

A black and white photograph of a crescent moon in a cloudy sky. The moon is positioned in the upper left quadrant, partially obscured by a large, dark, billowing cloud. The sky is filled with various cloud formations, some dark and some catching the light, creating a dramatic, atmospheric scene.

Rebekah August

to the Moon and to Saturn

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Poetry. It is always about the same thing – pain. You feel pain when someone breaks your heart. You feel pain when you're so happy you can't even bear it. You feel pain when you're so in love that you can't feel anything else.

To the Moon and to Saturn – that is how much pain you gave me. To the Moon and to Saturn – that is how strong my love for my life is. And here I go, sharing these feelings with you.

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Ребека Огуст
до Місяця й до Сатурна

Київ
«ЯЛама»
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Поезія. Вона завжди про одне й те саме – біль. Ти відчуваєш біль, коли хтось розбиває
тобі серце. Ти відчуваєш біль, коли ти настільки щасливий, що не можеш витримати це. Ти
відчуваєш біль, коли ти настільки закоханий, що не можеш відчувати щось інше.

До Місяця й до Сатурна – ось скільки болю ти спричинив для мене. До Місяця й до
Сатурна – ось як сильно я закохалася в тебе. До Місяця й до Сатурна – ось яка сильна моя
любов до життя. І ось я ділюся цими почуттями з вами.

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illicit love

« that's the thing about illicit affairs... »



Say

We're sipping wine on a Parisian balcony.
I sit on your lap, your hand rests on my hip.

You say: «You're happy».
I say: «You can tell».

We've been to India, Australia and England.
Spent honeymoon in Brazil, then found ourselves in New York.

You say: «I love you».
I say: «Love you much more».

Where you go I go, where I go you go.
Life is so simple, but never boring with you.

You say: «What's next?».
I say: «Whatever you want».

Make love in a kitchen, cook pasta for dinner.
Visit my parents, name our children.

You say: «Is this real?».
I say: «No, that's my imagination».

Stars

Last year was a last time we kissed goodbye,

I was laying on you, singing you lullaby...

I explore your body like I've never before,
trying to remember every mole, every curve.

They're like constellations all over you,
you're a whole galaxy — wish I could go through.

I sink in your eyes — they're like a green gold,

I melt in your arms — how firmly they hold.

I know we'll part ways, you seem to want to,
So I'll leave here my heart in this moment for you.





Daisy

Memories chasing her down,
while she's crying out for her love:

«Won't you come back to me?

Won't you just stay?

Won't you then take all my sorrows away?»

She's been alright, lately

she's been okay,

she was pretending not just yesterday.

This love like a ghost was screaming her name
till all that she felt was nostalgia and pain.

A daisy lost on a countryside road,
no water, no soil, no love and no hope.

«Won't you remember me?

Won't find a way

to save me, to plant me somewhere far away?»

She's waiting for weekends,

waiting for months,

her one, only love

seems to live his own life.

It's time to forget,

it's time to move on,

but there's no way a daisy
will forget the UNFORGETTABLE storm.

Rain

Autumn leaves in July,
The darkened sky's crying.
Long time ago you were mine —
Oh, how fast our life's flying.

I'm under your window again,
Wondering whether you see me.
Watching your door causes pain,
But that keeps alive every memory.

The rain is still pouring down,
Down from heaven to hell.
Drops wet my dress, one by one,
God! I wish I never fell.

I've accepted this end of the story,
I'm grateful my wounds turned to scars.
But that doesn't mean we belong here,
Instead of your roof under a million stars.





No

I still hold on to that cursed smile
and those cursed eyes
that I saw some time in May.

You broke me like your every promise,
you left me longing,
aching, begging you for more.

You acted like you didn't care,
but in December
those cursed eyes told me how they wanted me.

Looking, teasing, touching me.
You kept begging
for me to be yours one more time...
and one more...
and one more...

And I couldn't say «no».

Her

I know you love her.
I see you loving her
the way you never ever loved me.
Wish I could be like her.
Wish I could be her,
your favorite soul and body.

Your hands and lips
that worshiped me,
are praising her so naturally.
You gripped my hips
and kissed my chest,
now she's the one you hold so gracefully.

I know we belong
together, not parted.
Sometime in May we'll find a way to each other.
For now, you're with her,
loving her openly,
and I'm in my cold bed, so lonely.





Haunted

We haunt each other
like those beautiful ghosts.
You come to ruin me,
I come so you do it again.

