

Spilling

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I

How good the day is

How good the day is
I couldn't miss this.
The sun in my window
Couldn't make me look below.
Only the sky above
Could make me fall in love.

How good the day is
The smell of the grass a bliss.
The naked feet,
The hope to meet,
You at the bottom of the stairs.
The only one who cares for my safety
My cat, my lover, my friend.
How dare you to think I'm crazy?

How good day is
Lingering for your kiss
Your soft hands upon mine
And a bath of sunshine.

II

Black eyes

Smoke fills the air
To look away, I don't dare.
Black eyes, a scare.

The days went by
In hope to die.
But what is this my darling?
It sounds alarming,
Don't turn away your eyes
Black eyes are always a surprise.

III

Gemini

Imagine you were me
And please, I was you.
Would you be less free?
Is this point of view less of the truth?

I am your mouth
When you are looking south.
I am your heart
When you are playing smart.

What is left of me
When I'm being you?

IV

Souvenir

Thirst, thirst, thirst
Old man retired.
Alone, only a female.
Was I born a woman or male?
This could mean jail,
Living in a body corrected by genitalia.
Gender is a construction
That needs abolition.

Alien woman on décor,
Dead corps on abortion.
Laws so small
When man's ego tall.

Destroying love with male chauvinism.
Bisexual tourism.
Pudic woman doesn't know
What she had saw.

Hunger, Hunger, Hunger
Do you have my number?
I'm counting to ten
And run.

This was awkward for both of us
Now I need to catch the bus.
Vroom, vroom, vroom.

V

Isolation

I have disappeared.
Nobody called for me.
My head was less than cleared
No one to spill the tea.
The indifference ate me.

VI

Psychosis

The voices started slow.

Then suddenly, they had put on a show.

VII

Lovers

On my way back home
There was no sign of you.
I had grown,
Running out of the blue
To meet the other side.
I never knew
How to hide,
Only to catch myself with glue
Upon you.

VIII

First house

The rats of the scum
Are dirty in a kitchen floor.
They play the drums
With an open door.

Is that an invite?
Mold on the staircase.
At night we are fright
Of the cold upon our faces.

We take cold showers,
The drugs dealers build their towers.

For a moment of no solitude
We build a brighter future
Where is better food
And less mouths of rumor.

IX

Normal

My thoughts interrupted
By the sound of the cars on the road.
The sentences completely disrupted,
The rhythm of the words slowed
As my movements frozen
And my heart, so numb.

Half of me was not here.
My thoughts I could not hear.
When I spoke,
A genius spell woke.
I could play normal.
Am I normal?

I couldn't play crazy anymore
Like when I was a child before.
Out of reality if you lose the game!
Attached to the idea
That if I forgot my name
My identity goes away.

My thoughts interrupted
By the sound of the cars on the road.

X

Clumsy

Nature we had a rough start.
You wanted me to climb
But my heart
Was never on time.
I fell in love late with you.
City lights confused me
I didn't had a clue.
I want your trees, easy
I want your messy, dizzy.
The dark hour of nature,
Never was a good scaler
But I want your rough
Soft little tough
Idea of mountain
Your idea of fountain.
Nature, I'm sorry
For being late.

XI

It doesn't go beyond the ground

Words so solid,
It could smash the floor.

XII

I Am

Nobody knows,
How in me grows
The silence of youth,
The noise of the truth.

Regret in every direction,
Grandiose complexion.
Need a friend by my side
There is no one nearby.
Guilty and pride
Make me want to die.

I wish I was a simple flower
Watching the few seconds of an hour.

XIII

Cold finger

Spring has death on the horizon
For me, it delays the decay
Of the summer nights rolling through autumn
Until winter finishes the year.

It's the taste of dead fish in the mouth
Wish I don't like.
The cats devour in the breeze of an apocalypse
This delight dead fish.

There is death in the horizon
Next to the black sea
Wars smashing up cities
And human hearts.

We are too many but too little
To put end to this?
I see excuses.
Not much power to people though.

I'm enchanted by the surprise
Of not a single rhyme
But death and life
Is life at stake on mirages of power and greedy.

