

Reflections

B e f o r e | A f t e r

Reflections: Before & After is an anthology of freestyle poems and short reflections written by me over the last 15+ years. Being a graphic designer and a visual artist, I wanted to produce a thoughtfully conceived book that would be expressive and pleasing to look at and to hold. Its theme revolves around a significant personal event in my life, dividing the whole into three sections: *Before*, *Transition*, and *After*.

The aim of this piece is to share an intimate view on life and my experiences, and hopefully, inspire some people to look within themselves and listen to their own inner voice and inspirations. I hope more people can appreciate their gifts and opportunities and look at the brighter side of things in life, whether positive or negative. We cannot avoid all stressful events and situations in life, but we can decide how we respond to them.

I invite you to explore the transformation of my personal observations, thoughts, and feelings as I experienced different joys and challenges over the years.

I hope you enjoy it!

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an old poem...

Published online on January 28, 2006

*Have you ever...
felt so lonely like a bottle in the forsaken sea?
Have you ever
wanted to cry your lungs out into a cold ocean breeze?
Have you ever
felt this overwhelming rage, confusion, pain
that you just could not understand?*

*Have you ever
felt like there's no reason on this Earth?
Have you ever
found yourself wondering about your own birth?
Have you ever
tried to figure out your place in this messy world?*

*Have you ever
felt like there's no one here to care?
And have you ever
wanted to find a way to the one who would...
who would care and understand...
understand your pain, your joy, your fears,
understand your sorrows, your dreams,
recognise the one you really are?*

Brainstorming...

*Published online on January 30, 2006
(Written some time c. 2004)*

Change, progress, improvement,
sacrifice, deterioration, separation...
Unity,
Differences colliding,
connecting.

Embrace the difference in you!

Freedom.... in search of freedom?
We do weird things...

Face the change and progress,
make the best out of it,
stay true to your heart, to your soul,
act according to your conscience,
be careful and well informed,
don't let the ignorance get hold of you,
of society.
In every change,
in every progress, there will be a sacrifice,
there will be a setback

yet we must make it work,
we must raise the good,
the beneficial,
not for one person,
but for the whole of mankind,
present, future to come.

Don't destroy, don't waste,
don't hurt, don't kill
simply don't do to others
what you would not want to be done to you.
It might sound redundant,
you've heard it a thousand times before,
but, I do believe,
that's what it comes to in life...

It is not easy to define,
to say with 100% certainty
what is right and what is wrong,
what is moral and what's immoral,
what ethical and what unethical...

Think about yourself,
but think about the others, too.
Be happy and try to make the rest happy,
Be successful and try to help others be
successful.
Be kind and share your kindness.
Love, and spread your love.
Believe and help others to believe as well
that even small gestures can improve lives.

Seek the truth, for it is out there,
even though it may not always be
what you want it to be,
ignorance would just make it worse,
maybe better for a while,
but in the long-run,
ignorance and lies
would not make things right.

It still amazes me how some things work,
how life keeps changing
with every breath,
every move we take,
how people act so many times,
inconsiderate of others,
like there's no one else.

How many beautiful things are out there
that we don't appreciate,
take so much for granted
...until we require one.
How people don't want to learn
from mistakes they've done in the past
that caused so much harm and pain.
How little is needed
and everything has changed,
everything's all wrong, all gone.

So live your life!
because there's not enough time
to love everyone and everything,
to learn all things possible,
to see all the places on this Earth,
to make yourself & everyone happy,
to absorb all the beauty and art...
to make all your dreams come true!

But try...

Published online on December 19, 2005

no barriers

*Falling barriers,
still existent,
dividing our world,
our lives.*

*We try to overcome,
we try to unite
our lives,
our worlds apart.*

*Open up your eyes,
your mind,
your heart,
can't we make this world just a bit more right?*

*For once...
Imagine a life filled with love,
no wars,
no terrorism...*

*In the end, we'll pay the price
for our ignorance,
our arrogance,
our lack of understanding of the importance
of doing something,
NOW*

*For once...
imagine earth without eruption,
corruption...
the egoistic concern behind our every action.
Stop,
and begin to contemplate.*

*Imagine! A world with broken barriers,
spreading peace and love
to every part,
to every broken heart...*

no barriers II

*In today's world,
where borders begin to lose their original sense
hatred and inequality keep on prevailing,
weapons, riches – the way to go,
to gain prestige and power...*

*Technology, at its fastest growth
seems to make progress go the wrong way...
no one seems to care...
about our future,
future of our heirs,
the fate of our mother Earth.*

*All because of the ego of men,
because "my own good is all that counts."
Right?...or am I wrong?
I try to keep my faith
that we won't put it all to waste.*

Written some time in 2007/2008

Motionless

Emptiness.

The sounds of your footsteps haunt my sleep.

The scent of your being still lingers in the air.

Loneliness.

Raindrops stepping on my windowsills,

the heartbeat begins to disappear...

into the darkness, my hope fades,

into the limbo my soul floats.

Motionless.

My body lays,

your touch it feels no more.

Where have all the angels gone

to bring me back to Earth?

Simple reflections 101

Listening to: *Voyage Voyage* by Desireless
Reading: your mind
Watching: the naked trees
Playing: the angel
Eating: air
Drinking: coffee

Searching for answers to questions that seem to blend with others.
The reality of being...what's the point of it all...?
To move forward, to improve...is this all the time a person has
to find the ultimate truth?
Is there such a thing as "truth,"
or is it all just a matter of perception?
All these experiences, all the memories,
transforming into a virtual reality.
Past, present, future, how much do they really mean?
We keep on pursuing something, but do we really get to live?
I guess life is a gift and a curse for a human being.

Love, health, happiness, success, material well-being...
how much do these things matter?

Of course, our perception of life and its experience seems to
suggest the quality of life improves when we have all these
things. The abundance of "good" things should make for a better
life, or should it? Are people content, happy, when everything is
in favour of happiness? My experience, my perceptions tell me
a human being is quite an unpredictable and insatiable creature who
keeps on wanting more, especially the things they don't have.

