



July/ August 2017

Poems Marian Eikelhof

A contract of zero hours with life

My mind is disconnected

Rejection doesn't surprise me

Loneliness is an inevitable part of my life

My memory is fragmented economically

with short-term emotions

I am only a few seconds

My dreams wear police uniforms

Words are suppressed

My poems are crying

This silence drugged by democracy is

really killing me

I carry many numbers

however, I need a name

I am a crowd

of numerous anonymous stones

on an iron beach

Death has many faces

one of it is indifference

I make pictures of daily life

To save it from oblivion

I am an European woman.

NEKOPIRATI

Trash

I will not risk my life
in order to tell you that
I love you
nor will I put my signature
for someone with a price
on his head
whenever lies are more
convenient for me,
I will use them
rather than the truth
and vice versa
for that's me
I can be
so nice, kind and charming
while actually I don't give a damn
Away with the weak ones
gold hunting refugees
let their bodies become mud in the sea
before those terrorists come here
and kill me

You see, I only fear my own decay

as I am a bad ass and afraid.

Jealous

When all she does is gold and purple,
shining spiritually right
cosmic, peaceful and perfect, bright, like a
starry night in a glossy magazine
a story not yet told, precious
and interesting,
unwrinkled and without limitations,
sparkling and light, whereas...
all about me is grey, shady and ugly
degraded, uninspiring and unimportant,
blue and silly
completely
insignificant,
depressing and deprived from
any beauty
falling of the bridge like a suicidal memory
then my friend and lover
on this bumpy road of life

I'll ask you to look for the door

or I might just find a way out

all by myself.

Pompeii

And suddenly...

I am

this ancient soul

a woman

more than

four thousand years old

carrying nothing on my back

Soon I will be home

where my sweetheart will wait for me

coming out

of the bath house

fresh, shining and

loving me

carrying nothing on my back

but water

I don't know the lava will come

and overflow me not that I will be found back

in one piece

I am ignorant about wars to come

and still unaware the earth will be no longer mine

within a period of time

carrying nothing on my back

but water.

After the party

Our house is empty now

I look at the ceiling

the wall,

the carpet so full of holes

Have I dreamt

You and I

danced and discussed life

in this room

while making love on the floor

Now that your love no longer carries me

like a bird in the wind

all seems to have been in vain

the music went away

our love died

like a butterfly

at the end of it's day.

So what

Whatever

where

with you

alone

the hour

the day

I will fall asleep

close my eyes for what I see

the cries of the world

it's suffering, it's despair

I do not hear

I do not see

my God is a better God than yours

he doesn't care about you

he cares about me

So as a matter of fact

I can close all my eyes

even when yours stay open

in your starless night

you are a nobody without a name

So, whatever

with him

with her

with you

I will fall asleep quietly

as my God exists.

Rotterdam

Why would I like him to want me..

Do I live too long in this town?

hooked at his body like a junkie

I depend on his love with no dignity.

am I nothing but a leaf

shaking and blushing

in his embrace

his kiss

a wandering light between my thighs

gently eliminates

the skin

of my shame.

For a revolutionary man

Why does the light
always wake up later than I do
at first sight, the day passes me by
as a landscape full of dreams
disarmed desires
and hiding places
where you hold me
where you make love to me.

Not too many people in paradise these days

At the other side of the spectrum

There will be at least you I hope

together with the angels.

sometimes watching me

observing me only

like a knife cutting through

the face of hypocrisy

everywhere around me

destroying all my doubts

and dilemmas

making me say

unconditionally

without hesitation

I love you.

Good morning

I brushed my teeth
with daylight
this morning
and no shade
to devastate
my inner smile.

NEKOPIRATI

Tied

In my dreams, I do not follow you when you go
Nor will I allow you to tie me up with your ropes
with my eyes blindfolded
I feel you caress my body
sensually, tenderly, yet effective
with dirty wet words, whiplashes
and sweet pain leaving me breathless
whenever I manage to catch you
I will not let you possess me
instead beg you
please let go of me.

Alice

My name crashed long ago
beaten up for being pretty, sexy
speaking out loud
my poor name on the kitchen floor
swimming in blood
as I was attracting married men
should be a whore
My name ignored and abandoned
as the so-called devil in my womb.
only for being a girl
getting breasts
So, when an elephant
steps into my tranquillity
with his hot horny breath
I feel paralyzed
make me small
almost invisible, make me
Alice in Wonderland.

Chile, 1973

dedicated to Victor Jara

Guess that's how it went

he had to stand there

under the burning sun

tied

as if he had a clue where to go

the hatred of the executioner

burnt right through his soul

He thought about her...

her smile

the dress she wore that day

and the kiss she gave him

thoughtlessly

as he would not be away for long

come back home the very same day.

His thoughts fell on the ground like drops of blood

like the tears of his beloved land

like the names of your father, your brother, your son, your husband

and like all those songs I cannot sing for you

about the tender dreams

in the heart of a fallen man.

Bella and the Beast

Between me and my death

there is not anything

but you baby

your hot breath

awakes my heart

and poetry

Besides these aspects

and plenty of pleasures

which I prefer to keep them a secret

to keep this poem civilized

I would surely be vegetative

a sleeping princess

in the lap of infinity

completely knock out

unconscious and

literally paralyzed.

In isolation

The world might still be unaware of it
yet, somewhere in the back of my mind
a woman is trying hard not to cry
softly moaning as there is hardly any tenderness
in the sterile light of the hospital ward
her beauty lies almost motionless
no one there to console her helplessness
to paint her pale lips red

no words to describe
her fragile majesty
awakening from the dead.

The truth

*The first sunny day of spring already has a date with a cool summer night. I
leave my hair to the wind and let my heart fly.*

I must admit

the wind whispers your name

I hide my sadness

taking refuge in silence

but from dawn till hell

I breathe you

Not even you yourself

can stop me

from loving you

for as a matter of fact

I do.

Betrayed

Only now I realize
how every minute of yours
is occupied
with crucial decisions
long distance phone calls
virtual flirtations
functional fucking
ego masturbation
and, in the name of society
working overtime.

Then there was only
two naked bodies
the morning light
You and I.

Poetry among other nameless crimes

Everybody is a carpenter?

Everybody pays his bills on Monday morning, every week, in time?

Everybody speaks the truth, not a single lie?

Everybody is ignorant?

Everybody is peaceful?

Everybody dances with his wife?

Everybody can stand pain?

Everybody takes the same, different path in life?

Everybody waves at airplanes?

Everybody looks for a deeper purpose in life?

Everybody is a poet?

Do we all write words like everlasting flowers on the infinite wall of time?

The daily death

I am used to die
at moments
nobody around me
is neither dead
nor alive
whereas many times
I am not recognized
and nobody bothers me
with his passion
true intimacy
I am used to die.

Wandering

Hotels, houses and castles in the air

I lived nowhere

I left no one

motionless as stone

I write the time ahead of me

Whether I die alone

under the shower

or with you

I don't care

I will feel at home anywhere

falling into your arms

forgetting all trauma

the days of suffering

feeling

happy

hurt

heartbroken in love.