel
die in that moment and then disappear.

II.

Using words in order and in tactical moves
abstract minds in a rush
collect what they find
just to amuse their boredom
just to throw around some ego touch.
Forgetting the senses of the Universe
leaving some pale phrases to flow
comfortably sitting, laughing with a mean
staring faces like idols,
murder thoughts of a well hidden self;
using bodies with flesh and blood and souls
using the game of sensations,
using the power of some sick mentality
building their walls with thoroughness
revealing their imaginarily secrets
measuring their depths
with common acts of need and misery.

III.

Hiding in my shelter of my small world
waving at my unspeakable empty spaces
loosing my mind for a kind of strange love
broke and drunk
smiling at nightmares, shouting at quietness of the night;

I offer bitter smiles, sad moments, joyful sarcasms
lonely getaways of a reality which learnt to disguise truth
transform it to a whore for everyone that likes
whore-reality.

IV.

So many needs outside your box
such cruelty in ways of speaking
they are naked but still with their clothes
uglier between ugliest
and all so beautiful in surface
smiling shining smiles
but in the end all is just the same
becoming shrunk faces in dull roads
as the sun lights the essence of their souls.

V.

Outside in the green fields of my dreamland
those shrinking faces dont exist
in the silence of my heart beat
through the pain of this world
while the rivers of tears smash the walls
between their moans and your sweetness
I choose to lost in you
In my starlit night
and with a silly smile I compose
my symphony to life.
The crew of white blouses and glove hands
had made up a diagnosis
based in x rays of a human soul.

George Tzouvaras

You Dont Have To Say A Word

You don't have to say a word when I am dreaming
Let me skate on thin ice and in furtive glances
Let me tear in the sight of my lonely Sea.

You don't have to say a word when you see around you
expectations with no end
endless kilometres with no turns.

You don't have to say a word when you observe
deaths surrounded by pink fairytales
souls which bleed above in charming smiles

You don't have to say a word when the fastening cracks
through words and expressions which caress apathy
through repeated actions of nonsense.

You don't have to say a word when time deadens
seconds sweat under the summer Sun
stars falls desperately in your last kiss

You don't have to say a word when I drink
amuse with my mess as I walk
in a tightrope which somebody soon will cut.

You don't have to say a word for the injustice of this world
cause justice is a human invention
cause moon cant die in our hearts.

You don't have to say a word when I will tell you I love you
Your look, I have took in a secret place of the heart
And I have love the sea through your absence.

So please don't say a word
Just listen the sound of the autumn wind
and when away from me you ll be
feel the ocean of my closed eyes.

George Tzouvaras

You Exist

Watching not to infract proportions
In fathomless chaos of patience you let yourself go
There is a sensation of flight in everything you see
There is an aspiration of expectation in everything you feel
and behind the curtains
there is a small elusion in everything you seek.
In the half light of your room
the watch is a proof that you live
and night becomes a lighthouse to your affairs.
Long distant noises, hackneyed words,
you try to feel the sorrow of the objects,
you lie in the delusion of the moments
like a breath of a clear sky
and you roll many times
in the despair of isolation.
Night tonight speaks to you with riddles
and your sensations nod you to follow them
for one more trip,
for one more moment,
far away from the fear of the sorrow
so close to the pleasure of thought.
You exist today for the night,
you exist today for her
which as the night can love you.

George Tzouvaras

You Ll Never Know How Much I Love You

And as the stars will touch the sky
You ll never know how much I love you

And as a piano in the night playing its last cords
You ll never know how much I love you

And as my tears falling in this desperate summer noon
You ll never know how much I love you

And as the rain falls outside my window
You ll never know how much I love you

And as your voice comes to my ears like the howling of the winter wind
You ll never know how much I love you

And as at sunset birds and plants calm in peace
You ll never know how much I love you

And as a clown give my last show
You ll never know how much I love you

George Tzouvaras