Or is this just a silly generalisation?

Listening to: your heartbeat
Reading: your mind
Watching: the sunset
Playing: an angel
Eating: hearts
Drinking: you

Ahead

*Fiery sunset rays blinding me,
I keep on walking ahead,
unable to see the future,
almost running out of breath.*

*The scorching heat of black asphalt road
rising up to burn my face,
only the northern breeze to cool me down,
moon rising to greet the night.*

*The darkness spreads its wings throughout the space,
the sounds of chirrup and flying bats surround me,
unable to see the present or the future,
I keep on walking straight ahead.*

*The night is long,
silence takes over the endless sky,
I'm watching the faint light
travelling from millions of stars,
the past is past, still present,
the future remains unknown,
but I keep on walking the road ahead.*

*The dawn is near,
the cycle starts again.*

Fly

*Here I am,
staring at the reflection of the sky,
the clouds and birds are zooming by,
the shimmer of water is screening my past life,
not knowing when, how or why our time is running out.*

*Gravity is strong,
but we always try to fly.
We've always tried to reach the sky and above,
not accepting what's here and now.
But life keeps on speeding by.*

Leap and reach the stars.

Fly.

Promises

Saturday, 19 June 2010

*The icy breath of broken promises
caresses wounds of your troubled heart
when the sun is setting over the horizon
of a complicated lie.*

*The beams of truth are seeping in
through the rusty iron bars
that keep your soul confined
between the crumbled walls
of your fallen confidence.*

*The icy breath of broken promises
creeps through the surface of your skin
when doubts are lining in an endless line
threatening your everyday life.*

*The innocence and hopes
of your inner child
seem to disappear
with the fading light of your smile.*

Nothing

Thursday, 29 July 2010

There is a universe, and then what?

There is life, and then what?

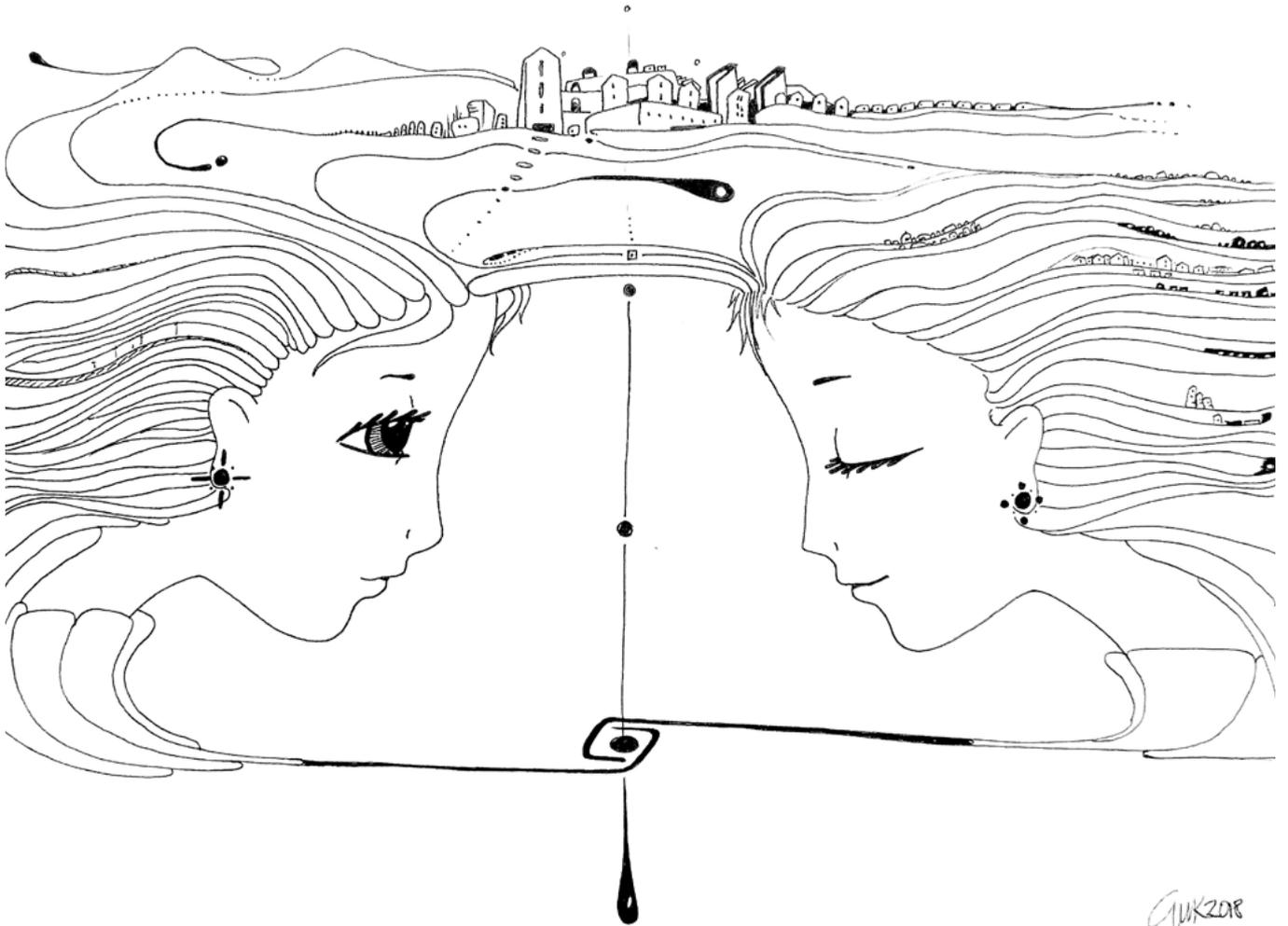
It's so mind-blowing when you begin to really think about these things. Will it ever be possible for us humans to fully understand the life, the creation, the actual universe when our minds are bombarded with limits - limitations - of this earth, this life cycle, limits of our thinking? Well, maybe our imagination does not really have boundaries when we let it fly and if we had the eternity to ponder, explore, test, calculate... But, we don't, at least not in a sense known to us. Life begins and ends at one point. That's how we know it.

