

Bethlehem

By Alisa Velaj

I had never set foot
On that land
Yet my memory fled there
Following a star
And began to shine

The Man's Flood

By Alisa Velaj

That day was another threshold
A stranger stole from him his mother's lap and his sister's affectionate eyes
Blind with sadness he stood as before a lifeless thing
When at midnight his love's shelter appeared in front of him
He was in the grip of the man's flood...

A Tiny Palm Branch

By Alisa Velaj

To my uncle Pelagus

Out of all the flowers that had covered your exhausted body
Only a tiny palm branch has remained
Your shoulders could not hold all the greenery
Something had to be left hovering in the sad sky
Of this September day
Something resembling the aroma of flowers and the nostalgia of blue colours
The tiny palm branch had to be forgotten
In a corner of a room
For they had pulled it from the Life Tree against its will
As if to tell me
That I loved you more than the words
For the earthly roots of loves as pure as you
Are quite fragile...

Threshold

By Alisa Velaj

To Mario

The child builds a house inside the house
A small hut of bed pillows
A little lamp lights the tiny shelter
The child reads about midgets with his mouth open
And feels happy to have a tiny house like theirs
Whereas Cinderella sings songs
And prepares sweets for the child and his friends coming from the fairytale
Outside a stormy rain falls the last leaves of trees
And the wind howls like a crazy bitch with no reason at all
Sometimes his mother sings to deceive the stormy rain
With melodies sweeter than all the songs
Ever heard going on between Scylla and Charybdis
Tonight Odysseus will certainly invent an Ithaca in Orpheus' arms
Sleepy though...

Five Views of Mists

By Alisa Velaj

1

The blind sees
With the eyes of mists

2

Even trees hide their greenery
In mists

3

The sun buried in mists
Looks like a pale moon
And the river's memory is
The bluish green oblivion of pearls

4

Cities and mists write
The chronicles of the sun's solitude

5

Mists even without solitude inside
Count almost nothing...

Pillows of Sounds

By Alisa Velaj

What more do you seek from sunsets, man?
A bunch of copper leaves
Fell on the strings of the guitar leaning against the tree trunk
And slept the most anxious sleep
Using sounds as pillows
The solitude of seas persecutes the leaves in dreams
Like the shadows of seasons do to man
What more do you seek from sunsets
You being that keep travelling on the shores of oblivion?
The guitar will always succeed
In weaving serenades
An inexistent bridge can connect no river banks
Be a sunrise if you want to understand the sunsets, man
Someone called the Caspian Lake a 'Sea'
And to this day they write it so on every world map...

There Where I Dance

By Alisa Velaj

My house is
There where I dance
The wind's shadow dances through trees
It dances to me
It dances to you
My temple is
There where I keep quiet and pray
The wind's shadow implores
A leaf's mercy
(Thousands of onlookers walk in city streets
Without knowing why they cry
Without knowing why they laugh)
My repentance is
There where I implore love
The autumn's embers
Burn the shadows to ashes...

Waiting for the Winter

By Alisa Velaj

Waiting for the winter

I feel the breath of the lands that have caught cold

Just because of thinking that cold weather will soon launch the assault

Just because of thinking that frost is on its way to them

The anxiety of leaves saddens me as well

(My loves rustle with anxiety)

But why should loves and lands blame us

For their making haste to reach solitude

Holding torches in their hands?

Why should our vague memory that fails to remember

When the first sunset hit it

Throw blame on us?

Curiosity Under A Naked Moon

By Alisa Velaj

Naked songs
Under a naked moon
My curiosity defeats paleness
And tries to keep quiet as long as possible
Look at the boreal nights for a short while, darling
Something worthier than nothingness
Must necessarily be hiding
Beyond my curiosity and the lethargic mornings
The frightened sparrows of your breath
Are the first accords of the guitar lost
Somewhere under the snow or amidst the moon's bones
No one knows
Where other accords and other solitudes
Come from or go to
Come into being, die again, and live three other lives, honey
Just to bring curiosity back to life for a short while...

Mozart Appeared on the Stage

By Alisa Velaj

They all said that
There was the place where acacia flowers take their rest
They all said that
And a child pointed to Salieri's grave
Lying a little further ahead
At dusk when oblivion invades the rivers
Mozart appeared on stage holding acacia flowers in his hands
And wept...

I Simply...

By Alisa Velaj

I simply loved you
As much as breezes love lime trees
I loved you as much as waves love shores
I simply loved you
Without knowing the 'Whys'
You loved me too
You loved me deeply, thoroughly
Then you asked yourself
Why breezes acquire meaning from lime trees
Why waves would be no more waves
If there were no shores
Failing to answer those questions lead you astray
And you remained a stupid winter wind flying through sad skies
I never abandoned shores or lime trees
And I sought to find out the reasons behind the 'Whys'
Only when the owl screamed...

She

By Alisa Velaj

She is calmer than her songs
She falls asleep watching the twisted veins of trees
She is luckier than night and darkness
Blood capillaries will set fire to her moon
And night and darkness will run on all fours fearing her and her moon.

Alisa Velaj bio: Alisa Velaj (born 1982, Vlorë, Albania) is an Albanian poet whose work has appeared in a number of print and online international magazines, including "Blue Lyra Review", "One title reviews", 'The Cannon's Mouth' (UK), 'The missing slate' (UK), 'The Midnight Diner' (USA), 'Poetica' (USA), 'Time of Singing' (USA), "Canto" (USA), 'Enhance' (USA) "Ann Arbor Review" (USA) 'The French Literary Review' (UK), "SpeedPoets" (Brisbane, Queensland, Australia), "LUMMOX Poetry Anthology 3" (USA), "Erbacce" (UK), "fourW twenty-five Anthology" (Booranga Writers' Centre, Australia), "Poetry Super Highway" (USA), "The Otter" (USA), The "Atherton Review" (USA) "Knot Magazine" (USA), "The Brighter Light Poetry Anthology" (USA), "Spark Magazine" (India), "Phenomenal Literature" (New Delhi, India), "17th Annual Yom HaShoah Issue" (USA) and in "The Commonline Journal" (USA), She also has works in forthcoming issues of "Poetica", "The Journal", "Reunion: The Dallas Review" (USA), "LummoX Poetry Anthology 4" and in the Anthology by Mago Books. Alisa Velaj has been shortlisted of the annual international erbacce-press poetry award in June 2014. She is also shortlisted in the Aquilrelle Publishing Contest 3 in January 2015 and has been the first runner up in this contest. Velaj's first full-length collection of poems "A GOSPEL OF LIGHT" is published by Aquilrelle during in May 2015. Her poems are translated into English by Ukë ZENEL BUÇPAPAJ. These poems are published in the book "A GOSPEL OF LIGHT", a full-length book of 100 poems by Velaj