

ALEXIS KARPOUZOS

THE VOICE OF HEART

Selected Poems

EDITION

COSMIC SPIRIT

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A FREE BIRD I WANT TO BE

A free bird I want to be
Despite the fears of freedom
Despite the unfamiliarity of the destination
Free as a bird I want to be
as the breath of stars.
In every heartbeat, a story lies,
In every soul, a universe of skies.
Yet in the echoes, we remain,
A whisper in the wind,
In the vast expanse within, we are kin.
No lines to mark where you end and where I begin
We find a truth profound: there are no borders in our souls.
A free bird I want to be
Our hearts beat in unison, a universal song,
In the dance of life, we all belong.
No walls can hold the spirit, no chains can bind the heart,
In the realm of the soul, we are never apart.
We are threads in a tapestry, woven with care,
Each one unique, yet all are there.
In the fabric of existence, every soul plays a part,

Connected by love, the language of the heart.
For in the end, we are one, there are no borders in our soul,
In the dance of the cosmos, in the flow of time,
We find our place, in the rhythm and rhyme.
A unity of hearts, a collective dream
A free bird I want to be
On wings of dreams, I'll soar so high,
Beyond the clouds, across the sky,
Unbound by chains of earth or sea,
A free bird, yes, that's what I'll be.
In skies of blue, my heart will sing,
Of freedom's joy, the gift it brings,
No cage, no walls, just liberty,
A free bird, that's my decree.
In forests deep or deserts wide,
Above the world, where secrets hide,
With boundless joy, so wild and free,
A free bird, that's my destiny.
With wings spread wide, I long to fly,
Touch the stars, caress the sky,
Unbound, unhindered, wild and free,
A free bird, I yearn to be.

A THREAD UNSEEN

In every leaf upon the tree, in every wave upon the sea,
In every star that lights the night,
In every dawn's first gentle light.
A thread unseen, yet ever there,
A bond that all of life must share,
In every breath, in every heart,
An endless whole of which we're part.
From mountains tall to valleys low,
From rivers fast to winds that blow,
Each soul, each spirit, every being,
In nature's web, a vast unseeing.
The whispers of the ancient breeze,
The secrets of the deepest seas,
the songs that every creature sings,
all speak of ties, of boundless rings.
In life's grand dance, a tapestry,
woven with threads of unity, in joy,
in sorrow, loss, or gain,
We find we're one, in sun and rain.
So feel the beat of nature's drum,

And know that you and I are one,
in this grand scheme, this endless quest,
We find our peace, our common rest.

WE ARE MADE OF HEAVEN

In the boundless skies above, where stars in silence gleam,
We are made of heaven's breath, in every heart's true dream.
Born of cosmic stardust, in the tapestry of night,
We carry the celestial spark, within our inner light.
In the laughter of the morning, in the whisper of the breeze,
Heaven's touch resides within, in moments such as these.
Through the trials and the triumphs, in joy and in despair,
We find the traces of the stars, in all we do and share.
Our spirits are but echoes, of a universe so grand,
We are made of heaven's grace, by nature's gentle hand.
In every act of kindness, in every loving glance,
We reveal the threads of heaven, in our human dance.
We are more than flesh and bone, more than earthbound clay,
We are born of endless skies, in the light of a new day.
In our dreams and aspirations, in the love we freely give,
We are made of heaven's wonder, in each moment that we live.
So let us shine with all our might, let our spirits soar,
For we are made of heaven's heart, forever and ever more.
In the vast expanse of life, where stars and souls align,
We are made of heaven's essence, in the depths of the divine.

THERE IS A LAND

There is a land by faith I've seen
Where skies no clouded regions know.
Where they know not the sorrows of time
and no shadows fall to brighten the view
That land no want has ever known,
Nor pain nor sickness nor distress.
there, Death, the last enemy, is slain.
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.
There's land far away.
Beyond these wild winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond Death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.
A land whose light is never dimmed by shadow,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye eternal.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE HEART

In the quiet chambers, where the soul resides,
There lies sacred wisdom, where true knowledge hides.
Beyond the realms of logic, beyond the mind's vast art,
There blooms a deeper knowing, the knowledge of the heart.
It whispers in silence, in the spaces in between,
In moments soft and tender, in visions deeply seen.
It's felt in every heartbeat, in the rhythm of life's song,
A truth that's pure and timeless, where hearts forever long.
This knowledge needs no language, no words to understand,
It's written in the actions, in the touch of a loving hand.
It sees beyond the surface, to the essence deep inside,
A bridge that spans the distance, where souls can safely hide.
For in the heart's own knowing, there's a vast and true
wisdom,
A guide through all the shadows, a light in every hue.
It teaches us compassion, to see with loving eyes,
The beauty in each moment, where grace and wonder lie.

