EVELINA GNEZDILOVA

TIME

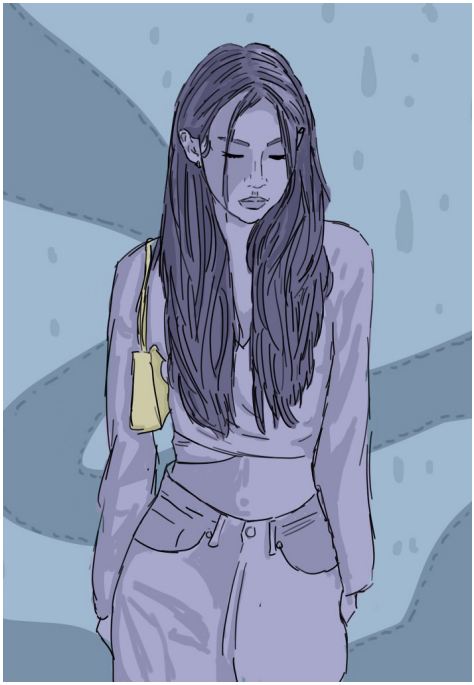
WAITING
RUNNING
GONE

MIS 2023

LIVE

TIME

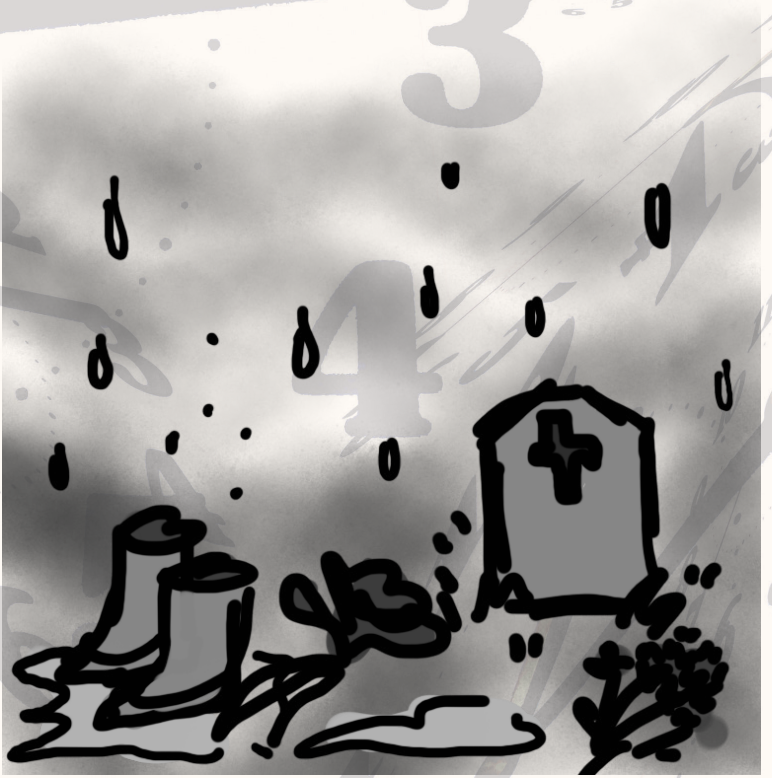
WAIT



TING

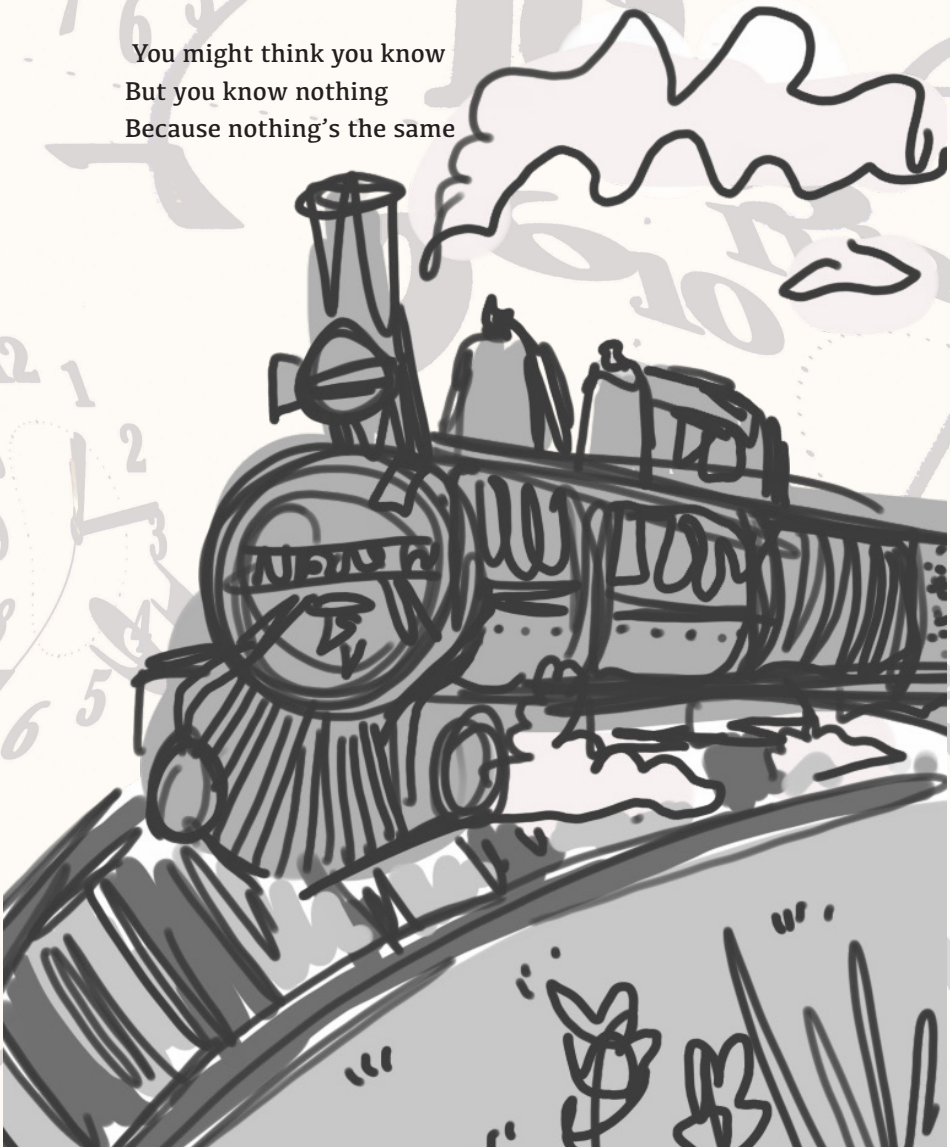
A fine black powder dusts my fingertips
A stick of black charcoal trembles within
I'm gripping it tight
And now its under my nails
It feels much too light
And I can't really feel it.
It is starchy black against white paper
But my vision's now dark
And everything's hazy
I was holding charcoal
And now I am not
And my stomach is curling into a knot
The paper's too bright
Shutting eyelids won't help me
Everything feels wrong
Sometimes life is hazy

