

On Top of A Mountain

I am in love- she said
You don't have to make it rhyme- he said
I know but you don't understand-
No, it's you who does not listen

Dee Dum Dee Dum Dee Dee Dum
Dum Dee Dum Dee Say 'Hello' when you see me

I was lost on the top of a mountain
Why?
I was looking for the song of a mountain goat
And did you find it?
No. I heard it

Tick - Tock Tick- Tock
Tick - Tick - Tock
Tock - Tock - Tock

It started raining and my map got wet-
All I could see was the mountain springs

Knock - - - -
Knock - - - -
Knock - -
Knock -
Knock - - -
-
Kn - - - ck

Hello!
Hi! Do I know you?
No, but I saw you!

Dee Dum Dee Dum
Everything happens under the sun

And then it started raining again

I found a snail in my shoe
And she sneezed- achoo

oo- oo- oo

Echoed the mountains

There was a blueberry field not far away from the wooden post with
no sign

And I just saw the Red Riding Hood adjusting her tights

And then she turned left to the woods

Awoooooo- howled the wolf

Oooo- echoed the mountains

I wasn't expecting so much action so high,
So I simply rolled down on the mountain's left side

-

I did tell you -

It did NOT have to rhyme

London,
January 2026

From The Sunday Times

On a Sunday afternoon I turned water into wine.

I thought I was God, so I could.

On that Sunday afternoon I had time.

I had straw coloured hair, blue eyes and I didn't care.

I ran in the fields, sang some folk songs

And counted the frogs by the pond with a glare.

Then I whitened my teeth and put the see-through dress on.

Because I had a figure to be envied by women- a lot.

I put the red lipstick on and had a sip of the wine

Leaving no marks on the glass-

It was after all- a Chanel lip sublime.

And then the orchestra started playing a song.
I fell into the pit and broke the piano and G#7 string note.
But nobody noticed- they sounded alright-
Or so I was told by the lady outside.

I turned myself into a man and asked for some change,
The Covent Garden crowd ignored me- how strange.
Then I took a rabbit out of a hat
Some children clapped, though it was a cheap act.

On that Sunday afternoon I had time, so I turned myself into a
clock.

Tick.

Tock.

Tick.

Tock.

TikTok.

On Monday the soldiers will come and I will fall pregnant with the
Son of the God.

But as long as it's Sunday- I'm the one in control.

Canonbury,
October 2025

Very Long Sentence

Valentine's day at King's Cross is very busy:

- a lot of people running around trying not to damage the flowers and still make it to the train;
- the most popular Turkish delight is the rose one;

- the trains to Cambridge and Lincoln have been cancelled but only the Lincoln one is broken: the driver of the Cambridge train found out that his wife was cheating on him, so he decided to share his frustration with the ticket holders by calling in sick;
- the pigeons are gathering around the 'Harry Potter' store- a 5 year old dropped her popcorn and her dad could not be bothered to collect it;
- platform 9 is my favourite;
- not many people are kissing or holding hands- I guess it's too cold
- but what do I know- I'm only a smoked mackerel seller (should take a shower when I get home).

King's Cross,
February 2025

A Song

There is a song I never wrote
Because I know not how to sing.
There is a song I never wrote
Because my guitar is missing a string.

But music in my ears I have-
It rings
It rings
It rings

A melody of thunder, laundry and mundane,
A song of grief, lost self and the green lanes-
It rings
It rings
It rings

I saw a fox crossing the road yesterday
And I got rained,
My bike lock is rusty now, so it's difficult to open it,
But hey-

It rings

It rang
It rung

There is a song I never wrote
Because I'm not in Cabaret.
There is a song I never wrote
Because I'm late
I'm late
I'm late

The bus hit the pigeon
And it died instantly.
But nobody cared
Because it was just a pigeon- obviously.

And then it rained
it rained
it rained

There's a wind in my hair and in front of my face
Because I'm riding a motorcycle like a star from old days.

The big heavy truck hit me- I died,
The driver was quite shook but the police told him he's fine.

And then they zipped my body up- as they should.
That's the procedure- no helmet- case shut.

There is a song I never wrote
Because I never had the aim.
There is a song I never wrote
Because it's now a wee bit late.

But then it stopped- no rain, no rain, no rain.

Parcel Yard, London,
February 2025

December in London

My heart aches-
I cannot breathe
I cannot eat
I can not-

Winter Wonderland is in full swing
But I'm a stranger there-

I will not go
I will not participate
I don't believe in winter magic anymore.

But magic in itself I do believe:
It guides you
It looks after you
It shakes you until you have to wake up.
And it puts up fairy lights.

'A fool in love'- you say
A fool I am.

It hurts.
It hurts.
It bloody fucking hurts-
But I would not change it to the world.

Because magic is what we had
Because magic is what I tried to avoid to address
Because magic doesn't last forever.

It's still 12C outside
And there is no snow
But nonetheless,
December is still December.

My fairy lights are brighter than the future
My fairy lights can be charged
(Unlike me)
But nonetheless,
I would not change it to the world.

