

ISSN:0976-8165

THE CRITERION

An International Journal in English



Vol. 7, Issue-I February 2016

7 YEARS OF OPEN ACCESS

www.the-criterion.com

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ISSN 2278-9529

Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

www.galaxyimrj.com

The Autumn of Our Spring

Anca Mihaela Bruma

My autumnal words fell on the sidewalk of Love!
You looked like Autumn... I behaved like Spring...
I found you when I had lost you
In this autumn... of our spring.

I re-arranged my rustic colors
so Love will gain a new anthem
with fluid steps and no numb regrets,
forgotten overdue epiphanies,
lost stolen rainbows
and red echoes with tangerine taste.

In this autumn of our spring
with its golden trail and acoustic wings
the season paints its words as a grand finale
while your leaves whisper secrets to the World
and a puff of wind lingers our photographic memories
as journals left and long forgotten on the path's end.

A stolen cry, a remembered loss of innocence,
as my desires hung on Sun's shoulder,
I see a repainted canvas of us

with cycled memories on the hills' canopy.

How sensual this autumn is!

Spiraling its space... tumbling its distance,
prolonged myself by flaming orange leaves.

During this autumn of our spring
my World turned into a September embrace,
October tinted your presence
With blossoming hues of green-orange undertones.

A dreamy dream... an autumnal fugue,
during lost Summer epopee,
and I breathed... with November pulse.

My soul's crimson is ambered and rubied
And I feel... autumned...
I left my cinnamon spice to learn more about your beauty
the citrine embers of your eyes under the raindrops,
watched the cosmic dance on your skin, a whisper in time,
my temple of words still carry a forgotten white procession.

And love again... and again... dawns upon my future self
with rain scented winds, thrumming my life in your heart...

Words still scream the nuances of your disappearances
sailing across my punctuated flight...
Of so much yearning... I have sharpened more wings...

In this autumn of our spring, I will stumble no more
behind your voice... as Life cannot be sung half!...

A stolen cry... a remembered loss of innocence,
and I have learnt how to die... by living!...