



Let's Die Somewhere Pretty

New York Winter Poetry Trilogy

To Kimia

Who inspired me to create somewhere pretty!

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*Teller du ar, blir livet ganske kort,
Teller du daget, går livet altfor fort,
Teller du timer, varer livet nok en stund,
Men lengst varer livet nar du nyter
Hvert sekund.
Per kvalvik*

Life is too short for not falling in love, for not travelling and for not finding people whose presence shines unto your life like a big round glamorous star.

The modern life and it's complexities have put us all in strange dilemmas, the exposure to the concept of the images and virtual world is one of the aspects of this modern life with vast and unlimited effects; it might seem hard to adumbrate all the negative outcomes of such exposures but the lack of trust or the feeling of dissatisfaction can be named as two major side effects.

Numerous emotional relations and lack of goal can lead to the feeling of insecurity; this can lead someone to the edge of mental problems like trust issues or so, the feeling

of dissatisfaction comes from the fake exposures which have been injected to our bodies and souls by different social medias and apps, the pictures play trick on our minds and we find every single person on such platforms to be affluent both in their relations and lives, but the facts and truth are technically being concealed.

Living in metropolitan cities may also add to the aforementioned problems, the pace and lack of social cohesion could surely make the inhabitants live like wanderer comets. In This short poetry book, "Let's Die Somewhere Pretty: New York Winter Poetry Trilogy" I have done my best to create a cozy atmosphere and remind the readers of the beauty of a simpler life where people are truly supportive, kind and caring.

Enjoy the cold winter of New York while drinking a hot cappuccino and reading this rhythmic book!

All love and Peace

Ellias

Let's die somewhere pretty

The story of kimia, a girl who turned into an Angel!

This might be a poem for all
When summer finally collapses into fall;
But the listeners are too few
To follow the heart and to pursue.

When a soul dies the other may dream
Beyond the realms of reality, to the extreme
Of the unknown. Where she dances with the
lambs
The ordinaries on earth sink in scams.

No longer can one decipher a word
Let alone the ones uttered by the lord;
If one human the others ignore
Why to live anymore?

For we are extremely blind
Not to see the angels, so kind
And innocent, instead, the evils they like
In killing the souls they act alike.

Angels have banished and demons unchain-
ed
Hearts for the sake of breaking have been
maintained
And brightened. For it feels better to break a
crystal heart
And kill the soul when it does depart.

Welcome to New York once more, the city
that never sleeps
Where one for a lost friend sadly weeps;
Where sirens' are louder than screams
Where many sleep with uneasy dreams .

In big cities the loneliness kills your breath
You may die alone: an abject saddened
death;

It's an aberration to die lonely in this big world

But it's true when people are too cold.

When easily they abjure their beloved love

And easily kill the innocent little dove,

It shall be clear that they do not care for your abnegation

You are lost amongst a monster nation.

We abrogate the right to love and care

Then nag about the world for not being fair;

They abscond with your broken heart

You might think no new life may start.

Understanding each other is so abstruse

That we question : is this love true?

For demons have taken the hues of men

Can these feeble fleshies fall in love again?

Buildings are tall but filled with light
In one of them lives a girl with delight;
The angels accede to the muses which say
Kimia causes the skies to rain in May!

It is of high beauty when it snows in Maiden
Lane

Where she lives a never ending beauty does
reign;

The winter skies

And all the stars dance in her black eyes.

She may be lost but always smiles

The little angel in her apartment flies

And spreads the light. There in her fireplace

Usually pops up the Saint Nicholas face!

In here study lives the fairies of laughter

Who sails the rivers of dreams. She like a
rafter

Joins the voyage along; singing with the little
angels

Safe and tucked away from New York dangers.

She once read in a book
Written by the poet, Brooke
That the kind people may be given wings
And turn into the heavens' Queens and kings!

No one ever was accosted by her
Her Acts of kindness were truly rare!
Wings will grow from an accretion
Of kindness when it approaches its completion.

So in her dreams she dreamt of a metamorphosis and change
To her the cruel people were really strange
And dead.
Stars kept dancing in her head!