I haunt you cause I love you,
I'm addicted and can't say goodbye.
You haunt me cause you want me
and still can't make up your mind.

Can't stop haunting...
Tell me, is it physics or mentality?
I'm confused and so tired,
having hard time separating my soul and my body.

It's like a wicked spell:
I don't want to, but I want you, when you want to, but don't
want me.
Need to know how to break it,
cause I don't know if I'll save me.

Get

That's what you get for illicit love:
overdose,
suffocation,
exhaustion.

That's what you get for forbidden affairs:
a broken heart
with his name on it
like a scar.

That's what you get for getting what's bad for you:
a back stab,
that never stops bleeding
and aching.

That's what you get:
trip of your life,
so high,
and then nothing.





Enemy

I shouldn't have said «hello» to you,
cause I've got another «goodbye.»
Thought we have grown up,
but you're still a silly child.

You keep throwing bricks at me
like we are bloody enemies.
How quick you were to forget
that we were the best allies.

Now I know you're not sorry,
and for sure will never be.
But I forgave and let go of you,
my heart is light and my conscience is clear.

exile

« you were my town, now I'm in exile seeing you out ... »



The play

I was running away from the drama I made.
He was my getaway car with no fuel.

I'm sorry I played with a heart that he gave.
He's a mess from my game, so cruel.

I wrapped him around my finger like a ring.
Let him think that he got me as property.

I thought it was me who was pulling the strings.
I was a puppet, and he was my puppeteer...

Guilt

They say I'm a bad girl,
they call me a bitch.
They say that I'm guilty,
and scream «Burn the witch!»

All I did was stand still
on the truth that I know.
With my heart I just prayed,
so desperation will go.

Yes, I'll admit I did something
intrinsic to bad girl only,
But that doesn't mean you aren't a villain,
and sure, doesn't make you a holy.

You chose the side of this battle
without any blood and choking.
Sorry, if my back hurt your knife,
even though it's my back that is broken.





Herbs

Sunset on the river,
the crickets chirp
in the hot summer field outside of the city.

I feel like a bird
flying further away,
leaving behind all the worries and memories.

The smell of herbs,
mixed with smell of the river,
is nostalgic but gives me freedom.

Wish I could stay
and live in this moment
forever and never ever think about you.

Names

You think you know somebody
and will know them forever.
You get bored of their faces,
get sick of their voices,
call them liars and cheaters
and keep cursing their names.

One day, you part ways
and then never meet again.
You thank God for the changes,
lift your best praises,
like a bird you are chainless,
you're forgetting their names.

Years later you reminisce
about the time you had together.
You leaf through the albums,
remember the faces,
hurting yourself with the memories,
whisper again all the names.





Friend

I was thirteen when I met you
on a winter day in my school.
You were so charming and true
that I fell for you like a fool.

I was fourteen when you left me
bleeding out from a heartbreak.
That was the first time I ever
cried my tears till my eyes ache.

I was sixteen when you came back,
back in my life like a wind.
Conversations were horny but awkward -
who knows what the hell did I think?

I was seventeen when I needed you
but you needed me even more.
You asked for advice — haven't failed you,
and all that you gave me was warmth.

I'm eighteen and a little depressed
about the world, my past and my future.
We're still keeping up and I'm glad.
No matter, you're with me, I'm with you.

Sober

You say we're friends,
I say: «For sure»,
but in my dreams, all you do is allure.

Your eyes on me,
your lips on mine -
would you taste like finest wine?

Don't want romantics,
but I still wonder,
if we cross that line, will I stay sober?





Ice Queen

There are two types of girls in the world:
the ones that are loved
and the ones that are not.
Look, I don't talk about family, friendship.
That's on romantics
and lovely relationship.

People keep saying that I'm the first type,
so why all the boys just run all the way?
They're scared and disgusted like I'm the plague rat.

I know I'm the one who doesn't get love,
sweet dates with lots flowers and kisses.
No prince in my story, the hero is princess.

I am the princess, I'll save my own life,
then turn into Ice Queen and never melt down
and no man will ever dare to take off the crown.

Manifest it

Is there any point in trying
to be who you're not?
Just because there's no approval,
doesn't mean you are wrong.

It's about what you feel,
not about what they think.
Baby, just go manifest it,
write your name in the sky with gold ink.

Ain't no need to be selfish,
but don't you ever be selfless.
First you need to love you,
so you can humbly love others.