And when it starts snowing,
I'll know that it's a cue
To find a cave for my heart to sleep through the winter
Until it changes its coat.

Canonbury,
December 2024

one sunday

the bells mark the time
what about sunday?
the bells mark the time- even on sunday

the choir sings
it's because it's a sunday

but that's all very religious,
very spiritual,
very soul cleansing-
i still have my laundry to fold and the toilet to brush- yes,
someone left a fl/

/we get the picture. but ta much.
so, what are you trying to say?
that a sunday cannot be both?

no

why not?
even the god rested on the 7th day

so, you're religious?
no
then why do you care?

because even the god rested on the 7th day

it depends
what do you mean?

it depends when you start counting
what do you mean?

if you start on a tuesday,
then your 7th day is a monday

but there's a reason weekdays are numbered
since when do you care?

i don't

i just love the afternoon on thursdays- especially 4pm
do you think i should be a mathematician?

City of London/ Islington,
November 2024

A Seagull

The seagull was eyeing a blueberry muffin on the table- left
unattended.

It was windy.

The punks and goths were getting their teas and coffees on their
way to work- simply blending.

The white lady is dead.
It wasn't my fault.

Fifteen years later I feel old in this place
Contemplating the name of the fish I should roast for my mates.

It is a sunny 5 o'clock, though July is missing.

I was always amused by the seagulls in the city-
Where I come from they belong to the sea.

Camden,
July 2024

Haiku

A reed by the lake
Is observing the water
In silence and calm/
(In sunrise and dew)

On the overground to Woolwich,
June 2022

Sunday Gospel

Come and say 'hi' when you have met Eli,
When you gathered the pieces and learned something new.

Come and say 'hi' when you followed the road and lost all your
gold,
When you need wooden benches or something as old.

Come and say 'hi' when you run out of silence and myrrh,
Come- borrow some candles to put in the earth.

Come and say hi'- I promise, I'll hide.

Somewhere around the Swiss Cottage and Regents Park,
June 2022

In Blue

He said it was blue.
His blood- blue.
From Estonian duke or
A noble of sorts.

I was sitting there
In front of my beetroot soup,
Debating the origin
And the truth of his talks.

Coz if that was the truth-
I looked at my veins-
I had also that colour
Painting my brains.

But noticed it had I never-
Not once,
Even though my skin was cut open
Many a time and many to come.

Then she came around
With a bowl of potatoes in hand,
Placed it on the table
And sat facing Grandad.

"And have you asked for some proof?"
She looked at me with a wink in her eye.
"Never, o never should you trust
An old man with no alibi.

The dust of the curtains
And the lights of the stage
Are deep rooted
Inside of his veins.

But this theatre has burned
Deep down to the roots,
So all he has left,
Is his imagination and you."

I put down my spoon
And tried to look in his eye.
But he found an apple
In the basket besides.

And at that moment I knew,
That the blood
Was not only inside
But that it was also in blue.

Cricklewood Broadway/ Highbury Fields,
August 2021

Mary Wollstencraft. Lament

You never brought me flowers.
You never carved my name into a tree.
The clouds do not remind you
Of the views we've both have seen.
And in the evening sun
Your shoulders do not abandoned feel.

You didn't ask
But I'll explain:

I'm lying in the earth
Surrounded by the trees.
I know there is no trouble in your chest
Regarding me,
But please, oh please
Don't let your sorrow of tomorrow
Marry me.

Highbury Fields,
August 2021

The Year of the Lily-on-the-Valley

I took the paintings off the walls
And rested them on the floor-
That's where they'll belong
from now on.

The year of the Lily-on-the-valley.

He told me he no longer believes in the world
But instead, places his trust in the fairytale storm.

Like that time in Vilnius-
Like that time in Kartagina-
Like that time in Greece
On the mount Olympus.

And the dust that covers the floor

I will leave,
I won't touch it.

So maybe, just maybe, it'll turn into the blanket
To protect him
And me
And those paintings
Fresh off the walls..

Cricklewood Broadway,
May 2021

A Rosebud

I fell into the rose bush.
I didn't feel a thing.
Only later I noticed the red drops on the pavement following me
As if I was king.

I looked at my arm-
There was a line from the wrist all the way up to my elbow.
Fresh.
Still breathing.
Still bleeding.
With tiny drops falling down to the ground planting the thorns.

It didn't hurt.
I watered it and let it stay.
When the blood drops have disappeared,
So did my memory of it- I've changed.

Yet, a few weeks later
It started to itch.
So I was reminded of it- what a switch!

And when I looked at it,
I could see a tiny rose starting to grow.
It already had a bud-
It was red and it was all by its own.

Oh, I didn't introduce myself-

My name is Nettle.
But don't worry-
It does not really matter.

