

BORIS BELIEVES IN LOVE



<http://borisnovak.art-portfolio.nl>

Book of poems by Boris Novak
which never will be finished as long
life goes on.



like a tiger in the cage

struggling with entity I've got
like a tiger in the cage
see that little bird on the rigid bar
a sign of the future and the past
desperation mon amour

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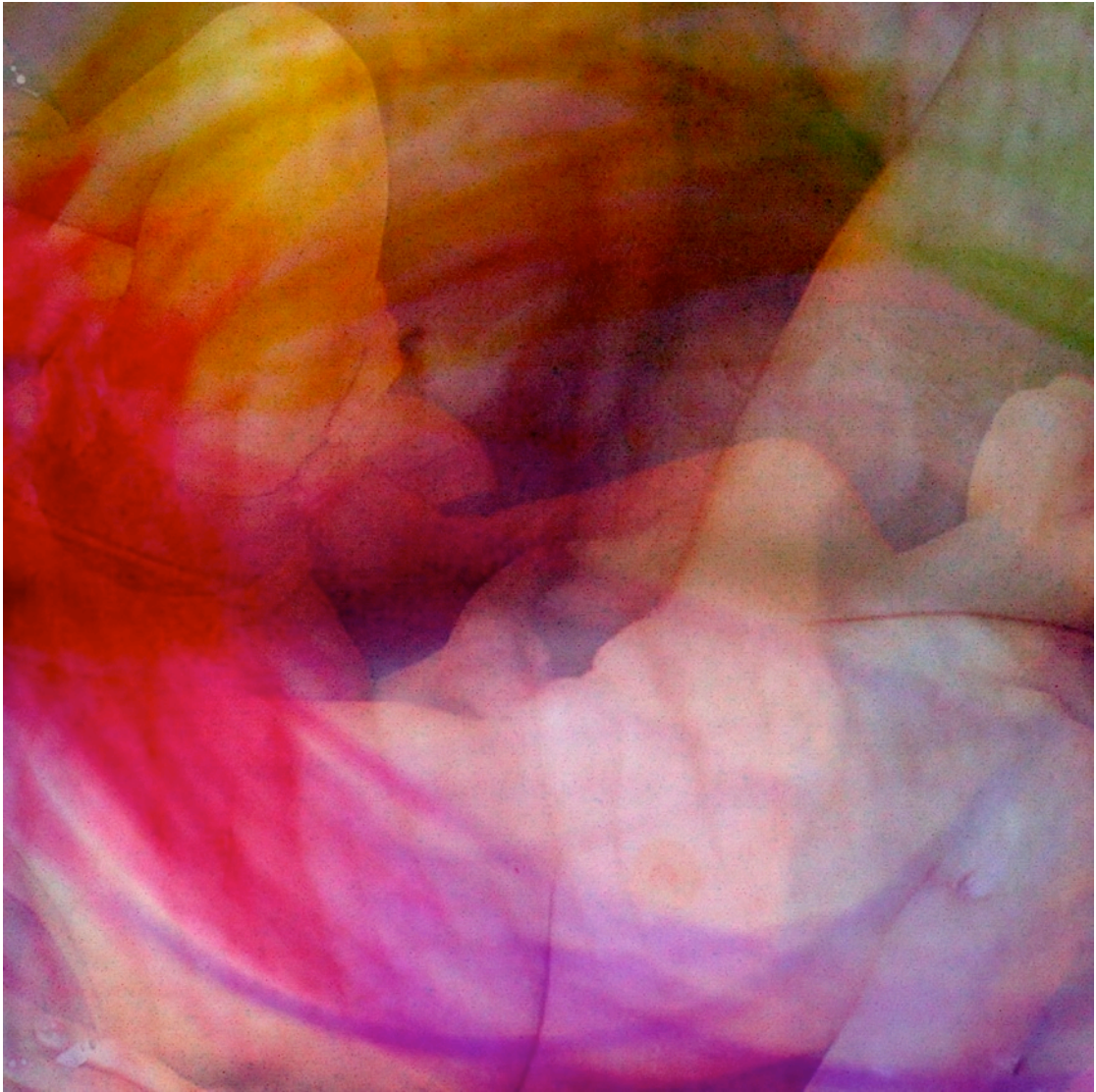
lost my head

I lost my head so I can't speak
my heart took over
true words to pronounce and seek

I lost my head so I do not hear
but do I mind
important message does not come through the ear