Once in a dream she saw a universe of exploding stars

A group of comets dancing from Saturn to Mars;

Moons of Jupiter big and white

Were spreading the message of peace and light.

She ,in the middle, worn a crown

And was marched amidst roses in a town

Which was clearly New York that never sleeps

But the apartments stood on the hills and steeps.

Songs were sung in her dream and dancers danced

Bob Dylan smiled laughed and glanced;

Brownsville girl with your Brownsville curls,
teeth like pearls shining like the moon above

Brownsville girl, show me all around the world,
Brownsville girl, you're my honey love.

In the blinking stardust of a pale blue light
You're comin' thru to me in black and white,
A vision of colorful dreams
She floated on marvelous streams.

And then she will turn her head up high
To that dark and rolling sky;
Whispering the words of the sages
Who were lost in the dreadful ages.

In her dream, in the maiden lane
The beauties no one could explain,
She, given the beauty acumen in her heart
Was a masterpiece of the finest art.

Evils were banished for their adamant minds
It's the most apparent feature of their kinds;
To break and destroy
To use the innocent souls as a toy!

But demons cannot take the whole
They can't possess the Body and soul';
For you can be an angel if you wish
To become a killer shark or a simple fish?

It's you who decide
To face the demons or hide;
In her dream the demons were hidden
In the realm of the good, evils were forbid-
den.

So she flew and flew
The only thing she knew to do;
Flapping her hidden wings
Making a garden, like the springs.

The next morning she woke
To the touching sound of the cloak,
Hearing the little sparrow sings
Saying she had finally grown up wings!

Mr. Anderson

Roland and Anna, you are two shining stars.

What kills us humans may be stillness
When we all sink in the depth of darkness.
For there is sun and there will always be
Like the presence of her, him and me!

Playing with time and playing with life
Growing old; brewing children marrying a
wife
Going to work, eat and sleep
This stillness forever may remain deep.

Nothing there and nothing to be found
This stillness is all due to our round ground
In which all beings meet and die
Unlike the dead birds they will fly.

With all these in mind
One may think why to be kind?
Why to give and not receive?
In what humanity could he believe?

This is New York, the city that never sleeps
Where one person their praise heaps
On its greatness and uniqueness
Where the foreigners may truly get speechless.

But for Anderson things are not the same
Each morning he wakes and does blame
What he calls the unexpected tragedies
To which he never could find any remedies.

Every morning he wakes in grays
There he has a harmonica he plays;
Songs of loneliness and past
A good life that for a long time did not last.

There lives a cat, a dog and a bat
Two golden fish and a raccoon in his hat;
All dwell with him for he feels alone
His source of sadness forever remains unknown.

The window opens towards a big green park
Which is as green as heaven and the Island Sark;
But there are no seas or anything blue
But tall building; such an ugly hue.

It's really interesting for he can
Talk to his animals like a man
That have mutual understanding
With no expectations and any demanding.

His life seems ordinary but filled with peace
Like a sage, a wise one, from the old Greece
Who has left in the pages of history
And is trying to solve his life's mystery.

But this is mystery that always wins
History and mystery are celestial twins
And they will usually live together but fight
For both are beautiful and give delight.

When those in charges like a charge de af-
fair

About their surroundings simply do not care
Why on earth he must put himself in trou-
bles?

Instead he could live on the broken hearts'
rubbles.

He a prodigy but never was seen
In a world so cold and mean
You do your best to stay clean
But the darkness in you is so keen.

In his opened rooms no one came and go
He was all alone, no sign of Michelangelo.
Gray walls so tall; broken but clean
Like the outfits of hypocrites who in hearts
are so mean.

New York sunsets are filled with sadness
Where a sparkle of light will bring you mad-
ness
And the tall buildings with mechanical loves
Do not even host animals and the lonely
doves.

He, Mr. Anderson, faraway from all the fuss
And all the politicians who the issues dis-
cuss,
Drinks his cup of coffee and stare
To be alive or dead? He does not care.

So where all this sadness came from?
Who plays this depressing drum
Of his life, thoughts and maladies