XIV

Worthy

This sadness drops like cuticles,
My pores bleed blue color,
My tongue is duller.
I revenge myself to the moon.
I receive revolt payments
From my ancestors
Or myself years ago.
Everything is blurry.

I have the constant worry
That I'm dying in vain,
That all this pain
Will only be stuck on my brain.
Superficial tears
To a large audience.
If at least I had some audacity
But I'm full of incapacity.
Counting hours to pass the time
None of them worthing a dime.

Worry

My naked body
I do not own.
My personality is just a copy
Of everything I know.
These lips are only
Cigarette daydreams.
A kiss now would be holy
For tender touch,
I don't think I'm worthy.
Smile and take the money
Hurry, you are lucky
Enough to not have to worry.
Time spent on hairy legs
I really like when they beg.

XVI

Twenty-three

The fire in the distance
Tells me to let go.
Your disappearance, my insistence.
Nothing to show but everything to blow.
The pain on my chest
Woke up the dead.
My pride addressed,
Fire on the bed.
A cry for help,
No one was there.
My heart has left.
The trial at the end wasn't fair.

XVII

Heaven

The morning was vivid,
Extremely luminous.
My poor feet childish,
Immersed in the clouds.
Before being able to run,
I realized I needed to walk.
One foot in front of the other.

My white dress next to daisies,
Chocolate cake.
Champagne in the noon,
I'll be an artist soon.

Glitter on my cheeks.
The days went by
Without a single tear.
My throat shrinks.
I learned to sing.
To love.

Faith in the stars at night,
Made me not afraid of new starts.

Hair like a fairy
One year without dairy.
My body grew like a full moon.
At this point we have too many faces.
To not know how to race.

We paint, we write, we are.
As if We was bigger than I.

XVIII

Seasons

Four seasons has passed
Four times in a row.
In the winter I was low
Autumn was slow.

But spring is the time I grow
Where the bees and I become one
And I lose my feet on the grass
I can sing at the same tone.

Dry for the heat
In the summer time.

Spring I run for the climb.

XIV

Collective mind

All my friends are here.
They help me not to stare
Through the window
Which I keep close in the snow.
They talk loud enough
To not hear them bluff.
They look for the sunrise
But I always hide it with lies.

I am the pretender
I am the wonder.
Do not surrender
To my smile, tender.

They kiss me goodbye
But they stay on my mind.
I will see them on my sky,
Late at night where they all hide.
It's locked, but I don't mind.

XX

Followed

The judgement of my face
Doesn't leave a trace.
I want you close, I want you dear
Please, come near.
I will tell you a secret
The judge is me, but
No one knows.
I don't play with vows.
Fair enough to keep
To understand deep.
The sorrow of your tomorrow,
Will be a planted arrow.
The guilty will berish
And all the saints will perish.
Don't be cruel to yourself
You are an angel on the shelf.
This is not a good board,
All your dreams will be reward.
But keep quiet to your neighbor
He always listens with a closed door.
All the salvation on the judgment day
Will pay off in May.
The testimony is at your favor,
Every time you are braver.
Believe the justice
Is one step ahead of us.

XXI

Invisible

I am a wounded mouth
To the people in the south.
North is my true sound.
Look at the treasure that I found.

Deep into the hole of the world
A whisper, a word.
Remember we were one
Now we are none.

My heart falls apart
And I replay the start.
Like Adam and Eve
I grieve,
From a forgotten heaven.

XXII

Warrior

Blind if no one.
In the floor, the playground.
In secrets tones
The wind is in my sounds.
Reality is built with blocks,
Illusions are real as can be.
Dreams run through the clocks.
In a fatal degree,
The sky opens for me.

Multiple quests and ready missions
Put the insane to sleep.
Cures you from competitions
As I set the foundation
For an enjoyable ride
With you by my side.

Abundance reigns in our lives
Even upon the darkest times.
Everyone forgets their knives
When they look at us,
They know we are bulletproof.

Our souls are like gold,
We clean the kitchen from all the mold.
Our teeth are fake
But our smile is real.
We break the bones of the spies
As we reach home,
And do not believe in any lies
As we reach the stars.