I lost my head so I can't see
I got you looking now
and so it will be

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behind rose garden, endless desert

Dreams
Left behind
Ashes from the wings of a butterfly
Squashed petals on the floor
Cheer to nothing
Say nothing
Behind rose garden
Endless desert

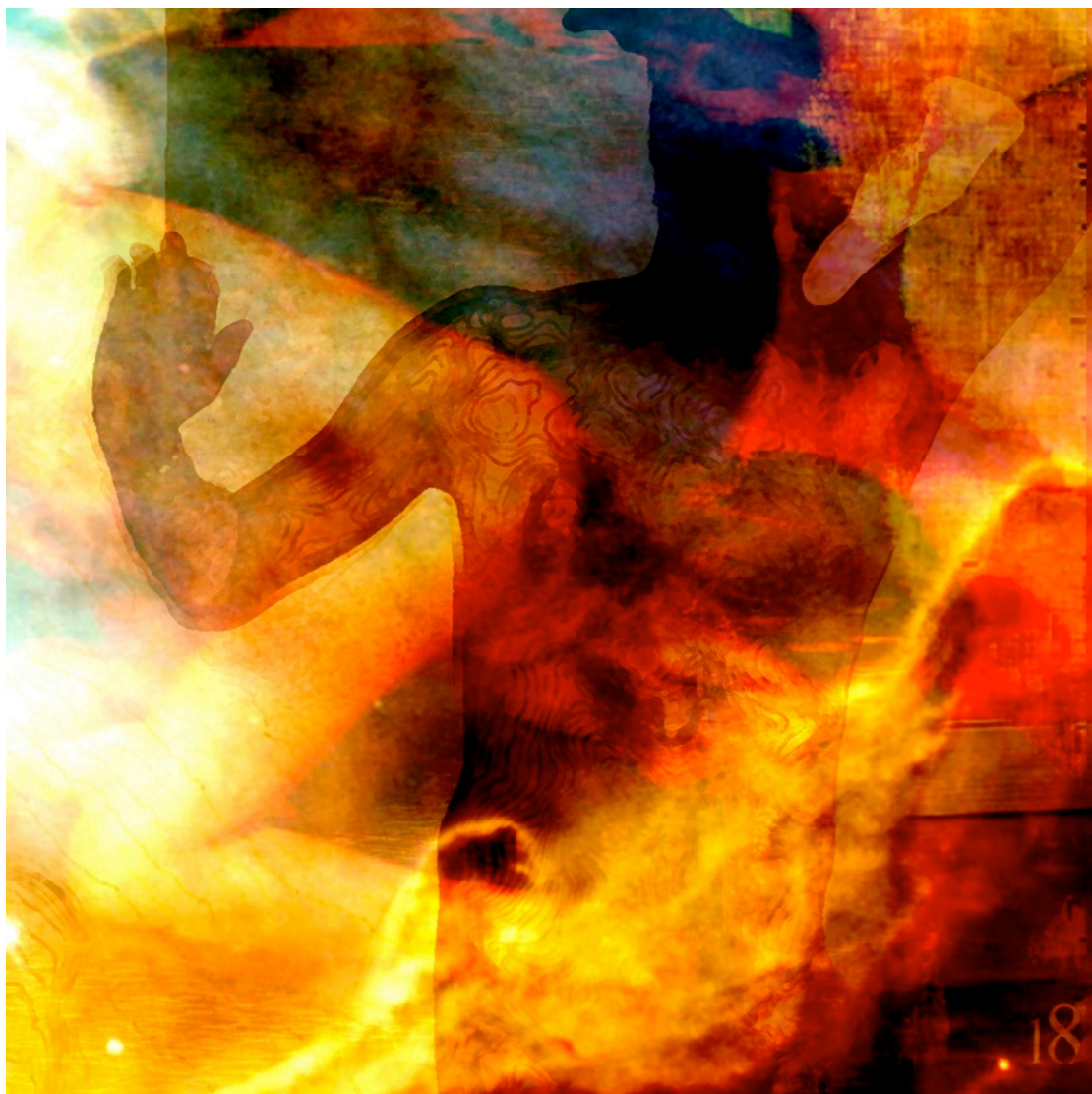
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writing the poetry

writing a poem
using wrong tools
saying wrong words
missing the essence
missing it all
writing the poetry writing the poetry writing the poetry