Someone's eyes are wet
And tears streak their cheek
Their fingers shake
And it is not the
rain that makes them weep
They might be too hot, or too cold
But for the weather well clothed
With shoes a brown as deep as the soil
They stand and they stare in a garden of stones
And they place a bouquet down when the rain slows



Sweetly scented bubbles
Rise from sweetly smelling rain
The bitter taste of acid
Starts seeping into pain
You might have thoughts
But they turn the all the same
You might think you're sane
But you're going insane
You might watch the train
But it isn't a train

You might think you know
But you know nothing
Because nothing's the same



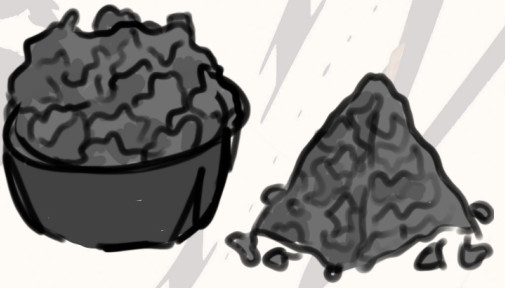
Powdered sugar
And dust
Are the same

They stick to your tongue
Then they melt
And they stay

You have thoughts and you speak
But they act as a filter
The sugar makes everything seem
So much better,
Less bitter

The dust, though
It causes storms and the lines
Between the sense and the
Horrible, bittersweet lies
Become blurred
And obscured
And that's better
They hide

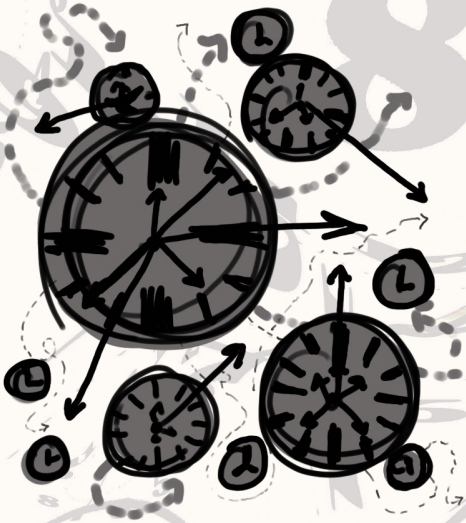
Because who wants to hear
Your opinions?
Just lie.



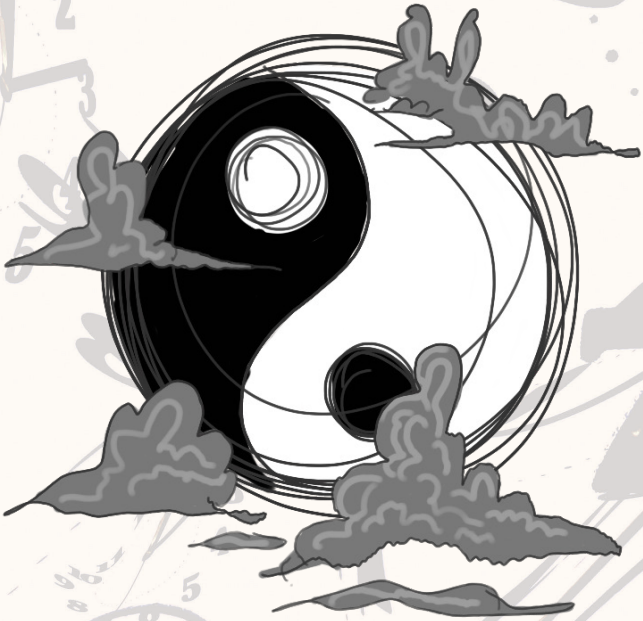
He’s been through a lot.
He’s seen pain.
He’s fractured bones
And sorrow and yet,
He hasn’t created clones
And he hasn’t given in
To the tears
And those who hurl stones
Because he understands
That the moment he falters,
He will never again see his home like it was
He may never see anything without a cloud of dust
Falling into his eyes
Making him see through filter of sad maybe-half-lies

The covers of books
Are draped in
layers of dust
Like the folds of a skirt,
Of a gown that is lost
They hold nothing but words
With no meaning,
Not anymore
That are never heard
But once unbound
You will hear little to no other sound
For
They are the ancient spells that hold the world
And yet they lay hidden
Hoping a person
Shall show up unbidden
And stop their frozen course

