

Poetry Series

Marek Swierad
- poems -

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Marek Swierad()

Ania

Beautiful Anne
likes pastries,
cream puffs, almond tarts
and sweet croissants
with marzipan

When she sees them
in the bakery's window
she cannot pass by
with her eyes open
she is so nervous.

Anne is also fond of music
especially Mozart
made of milky chocolate
She likes sweet roses and truffles
and when she is sad,
devours dulce de leche
with passion.
Every morning
she goes to... Montparnasse
sits in a cafe
and eats pastries.

She loves meringues,
torts, cakes, cookies
and caffe americano.

Pigeons surround her,
nod their heads,
florists, flowers,
students with pleasure
read poems.
Nearby,
I stand
with eyes fixed on her
and Anne ... eats pastries.

It is like this every year

until dusk
and at night...
At night the lovers come
and also eat pastries.

Marek Swierad

Catch Up Horizon

Broken heart,
catch me.
Memories of sadness,
find me.
Reflect yourself
in their eyes
during the day and night.
Cry with tears
without tears
catch me
on the horizon
at night.

Marek Swierad

Eat Me

Eat Me

Little more, enchantress of words.

You are on my lips

Chocolate girl.

Oh, do not lick me, you will lick off my smile.

Touch, hug, whisper, you taste of love.

Say love, I desire, I want to always be with you

Well, kids

Love

I want to experience it with you.

You are not afraid that I'll eat you in a frenzy of love.

If you want to eat me. Eat...

My breasts, kissing and legs entwined around
your thighs

All of me

Tomorrow I'll be in your heart

You'll be dreaming about me

Crying, cursing, tearing out your hair

That I'm in you, the whole

All of me now part of you

And not with you in the bed that smells of me

You will not hear the magic words

You will not fall asleep on my chocolate breasts

Eat me!

Marek Swierad

Maybe

tickets for the night show
you say - fall in love
I, maybe
emotions, heart...
you know, I have
love
I feel
I, you...
eternally, forever together
today... tomorrow maybe

Marek Swierad

Moment

For many years, I didn't pay attention to it...
on the bank of the river a birch grows, right beside the water.
reflecting the white bark
from my dreams.

In the search for happiness
I entered
the cemetery.
Rows of crosses are covered with the branches of willows,
small leaves wash out the past from tombstones.
Wading through the leaves of sins
I met you
you smile at a photo on a tombstone.
You are wearing flats that are the color of red...

...hot red lips.
When I look in the mirror, I see myself... without you.
The part of the mirror, where you should be, is covered in dust.
The layers of dust
pile on top of each other, forming years.

I took you by the hand, feeling the warmth of your body,
saying turn around...
Smiling, you looked at me...
in picture.

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