

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

Ideals

Snow-covered mountains,
ancient monuments,
a north wind that nods to us,
a thought that flows,
images imbued
with hymns of history,
words on signs
with ideals of geometry.
© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

Rules and visions

Life counts
the rules;
the sunset, their exceptions.
Rain drinks up
the centuries;
spring, our dreams.
The eagle sees
the sunrays
and youth, the visions.

© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

Illusions

Noiseless wrinkles
on our forehead
the frontiers of history,
shed oblique glances
at Homer's verses.
Illusions
full of guilt
redeem
wounded whispers
that became echoes
in lighted caves
of the fools and the innocent.
© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

The end

The savour of fruits
still remains
in my mouth,
but the bitterness of words
demolishes the clouds
and wrings the snow
counting the pebbles.
But you never told me
why you deceived me,
why with pain
and injustice did you desire
to say that the end
always in tears
is cast to flames.

© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

What I ask

A ball of threads
my prayers
whisper
frightened.
Foolish "I"s
are choked
without you ever
knowing
what I ask.

© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

The “don’ts” and “zeros”

The night
that strangled
the endless moments
I had wished
to live,
passed by
without my lighting up
the candle
I had longed
to warm up
all the “don’ts” and “zeros”.
© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

Denials

A roar of cars
seals the dawn
with short-cut answers,
with unyielding denials
that are repeated
explicitly
every sunset.

© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

One-word garments

Waves of circumflexes,
storms of adverbs,
windmills of verbs,
shells of signs of ellipsis,
on the island of poems
of soul,
of mind,
of thought,
one-word garments
you wear
to endure!

© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

Ashes

The fireplace
was eager
to put a fullstop,
in the sentence
where the road
of my dreams
stuck
upon the word of happiness
with sparkles
of wet logs
I collected
from the inside of me
that I dared
to turn to ashes.

© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

Maybe

The cloud struggled
against the sand
underneath the rain
of “no” and “yes”,
forcefully treading
on the rationale
that obeys
the impasse of “maybe”.
© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

Limits

Fragments of glasses
in the empty room
of the inarticulate whispers,
bleed
our limits,
fill
with sores
the caress of our soul.
© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***

Dimitris P. Kraniotis

Poemas

To the dead poet of obscurity

(In honor of the dead unpublished poet)

Well done!
You have won!
You should not feel sorry.
Your unpublished poems
-always remember-
have not been buried,
haven't bent
under the strength of time.
Like gold
inside the soil
they remain,
they never melt.
They may be late
but they will be given
to their people
someday,
to offer their sweet,
eternal essence.
© ***Dimitris P. Kraniotis***