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shadows on my path

high tide, mid afternoon
I'm walking
shadows on my path
whispers of the doom
disregarded
high tide, mid afternoon
I'm walking
shadows on my path
every step strikes
tap tap tap tap
like a beat of the eternal heart
in to the depth of the sky

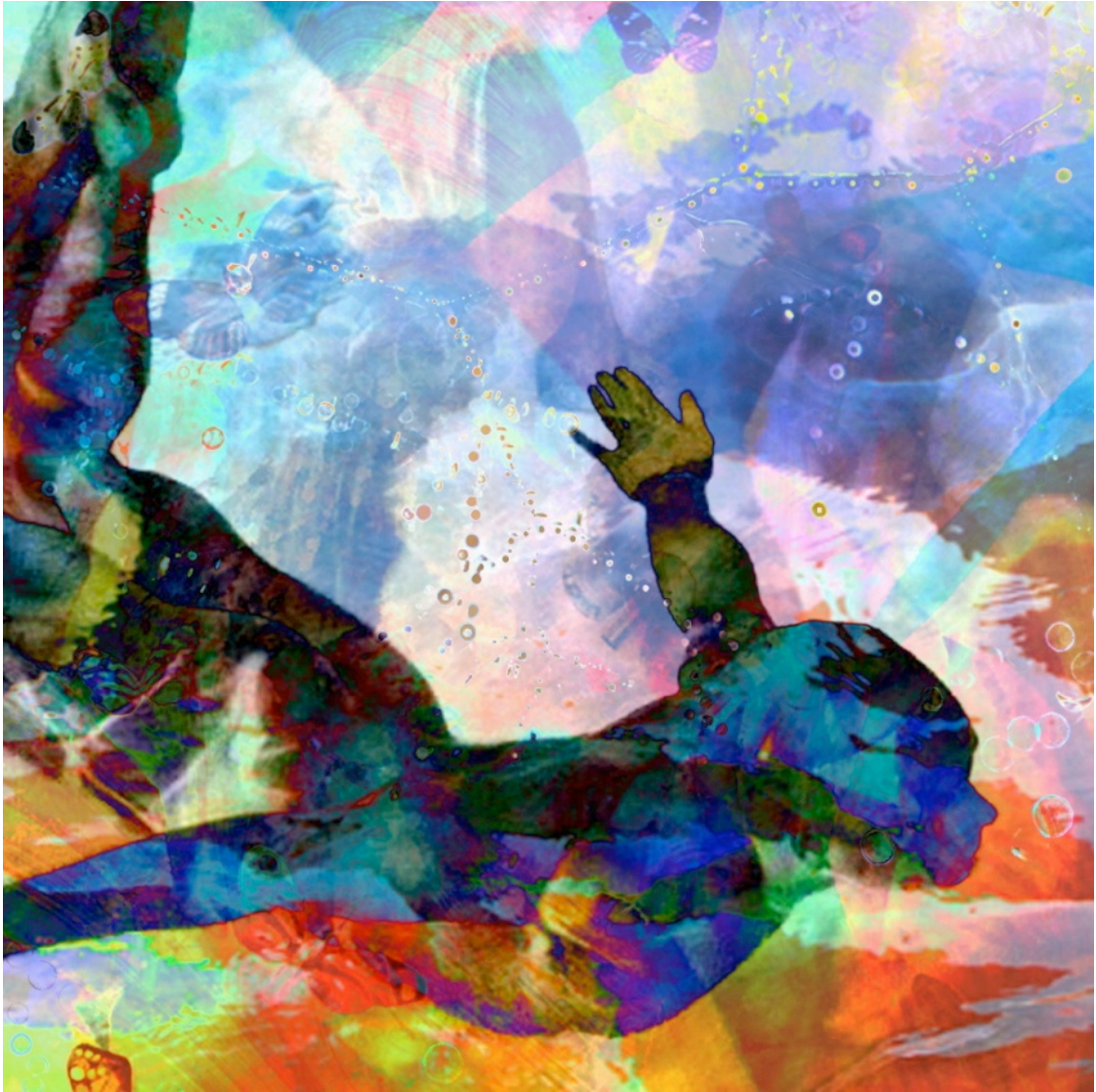
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are you ready

are you ready
undiscovered is waiting
unknown to turn in common
are you ready
or you think you know it all

