

# The distant world + 3

By

*Maria Cameron*

**WHY I LIKE THEM: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH SCRETCH writes...** Yes, yes, DRAGICA METEZ, aka Maria Cameron. (I can't help thinking this is some sort of scrambled anagram. It's too cutting to be a forking spoonerism, looking back it can't be a palindrome; and, unfortunately I am not an active enough listener so suspect it might be a mondegreen. But it certainly has a most literal assonance.) *Metazy Drag-Maria Cameron is tingling ASMR material. I got the chills and it's like a sauna in my sub-flat, a greenhouse, orchid-less orchard all-a-bloom...landlady manages the thermostat as well. This woman is supernally diabolical in the sweetest ways possible--ethereal ether. In her 'The distant world,' "Between nothingness and disgust... / Until we return to dust." she waxes dolefully. In 'Lonely stars,' "I heard echoes of the lamb crying; / (Coming from my childhood valley)." she wanes soulfully. And, in 'The frozen lake' she just wines (radiantly) "In my secret Underworld," about the cold. 'I had a dream.' is my personal favourite, "I was tucked in the afterlife". . . "I became a particle in the celestial sky.". . ."But the purest essence of mine has survived." (Spacing is poet's own.)*

## The distant world

Once upon a time we all lived somewhere...

In the distant word, kind and divine;

Hidden from the mortal's eye.

In the world without an eternal fight

Between nothingness and disgust...

Until we return to dust.

Once upon a time we lived in fairy tales

Where the souls are more than shallow graves;  
Underneath the supreme warmth of dancing waves.  
We tasted the life of Disney's the 'Summer Magic' tale.

I lived somewhere. Once.  
In the world beyond the earthly dust.  
Beyond the silence of my shallow mind;  
In the magical interspace of Narnia.

But, I know that we are all going to live somewhere...

Again...

In the distant word, kind and divine;  
Hidden from the mortal's eye.

## **Lonely stars**

I heard echoes of the lamb crying;  
(Coming from my childhood valley).  
The darkness was boiling in the winter's cauldron.  
All those flames within my soul  
And in my hands,  
Became clearer as the night came.  
My quiet lamb became so loud.  
“Cry no more.”

You will be saved by the break of dawn.

As soon as I saw you, I knew:

'I have found the lost spirit of mine.'

I can tell by the bright shades behind your eyes,

The sun will rise above the murky shadows of our lonely stars.

## **The frozen lake**

*Our souls wear radiant clothes,  
But remain inferior to Heaven.  
We're all wanderers in Dante's Inferno.*

In my secret Underworld,

The cold wind blows

For all dead souls.

The snow is blood red

And December never ends.

The ice-cold rain

Stabs like a sharp blade.

December is eternal in the Valley of Death.

I can feel the shivers of Winter

Within the frozen lake of my invisible pain.

I have dived into the ocean

Of boiling rage.

It's hardly the abstract art,

It's the symphony of life.

Now,

I am travelling with the shadows of the night,

Within the silver moonlight.

I am travelling to my haunted subliminal cell.

(Hidden in my secret, private hell)

The melancholy never fails to visit,

"It smells like teen spirit."

After the recent soul drought

Another poem has gone to draft.

Tear it apart and "take another piece of my heart".

## **I had a dream**

I was tucked in the afterlife

There was no sunshine or break of dawn.

I found myself suffering on my own.

The silent prayer was coming from above.

Just before the Apocalyptic Sunrise

All the wanderers have found the promised land.

The silent whispers had gone.

I found a home

In the vault of heaven

(above the oak tree);

Where I played as a kid.

In my dream,

I became a particle in the celestial sky.

I was the sacred rain.

I came down from the heaven above

To save you from the pain.

I have aged a century (in a year) within the dream.

My face has become the virtual memory.

But the purest essence of mine has survived.

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *I believe that poetry is therapeutic. Writing helps me to find a condition of serenity within. I observe my soul as a symphony orchestra. If I cannot find the words, I escape my inner harmony. True serenity is a primordial state of mind and poems help to achieve it. In other words, writing is vital for me. There is no harmony in our general surroundings, and everything around us is in a condition of steady variability. I have successfully found my inner harmony since I have started to write poems and short stories. On paper, the chaotic environment is less significant. Invisible "events" within me are fundamental. The emotional pain is the greatest inspiration for my poems. My favorite writers are **Miroslav Krleza, Rainer Maria Rilke, Shirley Jackson and Stephen King**. They have made the stylistic impact on me.*

## **AUTHOR BIO:**



DRAGICA METEZ (personal name)

Maria Cameron (a pen name) has discovered a passion for writing mystery novels and poetry. She tends to use vivid sensations and various emotional pallets. The most common topic is emotional pain.

Education: Graduated Psychology (November, 2013). She works at the Center for Social Welfare as a Psychologist. She is a mental health professional with over seven years experience within the field. Her everyday job includes academic writing (confidential, scientific findings and observations).

She has been writing poetry and fiction since the age of seven. However, just recently, she has started to submit her work. She uses a pen name because her poetry represents the most intimate part of her. Further, she believes that the writer should be "naked". „Naked and sometimes wounded soul is behind every authentic piece of writing.“