A WORLD IN TURMOIL

In shadows deep, where anger grows,
A world in turmoil, sorrow shows,
Hatred's fire, a burning blaze,
Consumes the light, obscures the days.

Yet in the darkest, coldest night,
A spark of hope, a flicker bright,
Peace begins its gentle rise,
A beacon in the troubled skies.

Where hatred sows its bitter seeds,
Compassion blooms in quiet deeds,
A hand extended, hearts that mend,
In unity, our souls transcend.

Through storms of rage, through cries of pain,
We seek the sun, we seek the rain,
To wash away the scars of strife,
To nurture love, to cherish life.

For every act of kindness shown,
A bridge is built, a seed is sown,
In every heart, a chance to see,
The path to peace, our destiny.

So let us rise, and let us stand,
With open hearts, with open hands,
To turn the tide, to heal the land,
In peace, together, we will band.

YOU KNOW MY CHILD

My child, let your life come into the world of darkness
like a spark of light, without flicker and pure,
and thank them in silence.

You know, my child, they are cruel in their greed and envy,
their words are disguised knives thirsting for blood.

But do not be afraid, my child, go and stand in their hearts,
and let your gentle eyes fall on them
like the forgiving serenity of the night.

My child, let them see your face and so they know it
meaning of all things, let them love and love one another.

Go, at sunrise, open and lift up your heart like a blooming
flower,

and at sunset, bend your head
and silently complete the worship of the day.

Remember, my child, gods and demons,
ghosts and elves are fragments of one,
built by the hand of the abyss.

So, move on, go to the shore of the vast darkness,
there, is the Great Meeting of Children,
there, the sea gives a smile to the beach,
there, sing the waves facing death.

LIFE'S MYSTERIES

Man is a shadow of a dream,
free bird of nothingness
A dance of the stars, a celestial design.
Embracing winds that never die.
Life's secret, a spark in the eye of a child,
In the bloom of a flower, in the flight of a dove,
In the quiet spaces between breaths,
Where the universe whispers its truth,
Between heartbeats and stardust,
In the fragile balance of joy and sorrow.
a flame to pass from one soul to another,
A legacy etched in moments of grace.
Through the whisper of winds, in the river's flow,
Lies the secret of life, veiled and profound.

THE DOVE OF PEACE

Oh, dove of peace, amidst the chaos, a silent plea,
In your beak, an olive branch held tight,
a symbol of unity, in the world's plight,
soar above, oh bird of serene grace,
spread your message to every space,
with each feather's stroke, erase the hate
and sing the anthem of unity.
For peace on Earth, as vast as the sky.
Where whispers of war are lost in the wind,
And the symphony of harmony is unpinned.
As nations embrace in a tranquil trance.
So let us join hands, hearts entwined,
In pursuit of the peace, we seek to find.
For Earth is our haven, our home so dear,
May peace be our anthem,

THE ESSENCE OF LIFE

Beneath the veil of the cosmos' embrace,
Where secrets and wonders serenely entwine,
The essence of life, a delicate trace,
A dance of the stars, a celestial design.
Through the whisper of winds, in the river's flow,
In the hush of the night, under moon's soft glow,
Life's mysteries, in silence they speak,
Through the whisper of winds, in the river's flow,
In the bloom of a flower, in the flight of a dove,
In the rhythm of the waves that kiss the shore,
In the depths of the soul, where dreams are born,
Life's mysteries are found in the spaces between.

ENDLESS LOVE

When the day comes, we ask ourselves
where we can find light in this never-ending shade?
The loss we carry, a ocean we must wade.
We braved the belly of the beast.
I have seen you in millions of places.
I met you in a million forms.
We met among the ruins, the ashes and the bones,
we lost them all, but we found each other,
I saw your lion heart, and it pulled me.
I saw the creation and the destruction in your eyes.
I see you here in the mud, on the rock, in the rays of the rising
sun.
We are Dead and alive,
we saw a thousand Christs go by as they went up to Calvary
but the dove found no resting place.