So hard it is
To grasp the concept of time
That even covered in blood and grime
Even in the most pleasant of moments
You will not be thinking of now
And how high
You can soar, or what heights you can reach
You will be thinking of
Tomorrow,
Last month, and
Next week.
You will be thinking so much
That the very last thoughts
of your mind
Will be not
Oh, I have run out of time
But, oh but what of tomorrow?
When there is, in fact
Only sorrow



Curses and spells are really the same
A curse will break you
And make you insane
While a spell
Will blind you
And bind you
So you never break
So you never shatter
So you never live
But make no mistake,
For that curse,
It will make you live alright,
It will show you the most genuine aspects of life
And they aren't pretty
But no curse is
So you should opt for the spell
And suffer in secret
under the cover of bliss



I feel something akin to lemon zest
Like cold air bleached and then compressed
Like the world could tremble, and fall and shrink
And we could all fall off
And we could sink

Like we could topple off the edge
For in space, there is no hidden hedge

Like a line so fine it might be made of glass
Has been drawn between sanity
And real blades of green grass
And I could topple to both sides
And if only time would deign to decide
Maybe then, I would not be so blind

My heart lies awake
And at night it aches
Because at night is when
My brain starts to think
And when my brain starts to really-truly
Think,
Thats when the most beautiful
Of my memories start to
Sink
Under an ocean made of ruins and ships
Under an ocean of unwelcome thoughts
With sands of ‘‘what ifs’’

At night my heart is weak
Because at night there are no distractions,
The cover of the sky is plain black
With no stardust to start reactions

So I am never surprised When each night I sink
In an ocean of ruins and ships And sands made of ‘‘what ifs’’

A lone crone picks up a stone
And begins to cry tears from her bones
For her bones long for the freedom of the stone
To sit undisrupted and serenely alone
To sit upon a riverbank
Or on a beach with pretty sparkling sand
And never be judged
By sniggering ants
That pass by
That are able to stand
No never mind
For the stone cannot dance
It will forever be trapped in its skin in the sand
It will only ever be able to watch
It will never be able to fly aloft
Like the birds it sees oh so often


TIME RUNNING
TIME
Runn

ning

Bitter people
Bitter lips
Chewing half squashed cigar sticks
Looking, looking
Taking picks
Taking, taking
Makes me sick
Like those kids that like to drink
They take swigs
And smoke their twigs
And everybody knows
Yet nobody does anything
Because they're busy
Eating alone.
Because they grew up the same way
And now their life's too draining
So this world is full of bitter people
Spilling ahead of control

There's nothing worse than knowing
That you will never change
There's nothing worse than knowing
That because of conscious mistakes
You are now affected
And the low blow you brought upon yourself
Was not in the slightest deflected
And now you sit and you suffer
And you know it's not out of the blue
But it's happening,
And it's happening because of you

Look and look
And take a picture
Take and take and never start giving
Be sick and be sicker
And still take some more
Drink and be sick
And still you want more
Take a swig,
And smoke a twig,
It won't matter because it's just one time
It won't matter tomorrow, like it doesn't today
Just one more sip will surely be okay.

Nobody does anything.
They're busy,
Leave them alone
We're interested when we're little
But then life gets a little too draining
And instead of doing anything,
In the time that we have we just sleep
We just sleep and we dream of the things that could be
But really we are still sleeping.
And really some parts are so draining,
That we sleep instead of taking control
And doing something a bit more diverse.
We just watch as our lives spin out of our hold.

Comets do not crumble
Though they are made of dust and gas.
They do not dissipate
Though they are more fragile than glass.
They cannot shatter
And they cannot break
Because the little part that is solid
Is moving much too fast.
It is moving forward
Because comets do not last

They tell you to look,
To see what they are seeing
Then they tell you to be,
To become what they're being
They say that there is a path set in life
But we aren't living in a hive
Destined to collect honey
And then simply die
We aren't even meant to only survive
We are meant to live,
So see what you will
Become what you want
No matter whose dreams you kill

My tooth is spewing bitterness
And the world takes little interest
My tooth is spewing bitterness
And now it coats my tongue
The world has sparring contests
To find out who of them's wrong
And now that very bitterness
Has glued my teeth together
And now that very bitterness
Is flowing to my chest
Soon I will breathe the bitterness
And maybe I will fall
I'll rot in petty bitterness
I'll rot because time doesn't stall.

The air smells cold
And a breeze wraps my feet
But I am warm, alone
And wrapped in fleece

Draped in a heavy blanket,
Holding steaming tea
There isn't more I could ask for
With this I am complete

My fingers are stained
with a crumbling black powder
Like I lit a match
and burned someone's house down
The twig of a charcoal is snapped in two
And whatever I touch
Is left with it too
My mind is sobbing
And my head is pounding
And everything looks strange
I don't think I am shouting
But my mind is screaming words I think
And none of them have meaning
Then there go my eyes
And just like that my vision starts disappearing

They sit inside homes
And they look out of windows
Near withering flowers,
That they call so pretty,
Insipid they are, like their flowers they love
But really they sit there
Not to watch flowers wilt
But just so they can watch
The streets and the rain,
The raw, thundering pain
That can only be seen in such certain weather
Such certain lighting
That is present right now.
So they watch the streets,
And the splattering rain,
And they watch how in its
very own strange, strange way,
Rain is considered blood and raw sadness, raw pain,
When really it is only watery tears
Diluted until they are clear, mundane

Its' eyes are dark,
In them something swirls,
Something from
Another world
His eyes are glazed
He cannot see
He's proud, he's strong and everyone sees
He sits splayed, melting into his seat,
His arms and fingers dangle over the edges,
And the darkness smiles,
He does not sense its strangeness
Too proud he is,
Too loud he is,
Too blind he is to see what he needs
And its really too bad that he never heeds
the requests and the words of the others,
For they are telling him
"lift your hands, your feet"
"Look under your chair"
Yet still he smiles as he sits in his seat
And then the darkness smiles in return
And he falls into agony
And then he burns.

