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CONTEST



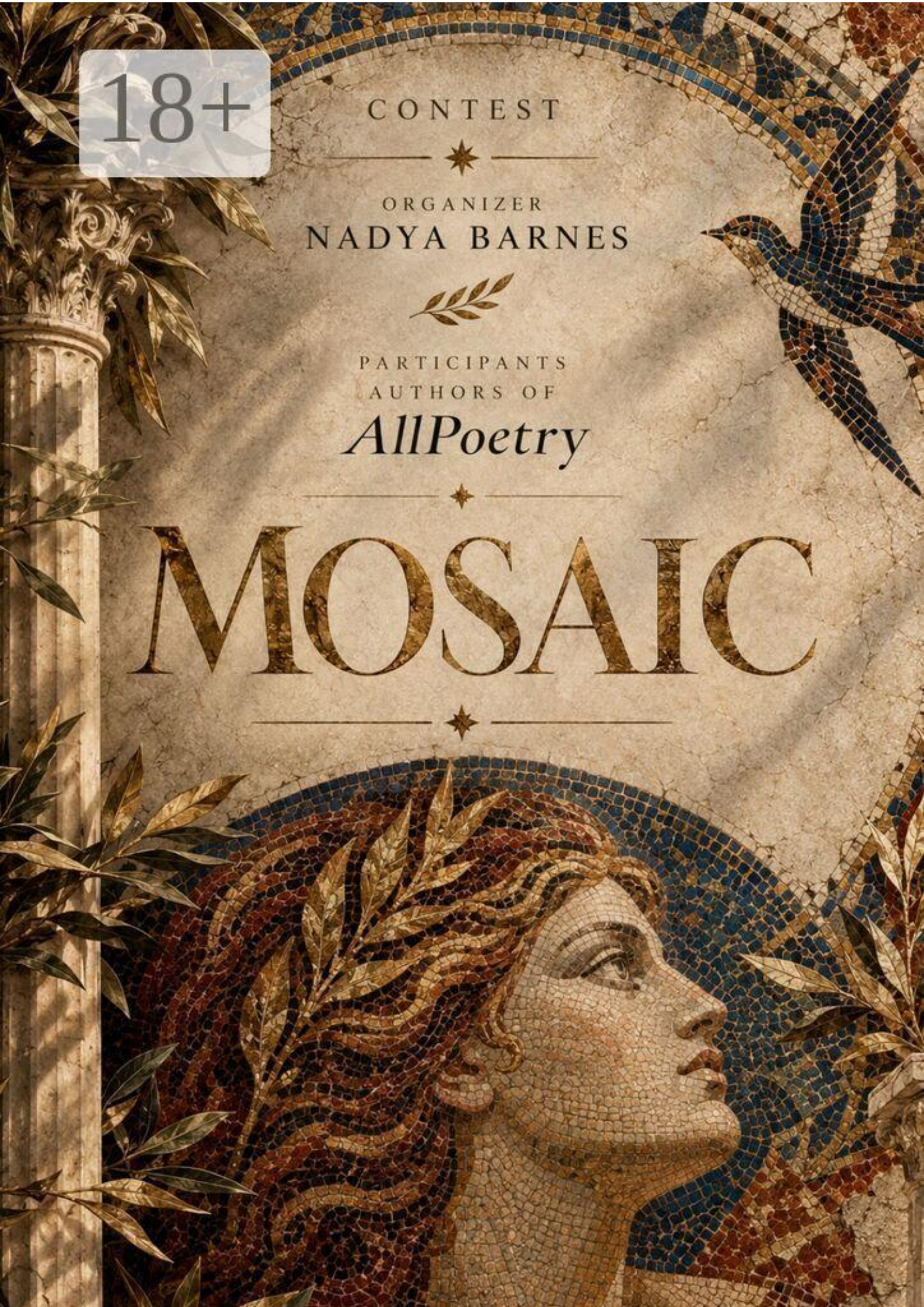
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MOSAIC



Nadya Barnes

Mosaic

«Издательские решения»

Barnes N.

Mosaic / N. Barnes — «Издательские решения»,

MOSAIC is a collective poetry anthology bringing together many voices, emotions, and perspectives. Each poem is a fragment of something deeply human: love, loss, memory, loneliness, hope, and desire. Together, these fragments form one vivid mosaic of the human experience.