You were where our solar system was formed,
you whispered something to me for eternal love
and then you fell from my hands, and everything became fire.
All the myths always show you.

We are man and woman, plant and stone,
amorphous and form, swallow and eagle,
snake and gazelle, fantastic creatures of depths.
They crucified us, beat us, tied us to poles and burned us,
wrapped us in gold and silver jewelry,
then exalted someone in the world and then we were ridiculed.
We stood together in front of the executive detachment,
our bodies pressed against each other for the last time,
flesh by flesh, as we became utensils for the spirit.

ABOVE THE EARTH

Above the earth, in realms of blue,
A boundless world, a wondrous view.
No chains to bind, no cage to close,
Just open skies where freedom flows.
The sun's warm kiss upon its back,
A trail of light upon its track.
Each beat of wings, a drum of hope,
A rhythm vast, an endless scope.
The free bird sings a song of peace,
A melody that shall not cease.
For in its flight, there's truth revealed,
In open skies, our hearts are healed.

LOGOS AND SILENCE

Silence, the vast canvas, where Logos paints its creed,
A partnership of absence, where unspoken thoughts can breed.
The echo of the unsaid word, in stillness finds its power,
Logos, in its wisdom, knows, in hush, the thoughts flower.
For in the quietude alone, can Logos truly speak,
Its voice is not in the loud clamor, but in the silence meek.
A dialogue of soundless depth, where insights roam free,
In the relationship of Logos and silence, lies the key.
So let us honor both the words
and the quiet it requires, for in the balance of the two,
ignites the soul's fire.
A symphony of silent sound, a paradox so bold,

MY OWN WILL

I came into existence,
naked yet clothed with innocence and unaware,
bathed with my mother's blood,
old folks heard me cry and were so glad.
I did not come into this unknown sphere by my own will
and I will not leave my own will
but i will drink the wine of the mystery
and become drunk with anguish,
fear and love.
So short, so precious a life, a fragile life under threat.

EVERY DROP OF YOUR BLOOD

I will light up the heavens just with your kisses
and thousands of suns will flow on thee,
the divine shiver will wrap your body,
the fire of eternity will burn
every drop of your blood.

Now, your heart will stop
and will start to beat on the tune of eternity,
and the softness of our lips
will change fate.

Beyond the heaven there is the country of heart,
here dwells the deepest secret nobody knows,
here the bud sees the bud, the mind
can't hide its darkness and the shadow
of the soul is illuminated,
and this is the miracle that's keeping
the stars in harmony orbit.

You see, the illimitable souls resemble one another.

IF DREAMS DIE

When I shall end my days on this earth.

Hold fast to dreams

For if dreams die

The soul, denies its divine heritage in life

Hold fast to dreams

For when dreams go away, the silent world of shadows is coming.

And if the Roads are blocked

and Barbed wire rampant everywhere, hold fast to dreams,

dreams are the mystics messengers of freedom

that come within our heart and call us in secret.

A soul rose on this earth and walked its chosen path

to fill her hands with morning songs.

WHY

Why must I lose everything I own?

Why must I lose all I have loved

All that I desire, all that I've known?

Time is Relentless, dauntless.

Like a fleeting moment, like a speck of dust

In a quick heartbeat, in a fleeting breath

Loss descends like darkness

Like the deep calm of death.

but love Declares a war on loss, on the inevitable,

asserts its arrogance, love shines its sword.

Such valiance is what makes one stand

Without fear or dilemma, unguarded

Challenging death's aggressive blows.

Yet again and again, life's designs must fail.

Yet there is a need so great, a longing so strong

Time's lesson unheeded, all defeats ignored

Love asserts its arrogance, love shines its sword.

"You're not real , death, you do not exist"

Life asserts proudly, as death smirks on

Pride stands firm, love marches ahead

Knowing unknowingly... that all will be gone.
that the Tears evaporate.