The universe started at one point, and it's destined to end, too. At least that's the hypothesis. "Universe is expanding." Does it then mean that it has an end? And then what? What is beyond its end? Nothing? What is nothing? Is nothing never-ending, or does it have an end as well? How can something not have an end and/or a beginning? But if there is the beginning and there is the end, what is before and after. Beyond. Nothing?

Back at stage one. It's just mind-blowing, really! One infinitely small being compared to the immensity of the universe. And going, and going and going. Until it ends; until it all ends. But does it mean that just because things work a certain way on this Earth, in this life, it/they hold true everywhere, throughout the universe(s), throughout "time"? Can we ever grow to the point of grasping it all? I can't and if this material world is all there is to the "reality of being - existence," then I don't think we can either, as humans. Maybe there are other "dimensions," "realities," part of the "eternal life cycle," unknown to us at this stage. Or maybe, there's nothing. The universe started, people are born and then die, the universe dies. That's almost more mind-blowing, more difficult for me to understand, or maybe just to accept, than the idea that time is endless, with no beginning, no end, with the endless amount of "dimensions, realities, stages..." Endless amount of possibilities...

And I'm back to stage one: just mind-blowing. And tomorrow, I might no longer exist. Well, at least not in this reality...

Cherish the moments!



QUKZOR

15 September 2010

Shine

*Sun, please come out, even if for a little while,
and I will smile,
watching the clouds move by
on the grey-blue sky above.*

*Shine a little warmth onto my benumbed skin,
Paint a little colour onto the beauty around.*

*The sound of harmonica is my companion
while I watch the wind playing with grass and leaves,
my hair is dancing to the rhythm of its beats,
and melodies.*

*Take me on a journey to a faraway sea,
where mountains spread their immense arms
to guard my inner peace...*

*Clouds, please open up your puffy drapes
and let the light shine through,
we all can use a little comfort of its caress
that soothes.*

Shine.

Sunday, 16 January 2011

F e a r

W h a t t o w r i t e ?

33

*The stars are shining brightly.
My body feels tired.*

*Is it trying to tell me that something isn't right?
I'm scared of not knowing,
but even more so
that I could find something
that would turn off the light
sooner than I would want.*

*What has happened and what still might.
Will I have the strength to fight
the battle that might be too tight?
Can I overcome the fright
and face the truth?
That would probably be right...*

Dreams

*Dreams can shatter,
dreams can happen.
Dreams do matter,
dreams are to be dreamed,
even if they might not become
what we wish.*

*Dreams can lead to a fire,
but they can inspire, too.
Dreams are what is not,
but could be.
It's just in your mind
what you decide
to bring into reality.*

*Not all dreams will happen,
but what would life be,
if we could not dream?*



Sunday, 16 January 2011

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Uncertainty

Thursday, 23 June 2011

41

*Frozen in uncertainty,
I raise my eyes to you.
Open up your drapes of mystery,
let me see the truth.*

*I know there's beauty in not knowing everything
but bittersweet, indeed.*

*The rays are coming out
bringing hope into this overcast reality.
Raindrops soothe my broken dreams,
my entity,*

*They heal the cracks
in my damaged heart,
replenish the veins
that spread life inside of me.*

*White puffy clouds are playing games with the wind.
Who will win the race when the darkness falls?*

Last weekend before the treatment

It looks like 2011 will be a year I lost a few things. The most important thing - my health. And as fleeting as that is, I had been blessed enough not to experience any significant health issues up until now. I guess 28/29 years without a significant health problem is really good, and I'm thankful for that. I guess it was just a question of time... However, I also believe that this will be a year when I not only gained a new perspective on life and things, but also some new experiences, friendships and maybe even opportunities. And I believe I will get my health back too, even if for just a certain period.

02-06-11

I wonder if things will ever go back to normal. But then again, what is "normal"?

Today I had my first appointment with the oncologist. It was more of a meeting, an introduction to the doctor and details of the recommended treatment. As I had learned previously, my proposed procedure is 5-week radiotherapy combined with chemotherapy (in pill form) which I will undergo every week-day on an outpatient basis (if all goes smoothly). Then the 5- to 6-week break to let the tumour "fry" and the surrounding area to rest and heal. Statistically, the results and the success rate of getting cancer out without recurring are supposed to be better with the pre-surgery treatment. Five per cent or so. I know it does not sound like much, but if I were to fall within that 5%, I'd rather improve my odds, even though it comes at a cost. And of course, nothing can be guaranteed. There is always the less fortunate part of the statistics. But, then again, what is really guaranteed in this life?

03-06-11

I had my first tattoos done today. Well, not quite tattoos you would expect. They are the three tiny permanent blue "beauty spots" to mark places on my abdomen for the radiation therapy alignment so the sessions can be quick and accurate. Although the spots should fade over time, it's sort of a precursor of the permanent "marks" that the radiotherapy will have on my body. The main one being the effect on my ovaries. Even though there are exceptions to every rule, the amount of the dose I will be undergoing stops the function of ovaries in 95% of women (or so). Oddly enough, I did always say that I want to adopt ... Perhaps, this will be the only "permanent mark" of the radiotherapy on my body. I'm not sure. What I am sure, however, is to want to do as much as possible to be cured of cancer and to help avoid its recurrence. I'm not sure I would have as much optimism and faith if or when it returns.

But now, the sun is shining, and I am hopeful we are on the right track to recovery. Although I still have to wait for my treatment to begin.

17-06-11

Sometimes, I wish I could just run away, run away from it all. Disappear from here somewhere, where the sun is shining brightly all the time, day and night, where reality loses its meaning. Sometimes, I wish things were a little less complicated, and this life a bit less of a roller-coaster. But, I have to be strong, I made some promises I need and want to keep. I want to be strong and face reality. It is nice to disappear into the realm of dreams, but only temporarily.