XXIII

Prayer I

The chameleon shuts.
The moon hides.
The spider goes backwards
And forwards.
The rhythm flows
I do not manifest
Nothing but my own destiny.
The saints are not God
Neither the devil Gemini.
The world seems weightless
With a pound less gravity.

XXIV

Prayer II

God is hidden in the details
Needles from a voodoo doll
Hidden away.

Fading the sky
To the darkest hour.
The hermit hides the flashlight.

On a highway
The moles dig
The wet land of a soldier.

The top of the mountain
Is sacred and segregated.
The spy of the past
Forgets the seer.

I don't remember
The tongue of the snake.
The floor is of marble
And you can't distinguish
The difference between the squares
From where you have been.

XXV

Auditory Hallucination

The voices do not whisper
They scream
With a knot on the throat
I try to drown them
But I drown myself instead.

XXVI

Popular among the dead

The buzz follows me
Without knowing my story,
I hear they calling me she.
I blackout the memories of horror
They don't know the terror.
Only my work under the light
And pain out of sight.
Gives deep inspiration
Under a terrible ambition.
With a construction of an ideal,
I master the wheel.

XXVII

Alchemy

In the amnesia of being,
I was born in the shadow.
My body was freezing
And my heart was hollow.

The dirty in my nails,
The ache of pretending.
The same old tales
Repeating themselves.

I am so sorry
For the lack of esteem.
But in this insensitivity world
I have created an army of my own
And a deep fire has grown.

The glass shattered
I was no longer far away
But deep vivid on a highway.
The pain became strength
Independence was on my trail
It saved me from fail.

XXVIII

Party

Sometimes I hear
A portal being open.
Old friends appear
And make fun of my broken
Terrible disaster of sad life.
They always come with knives.
How their power is bigger than mine
And in the dark I whine.
In the light I pretend everything is fine.

XXIX

Floating Spirit

The cold of my breath,
The strength upon my legs.
The rope on my neck.

Tired, I am tired.

The body moves
But the soul is so far away.

Restless spirit
In battle.

So tired.

I want to express myself
Again, again, again.
Agitation of being.

So far removed
From the central picture.

Frozen statue
From the millennium.
Not being able to speak.

My head against the pillow.
The light of the day vanished.
My sorrow in a dream.

XXX

Escalier

Walking on the moon
In the afternoon.
My feet in the sky,
My head so high.

Running to meet beyond,
Waiting for you to respond
My last question in vacuum
As the flowers bloom.

The noise does not exist
The silence persists and resist.
Screaming into the nothingness
Are signs of illness.

I win every battle
Even though nobody tune in my channel.
My dreams are a castle
Which isn't accessible.

Our laughs make memories,
Open portals with our keys.
It's hard to say goodbye.
Don't look at me and sigh,
I promise the next day
We will linger to stay.

Fall asleep on my lap
As I drive, you can nap.
In my head a turmoil,
A thunder noise.

XXXI

God is a Woman

Mother,
Why do I compel to these desires?
Why do I question reality like no other?
It's only you that I admire.

Mother,
I grew up tired of this life.
My feet stutter,
Like you, I am no wife.

Sisters, sisters!
Why we are so different?
Yet we all use the same crystals.
We dig the pain so magnificent.

Sisters, sisters!
We preserve to endure,
All our flaws so pure.

Father,
Absent.

XXXII

Observation of the wound

Exhausted, fatigued.
Purple dark circles
Spinning under my eyes.
Passing the time writing in journals.

My guts cries,
The violent emotions
Rises and falls.
No time for explosions.

A whisper of desolation
The body always in motion.
Am I giving up all of this?
I'm going up like a spiracle.
I'm a battlefield of miracles.

Wait until I blow up the sun
It will not be fun,
But concrete, objective.
Like an arrow
My fire will melt the snow.

XXXIII

A Candle

My heart whisper death.
A deconstruction in depth.
I want to rip my life apart
But I need to play smart.

Everything goes and comes
But discipline is forever.
Focus on the outcomes.
Reach deeper.

See beyond the lies
You tell yourself.
Wake when the sunrise,
The only person I have is myself.