If you are not willing
To be drenched
in the cold reality of rain,
How will you grow?

Yes, you need sunlight
And sunlight you will receive
But once you become too comfortable,
Too warm in the breeze
Those rays of sunshine will turn on you

And you will be all alone with the truth
Because you refused to face the rain
And now you are like the dried-up grain

You will be too blind to see
Past the pain
And as your final words,
You will say
The sunlight, it is what has decided to drain
The last remnants of my precious rain

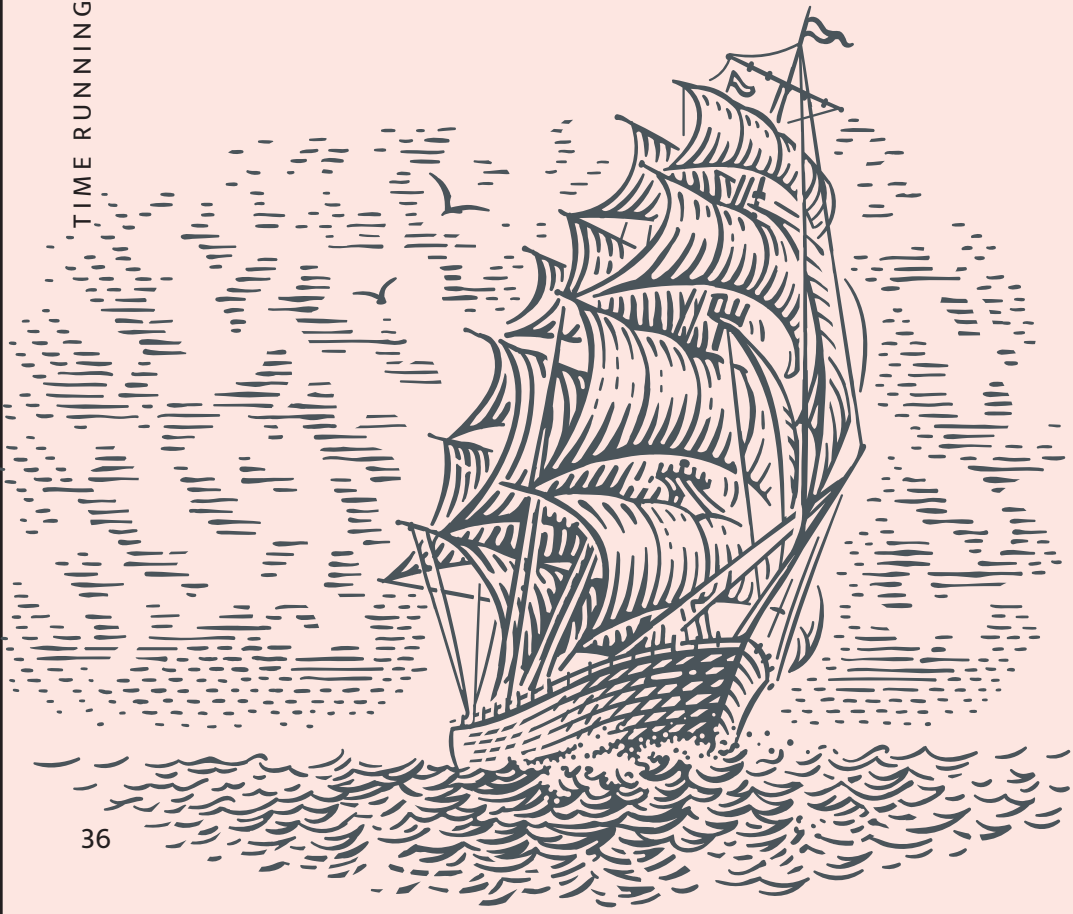
We will all face sunlight
And we will all face rain

The choice is yours

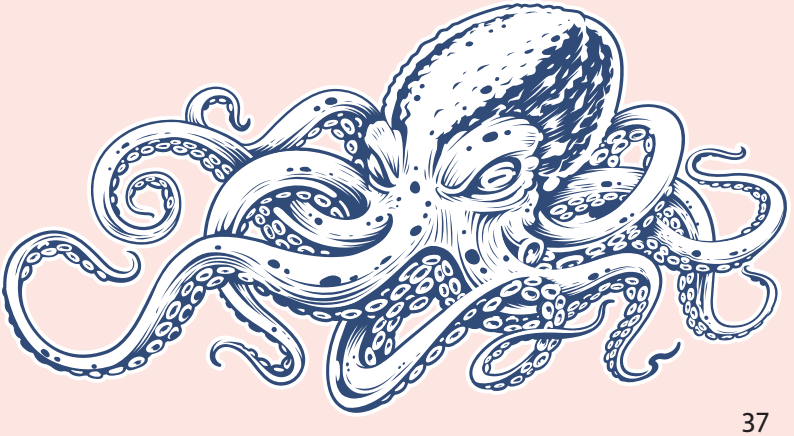
You can grow or be grain

The silence I hear is maddening
It's deafening, mind-shattering
Because it is not silence at all
There are words
So many words
playing and playing
Forever on repeat
They are right here,
In my head
On the tip of my tongue,
But I can't force them out
Because what if I stumble, what if I fall?
what if I mispronounce a word?
Or miss one?
Or what if I stutter?
Or cough, or whisper??
No,
It is better I never dare to mutter
A single syllable
Because one word
is all it takes
One word
may be what kills
the little part of me that speaks