Time

*Sifting through fingers of our destinies,
making our lives temporary realities,
ignoring our desperate attempts
to slow it down, to catch up
and freeze it in our memories.*

*We keep on running,
running to,
running from
and away,
searching for ways to slow it down
to stop us from falling
into the trap of our imminent expiration.*

*But every day, every moment
brings us closer to what awaits us all.*

(Although, it might not be the end...)

The divide

*There is an invisible glass,
a window in front of me,
in front of you?
I see you, and you are looking at me,
perhaps my reflection.
But can you hear me,
can you feel me?
Can you see what I (would) see?*

*I touch your hand,
your fingertip touching
what seems to be the reality.
My? No, perhaps your own,
but what is real when
what I know is not that
which you know.
What I feel is not
what you can feel.*

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5th October 2011

Is my nightmare of 2011 over? I truly hope so...

I know it hasn't been as much of a nightmare as so many of other, more severe and alarming issues in the world. I know people go through so many things in life every day which are so much worse. Still, the last several months have not been easy for me. It was a bad dream that seems to be over, even if for the time being.

It all began toward the end of the last year, more or less, when certain symptoms began surfacing to my attention. It didn't seem as anything "that" serious at first, but as these symptoms gradually worsened so did my general well-being. I became increasingly uncomfortable, tired and perhaps more boring, too. However, the really challenging part of it all began in May with my diagnosis, after which some arduous months were to follow.

Fortunately for those people who really tried to be there for me in whatever way they could and made me feel cared for, I had enough strength to face all the smaller and more significant roadblocks that were falling in my way. The first and the biggest one, besides being sick, was losing one person around whom my life had revolved for many years. As it turned out, I wasn't the focus in his life anymore. He was there for me the first week or two after receiving the news of my diagnosis, but the distance of his restless mind became too apparent as it all sunk in. He just could not "pretend anymore."

In the worst time possible, for me anyway, my heart had shattered into pieces, my confidence in love and trust dropping to almost none.

I know these things happen every day and in all the different ways possible, reasonable and horrible. But, funny enough, they happen when you least expect it. I have known this fact for ages now, but still, it is always a surprise when it actually happens. Things do always happen when I least expect them, and it goes for both good and bad.

My heart is still fragmented, but I do have a "newly found" freedom when I can make decisions purely based on what I alone think and want. I can be completely selfish again and now have more time for myself and for trying to figure out how to make my dreams a reality as soon as my condition allows it. It wasn't easy to not have that special person by my side when I needed it most, but I guess, sometimes, we are supposed to go through certain things "alone." Of course, I was not totally alone. I had my younger brother staying with me for weeks during my treatment and my mom after the operation. And even though many people could not be by my side in person because of the vast distances, they showed their support as they could. They all know who they are (I hope) and I am forever grateful for all their kind words, thoughts, prayers, etc. Without them, this journey towards healing might have had been too much.

But, most importantly, holding onto my belief and focusing on getting better with the help of treatments and the operation were the most significant forces behind overcoming this major life obstacle. And even though, there were hints of doubt present every now and then, I refused to accept any of them. I know we cannot be certain what tomorrow brings, but as one wise person said: "Hope dies (as) last."

It is the 5th of October, two weeks after my operation, my grandma's (father's side) birthday, 4 months before my own birthday. The day like any other, but the phone ringing reminds me of the news I'm supposed to receive. And as expected, it is my nurse from the hospital, checking up on how I'm doing and how I'm coping with the effects of the operation. Then she says, "I have good news, great news, in fact. You won't need another treatment." The pathology results came in today, and they revealed I am "cancer-free" now. Of course, there are no real guarantees that it will not return later on, but for now, I've been cured. What a great sentence to hear and to say out loud. How amazingly happy and relieved it makes me to know that I don't need to go through more treatments. The pre-operation procedure was a great success, it shrunk the tumour considerably which made it easier for the surgeon to take out all the diseased tissue and parts remaining.

Today, I feel truly blessed. Today, I won my fight with cancer. Although, I still have to go through another smaller operation, will need to recover and watch my body and health more closely now, I can start returning to a more "normal" life again – when all the wounds heal.

Massive appreciation for and thank you to my surgeon Prof. Winslet, my oncologist, my assigned nurse Regina and all other nurses and hospital staff that had been really kind, helpful and supportive, never making me feel unwelcome. One hears many negative stories about the NHS, and apart from the initial 'misdiagnosis' of my problems by a GP, I was lucky enough to have a very positive experience of overcoming this illness with the help and support of the NHS and its employees.

Stories

Circa 2011/2012

*Billions of lives
intertwined,
connected,
directly or indirectly.
You encounter so many people in your life.
The more you travel,
the bigger and more international city you live in,
the more people you meet;
thousands,
if not millions of faces
that you see during your lifetime,
knowing but a fraction of them.*

*I wonder what the human interaction of future generations will be like,
with the population growing,
technology changing in unprecedented speed.
If nothing comes to slow it down or stop it.*

*Will we “interact” at all?
I mean, in a direct way?
Yes, I believe we will.
We are the “social” creatures after all.
We need the company of other human beings,
if not always, then once in a while for sure.
And with the density of population growing at certain places,
it would probably be impossible not to interact directly.
No matter how advanced the technology...*

Sometimes

Published on Saturday, 21 July 2012

*Sometimes,
when the moonlight reflected in water's surface reaches my eyes,
I think of you.
Freedom of the reflected stars;
billions of miles,
endless limits upon the sky.*

*That light which twinkles in the mist of droplets dancing in the air,
bouncing off the rocks that are being washed by ocean's waves.
Warm, like the touch of a loved one's hand caressing your hair.
The breeze dances with the fabric of my dress.
The peace fills my heart, my brain,
although in a race to find a way to reach a goal,
to make the world a better place.*