If the wave tells you to run
Go with your own plan.
Still, I want to die.
But I need to occupy
My life.

XXXIV

Visceral

I drink the wind.
I spit the blood
And split the grind
Drowning it into the mud.

XXXV

Hypomania

Orange trees!
Queen bees!

Hot spring,
Golden wing!

Excitement fever!
Love perceiver.

What a sight!
My heart in new light!

Rosy cheeks,
I laugh when she speaks!

I cry when she leaves.

XXXVI

Desire

I wish I was somebody else,
I envy someone else's life.

This outburst is useless
Since my own life is not enough.

I keep secrets
Because I can't express them.
You would not understand
My vocabulary is rudimentary.

XXXVII

Mania

My tongue tastes like cigarettes
My insides smell like chewing gum
I work out, I sweat.
My vomit, so numb.

I want to scream
Is that not allowed?
I want to rip my dreams.
I want to be loud.

I want.
I want.
I want.
I want.

Be confident.
Be special.
Be the devil.

Who are you to judge anyway?

XXXVIII

Libido

My voluptuous body
Is my first-hand soldier.
Strong and bloody,
Elastic and boulder.

If I run,
My legs will move.
If I burn
My skin will shred.
My eyes are flames
You can't extinguish.

I move like an alligator.
Aiming my arms
To the moon crater.
Movement of the body,
Spirit, I embody.

XXXIX

Ketamine

Fear so deep.
Am I a creep?
My tongue stutter
From the fear of it all.
A black hole in the heart,
This dark is pure art.
I fight something I can't see
To become lighter,
To become free.
I can't distinguish who is me,
I'm falling inside myself
To become someone else.
Insecure at the core
To all the life
I choose to ignore.
Pretending a smile
To not be a isle.
I want your softness,
Your crazy thoughts.
But please hide mine,
I swear I'm fine.

XL

Hangover

I'm fragile,
Submersed in shatters.

XLI

Survivor

The purpose is clear.
Kill the black mass!
A hole of fear,
Right behind the glass.

Can you reach it?
Who, me?
My heart skipped a bit.
Can't you see?

I'm being oppressed,
Smashed.

It's fairytales in your head
But I am indeed sad.

Caress your head
Against my chest.
You will not be alone again.
Just take a deep breath and rest.
You will not be alone again.
If they come, the men.
Tell them,
Tell them what you saw.
I will be confined in a solitary.

XLII

Nurse

Take my blood
Put it on my tongue.
Clean my feet from the mud.
Leave me clung.

Say your words,
Twisted fantasies.
Open the birds
From your cage of canaries.

A change of scenery
From your brut eyes.
Play your heart serenely.
Feel the highs.

So soft inside
In the middle of the day.
I will always be by your side.
Just don't go away.

Just pretend
For just one more moment.
That I'm only a friend.
I feel so potent.
I feel so potent.
I feel so potent.

XLIII

Untitled

Cursed disease
Upon my head
Please leave my heart intact.

XLIV

Freedom

The outside breeze
Fulfill my soul.
The outside trees
Fulfill my lungs.

Am I dreaming that I am alive?
And one day death will arrive.
To keep the dreamer dreaming.

Insane experience.
The wind shouts words
I cannot comprehend.
I have a hole in my stomach.
And tears don't ache.

I am being literal.
The echo of voices, vanished.
My point of view is liberal,
As if anything could be anything.

XLV

Ambition

The sun hugs me
As I sing a lullaby
For us to choke and die.

Sorry, if it's my fault
That I want the stars.
I have too many scars
That I will put on display to sell.
This is an anguish cell.

Forgive me, I beg.
To climb is to peg
All my art in vain.
What if I was sane?

My hands would not tremble
From an anxious hell.
All my paintings would resemble
Someone's, you will tell.

No more horrors,
I am maniac.
The crowd are adorers.
Pink glitter as I turn my back.
Sweat from a worrier,
What a warrior!

XLVI

Two Worlds

Black eyes,
Staring at me.

Death rises
With its prizes.

Pale skin,
I taste death from within.

Save me or leave me.
Stop staring at me.

The violent darkness
Messes with my conscious.