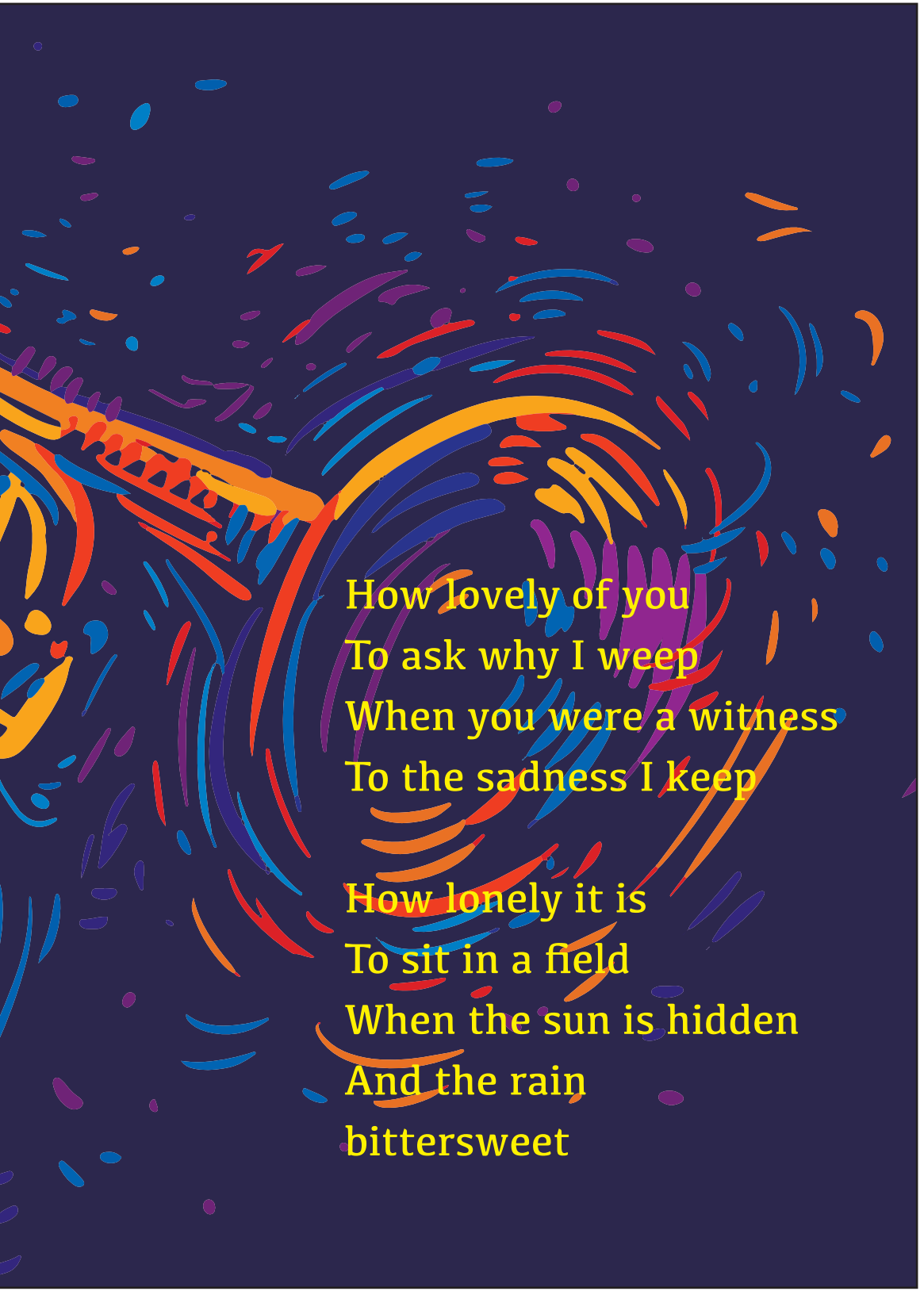
Soak me in bleach
And drown me in tears
You can never kill
All of my fears
Not with a sprinkle of sugared lies
Not with poisoned blackberry pies
For they are emotions-
They are real
And whether or not I show what I feel
Emotions will never, ever leave
They are the part of me that is real-
That bleeds



I may be the wicked one
And perhaps it is I
Who is in the wrong
And honestly
Sometimes I scare myself
As well as everybody else
And I wish I could be nicer
And more trusting
And less cold
But how can one survive
With real smiles
And no masks worn?



When lies decide to drift away
And only ugly, bitter truth will stay
We all seek something sweet
Among the endless clouds
Of horrible sour
They surround us
And they choke us
They drag the breath from our souls
Until we do not fit the moulds
Of the perfection we created
Because sometimes,
Sour is needed,
To break the spell of the sweet