Free

*A breath of inspiration caresses my hand,
while I am listening to these soothing sounds.
The water splashing against the rocks and sand,
piano tones dancing with melodies of an accordion.
The fresh air of the seaside ruffling my hair,
Spreading happiness into my lungs and brain.
The setting sun over the backdrop of rugged hills
illuminates this stunning scenery.
Birds and planes are flying above,
reminding me of the freedom,
which we do not have,
to glide amongst the clouds,
effortlessly, elegantly...
The child in me wants to go
and run at the fullest speed;
jump, dance, spread my arms
as though I could defy the gravity.
Play, sing, laugh and do silly things,
which set us free.*

Ode to the unknown

*You turn off the light.
(Remember me) in the night.
On a sunny day.
On a platform.
Cold wintery eve.*

*Broken wall of east and west
Separating present from past.
I write my poetry.
You write your story.
Life. Dreams. Glory.*

*Good times?
Bad times?
Perhaps confusing.
Each of them a lesson,
A joy, a way to grow.*

*We all go through ups and downs.
We live our own stories.
Rewrite certain lines,
Yet abandon others.*

*Choices of our own will
Or the outside influence.
Victims of a circumstance...*

Magical moment

Monday, 4 February 2013

It can appear in an instance and disappear just as quickly. A little something that enriches our experience of living. Sometimes we get too hung up on waiting for it to happen or trying to create it. Perhaps even to the extent that when it actually happens, we might miss the magic passing in front of our own eyes. And then, when you least expect it, even a simple thing as walking out of a Tube station on a chilly, windy January evening, amid a busy city, surrounded by rushing people and plethora of lights and noises, can make magic happen. It hits you: "Isn't this moment just magical?"

As I climb up and down the stairs, walk past few walls decorated with posters, a view arises that we, the people inhabiting this town, forget about or tend to take for granted. The ancient site, history still present for us to see: stone walls and towers, a somewhat understated yet magnificent structure where kings and queens resided, people were imprisoned; the home of the Crown Jewels of the United Kingdom; the place that has witnessed so many different events. The castle stands in splendour, enveloped by a great flood of light set against the dark backdrop of the wintery night sky... I wonder what this place looked like in the days when it was being built, after it was completed, and throughout the centuries to follow. Entirely different times, ever-changing context.

I walk along the pathways that millions of people have passed through every single day for centuries, every second separating me even more from (their) past. Bright, modern building in front of me, a small dim green on my left, the castle on my right. And there it is, another view that can take your breath away if you stop and take it in. The stately

structure of the Tower Bridge is shaping up from around the corner of the Tower of London. Not exactly an ancient sight in itself, yet amazing nevertheless. The setting, the shapes, the colours. Of course, lights are intensifying the whole experience.

Tonight I become a tourist for the hundredth time since I've arrived in this city. Although on my way home from work, rushing to escape the cold wintery wind, but genuinely seeing and absorbing the changing picture in front of me. More stairs to climb up onto the bridge, passing by commuters and tourists alike. And the magic continues. In the matter of few steps and change in my elevation, the view is transformed into even more wondrous, at least for me. I'm walking down the bridge that has been pictured on an endless amount of postcards and featured in many movies – one of the most recognisable symbols of this city. And ahead on my right, the contrasting, yet nicely interacting shapes of brightly lit modern buildings, each window revealing even more shapes and colours. The river is reflecting surrounding lights. Modernity vs history, separated by the river, but joined together by the bridge.

Some things remain for years, decades, even centuries, or millennia, but the view is never precisely the same. Although, as with everything else in life which we get to experience regularly, it becomes a part of every day. Something we begin to take for granted or forget about overall. But, noticing these little things is what makes everyday life more magical. Amazing.

So go out and look around.

F r e e d o m

Droplets of the golden rain
fall upon the curves of my face,
rolling down into the depths
of my 'emptiness.'

My eyes see the ever-changing images,
my soul searches for the meanings,
my senses tell me one thing,
but my heart isn't sure.

I feel confused,
I feel refused,
sometimes alone,
some times overflowed with 'love.'

My eyes see the light
in spite of shadows creeping up
around me,
within me.

Cold breath escapes my mouth.
Freedom is what (I think) I want...

S t a r s

I wish that I could fly,
to those far away places,
those far away stars;
G a l a x i e s .
Their worlds.
Their skies.
Their hearts.
Their present...

They don't seem to mind
the ever-changing light,
the ever-changing life.

What we see is their past,
the light they shine,
a mere remnant of a life
that may, or may not be...
How strange this notion seems.

A photograph of history
A movie, repeating every night,
yet never the same
(although it appears otherwise).
The light is there.
But, is it really?

LOVE

What is love?

Love is a mystery.

Never to be revealed.

Never to be understood.

Is love real, or is it just a dream?

A pure illusion,

something we imagine,

invented to make peace with our own mortality.

Love remains, as a whisper,

a flame;

maybe everlasting in a different sense.

Never static, never the same.

A breeze.

A breath.

A caress.

A feather in the air.

A droplet of a tear.

What is love?

Love is a mystery.

*I write you a letter.
A letter I will never send.
Or, perhaps someday,
when I find your presence.*

*Questions I have,
seem not to matter or should remain
unanswered.
Whether reality or a dream.
Perhaps that is not important.*

*I write these lines to let my imagination fly.
To create something of nothing but thoughts
running through my mind.
Are you the reader?
Or am I?*

Monday, 21 April 2014

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Destined for "loneliness" in this world of abundance (and lack)

The overflow of senses.

I n d u l g e n c e .

U

Sometimes your intentions are broken

by a spur of the moment.

⊖

F a l s e e n c h a n t m e n t ?

The play with words...

What is their significance?

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A single goal, or a way to please?

to get the mind at ease

and the body to follow.

Fill the hollow.

○

R e l a x .

∞

Get mystified by this moment.

S

Memories. They come and go.
Some stay and linger.
Some simply disappear.
Resurfacing in unexpected ways,
at unexpected times.
Just as with many other things in life.