Am I a perspective?
A brain from the collective?

It's in the tip of the tongue,
Your overwhelming flung.
Your overwhelming song.

XLVII

Extra Doll

He's dead
But you can't tell.
He's mad,
Overnight sad.

He gave me flowers
From a hole in his heart.
Made me awake for hours,
Eating his insides, my sweetheart
I'm sorry I had to leave.
I'm sure I need to grief.

Pale skin,
Taste of the dead in me.
Where he has been?
To be such a deadly sin.

He plays with my hair.
To his eyes, I don't dare to stare.

Hug me dead corpse,
You are heaven source.
Beneath the earth,
You are ready to rebirth.

XLVIII

Attitude

Beatitude,
I feel blessed.
My charisma, my attitude.
Stars shining on my chest.

XLIX

Midnight

Blue,
This color is only for you.
A trade marker,
A tone darker.

A pale blue
Doesn't suit you.
You are a night sky
You must try,
The deepest blue.

I want your point of view,
I will dress all blue.

L

Everyone Leaves

She changes the towels
From wet to dry.
But her eyes, still cry.

I wish I was mischievous
Enough to believe her.

She hides the knives.
It gives me the shivers.
I remember her in sheep clothes.

My lover,
My curse,
You made me miss you for years.

She is the type
To be naked on skype.

Walk away,
She said.
But I want to stay.

And I stayed for eternity.

She is no longer here.

But I am.
I will remember forever, damn.

The soft lips.
The burning skin.
My tongue on her nips.
The love from within.

LI

Twin

You could call him a twin
We are both thin,
He has my chin.

His words are equal to mine
But he is in the front line.
You will see him shine.

You don't know my name,
But I'm sure I made him.
We are the same.
Isn't that lame?

I made the words
That he speaks
He swears it's his own ideas,
While playing my tricks.

Once I was like him,
My voice was others voice.

But it wasn't my choice.

LII

Remembrance

The essence
Of my being,
Reflects the fluorescence
Of an antique adolescence.

The rebellion
And the sound
Of million voices
Running on the ground.

I am stuck
Between a forgotten past
Between the thunder struck
And the eclipse of the moon.

The memory
Haunts my days.
Reading the reverie
Of authors that everyone praises.

LIII

Breath

Sometimes the flower is evil,
Reminds me of something medieval.

You don't blame the bark of the dog
Neither the weather with its fog.

It's something deeper,
A worthless sleeper.

All I am to this life.

LIV

You

The warmth of your skin
Could never be replaced.
You are a sun twin.
A double faced.
You always show
Your being on fire.
The happy smile,
The teeth of a liar.
I fall for it every time
With a burning heart,
But hands cold as Ice.
I loved you from the start.

LV

Cavemen

The authenticity
Resulted in war.

My species is chronically ill.

Love doesn't fill
The lack of empathy.

LVI

Snape

Love bigger
Than the universe.
My heart with you is deeper
Than the ocean.

Hug me tenderly
Soft paradise.
You gave me the energy
Of a new life.

Feel secure in my arms,
Hide my tears in your fur.
I have learned all your charms
So you don't ever feel hurt.

Eternity with you
Seems a perfect life.
Only us two,
Seems a perfect destiny.

Will my cat go to heaven?

LVII

Hidden

Controlling life
During the darkness.
Made me in peace
With the hardness.

I enjoy seasons
As a restless warrior.
I had my reasons
To leave it all behind me.

You would love to hear
When I'm on fire.
But I just dodge
My choir.

LVIII

Goodbye

Goodbye to my past,
I don't want to remember
You in circles.

No more nostalgia to surrender,
No more wicked imagination.

Perhaps I miss the future
Without you in it.

Not once I will call your name.
The same way you did not call mine.

I want to be free from memory,
From the endless reverie.

The foot print I leave
No longer is equal to yours.

I have my own divine purpose
Without preserving us.

Goodbye is just a line
To love myself more.

LIX

Open Gate

Liberation
Is a contradiction.
The body dances
In and out of center.
The player wins its chances.
The conflict is to never
Not to contradict,
But to expand
Beyond of what is restrict.