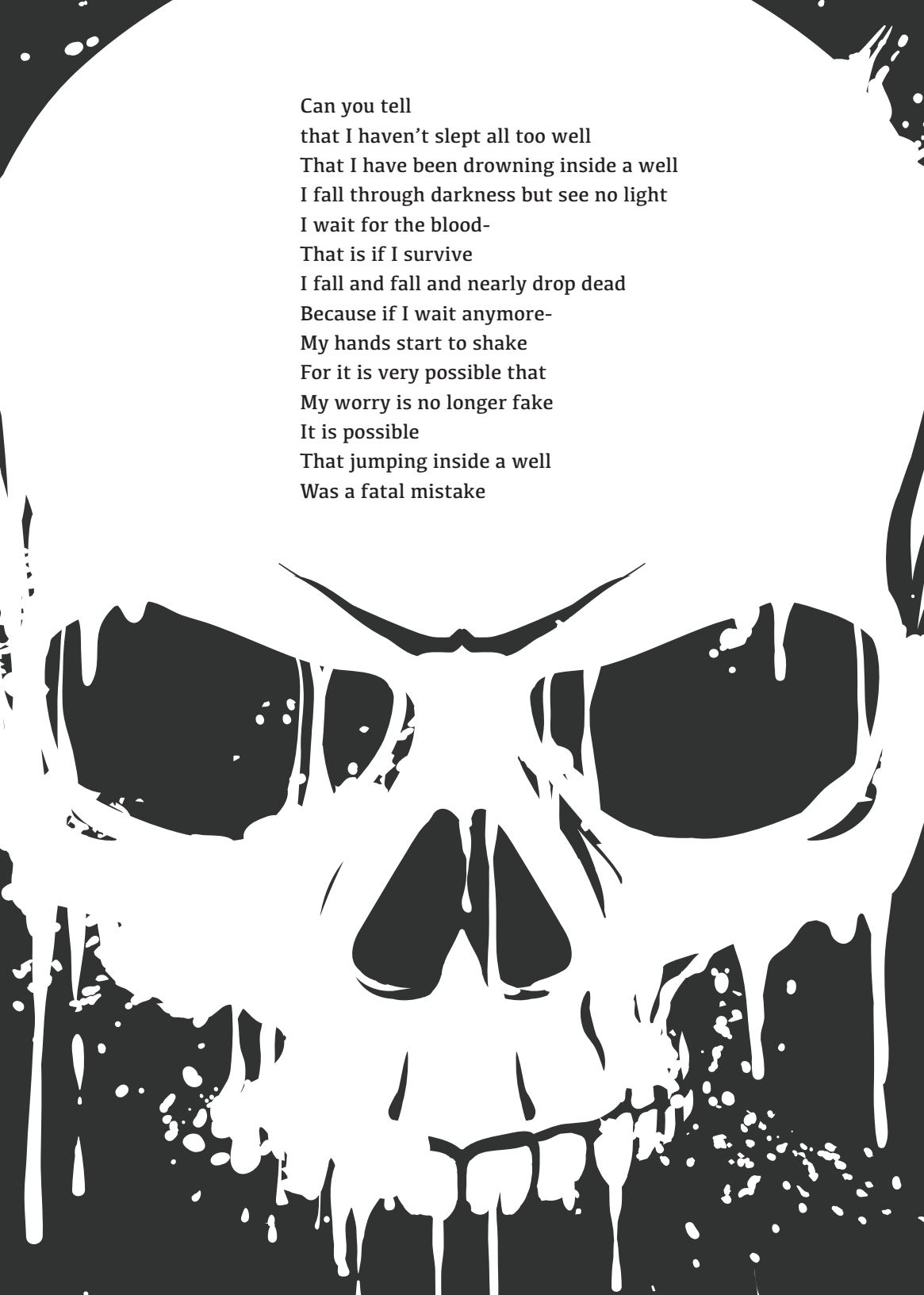
How lovely of you
To ask why I weep
When you were a witness
To the sadness I keep

How lonely it is
To sit in a field
When the sun is hidden
And the rain
bittersweet

TIME RUNNING

The moment that I fall
The moment that I shake
The single moment that they use
To take, and take, and take.
The moment that I bleed
Sorrowful memories
The moment that I stop
The moment I don't see
The moment when demons rip free
I look one last and final time
I breathe through death and grime
And then I see
What they don't see
I see their memories.
The ancient beings
That cursed and shattered me
hose vile creatures
That have hunted us for centuries
Now stand before me
As my team pleads
For death to come and to go

Can you tell
that I haven't slept all too well
That I have been drowning inside a well
I fall through darkness but see no light
I wait for the blood-
That is if I survive
I fall and fall and nearly drop dead
Because if I wait anymore-
My hands start to shake
For it is very possible that
My worry is no longer fake
It is possible
That jumping inside a well
Was a fatal mistake



Blood and death and gore and grime
All remnants of a legal crime
One people thought would bring them pride
So little did they know

It is a mantra that they chant
They wish and pray and hope and stand
For something that they think
Their will alone can grant

A calm beach with no storms
And warm white, peaceful sand on shore
They think their actions alone can atone
For mistakes of people more “grand”

They do not know that this dream of peace
Will be the last of what they ever see

So they close their eyes
Willingly,
Thinking that still, they will dream

Trees that sit upon grass that is hay
Think they know and have met and seen true dismay
But disappointment is not something they can trust
Because they have never seen grass that is green
Not grey
They believe that what is there to supply them
Is a pile of hay
The trees that sit upon grassy hills though,
Long for flowers that are not frail
They do not know of the trees
That have never seen florals
And think grass is pale

TIME GONE

ONE

TIME GONE

TIME GONE

The atmosphere may change a little
The air may colden or dampen or turn strong leaves brittle
The sky may darken and clouds may rumble
But time will not help you stay out of trouble
And whatever you stumbled over in the past
Will still be sitting on your circular path
Unless you try to break free and exit the loop
But how will you exit when you're still stuck
And won't stoop, to the level of those who break down that path
And forge their own,
Or those who dare tread on glass