TILL THE END OF THE WORLD

In the quiet cradle of cosmic birth,
where stars ignited and galaxies spun,
Time unfurled its tapestry of wonder,
A symphony composed before the sun.
From primordial seas to mountain peaks,
Life danced upon the Earth's ancient stage,
Creatures fleeting, moments interwoven,
In the grand theater of each passing age.
Eons whispered secrets in fossilized bones,
as continents drifted and oceans roamed,
Love blossomed in tender human hearts,
and empires rose, then crumbled to stone.
Through epochs of ice and fiery embrace,
we traced our stories in stardust ink,
Dreams painted on the canvas of night,
as constellations whispered what they think.
The sun, our faithful timekeeper,
Measures days in golden increments,
yet love defies its linear constraints,
An eternal flame that never relents.

And when the last star fades from view,
when galaxies collide and atoms disperse,
our essence will linger in cosmic echoes,
A timeless melody, a universe-wide verse.
So let us dance upon this fragile sphere,
Embrace the fleeting moments we find,
for in the vast expanse of existence,
Love endures until the end of time.

THE CREATOR

Endless in space, living in the eternal motion of Substance,
Thou, who wast before the flight of ages,
who art impersonal in the three people of Deity.
Spirit is present everywhere and indivisible,
with no assigned abode and with no cause,
whom no one could understand yet,
who fills, embraces, creates and preserves everything
by the very essence of itself, the One whom we call God.
Though high intelligence might measure the deep ocean,
and count the sands and the rays of planets,
for Thee there is no number and no measure;
even Spirits of Light, born of Thy Radiance,
could not conceive of Thy ways;
as soon as the thought dares to lift itself
to Thee it is doomed to disappear in thy Greatness,
like a moment, passing into eternity.
Thou hast called forth from the abysses of eternity
the primordial existence of Chaos.
and founded in Thyself this eternity born before the ages.
Self-born and radiant, Thou art the light whence all light
proceeds.

Creating everything in one word,
expanding in continually renewed creation,
Thou hast been, thou art, Thou shalt be forever.
Thou containest the chain of beings in Thyself,
Thou sustainest it and givest it light.
Thou makest the beginning harmonious with the end,
and givest life through death.
Like streaming and whirling sparks, so are the Suns born from
Thee.
Like crystals of frost sparkling,
moving and shining on a clear frosty morning,
so are the stars in the abysses below Thee.
The burning millions of stars stream
in the immeasurable space, fulfilling Thy laws,
and shedding lifegiving rays.
But all these burning torches,
and the ardent rocks of crystals,
and the boiling hosts of golden waves,
and the fiery ether and the totality
of all possible shining when compared
to Thee will be like night before day.
Before Thee our whole system is like a drop before the ocean.
Then what is the world to which I belong,

and what am I myself? When I have added
to all the worlds of the heavenly ocean hundreds of millions of
other worlds,
the total will be like a speck if I dare to compare it to Thee:
and so before Thee I am certainly nothing.
I am nothing! Yet Thou shinest in me
with the Greatness of Thine own powers,
thou art mirrored in me, like the great Sun in a tiny drop of
water.
I am nothing! Yet I feel my own being,
I yearn everlastingly to hover in great heights;
my soul longs to become Thyself.
it penetrates things, it thinks, it reasons:
I am, therefore, Thou art as well.
Thou art! The whole plan of Nature tells me of this,
my own heart repeats it to me, and my reason assures me of it:
Thou art and I am, no more, a nothing!
I am a part of the complete universe,
and I dream of having been placed
in the exact middle of being,
where Thou hast ended creatures of flesh
and began the heavenly spirits,
having tied with me the complete chain of beings.

I am the link of the scattered world,
I am the culminating point of matter,
I am the centre of everything created,
I am the initial letter of Deity.
with my body I decay in the dust,
With my mind I order the thunders,
I am a king, I am a slave, I am a worm,
I am a God! But wondrous as I am, whence do I come?
— I do not know; but through myself I could not be.
I am thy creature, O Creator! I am the work of thy wisdom,
O source of life, giver of blessings, soul of my soul and King!
The ends of Thy Truth Necessitated
that my immortal being should pass through the abyss of
death,
that my spirit should clothe itself with mortality,
and that through death I should return,
O Father, into thy deathlessness.
O, Ineffable and Inconceivable one!
I know that the imagination of my soul
is powerless to trace thy mere shadow.
It is a duty to praise Thee,
but what other worship can weak mortals give Thee,
but the yearning to raise themselves up to Thee

and, with tears of gratitude to lose themselves
in the untold difference between them and Thee.