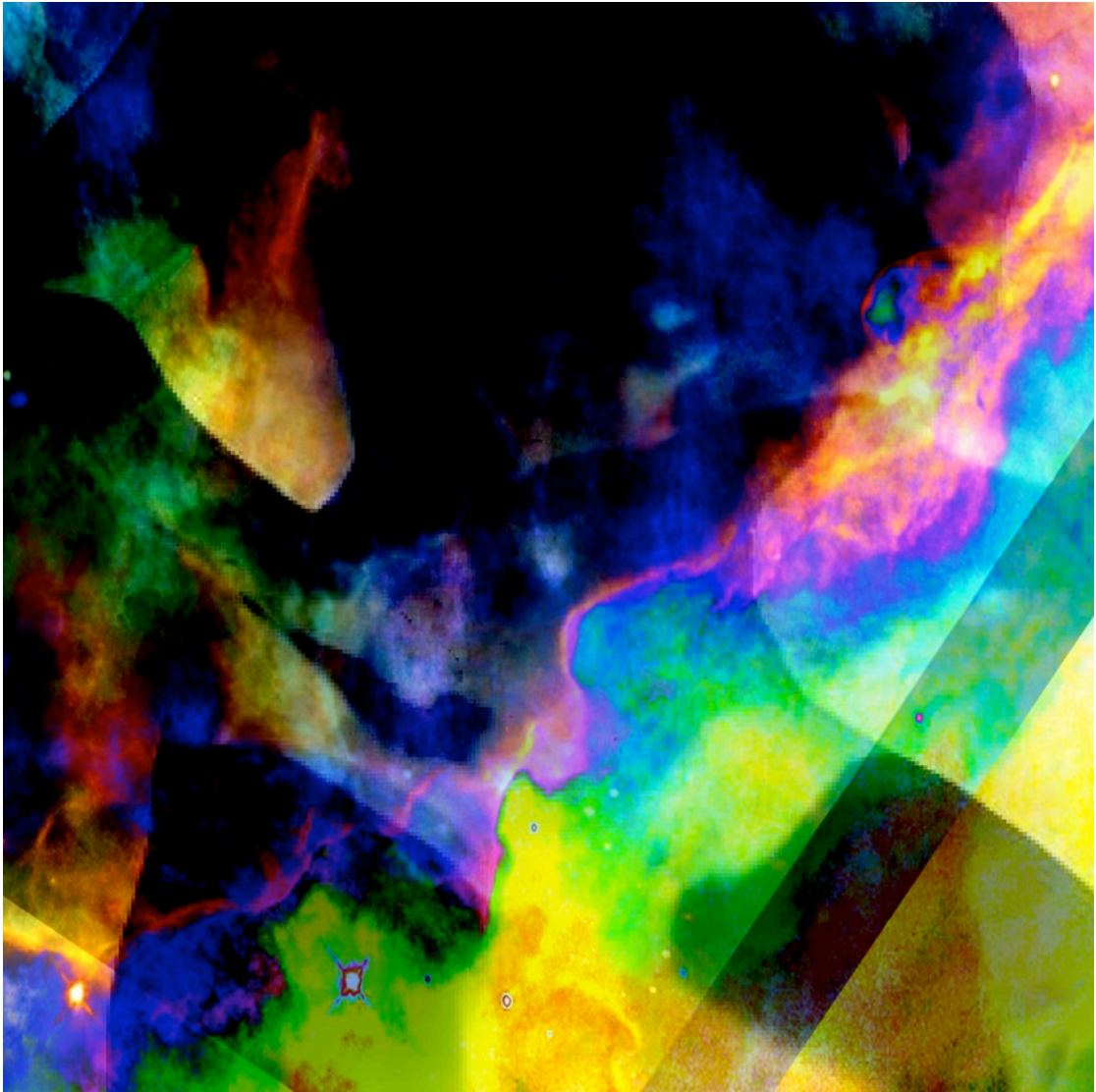
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don't snap my heart

diving in the crystal sea
just nobody there except for me
watching bright colored creatures passing by my side
thinking of will I ever say these words collected in my mind
just nobody there except for me
climbing on a rock sticking out of the sea
while water drips of my life
there you are
I'm talking
but please don't keep what I tell next to your heart
keep it on the hidden shelf out of your sight
today my words are mellow
tomorrow they could snap your heart
back in the crystal sea
just nobody there except for me
watching bright colored creatures passing by my side

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before the beginning

before the beginning
when time did not exist
before the memory
when future was a promise
of eternal love