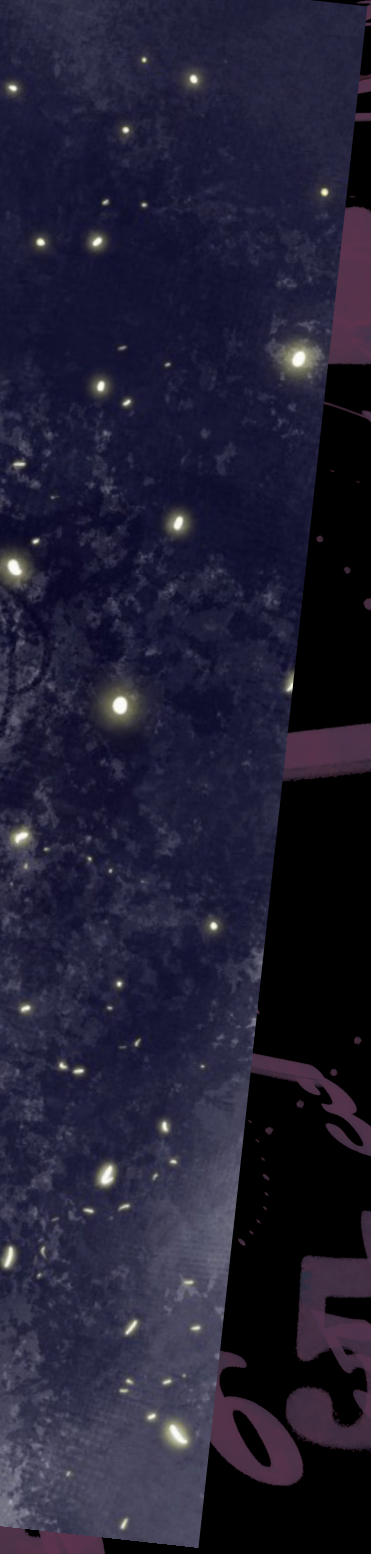
Bitter people
Have bitter lips
They speak to other bitters
Chewing squashed cigar sticks
They speak of what they think is right, with rotting brown teeth
And with a nose turned up high, towards what they think may be light
And stare down at people who they think walk beneath,
But really everyone is on the same level
We are people and people aren't really too different
No matter if you're bitter or kind or sweet
Everyone's mind is different but we are of the same kind.

Drown in self-pity, and take a swig
Then again and another and drink like a pig
Don't change just dwell on the past when you weren't right
If you were never right then why would you change now?
Just drink and swallow and don't laugh and keep drowning
Eventually you'll black out and wake up or swim up
And come out of your pit of self-pity
But by then it might be too late.
What a pity.

Dirty footprints in the sand
People sagging with
designer brands
Children screaming,
Their voices hoarse,
Because of fears they cannot voice.

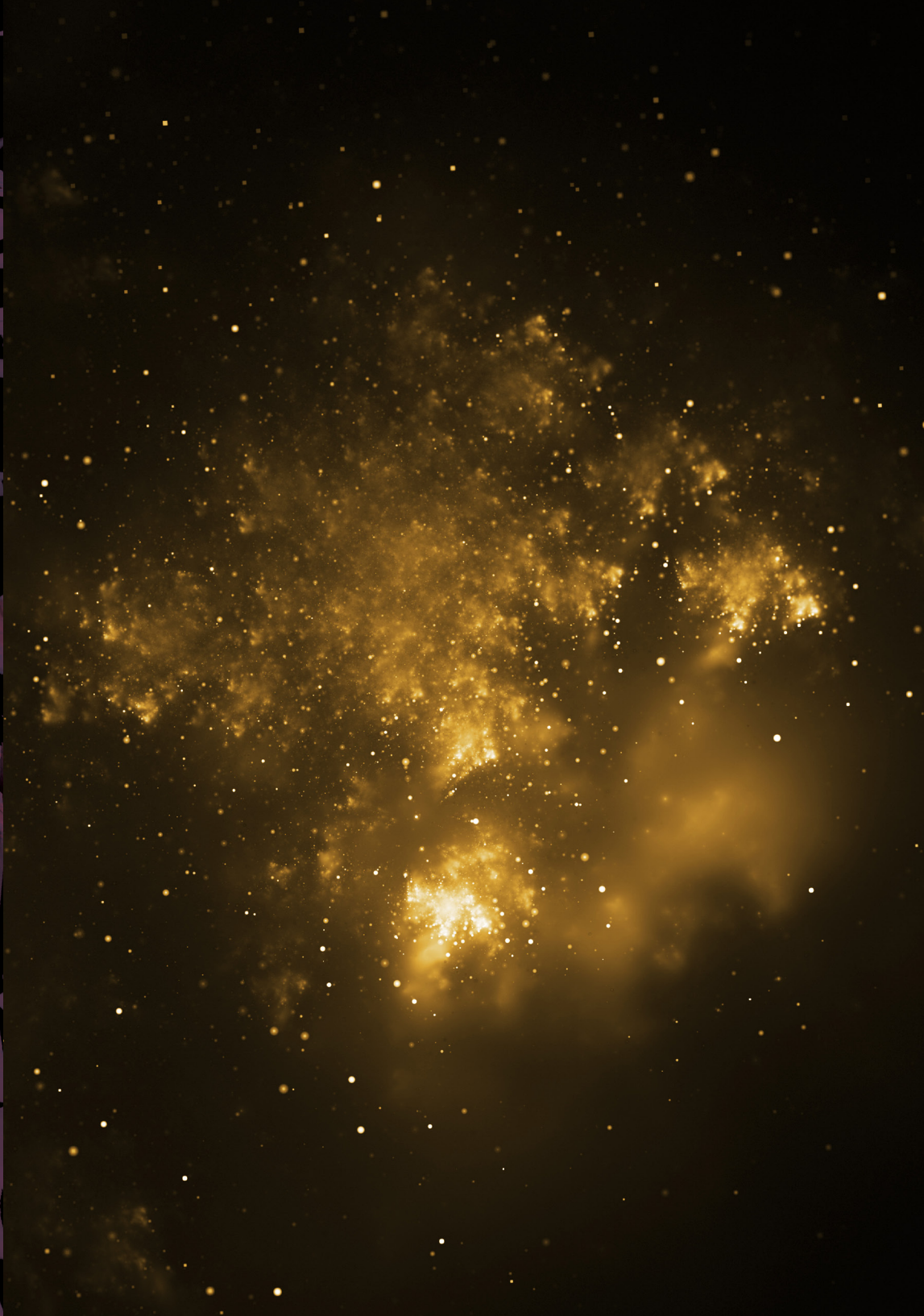
Children can't control anything.
They are spectators in this game.
They are forced to sit and watch,
Eyes open,
Learning the correct way to play.
The correct way to live,
Under piles of clothes drenched in gold
Soaking, dripping, pulling like stones,
Eyes wide,
Eyes open,
Because what else is there to look at,