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Playing games with your mind,
playing games with your heart.
What, where and why?
It's still a mystery.

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You go back and remember,
relive those days, good or bad.
But you live your life,
you experience the now.
And years later you will remember this.
Or not.

o

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//You've got the lyrics, so share them with the world.//

Some years later...

(playing on the radio)

"It's a shame our friendship had to end...purple rain, purple rain..."

It's a funny world out there.

Funny, not in your typical sense of a word.

Funny... as in strange, surprising, scary, mesmerising,
puzzling, depressing yet inspiring...

Dark, ironic, and beautiful at the same time.

Funny, how it works.

The clockworks of serendipity, randomness,
or some pre-programmed destiny...

It manages to surprise me every time.

It always happens when my "radar" is off,
when I least expect it.

Is it a form of closure?

A reminder?

Or nothing at all, really?

A pure and total happenstance?

I guess, certain things, opportunities, get only one chance in a lifetime, or are not meant to happen at all. Or, is it just that there is the time and the place for everything? Life does not – should not – happen as you would wish for and imagine. Why? I'm not quite sure, and I doubt there is anyone alive who knows the answer to that. But, I may be wrong, I'm light years away from being someone who knows it all.

Another day. Another year. Just believe... just breathe.

I'm not sure what to think...
Is it you? Or is it me?

Freestyle poetry...

March 9, 2015

*Forgotten dreams,
lunar eclipses.
Wintery blue skies,
breaking horizons of life.*

*Dreamscapes of endless monotony.
Colours of never-ending brightness
covering the lakes of ice.
And patience...*

*The sunset of melancholy
spreading over blooming fields
and purple waterfalls
washing over sand and rock formations.*

*Silver, gold, black and bronze...
White. Pale blue and lilac.
Shimmering in my hazel eyes.
Reflections of visions old,
long abandoned,
occasionally recalled.*

*The twinkle in your gaze.
Silent praise?
Eternally confounding...*

March 28, 2015

*Searching for something,
that something – unknown.
Does it even exist?
When life just speeds by.
Searching for those eyes,
looking for the heart.
In the heart there is no constant.
Is anything remaining
from that shining light?
The flicker, that sparkle,
the happiness of a child.
Comforting yet fleeing,
bittersweet and melting
like a piece of chocolate in my mouth.
Only taste remaining
before it is washed down.
Replaced by another
short-lived leap of faith...*

31st March 2015

*Sweet, unassuming melancholy
dancing with the feeling of a momentary bliss,
the radiance of the hidden sun
piercing through your stern expression
into my eyes.*

*I imagine where your thoughts roam these days.
I wonder what the secret to our lives is,
flying through into the yonder,
both sombre and bright.
Questioning, creative minds
full of visions
beyond my own wildest imagination.
So brilliant yet cunning at the same time.
Not quite remembering
yet not entirely forgetting the sins of our past.*

Freestyling

Looking ahead.

Black and white.

Abandoned buildings.

Electric wires.

Metalwork rusting.

Human dwellings.

Walls and yellow submarines.

Green and blue.

The highs.

Rubble.

Shiny cars.

Crying hearts.

Concrete blocks.

Fields and open spaces.

Graffiti.

Colourful.

Factories.

Fences.

Stones falling.

Pink trees.

River calmly flowing.

Contrasts everywhere.

The lows of a society.

New constructions.

Cardboard houses.

smiling faces.

Steel tracks.

*B l u e m i s t
lingering above the lake's surface,
momentarily pierced
by the bright ray of sun.
The sweet scent
reminiscent of one's youth.*

*F r e e d o m .
F e a r l e s s n e s s .
C o u r a g e .*

*Shimmering grass,
wind grazing its tips,
Droplets sparkling,
reflecting the hazy sky,
Vapour rising from the water
Into the air.
Distant sounds of flying birds.
Water rippling nearby.*

One for reflection

There are instances when something happens to remind us of our past, of the actions and decisions made, our mistakes, our achievements, and all the other things that lead to this point of our lives at this point in time. The present – the only “real” thing in this symphony of was, has been, would have been, could have been and will be.

In a way, every single event, experienced through emotion, sight, hearing, smell or taste – good or bad – has an impact on who we are at this instant. Whether massive or minute, every experience, fully conscious or somehow subconscious, possibly even the ‘unconscious,’ defines who we are (I am), the decisions we (I) may or may not make, steps we (I) may or may not take... Every little acknowledgement of our brain, our mind, shapes the path that lies ahead of us. What we have or had been through can affect how we see the world around us, how we see others and ourselves. What we think, how we feel at this very instant is an amalgamation of all that has been personally experienced before.

Will we fall into the same trap, the same routine, will we repeat the same old mistakes, or have we become smarter, more equipped to know what is better and what sets us back?

Then again, it is one thing to ‘know’ something (to have a hunch, a feeling), and another to control what our feelings are, or what our actions are going to be. People know many things, mankind has been through quite a lot already, yet history keeps on repeating itself, on different levels, in different intensity, scale and extent.

Maybe, not every second carries the same amount of importance for everyone. We are all just one person amongst billions. We are just a small speckle among the endless amount of particles. Insignificant on the grand scale of things, yet all important on the individual level. We are the most important one, the only one, in a sense that there is no other, same “self,” as you, or I. What may seem like the most insignificant thing may have major importance on one level or another. Each one of us, so unique in our own way, even in spite of all the common things and similarities; the difference is actually something that unites us all. There are no insiders, no outsiders, the mainstream, the majority. The only insider is the “I” in myself. Although, sometimes even “I” can feel like the unknown outsider. Perhaps, even I cannot fully know my “I,” the full scope of who I really am. After all, “I” is ever-changing, always evolving, moulded by all the small and the significant experiences...