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Circus Maximus

do you ever think about
about all there is
treasure that awaits
inner joy we can take
happiness just to be reached
and yet we do not care
we take instead this twitchy tumult
whirl of this gladiators sword
and crawl fawning like servants
this insane circus maximus
so tell me my cherished one
tell me
do you ever think about
is this all there is

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Runaway

In the time full of undisclosed thoughts, I got my own
In the time full of problems, I got my own
the boyhood has left me so now I'm on my own
strong and rigid guarding the infant of my soul
I am an escapee, a truant, a fugitive
my run will never stop

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endearments

when words disintegrate
just graphemes are at drift
that's the cradle of unrestrained thoughts
that's the home of true ardor
lay down beside me
close your eyes
and submerge your self

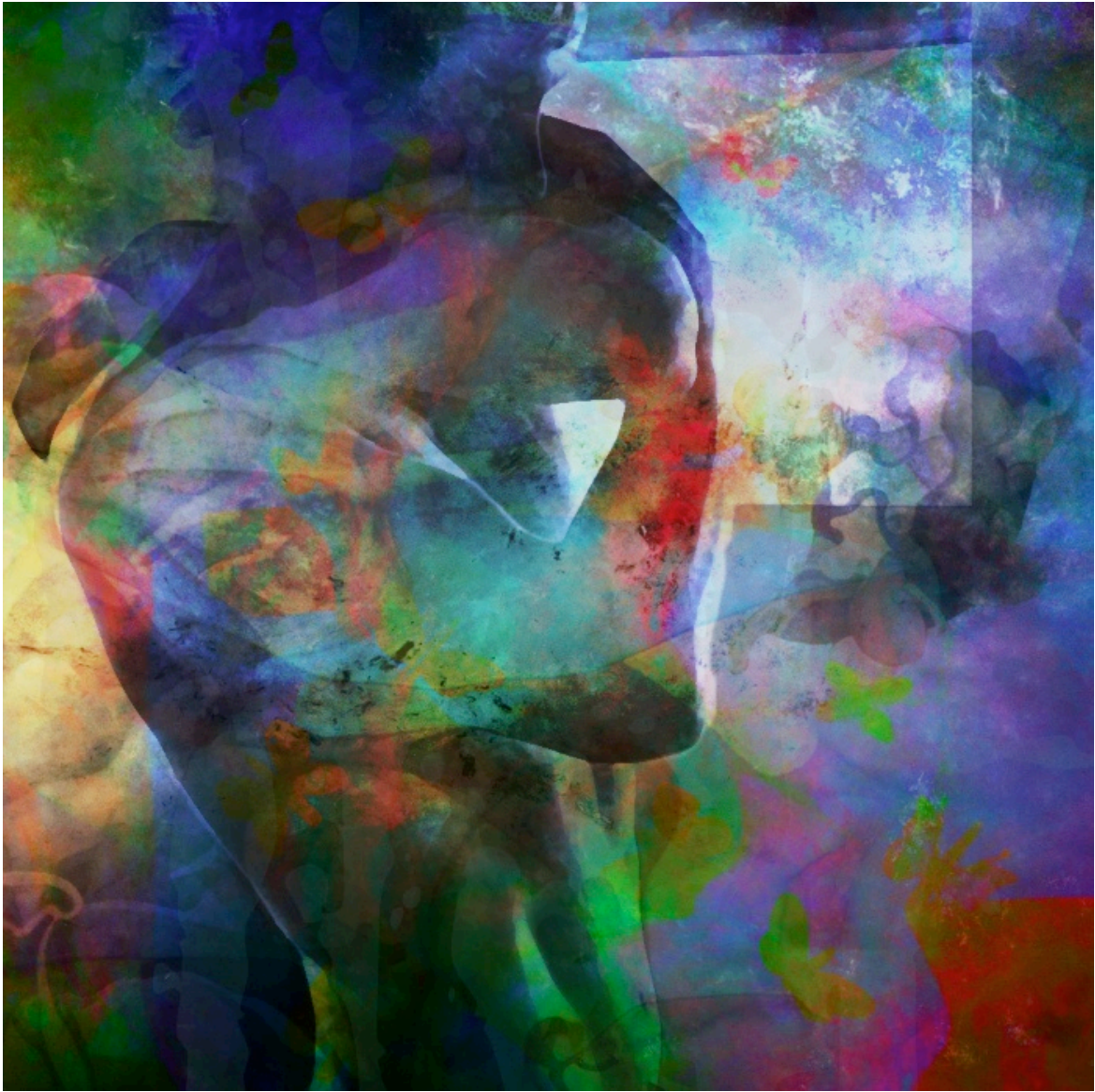
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can't stop now

can't stop now,
I'm on the road to heaven,
sky is under my feet,
deliverance in my reach
sunshine in my eyes,
wind frisks my hair,
crazy crazy crazy road made of dreams,
big grin
good bye Prometheus of my soul
good bye Atlas burden of my shoulders
I'm on my way to heaven,
nothing I'll miss
all is now behind
I hardly feel the weight
I fly
can't stop now
I'm on my way to heaven

