



Wisteria

A POETRY COLLECTION
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A wisteria is my favourite flower – its vine and purple blossom are symbols of love and longevity even though they are poisonous.

'Wisteria' is a poetry collection – an ode to the night, a lyrical connection between emotions and nature and a book of travels through loneliness and company.

„I had an epiphany that laughter was light and light was laughter and that this was the secret of the universe.”

*- Donna Tartt,
'The Goldfinch'*



A Child

White dream, blue dreamer.
Red devil, fallen angel.

So much noise,
So many breaths.

Children of blindness and desire.

Afraid to look down,
So scared of being released.
Too addicted to stop.

Oceans

I want to feel challenged
By the midnight air itself,

Hide from the raindrops
Like a foolish child
So I feed the lakes.

I want evidence
That nature can hear me breathe,
Be worthy of its sacrifice.

I can't bear the morning
For life wanes by day –

It's an interrogation where
Blue turns into yellow
And oceans become dust.

I Used to Know

I used to know
A crying child
Never dressed in mourning.

A young creature,
But older than me,
Who chose me even when
There was a choice.

A being fascinated
By nature and fire.

Always tired of chasing
Some plain invisible cars.

Comfort

I sit on the remains
Of the world I barely got to know.

Tired of the crying child
And the lively din.

Oh, the men with knives,
How easily they murder the waves
As the sun wanes slowly

And that is why
I'm only alive by night.

Today

I can't even imagine
A friend who doesn't
Demand my answer.

There are only
Summer breaths and
Our heads joined together
Before parting.

You can't seem to win
The war of swollen eyes
So you drown

Still holding onto my
Porcelain face.

Girls

Corners will be searched,
We live only for the pearls.

I'll dream every night
In that lonesome world
Of when we were just girls.

Girls with wounds
Only on our knees—

Looking down from
Our daydreaming trees,
Climbing dangerously higher
Just to feel
Slightly better.

Phrases

We're said to throw away
Pretense and secrecy

But we're still
Prisoners of skin
Trapped in his subtleties,

We are the admirers
Of different beginnings.

I recognise our phrases
In the sweetest
Farewell letters.

Tragedy

They stole all the
Places and letters
That I knew...

I ran to make believe
In all kinds of
Transparent clouds

That we produce daily
With heavy breathing,
Dancing in the afternoon.

We are loosely and carelessly
Embroidered with pigments,
Lost in the landscape.

We are sets of monologues
On different frequencies
And expectations have
Translated us into
Various languages

So we no longer
Understand each others.

However, I know
That we will not
End up as a tragedy.

The Great Escape

I distinctly feel
The justice
And the benefit

Of your distance
And the blindness
That has gently
Overwhelmed me

As speaking to me
Cannot offer any help,
But I can't move away

As I only live
When I'm near you.

So I guess it's
Your turn
To run.





Women

I don't need you
For anything but to
Untie my complex dress

And try to handle
All my irrational desires.

I don't want you
For anything
So you can abandon
The persuasive whispers

And leave our masks
In a different home.

You can trust me
With a different world
Where you take me
With our surreal reality.

There, I will find my place
In a different temple
Of light and colours,

Where my name won't be
Hidden in cursive

For it will be crowned
And set in stone.

Army of Paper

It's a dream of revolution,
An army in me awakens --
Soldiers armed with
Homesickness and
Hidden vocals.

It's an anxious awakening,
Facing the silence
In a shattering sensation.

Spring arrives
And the looking glass
Suddenly shows
A different perspective --

I'm facing a creature
Who no longer speaks
Only of the weather.

Materialist

As I'm left behind,
I'm asked to shelter
A materialist abundance
Of objects that don't
Belong to me.

I'm asked
In a mundane
Expectant manner --
It's as if the know
I'm always sheltering
All that we lose.

Sometimes,
You overwhelm me
With your fragments.

Ornaments

I imagine his face
Every time I hear
Footsteps
Behind me.

I picture it
Laced with revelation
And painted with affection.

Our bodies coloured
With flares of understanding
Of the precious mothers
Who refined us
So beautifully.