MOTHER EARTH

In the cosmic dance, a sphere of blue and green,
Cradled in the void, so serene.
A mother's touch in the vast expanse,
Nurturing life with every glance.
Mountains rise with stories old,
In their might, Earth's heart is told.
Oceans deep, where mysteries sleep,
Whispering secrets they long to keep.
Forests breathe with ancient grace,
Leaves rustling in an endless embrace.
Rivers carve the land with care,
A journey shared, a path laid bare.
Skies above, in endless hues,
Painting dawn with pinks and blues.
Stars peek through the veil of night,
Guiding travelers by their light.
Earth, our haven, our home, our sphere,
Through seasons' turn, year by year.
In her beauty, wisdom, and might,
A testament to life's delight.

So let us cherish this ground we tread,
With love and care, let it be led.
For in Earth's embrace, we find our worth,
A precious jewel, Mother Earth.

THE GIFT OF LIFE

The Gift of Life: An Ode to Existence,
is the most precious gift bestowed upon us.

It is a canvas upon which we paint our actions, dreams, and
memories.

The gift of life is not merely in the act of breathing
but in the opportunity to partake in the dance of existence,
to feel the heartbeat of the universe within us.

From the moment of conception, life is a miracle.

The intricate process that leads to the birth of a conscious
being

is nothing short of extraordinary.

Each life is a unique expression of the universe,
a singular narrative woven into the fabric of time.

To be alive is to be part of a continuum that stretches back
to the dawn of existence and forward into the realms of
possibility.

Life is a symphony of experiences,
each moment a note in an ever-evolving melody.

The joy of a child's laughter, the warmth of a loved one's
embrace,

the awe-inspiring sight of a sunset — these are the chords

that defines our existence.

The gift of life is found in these simple pleasures,
in the ability to perceive and cherish the beauty that surrounds
us.

The true gift of life lies in growth, in the journey
from whom we were to who we are meant to become.

It is in the challenges we face and the lessons we learn.
Each obstacle is an opportunity to strengthen our character,
to cultivate resilience and wisdom.

Life's gift is not in the absence of hardship
but in the capacity to transcend it,
to find meaning even in the midst of struggle.

Life is a gift because it allows us to connect with others,
to share in human experience.

Our relationships give life depth and purpose.
They are the threads that bind the tapestry of humanity.
Through love, friendship, and compassion,
we discover the true value of our existence.

We are not solitary beings but part of a greater whole,
and in this interconnection lies the essence of life's gift.
Ultimately, the gift of life is in the legacy we leave behind.
It is in the impact we have on the world,
the difference we make in the lives of others.

Our actions ripple through time, influencing future generations.

The gift of life is the chance to contribute to the story of humanity,

to add our chapter to the annals of history.

the gift of life is multifaceted and profound.

It is a journey filled with wonder, growth, connection, and legacy.

To be alive is to be part of an ongoing story,

a narrative that each of us has the power to shape.

It is the most fundamental and exquisite gift we could ever receive,

and it is up to us to honor it by living fully,

loving deeply and leaving the world a little better than we found it.

CREATURES OF CLAY

Creatures of clay, vain dwellers in the dust,
lonely, we roam like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth, nor death
Can raise a soul to heaven, only love, the new creation,
and all we see is a shadow of things unseen, and time that
comes to flee Is but the broken echo of a rhyme
In heart's great epic of Eternity.
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted light!

LIFE AND DEATH

One day, it was a day and all the unborn began in the abyss
on which forms and worlds are built,
all the unborn leaped into being
and the immortal's gradual birth mid hope and agony begins.
One more step, and all is sky and earth,
to whatsoever living form, I turn
I see my own body with another face,
comrades and powers and children of the unseen,
travelers through the out measuring, space and timeless time.
We Looking to find our souls in all that vast, million universes,
light bubbles of an immensity ocean.
Life, death, — death, life, forms of Janus,
disguises of integral unity Hey human,
on thy wings thou barest high, glory and disdain,
Godhead and mortality, ecstasy and pain.
In the obscure depths
and on the sublime heights the miracle goes on,
the miracle, our hearts, the tiny temples of the vastness of
Infinity.