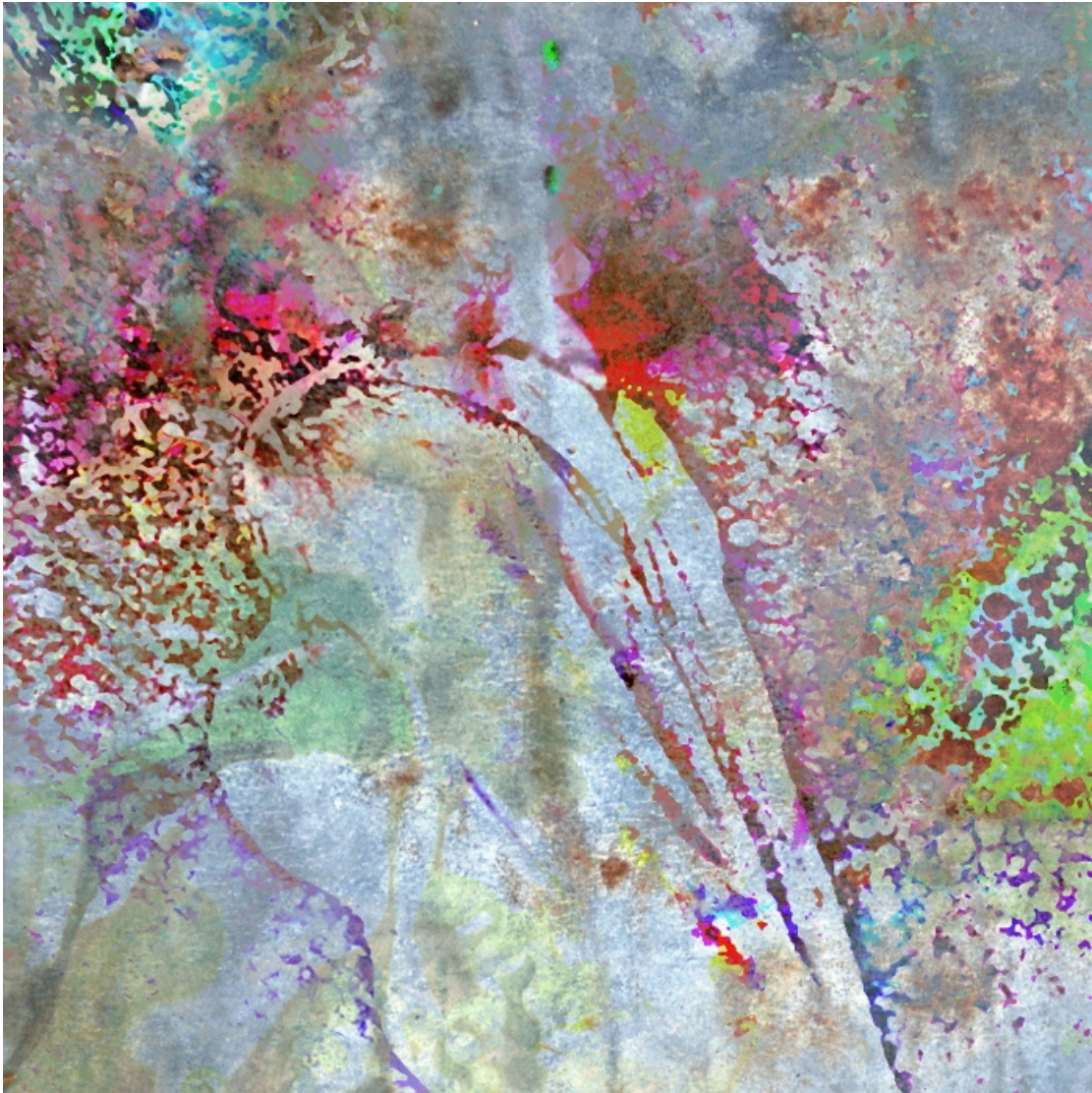
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hoodwink