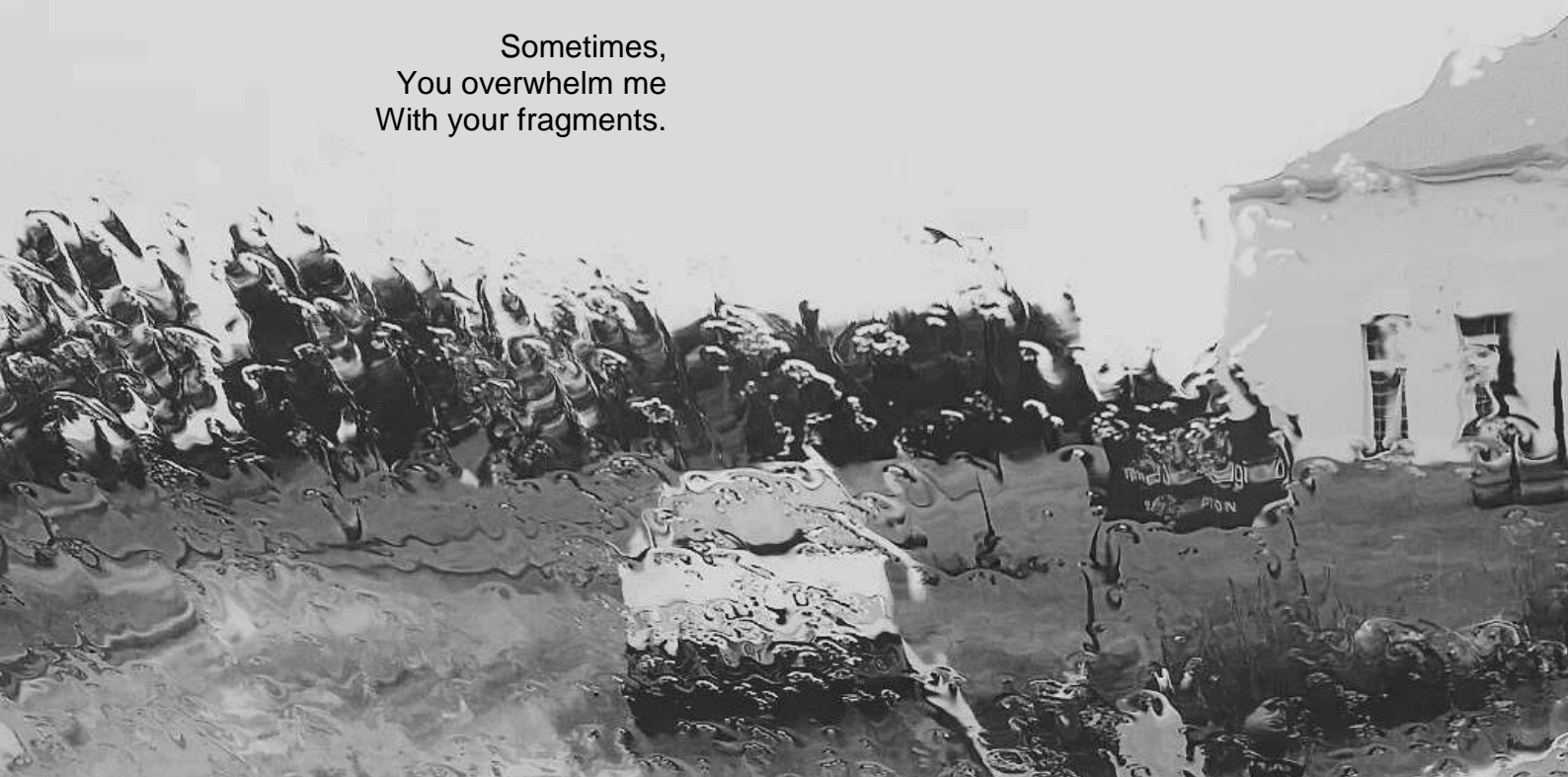
What If We Stop?

We aren't the youth
That used to exist.

What if we stop --
Will we be missed?