If not the stuck-in-honey bees
-Honey that they didn't make
That know nothing of remorse



She will knit a quilt
It will make flowers wilt
The moment that she approaches
Yes, it will be pretty
Yes, it will be gorgeous,
And it will be made of the finest silk.
But for the finest silk
she must journey,
And so, journey she will.
For that fine silk is made by no bugs
But by spiders that watch window-sills.
The spiders that know your secrets
That know your truths and your lies
And she will journey to them.
She will find where they reside.
She will take their fine silk,
Once inside,
And make the quilt,
And kill all the flowers ever.
But the spiders find her.
And they decline her offer.
The witch is weeping upon a meadow.
The spiders had told her
"If the flowers die we will."
But she knows that they are just selfish.
The spiders watch from their threads of silk
That they stretch over the meadow.
They watch the witch.
Watch how she weeps.
And think that she is yes, selfish.
But they have seen enough of like creatures.
They know what witches are like
And inside,
They know everyone is a witch.
Though of course,
They have the choice of which:
The spider that spins the silk
Or the witch that is mad at the world

Fingers dipped in gold can bleed
For they are driven by naught but desire and greed
They reach for shards of the sparkling metal
That cuts those who aren't always quite careful
They never learn from that shimmering kettle
That burnt the skin and melted flesh
No they reach for gold
For it looks so fresh
And so those fingers dip into the gold
And the shards of the night watch the chaos unfold
The fingers burn
There are old cuts under the nails
And blood forms again upon old crusted layers
And the night shakes it's head
And lone stars fall
The stars that do not fit the mould of a star at all
To sob for the hands with red blood and gold foil
To sob and enter the deadly turmoil
And then they darken and then they cry
Then there is the faint shake of the head of the sky



Salt is solid
It is real
It will dissolve
All that is fake
And ideal

Salt is a crystal
that grows so pretty
That is poison that
When rubbed into wounds
Acts healing

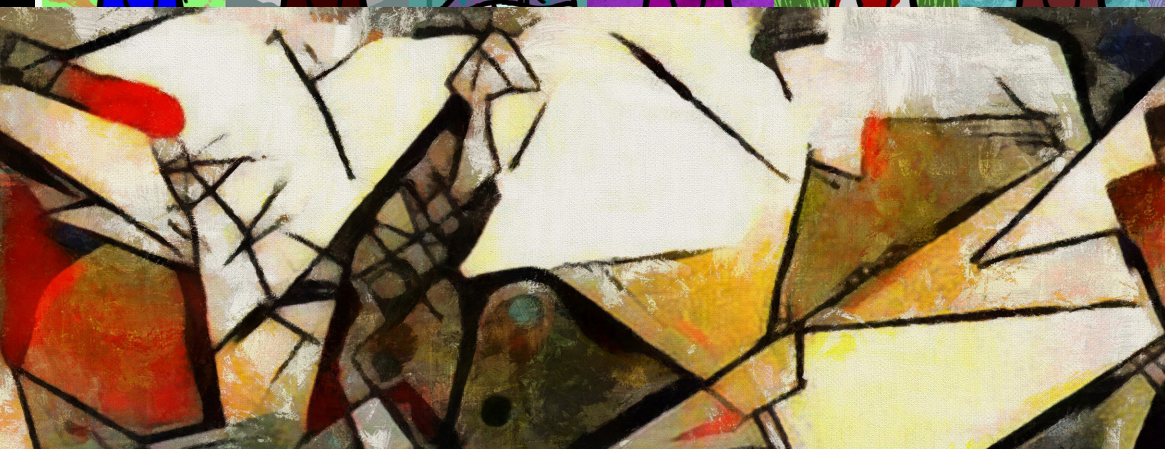
Salt will grin wide,
It is fun,
It will spice up your meals

But once you sprinkle
A little too much
You must run

Because it will dry your veins and
Suck the water from your arms
And when your heart stops beating
It will be the one
to crumble and fall

Not salt, though.
Salt will still be here.
It survived the ocean
It poisoned its waters
So it will survive all else as well,
And take its beating heart
With it, while laughing at you "farewell"

I never did learn how to crochet
You did, though.
You wove strings into delicate webs
And I always fell right into your nets
Because my strings were tangled,
And curled like a curse
They were never straight,
Nor direct,
Nor pretty,
And my works
ended up tossed into trashcans
Brimming with lost and abandoned hope
And as for your feelings,
Everyone seemed so gentle with you,
They did give you needles
made of the finest wood
And I bet you always bought
Pretty pre-made wool
You never had to use the de-formed clumps I used.
I spun my own wool everyday,
Like a spider alone,
I started to decay and
I remember
I watched you collect flies in your
very own home
While I starved, and withered, and died
On my own



TIME WAITING