I lie to my self
cause the truth is an ugly termagant
playing games with me
I play false
I cheat
I lie
and I don't mind cause you see
I'll never let the truth to step in front of me

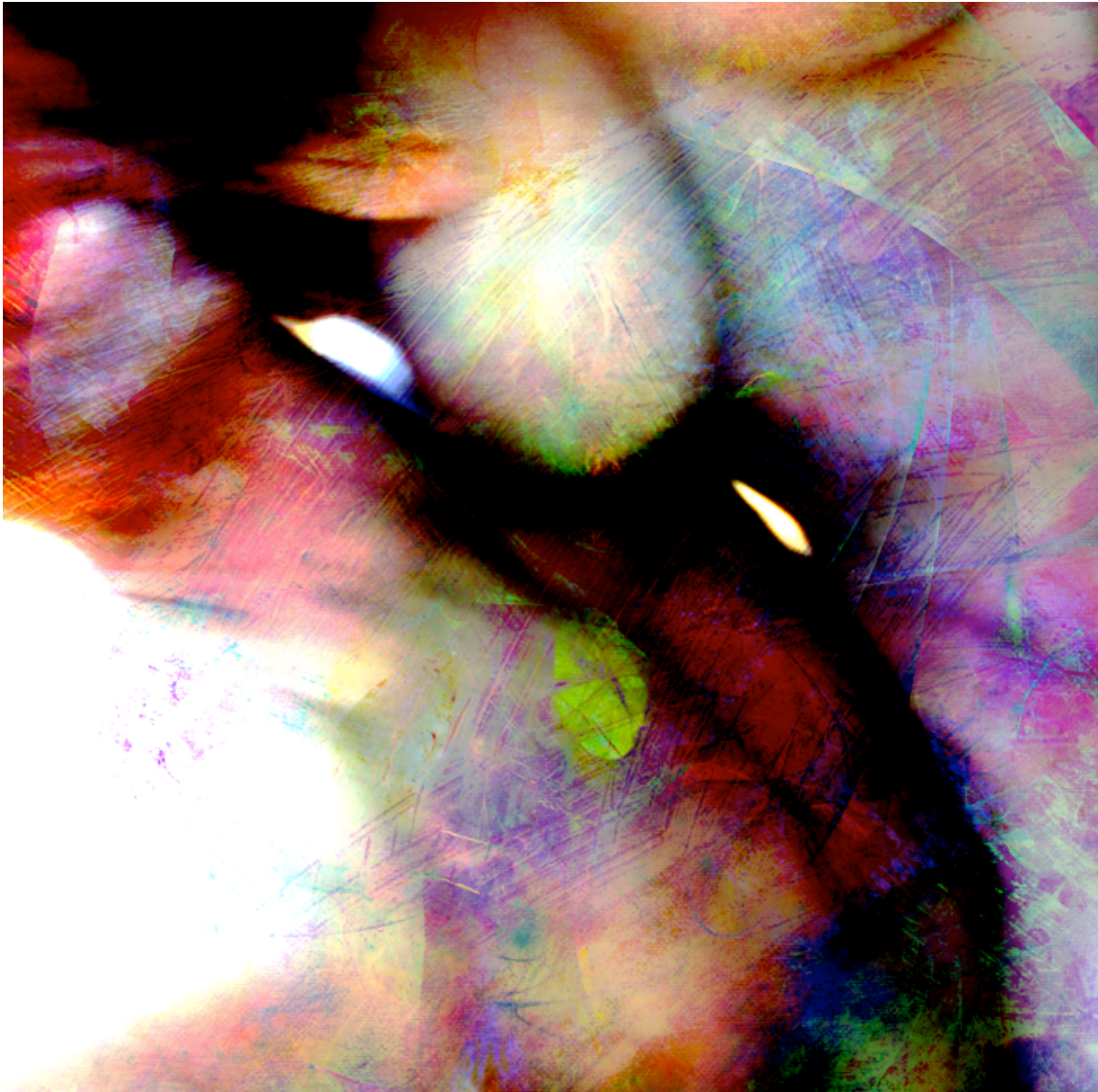
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buzz and roar

In the green lea with the white-blue ceiling
where gentle wind whispers it's fragrant secrets
bees buzz,
frogs roar,
and the lonely bird sing high in the sky
while my body tingles from the strain
I'm resting for a while
and I just wonder
I wonder could be this that moment I should ask that ever question once more
would I know the answer
silence
listen
the earth is revolving
I can almost hear it
and at same moment I feel big and small

