

Eclectica

poems by
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Old man in the sky

Sonnet #1

Awaken by the knocking at the door,
I rushed to open it, I was so keen
To see someone who wasn't a machine
Supporting my life on this lump of ore.
I let the creature enter station's floor.
She was bipedal and her skin was green.
The first non-earthling I have ever seen.
She said "You are what we keep looking for.
Derelict vagrant lost at stellar sea.
You'll love our little group, I can suppose."
And hearing that I almost burst in tears.
It was relieving for my eyes to see
Another fleshy creature. That's because
It did not happen for too many years.

Sonnet #2

"It did not happen for too many years..."
These "its" compound to long and sorry list.
There is a bunch of things that don't exist
At all at Solar System's outer spheres.
In time you learn to brew amazing beers
And drink them, staring blankly at the mist.
Study old books; learn how to resist
Succumbing to your worst and deepest fears.
In million miles of quiet empty space
No matter which direction do you look
You'll find no living soul who sings and cheers
To share your dreams or merely to embrace.
Eating myself the dinners that I cook
I spend time living here at frontiers.

Sonnet #3

I spend time living here at frontiers
Not by my own choice to be alone
But forced to leave for good the closed zone
As had to do all my surviving peers.
And now we cherish tiny souvenirs
From homeland planet we had to disown
And settle at these lifeless chunks of stone.
Which does not mean we're here as pioneers.
We are the refugees from genocide
Who wander aimlessly across the sky.
We do not enter Solar System's core
And have needed machinery supplied.
This is accord with which we must comply
Ever since we, the mankind, lost the war.

Sonnet #4

Ever since we, the mankind, lost the war
That prophets were unable to predict.
Or they just did not dare to contradict
The common sense of era of galore.
Millenniums of studies crushed the door
To miracles awaiting to be picked.
And with no sound reasons to restrict
Themselves, each day researchers gave us more.
The life with no preplanned creepy end.
Free energy as harmful as a cat.
Machines for work that we evade as bore.
The world where anybody was your friend.
We challenged every nature's law. And yet
There is one rule forbidden to ignore.

Sonnet #5

There is one rule forbidden to ignore.
But principle to feel the sweetest pride
When claiming back what's wrongfully denied
Is centrepiece to our ethic lore.
We fought against the cruel laws before.
Written by vicious tyrant ocean tides
Approved by fierce predator crowd rites.
Enforced by forest infantry corps.
So, obligation to extinct and fade
Away is not our favourite type of game.
And even if whole Milk Way disappears
We still planned to hang out for encore.
That's what we are, but rule remains the same:
Each kind lives their era and then clears.

Poems about animals

Fox and Rabbit

The rabbit and the fox met at the forest glade,
And rabbit didn't run away, instead he gave a speech
About peace, respect, free thought and mutual aid,
About violence that's obsolete in present day.
Fox was impressed a lot but ate him anyway.
Just don't expect that everyone will practice what you preach.

Asocial badger

Asocial badger left behind his hole
One that he dug himself below oak tree.
Bade no farewell to rabbit or to mole,
Just hit the road and strolled towards the sea.
He is asocial badger, after all.

He packed few jars of honey to his bag
From bees who gather nectar in the moor,
And box of crackers, gift from cheerful stag.
Smart thing to do when you're not really sure
Where, when and how will you find next snack.

On his way badger climbed a gentle dune.
Each tree around was bent by constant wind.
He smiled to sun and whistled cheerful tune.
Oh, joy to lay down dreamy and to squint,
And no blockheads around to spoil the June.

After a while he stood up, cleaned his fur,
And walked down the slope towards the beach.
Vague memories about waves that were
So huge when he was little cub. When each
Of badger's siblings frisked on lonely shore.

Now he's alone here and the waves are calm.
They're far away, his sisters, mom and dad,
Here's only wind, sand, clouds and old palm.

No one contests the right of feeling sad.
No social creature comes to break the charm.

Poems about humans

A Date

It started as a normal date
Some restaurant, some food, some wine.
He talked about oil pipeline
That he works for, and what he ate
For lunch, and problems with his spine.

She felt herself a little dead
Inside, he tried to touch her thigh.
So she stood up, and said "bye-bye,"
And walked outside, and spread
Her wings and flew to sunset sky.

Lizard brain

When he gets drunk or stoned he likes to talk to lizard brain,
His own or someone's else is hard to tell in state
Of mind like that. The lizard brain is not ashamed to care
About mundane stuff such as survival, food and pain
That intellect finds insufficiently ornate
And hides behind the duty, art, and vanity, and prayer.

And uses rainy autumn day as chance to write sad song
Or two, or maybe as a good excuse to buy
A ticket for the plane that flies to little sunwashed town
Where sand is soft and fish is fresh and sunsets are so long.
For lizard rain is simply water from the sky
That's better to avoid to not get cold and not to drown.

Two boys

Two boys were chatting after school.
Jack said he goes to Wonderland
To ride the unicorns through pines,
And dine with goblins in their mines,
And then see concert of a band
Of elves, and Billy called him fool

With silly dreams who must mature
And not talk bullshit about place
That science says does not exist.
Jack smiled and stepped into the mist
Where carpet's hidden just in case
He'll want to fly to distant moor

Where giant raccoon teaches him wit.
While Billy has his pop-sci books,
And thoughts about girls, and chin
To shave, and college to get in,
And bills to pay, and tired looks,
And all the other adult shit.

Poems with no particular purpose

Amnesia Tea

My dealer calls that mix "Amnesia tea."
It's herbs, and dried worms, and god knows what.
It's for the memories you always want
To wipe, untell, unhear and unsee.

Those moments when you failed and then gave up to try.
When you have hurt the ones who only wished you good.
When your loved one rejected you and you just stood
Under the rain and wept and sought the reason why.

When you behaved like jerk and their respect died fast.
First time in childhood when you learned how dumb
The adults are. When you chose to be numb
After your words were laughed at. All that's past.

Today is day to get naive again. To quit
Recalling silly words, cheap smiles and covered tears.
To take off armour you've been growing all these years.
Amnesia tea will help with that, although it tastes like shit.

The game

Tonight let's play the game of being gods.
Old-fashioned ones,
No omnipotent omnipresent stuff.
I'll be the god of lakes and fishermen,
Of solitude, of Eastern wind, of songs,
And of dark ale.
You can take merchants, novels and green tea,
Mischievous schemes,
Deep forests, late sunrise and what you like.
Then we will write the sagas about us,
And make up shrines on top of secret hills,
And rituals,
No human sacrifices please, they're gross.
Then we'll get bored
And make up prophets, sins and holy books,
Philosophers, heretics, monks and nuns.
At last if we'll have time we'll make crusade.
Crusades are fun.