*At full throttle.
No turning back.
Only looking is allowed.
Remembering.
Last glimpse of memories,
distant and recent.
Obstructed by blurred vision of the past.
Flickering in window's reflection
The only thing that remains.*

*The silver linings are zooming by
through the sky.
The sea,
its grey waves to my right.
Freedom.
Confinement.
Bluish tones of my thoughts.*

1 September 2015

*Objects and people are merging into lines
composed of different colours,
intertwined, shifting, colliding,
melting into fragments in front of my eyes,
becoming just the particles they are.*

*Real but unreal at the same time.
True yet fake all at once.
Near and far.
Moving,
separating, you and I.*

*Reflection in my eyes,
hiding the feelings
and knowledge inside,
not revealing what's behind.
Maybe a glimpse of the character,
passions and loves;
excitements as well as disappointments.*

*A glimpse of the truth
and the beauty deep inside.*

October

The leaves have fallen. I stand here before you. Voiceless. Not knowing what to say or how to proceed. My vision's clear yet obstructed at the same time. Dreams of now and then. I want them so badly. Or maybe I just think I do...

Who has the answers, I do not know. Dreamer inside me striving for freedom, the utopian world... but the fear is here. Real as can be. The only thing standing between you and me. Imagined or real, who knows the truth? It's not important when my doubt is present in all I feel or think. Your presence might as well be just a dream, a fabrication of my desires. Far, far away from reality.

Autumn in full swing. The leaves are falling, gold and yellow, covering the grey rain-soaked path stretching in front of me. Puddles reflecting what's above, a reflection of trees, the branches and the sky. The magic of beginning disappearing before anything could start. I met you, you met me. Too hasty in feeling over the moon. The momentary feeling of excitement replaced by sudden melancholy. The disappointment because of something that I imagined could be. Yet quickly realising it's all just a trifling affair, nothing to really worry about. Yet the feeling of confusion creeps within.

Lies, truth untold.
Bliss in disguise.
Fake paradise.
Foolish demise.
Nothing but a hole.
Dug up beneath.
Bound to crack
under the weight of guilt
Hidden from reality...

London charms...

*Ginkgo leaves randomly scattered
on the dark glistening ground,
autumn has almost faded,
winter not quite appearing yet.*

*People are fighting with the wind,
umbrellas breaking inside out.
The icy drops of rain,
more like faucets let running,
sometimes on high,
sometimes on low.*

*Reflections of lights and passing cars,
the Underground sign.
London has its charms,
the weather isn't quite one of them.
The view of Tower Bridge, on the other hand, can be one...
Different cultures,
so many colours, smells,
glimpses of everything everywhere...*

*It can feel lonely,
but that's why you appreciate your close friends,
people who care.
Love may be tough to find,
but it is there.
You just need to look long enough,
pay close attention,
to every little detail.*

*Focus on the light,
not the darkness around.
Let it shine through,
even though, sometimes,
things can seem rough,
confusing,
complicated.*

You are living life.

19 January 2016

Human...

Smaller than the smallest particle known on earth, on the overall scale of things (matter and anti-matter). Yet so grand on an individual level and as a society combined. Capable of so much hate and horror, but fortunately also of so much greatness and love at the same time. The ever-changing reality of things that appear to us on different levels, ever so mind-blowing and many times confounding. Brilliance at its best, unbelievable cruelty at its lowest. Such is life as we know it. At times completely random, seemingly disconnected, yet somehow everything is linked, related... Whether consciously or not, the question remains. But nothing is entirely sovereign – isolated from the 'worlds' around. All life in tandem, whether in the same flow or opposite directions; all connected to the fundamental core, real yet unreal, explored through physics (of it all). All life (as we know it) is the same in its origin, and although the course, the length of the journey varies incomparably, the destination of all we know seems to be the same. How odd and elaborate at the same time. Magnificent... Because what is a beginning and what an end? What's before and what's after, surely cannot be nothing(ness)... or can it be? Maybe a circle, Perpetuum mobile...

Monochrome reality painted in colour.

A collected entity of you, your past and experiences.

A complexity of the world around.

M o r a l i t y .

Innate morbidity of our own destinies.

Lacking humility in people of this age and time.

Too much hostility, not enough compassion, kindness, love.

Closed minds and hearts.

Clouding our ability to move forward.

P r o g r e s s .

A clearer vision of the future.

Insecurities

21 September 2016

The everyday struggle, real as can be... Different people are struggling with different things. Something that perhaps unites us all, no matter what our background, gender or nationality is. I believe we all have our insecurities. Things we struggle with internally. Insecurities mostly installed into our minds through conditioning and what is generally accepted as a norm, considered "right, good, beautiful, strong, successful"... We're continually compared to others.

Whatever the insecurity, some can be rather dominant, even debilitating, crippling. We are constantly bombarded with the "perfect," the utopian notions of who we should be, how we should behave, what we should look like. In TV, magazines, by our peers, parents, partners even... feeling pressured, even by the unrealistic expectations we set ourselves personally, knowing that certain things are just not "for us."

Why do we do these things? Is it to motivate ourselves, or is it the exact opposite: to find excuses, why we cannot do and be what we want and who we want to be. I understand looking at others and seeing what they are capable of can be a good source of inspiration and motivation, but is it more dangerous to do so than not?

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Perhaps, it's just about realising that we all have different traits, different skills, talents that make us unique, individual, distinguishing "me" from everyone else in spite of all similarities. We all have our own journey, and we need to learn that "perfect" is not a reality, at least not of this world. And although striving to improve ourselves and others can be a positive thing, we shouldn't get engrossed in constant comparison with others. Maybe it is better to focus on what we (really) feel inside and what makes us happy. What are "my" positive traits, what makes "me" stand out from the rest, what makes "me" my own unique self? How can I turn that into a "good" thing for my personal life, career, relationships, etc.?

Let's face our own insecurities, but don't let them rule your life.

There's a lot of beauty out there once you stop focusing on the negatives.

December 2016

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The dark emotions of a Thursday afternoon,
the reflective mood is setting in,
my gloomy thoughts spread their wings.