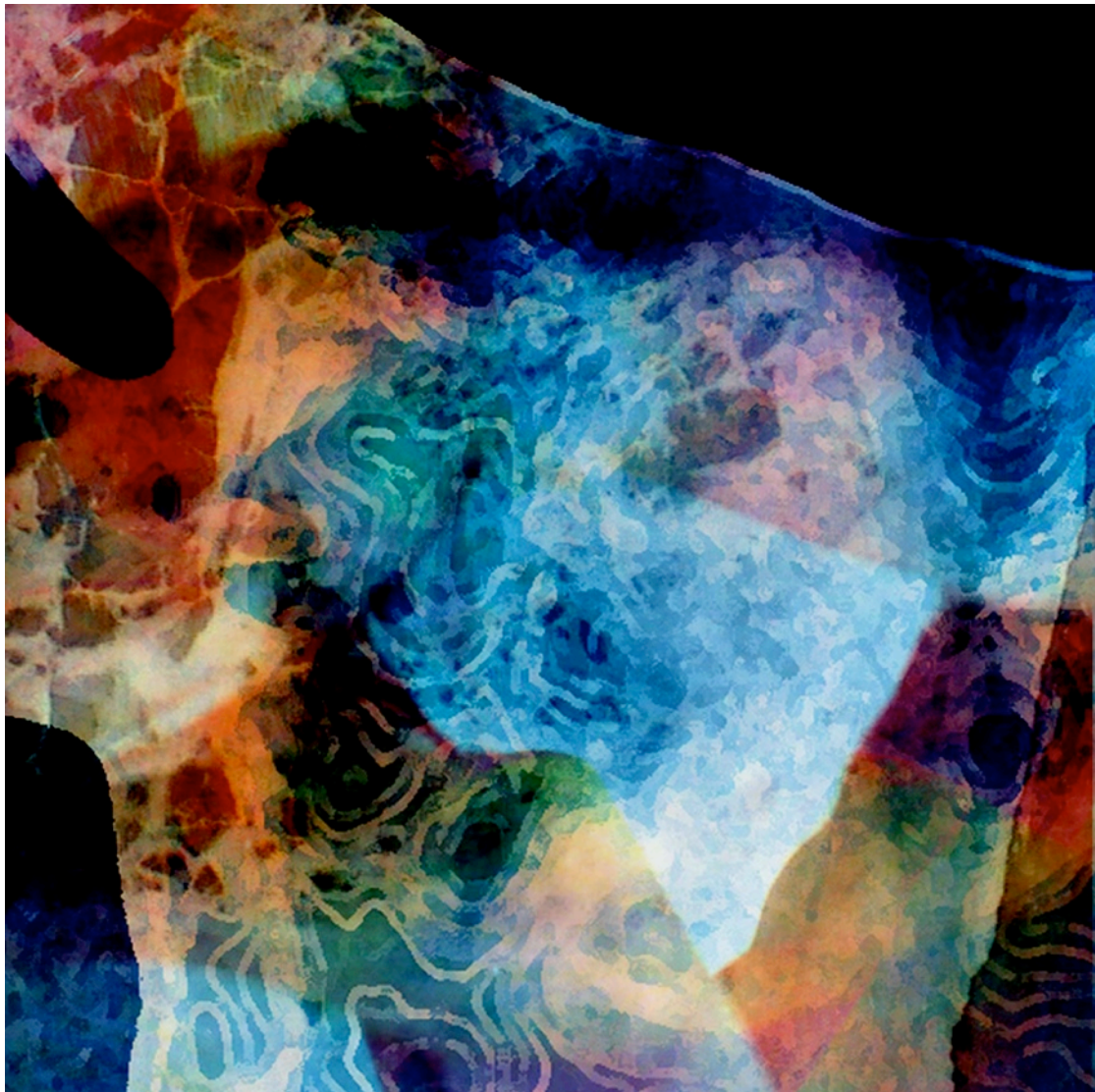
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ambiguity

waiting for the moment of comprehension
uncertain of meaning
un-blurred in perception
I just feel
I feel
reflection of ambiguity
and ever smile will rest on my face

Boris Novak @ 2008



round and round

What I know is not what I expect to hear
The message of mismatch
A diagonal which never reached the edges
Turning in circles
At the endured ambits journey
But wait
New word is what I hear

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