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Mosaic

Compiler Nadya Barnes

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Devotion

A Pattern Woven from Thousands of Voices

What lies before you is not simply a book, nor a random collection of poems. MOSAIC is a living organism that took shape piece by piece, right before our eyes.

When this contest was conceived, the main idea was to see how entirely different poets, each with their own tone, rhythm, life experience, and pain, could come into contact with one another in a shared space. Every poem submitted became a separate piece of tessera: vivid, sometimes sharp, rough, or perfectly polished. Bringing this project together was both a challenge and a tremendous source of inspiration. The places in the contest filled almost instantly, and behind every work, one could sense a deeply personal story. As the selection process went on, it became clear that this space was not a place for fierce competition, but a place for encounter. From different corners of the world, and from opposite ends of the emotional spectrum, from quiet sadness and fear to overcoming and pure joy, a single pattern emerged. MOSAIC brought us together, proving that poetry can create a whole even from the most fragile fragments. I want to sincerely thank every participant for your trust, for the courage to let your voice be heard, and for every fragment you brought with you. Without you, this pattern could never have taken shape.

— N.

The Institute

nadyabarnes

Beyond the white door, there is no dawn,
time flows completely differently there.
And every new day feels like
someone's secret fear.

They teach us to obey,
they demand that we ask no questions.
There are lamps along the walls,
bars across the windows.

They tell me, "You're special."
But why does it feel so frightening?
Why do I hear someone crying?
Could it be my own suffering that I hear?

Here, children can see
what adults were never meant to see:
other people's thoughts, future deaths,
things beyond the limits of understanding.

I hide my fear beneath my skull, deep inside my brain,
and whisper to myself, "Don't give up."
If they have taken away our freedom...
then it can still be reclaimed.

And one day, the lights will go out.
The heavy doors will open.
And we will walk outside...
not as monsters,
but simply as children.

But the Institute will remember
every one of us.

And perhaps, for the first time,
I will accept myself

for who
I am.

Death hangs over us all

Leaf van Amsterdam

Death hangs over us all
A critical accident, a fatal fall
It's everywhere and ever present
There's only so much we can prevent

From SIDS in babies through to the elderly
It strikes out of the blue, generally
We must make peace with this fact of life
It's God's way of the world and it is rife

Some view it as a peaceful transition
Some save others like it's their life's mission
Many of us believe in the infinite soul
Reborn again and again, taking it's toll

There is an afterlife though, at least for some
Ghosts spying on us while we're having fun
Spirits not yet ready for the next level
A kind of purgatory for sins of the devil.

The blue attire

Akshjindal

What's so special about her blue dress?
Maybe the yellow,
Maybe the pink,
Maybe the whole attire,
Maybe just a blink.

But the blue.

The blue.
The blue.
And the blue.

She wore a galaxy,
a galaxy filled with several stars,
each one embedded within,
each one there to adore
the moon carrying them all,
wrapped quietly
in a shade of blue.

And then,
the brown eyes.

I write in every letter
like they're black holes.
Because once you start to adore them,
there's no way going back.

The still moment.
The most pulling one.
The most rushed one.
The most blushed-on.

A moment where everything moved —
except me.

And somehow,
in all that blue,
I only remember
those brown eyes.

Melody of Death

Scribblenaut

raindrops on the glass
copper rust dawdles, tongue
black rose petals wringed,
attar stinks like a cadaver

pomegranate grains,
smashed on the floor
like limbs of a perpetrator
slashed, bones spinning
in the Catherine wheel

a tremble on silky skin,
scratches like a wildcat's paw,
paddy fields dangle
carnage of a scarecrow
a magpie quill on breast

cotton curtains fly,
like a loitering child
wicked breeze plays,
shudders up spine.

a knife on the kitchen,
brandishes as silhouette,
chisel my abdomen!
burn all the entrails!

a fork stains,
velvet dragon juice;
no blackish blood?
reckless flesh constricts.

a fading lamp,
laptop screen shatters;
a phantom comes out
to strangle neck

a venomous snake
raises hood
licks tongue
keeps me unbitten

clouds scream
frightens a grasshopper
plea for life
beneath mushroom shed

plethora of life
suffocates inside torso
a moment before massacre
the grasshopper flies

the snake coils up neck
ceiling fan pulls the corpse
the snake whispers to ears
melody of abundance.

The Wish

Scullion90

I dreamt I went to England,
when summer time was there.
The hum of bees, on gentle breeze,
was all that you could hear;
save farmers turning new mown hay,
in meadows far and near.
Their knotted, spotted handkerchiefs
perched over thinning hair.