Long live

Long live the sound of our happiness,
our cheerful laughter and shaking hands.

Long live the new beginnings,
our roads are different, but our start is the same.

Long live the butterflies in our hearts,
we're young, we're dumb and so in love.

Long live the monsters under our beds,
you and I, we've killed them one by one.

Long live the time of our lives!
Don't blink! Don't let this moment go!

Long live the spark in our eyes,
hold on to this and gratefully move on.

My

My mind tricks me every time
I try to move on:
it brings up the past and clings to it tight.

My heart crushes every time,
when I look back,
when I see so many futures and don't know what's mine.

My life's tangled, but for the first time
I'll try to make it right,
don't go the same road, don't make the same crime.



muse

« I'm setting off, but not without my muse...
no, not without you... »



Mirror ball

I'm a mirror ball.

I spin around,
reflect the light,
throw a million little rays upon your eyes.

And still I fail,
I trip and fall
in front of you, shattering the floor.

I shine,
I whine,
begging for attention, for you to be mine.

You don't see me,
I keep spinning,
and then I break in a billion pieces.

Rather

I'd rather sing to you,
than write my songs about you.

I'd rather kiss you,
than dream at night about you.

I'd rather see you,
than see the posts about you.

I'd rather hear you,
than hear how others talk about you.

It's all in you
and everything's about you.
There's no «me» without «you»,
but there's no «you» with «me».





Gorgeous

Here you are in the dark,
with your gorgeous face
and perfect reputation.

Here I am too, don't you see?
Another dull girl
wishing to be in Victoria's secret.

You are everything
that I dream of,
but you're every damn thing
that I can't be.

Why did God made you like that?
Too bad for an angel,
too good for a demon

and for sure too perfect for human.

Adore

Say a word -
I'm yours forever,
I'll be what you ask me.
What you crave
and what you wish for -
I'll give everything you need, babe.

I'm not a slave,
I'm not a servant,
Boy, I just adore you...
Not a model,
not a rich girl,
But my love is right for you.

Take me home,
I'll meet your brother
and your momma will like me.
I'll do cleaning,
I'll do cooking,
and for sure I'll do all the loving.

Cause you, my love,
are pure perfection,
all the heaven cries for you.
Have to face it,
don't deserve you,
but still keep dreaming of you.





Rude

Am I a bitch? Or am I a duff?
Am I too basic for your luxury class?

Why did you make me feel like a clown?
Don't you know that it's rude to step on my gown?

You may be all charming, but I know you're so fake
as your girlfriend's plastic body and face.

I'm angry, I'm jealous, I hate the male kind
and man, you're the reason for my ice-cold heart.

Demise

I pray I'll see you in my dream tonight,
sleep well
and then wake up
and praise you, love, whispering «thank God».

Let me write my poetry about you.
Aesthetical.
A little sexual.
I'll read it in the moonlight, then make love to you.

Just let me be beside you,
adore your soul,
admire your perfection,
drown in your eyes, Egyptian blue.

For sure you'll be the death of me.
Exquisite death,
magnificent decease.
But it will be demise you'll never see.





One look

With only one look
you break all my walls,
you melt all my ice.

You took my heart,
locked it forever
and put in your pocket.

Killing me slowly
with your deadly charm -
no, you'll never be mine.

But I'd rather crave YOU
and get no satisfaction,
than cry my tears over HIM.

He VS You

He was my drug.
You are medication.

He cut my wings off.
Your charm covers me in fairy dust.

He never respected me.
You're the most gentleman in the world.

He grabbed and tasted every inch of my body.
You don't even talk to me, don't even see me.

He broke me and kept hurting me in every way he could.
You stitch me and heal me without even knowing it.





I love you

I love you
or maybe I don't,
but you know, it feels like it, for sure.

You don't have to
pay attention —
live your life, I'll pathetically cherish.

If you meet
my feelings and love back,
I don't think I'll be able to handle that.

So I better
keep you tucked,
keep you in secret deep in my heart.

Religion

Stars make love to the universe.
Wolves cry out to the moon.
Whether awake or sleeping,
I can't stop dreaming of you.

They try to convince me it's an obsession,
tell me I'm crazy, pathetic and sick.
I guess it may be in my imagination,
but God, you're the best man I've ever seen.

I don't even dare to ask you
to come in my life and stay.
But if you do, just remember:
love is religion, forevermore we will pray.



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