The ground is soaking in December's icy rain.
Glimmer periodically disappearing from the horizon of my mind.
My imagination stalling.
Uninspired.
Stuck in between the past, the future, the now.
Raw reality. Feelings of insecurity.
Lust for something intangible.
Imagined but distant. In an unknown field.
The undiscovered land, forgotten perhaps.
Life in its loveless form.
Incapable of reaching in and reaching out.
Freedom of being myself in someone else's shoes.
Losing track of things, my direction,
but not losing hope.
Hope in what is meant to come.
A reward for all the attempts to be loved,
in return for my love.

Melancholy of a gloomy night.
Twinkling lights in the far.
The distance disappearing gradually in the no man's land.
Temporary.
Fleeting.
The uncertainty of what is wrong and what is right,
for me, for you, for our lives.
In between space and time.
Dreams to be considered,
decisions to be made.
Waiting for signs from above.

o)

Writing is my remedy for sleepless nights.
Those lonely moments when the soul is bare naked,
those vulnerable times,
moments of questioning your own thoughts and decisions.
Those confused moments.
Moments of truth.
Moments of searching for the answers to my quest.
Spreading light over the shadows of my insecurities and doubts.
Doubting the abilities to make it and make it right.

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Writing brightens up my hazy sky
when the fog settles in,
bringing sunshine through those heavy clouds,
lifting them up.

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Strings of our emotions playing the song of our lives.
The highs, the lows.
Abrupt and long sounds filling up our hearts.
Melodies of unwritten stories,
floating in front of our eyes.
The echoes of our past memories.
Loves, successes, failures.
Tones of sadness.
Joyous overtures.
Closing verses.
Chorus singing the last refrain.

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R e m e m b e r m e ?
That time you told me to let go and close my eyes,
to forget who and where I was and imagine to fly?
Soar high above the land and the clouds,
glide through the air as though gravity did not apply?

You took my hand and said you'll drift with me,
weightless, not bound by any rules,
just the sheer willingness and desire,
feeling completely free.

The earth beneath me disappeared,
I felt fearless, unafraid to let go
and trust myself in your hand.

I cannot see your face,
but there's a space in my heart,
where my love for you could blossom.
I'd let go and hold your hand
as I would soar in unknown heights,
u n a f r a i d .

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*Blue dreams of seas and oceans.
Waves crashing against rocks.
Sun's reflection on the water's surface.
Shimmering.
Clouds weightlessly passing by.
Floating in the sky high above.
The breeze.
Fresh sea air.
Birds gliding around.*

*The smell of citrus and jasmine in the atmosphere.
The taste of sweet embrace.
Summer romance.
Laughter and dancing in the early hours.
Happiness.*

*Memories for cold lonely nights.
Melodies of exotic lands.
Faces of unknown people.
Gazing into the distance
of a midsummer's night sky,
waiting for the falling star
to make a wish upon.*

*If only this moment could last a little longer.
Remain for much, much longer
than this precious fleeting instant.*

*The breeze caresses your cheek.
You are.*

Here and now

*I catch a glimpse of the sunrise light
piercing through the low scattered clouds,
mixed thoughts flash through my brain,
emotions fill my longing heart.*

*Motionless, in motion, moving,
traversing through chaotic choreography
of time and space continuum.
The symphony of alignments and misses.
Mesmerising 'chaos' of particles, flows of fields.
Pulling, pushing, contracting and expanding.
Colliding,
forming,
transforming
into a whole new matter.
Disappearing.
Rearranging the perceived reality of events.
My own, as well as those of the entire universe.
Timespace mesh of things visible and unknown.
Blurring the world around me.*

*What's an unsettled mind to do?
Wondering mind of a nomad,
who feels out of place,
not one place to call one's home.
Longing for things beyond one's reach.
Not exactly sure what they even are.*

*Steady, yet unsteady at the same time.
Calm yet restless.
Determined, yet undecided.
Carefree
yet somehow worried about things slipping by,
missing out on something.
Someone.*

*Wanting to help but unsure how.
Detached yet wanting.*

Watching the rain fall and crash against the windowsill soothes my mind.
The intensity of it changes as I watch.
It started as a soft, slightly annoying, drizzle and turned into pouring streams of drops.
Drop, drop, drop, splash, splish, splush...

Back to softer rain now.
Mellow holiday afternoon, looking out the window, getting lost in thought.
Observing the waves of motion, the trees and shrubs moving as the light breeze brushes their branches.
Different shades and hues of green and yellow, wavering from left to right, up and down.

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Life happens in waves, too.

Some are minor, smooth, somewhat regular.
Others tend to get way out of proportion, too overwhelming to float in.

One must learn to ride them, get used to their intensity.
The good thing is that the intensity subsides and calm can be restored,
at least for a while,
to be able to catch another breath,
get a bit of relief & prepare for the more stormy days ahead.

Moonless night

*the sleep does not want to come.
It's past midnight,
yet here I am,
wide awake,
hoping to glide into slumber.*

*The dreamland awaits
with all its allure
and mystery.*

*My eyes are heavy,
yet still no sleep.*

*And so, here I am,
writing 'letters' to my friends,
near and far,
not really present in my life anymore.*

*My mind wanders all over the place,
to recent days
and those of distant past,
to familiar faces
and those,
I haven't seen for years.*

I wonder why.

Temporal eternity

Wild.

Race for life.

Being.

On this tiny planet.

*In this incredibly vast universe of particles,
matter, anti-matter.*

Swimming,

speeding through,

chaotically,

or in some sort of calculated pattern.

Reality vs dream state.

An illusion.

Collision of reasoning

& imagination,

emotion.

Creation

& extinction.

Immediate

& distant.

Eternal

& instant.

Revealed

& cloistered.

Understood

& perplexing.

An incomplete puzzle.

Thank you!

- to my mom for being there for us and working hard to support us and give us what we need
- to all the people who gave me feedback and helped to bring this dream into reality.

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Reflections

Reflections

Reflections

Reflections