Rich grass that's green, a rural scene;
broad skies, a blue veneer,
with little children, on a swing,
their laughter ringing clear;
and croquet players on a lawn
who clap — but never cheer!
Such lazy, hazy, daisy days;
a tranquil atmosphere.

Alas, I am in England
and summer time is here.
High winds have lashed the Garden Fete
and blown down all our gear.
The poor bedraggled villagers,
from under brollies peer;
to find the verger's spiked their cup
with Continental beer.

The rain has cancelled Parents Day,
(just like it did last year)
and cricketers, in welly boots,
prod wickets in despair.
For all the hopes and dreams we built,
I shed a bitter tear.
My dream is of a better place
where rain does NOT appear!

I'll Protect You: A Lullaby

Serendipity-Andrea

Loving child, my treasure, the night is still,
Even when moonlight hides behind the hill,
With or without the light no creature shall stir,
Nor run with the shadows in a blur.

Beautiful child, don't look at the shadows dance,
They will grip you in a nightmarish trance,
The noise is just winds through the willows cry,
As the night goes creeping by.

Charming child, no ghost softly sings their song,
Like sirens with an allure that is incredible strong,
Be brave, no need to fear I will close the door,
There is no raven to take you forevermore.

Dear child, please, I beg do not weep,
Growing children need to sleep,
For there is none in the darkness, that crawl on by,
Beneath the stars that shine in the obsidian sky.

Sweet child, there is nothing for you to see,
As the midnight hour chimes by three,
Do not listen to any their twisted tune,
Beneath the ghostly glowing moon.

Darling child, close your eyes & hold my hand,
From this land, all creatures are banned,
I made sure no claws shall pass, no shade shall run,
You are safe until dawn brings back the sun.

Cherished child, upon your pillow, lay your head,
Until you sleep, I shall stand beside your bed,
So, no need to feel afraid, for I am here,
Forever to shield you from the things you fear.

Jute Mat

Mannan

The jute mat still reads
“Home sweet home”,
though few letters are frayed,
where men in my family
rub their soles after work.
Wiping part of themselves
the world declared useless.

They pressed their weight
into the fading square.
Salt-stung sweat soaked up
by coarse weave,
blotting the floor with evidence.

The spot where exhaustion
has to vanish on command,
as love waits
to cup whatever remains of him,
the way hands hold water
as it slips through.

I stand there now
feeling the threshold judge me
waiting to see
if I have earned the right to step in.

Opus

Jimdoute1951

Music is to poetry, as air is to breath.
Poetry without music, is tantamount to death.
Listen to the rhythm, the rhyme sets the beat.
Tempo plays like a violin, sounding soft and sweet.

Words prance across the page, notes to a symphony.
Bringing out the melody, as it's played for me.
And I revel in the time, my feet begin to move.
Before long I start to dance, feeling in the groove.

The poem starts to play it's own, music at it's best.
As it moves to a crescendo, sure to stand the test.
The reader listens to the sound, reading every word.
Chance to dance the medley, the story now assured.

The story line is sung alone, with the music at an end.
But the tune stays with you, as good music does depend.
The poet, the musician, the writer of the phrase.
Need only listen to his poem, to gain a sense of praise.

And as the music stops, the finish of the poem.
The poet takes a step back, shrinks into his home.
His opus there now for all to hear, just for one more time.
And he awaits the next to come, when thinking of a rhyme.

Finding an Abandoned Life

Rachelegregs

morning light filtered through crevasses
creeping between nearby mountain tops
illuminating our patio
revealing an unexpected suitcase

abandoned, fraying and filthy
carelessly tossed from the roadside above
streams of homeless hippies wandered past
no one inquired about a missing suitcase

property managers unresponsive to our alert
day shifted into night
curiously I maneuvered over the pebbled patio
retrieving the dirty suitcase with gloved hands

attached by carabiner was a handwritten tag
displaying a faded phone number
agilely, I entered scribbled digits into my phone
not expecting my call to be answered

an elderly woman offered a greeting
unaware of the suitcase's journey
caretaker for a mother trapped
wading through stages of dementia

her voice radiated with fatigue
spinning her tale of woe
“the children probably stole the suitcase”
“we haven't heard from them in years”

“open it” she requests
breathing in the depths of her sorrow

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «Литрес».

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