Hampstead Heath,
April, 2021

Autumn

The wind is howling in my lungs
It's calling your name
Arh-wooo
Arh-wooo
Cried the wolf
Arh-wooo

I'm standing outside
Observing the trees
Surrendering to the change of the season

And it's not the leaves on the ground
Not the change of the colour-
It's the smell

The smell of the change
The change of the season

The power is different
The light is also
But most of all it's the knowing-

You know it is here
It has happened before
It has happened without your permission
Without you knowing
Or controlling it-
It happened regardless
Arh-wooo
Cries the wolf
Arh-wooo
Cries the autumn

Meet me when the leaves change colours

Meet me when the cinnamon smell chokes you and your senses

Meet me when you know you are ready for a change of a season to
take you to the place of no return

It goes in cycles

And yet-

There's no way back

Once you allowed yourself to say-

Arh-wooo

Cricklewood Broadway,

August 2020

Summer c.1999 (II)- the seaside

The recipe

Ingredients:

- the sound of the pine forest swaying in the wind
- the distant sea waves crashing into the shore
- the light of the sun from at around midday
- the smell of salty air
- smoked carp
- beer bottles hidden in the sand being chilled by the crashing waves
- the knowing that the fishermen's nets are hanging somewhere back in the town
- mosquitos at night
- the road cutting through the forest
- the walk through that road to reach the sand
- never found amber
- August sky with way too many stars and none falling for the wish to be made
- conversations, stories
- the point where the sky meets the sea

That is where the world is waiting for me.

The process:

Put everything in a big pot. Ideally old, that your grandmother used for your mum when she was your age. Slowly. Reduce the heat and keep stirring. Let everything blend. If there are chunks of wood, leave them there- it'll surprise you later.

It should be ready around 4pm. Make sure your towel is drying on the balcony and your swimsuit is no longer covered in sand. Don't forget that the trip to the Hill of the Witches is waiting afterwards.

Edgware Road,
August 2020

Tomorrow

You came upon me in the forest
I was walking on the edge of the road
You asked me who I was
And I told you it was a wrong question
Then you asked me where I was coming from
And I told you to ask me again
But you didn't, so instead
I told you to ask where I was going
You hesitated
Then I asked you why
But you didn't know

The rain started
And I said- tomorrow

Yavington Studio, Winchester,
July 2020

Icarus

The sky is given back to the birds.
The freedom-
Something that has always belonged to them.
Back to the roots,
The skin where the feathers grow out of.

I imagine the feathers growing out of my skin like hair.
Feels so natural
And yet
It's something so surreal.

Do I think that would make me fly?

No.

Because the flight does not depend on the conditions-
It's a state of mind.

That is why Icarus fell.

Because he lost the awareness the birds have.

They know the distance the body can travel
And it's not about the challenge,
Not about the overcoming, the obstacles,
Not even about stretching the limits.

It's about knowing the cost of somebody else's existence.

I don't belong in the sky
And my flight is higher when I dip my fingers further into the
soil
Where the flowers and weeds grow from.

The roots give you the flight,
Shooting up to greet the sun when the warmth invites you to rise.

So, to you, Icarus,
One piece of advice-

Choose a flower and,

Rather than chasing the bee that drank its nectar and gathered the
seeds on its feet,
Look at the flower,
Lower your gaze until you see the colour of the soil,
How dark and vivid it is.
Dip your fingers deep down,
So your fingernails collect it inside.

Then take it out and smell it.

It smells like the rain, like thunder and life.

Only then you will realise the height of your flight.

Cricklewood Broadway,
May 2020

Nothing

"Nothing comes from nothing"- whispered the wind passing through
the tops of the pine trees growing by the sea.

"Nothing has no weight " answered the trees.

"So why does it matter?-" asked the waves.

"Does it?-" inquired the graves.

You see, it all happened in an ancient place where the sky met the
sea by the forest of pine trees.

In that place, the forests converse with the winds.

And the sand is a holy place for many soldiers and sins.

Tottenham Court Road,
February 2020

A Question: Sage

What if I told you:

That today has a colour
That the sound has a taste
That the Moon has a name-

Yes, a real name
Like you and like me

That the wind invites you to dance
That the fields have the sight
And that the sea has a heart
Which was broken and left,
Left behind

Would you trust me?

End of part 1

Cricklewood Broadway,
October 2019

Rosemary

Rosemary
Rosemary
She was standing outside
Repeating:
Rosemary
Rosemary

The cling of the glasses

Rosemary
Rosemary

The raindrops

Rosemary

The rush of the heart

Rosemary

The sound of the words one could not understand
Too distant
Protected by the brick wall

Rosemary

The friend of the rain
The smell of the rain
Addition to the rain

Rosemary

Why?
Just because

Rose
Mary

Me

No

Rosemary

Cricklewood Broadway,
October 2019

Peaches

Today smells like peaches.
Not because I had them for breakfast.
Not because that's how the perfume in the shop smelled like.
Not because it's sweet and sunny and warm outside-
It's been raining all day and somebody stole my umbrella.

Today smells like peaches because it's light,

There's no rush in the air,
It's relaxed.
And because it's a Saturday
And I wore my yellow gloves.

Today's smell is not a sense.
It's a feeling-
A knowing.

"Maybe you want it to smell like peaches"- You might say.
No.
If I could choose,
Trust me,
Peaches are the last thing I would come up with.
I just know it.

Also, did you know that I live on the Christmas road?

Cricklewood Broadway,
October 2019