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Efimovna Carmona, Natalia

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Poetry is a love affair with life*

Natalia Efimovna Carmona

... Poetry is born out of acute feeling and intense living. When we are utterly open, receptive and feel the unity of all things, we are in a state of communion with the Universe, and It speaks and sings through us. As Zen poets say, "It is The Other who writes haiku, the poet is nothing – he is empty."

COMMUNION

Walk into the night, walk
And let the wind caress you
And sing you his song

Fly into the night,
Naked, boundless. . . .
And make love to stars, moon, skies. ...
Dissolve into the universe
And become bliss

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TO MY FRIEND, THE PAPER

The bowl of soul is filled to the brims
And overflowing feelings are spilt on the paper
I need her, I entrust her the whole of me -
She receives, she accepts, she bears whatever I give
With so much patience and comprehension.
There is no arguing, no rejection,
No misunderstanding, no vexation.
I pour, she absorbs,
I ache, and she heals,
And soothes and comforts
My good friend, the paper

YOU AND ME

They are eternities between our meetings,
They are instants of being together.
Space where there is no touch,
With a chain of thoughts about your closeness and dearness,
With a chain-wanting of your calling arms and dizzying lips.
Essence where there is the whole life,
With our souls and bodies merging,
With no beginning or end of the universe,
With everything unfathomable and clear.
My half longing for your half
To make the Whole Unity



WISDOM OF LIFE

A non-stop train fo present
With a loss-luggage of where-is-is? Past
With eyes-windows into what-will-it-be? Future
Rushing by the people, deeds and thoughts
Leaving the dreams and feelings behind
Carrying soul, body and mind...where?
 I want to get off, I'm tired of hustling,
 Of splitting and shrinking, of missing and bustling,
 Of oughting to be here and there and everywhere.
 I want to get off into blessed serenity,
I want to get out of ego and vanity,
I long for the hours with no worrying,
With no planning, straining or hurrying.
I long for the things I could linger upon,
I long for the place I'd not like to be gone
With glances delayed of the clear eyes,
With drives and desires without disguise...
Where is the train to take me where I want?

MY PAGAN SOUL

My pagan soul befriends the woods,
And every flower, and every stone,
And melts, and dances in the light of moon,
And sings to night, and plays in groves,
And worships not a god or man,
And kneels not to laws or altars,
Yet loves and blesses and embraces all
My pagan soul



THIS IS IT !

And the sea is cradling moon
Singing her his lullaby,
And my soul sways and swoons
In a majestic beatitude

I stamp my feet into the ground
And stretch my arms into the sky
And marry Earth and Universe
At the altar of my heart

Are you rising with the mountains?
And running with the rivers?
And dancing with the flowers?
And shining with the stars?
And enjoying a free Cosmic ride
On the floating Earth Balloon?

A POET'S HEART

It is uncovered, open and bare
It is made so to give, receive, and care
Uncovered with self-interest, profit, caution
To care what it's set for in ardor and devotion
Open to tell us what it bears
To give its feelings fully, it dares
Bare and touchy, tender and frail
To receive to the utmost of joy and pain
Will you prefer this heart, or disdain?

NOTAS SOBRE LA AUTORA

Natalia Efimovna Carmona (Dolgobodoroba) es profesora tiempo completo de la Escuela de Idiomas de la Universidad de Antioquia.

Correo electrónico: nkd@epm.net.co