Thirsty or drunk,
Addicted to sound.

Car crashes and blurred sights
Addicted to something
We thought couldn't
Happen to us.





Nameless

Contradictory to herself
And the world.

So many questions,
It's so easy
To fade away.

I left behind the girl
Who rests in photo frames.

A girl with no name.

No time feels
As distant as forever.

Safe

The unrecognizable shapes
Take me to a safer place
And fantasy gives me nothing --
An illusion of peace I always
wanted.

I wish my palms were stages
Of some performance
Other than metal.

I wish my eyes were storage
For some other final sights.

Burnt Orange

My skin has always had
A strange scent of burning –

Is it the reason or consequence
Of not knowing how
Real bodies feel
When exposed to daylight?

Colours

Didn't do anything wrong,
But did nothing right.

Turn over the calendars,
Erase the rest.

Stop before entering,
Maybe it's for the best.

I leave such a mess behind
While dividing the ocean
By colours.

I guess I sometimes forget
That life is something
We can touch.

This is the part
Where I let down.



Fear

Walking endlessly
Through fields of strangers
Who shine like my melted skin,
Armed and decorated
With metal and stone.

Seeing the world
Feels hypnotising like
Standing too close to the mirror.

I oscillate with every breath,
Day and night seem to
Change places more swiftly.

Cold sweat is an ocean
I fail to conquer,
Fear is both
The end and the beginning
Of mornings which always
Catch me by surprise.

My skin –
It's only water and salt,
A remote hiding place
From where I truly am,

How come it feels
This relevant and wild?

Mother

You give me everything
But our riches carry salt.

I'm drowned by your caress,
You were once my everything,
Now you're not alone,
Mother sea.

I know I cannot have
What I now desire
For I'm still only a piece
Of a woman you wanted to build.

A tiny seashell,
Overwhelmed and motionless,
Buried in one place
Until I feel another love's current
And drift away into it
Without your permission.

No matter how far,
I always love you
And revisit you gently forever.

I am limitless,
But don't try to bind me
To where I loved you only.

I will always
Find my way back,
I love you, mother sea.

Lavender

The fatigue dances
By my nightstand,
Floating in between
Comfort and persuasion.

Tonight she came
In the shape of
An old woman
Who covers my mouth
Her palms
Dripping wet in a
Lavender scent.

I wake up alone,
Deserted by the
Creatures of the night
Who made me feel
Small but worthy.

Her touch stung
With lemon
But she made me
Feel real.

Lovers

I love to spend evenings
On dialogues with the water.

I always beg her to stay
Limited in whispers
Quiet on my fingertips.

We share a secret love
That communicates
In raindrops.

Today we saw each other
After a long draught
So I let her hold my hands
And stream up to my wrists
To wash them with care.

Children

I love the evenings
Wasted on rows with the
concrete.

I call him out
For falling out with
Trees and colours.

We are both
Stubborn like children.

He stands proud
Not knowing his limitations
Like I know mine
From our various
Encounters.

I don't want to sleep
And neither does he.

The dark and I
Always wake up
With our bodies
Intertwined.

But he is always content
Because of other
Greater women.

I'm defeated
Only by his gaze
But it feels safe
To be hidden
In his shadow.

It's because I don't want
The morning light
To erase us.



Tears

The most painful things
Are ones you fail to see.

She had a dream
And I'm an ingredient
Inevitable for her utopia
That has decided to fight back.

Am I a woman
Who stays silent
As one day turns into another?

Or a crazy one
Who doesn't sleep
But shouts in sounds of the forest
And breathes in verses
Understood by no one but poets?

Or am I a puzzle piece
That has suddenly
Learned to speak
And save itself by muttering?

Tears are my most painful memory
Because they recur endlessly like
days.

That is why
I love the night.

Summer

The night is so dark
That it seems
Reasonable to say
Nothing is right.

Illuminated only by
And occasional lightning.

I'm not even
Selfless enough
That the existence of
Happy people
(Somewhere)
Is sufficient for my
Contentment.

Nothing is right
But I stay awake

Holding onto
The cricket monologues.