THE HIDDEN LAW

I come from the depths of infinity
and from all directions of space-time.

I traveled through dark tunnels,
went through solar storms.

I went straight, circled, parallel,
rotated as a spiral.

Cosmic clouds trapped me
and escaped from them.

Avoided collisions with meteorites.

I was helped by exotic particles,
neutron stars and the love of gravity.

Every leaf, every flower,
Every mountain and lake,
every cloud and every star
and every atom recognizes me and greet me.

I feel that i have live for million lifetimes.

Who am I? What is my purpose?

Last night I sent a question into universe,
asking” who am i or am i not?

The universe responded immediately:

"You asked me the same thing billions of years ago.

And then and now i answer:

You're the smile of no birth and no death,

The Hidden Law!

THE SOURCE OF AWE

This morning, I walked the path to awe,
i met gods frustrated and angels sad.

The people had abandoned them, and the magic had tumbled.
Now, people are orphans, wanderers across the night,
frightened meteors looking for a source of awe.

“Where is it? Where to look for it?” The agony floods their
souls.

“Don’t look away.

The sanctuary manifested in the bird
that wakes the sun in the morning with its song,
in the raindrop that narrates the sorrows of the sky,
in the air that whispers secrets in the trees,
in the eternal face of shadow, in the silence of heart,
in the symmetry of universe, in the mountains that grow
unnoticed,
in the colour of flowers, in the eyes of cats,
in the arrival of sparrows.

Sanctuary, the Great Welcome.

THE VISIONS OF GRACE

I'm looking for the face I had before the world was made.

I was the primordial flaring forth, the gravitational waves,
the whirling galaxies, and the exploding supernovas
that would become stars and planets.

I was the steaming planet Earth,
the bacteria awash in the sea, and the early eukaryotes
and multicellular animals.

I exploded in the Cambrian explosion, stumbled onto land,
walked with dinosaurs, saw trees and flowers appear,
walked upright in Africa and walked on the moon.

I felt the embrace of gravity.

I was one with all that had been
and all that was to be.

I experienced subjective mystical communion
with the evolutionary, emergent universe.

I was in the universe.

We know not where the journey leads,
nor whether a destination is even a meaningful concept.

The attraction is the inherent thrill of participating
in a grand creative endeavor for which participation is its own
reward.

THE GODS ARE SILENT

The gods are silent in a naked sky,
the stars glitter,
but the eyes of humans are closed,
looking through the shadows.
If the Mountains fall and seas divide
life brings men into deep waters,
not to drown them, but to cleanse them.
To live a life that matters,
make the house,
where Gods may dwell,
there, in the temple of the soul
We will not die an unlived life.
we will not live in fear of falling
there, the dark stars waiting
with their light
to draw the veil from truth.

LONELINESS

Loneliness, Emotional pain, walks with us through the day,

and sleeps with us through the night,

Tears that is not visible to the naked eye,

silent screams that no one can hear,

feeling of relentless distress,

Trapped with nowhere to turn,

Life is changing beyond our control,

someone else is pulling the strings,

causing this deep ache in the bottom of our soul.

But remember, for every soul there is a soul that touches yours

-

Be it the slightest contact -

always there is a gleam of faith in the darkening sky.

always there is a glimpse of brighter skies

To brave the thickening ills of life.

To make this life worthwhile.

THE CHILDREN OF WORLD

The tears of a child, the pain of a mother!

A heart full of memories of a dead father!

Here's so much sorrow, in every eye.

Nothing but hurt left here,

nothing but bullets, pain, misery and shattered dreams ...

Yet for the children of world

only one equation counts: their shared humanity.

We will gather together as brothers

and we will live in solidarity with others in this world,

we are the thirsty souls of a world without divisions.

If we merge mercy with might and might with right,

then love becomes our legacy and change, our children's birth right.

Let's step out of the shade, aflame

and unafraid and don't trust any immortalist.

The dove will find a resting place!

LIFE CHANGES

Life changes every moment,
We smile, we cry, We win, We lose,
now, Strong wind and, after, a friendly breeze,
Hard rain and little drizzles,
Burning rays of sun and cool moonlight,
Add so much wonder to our life,
We come, and We go,
we departure from the world,
In this little part of infinity that we live,
Amidst Birth and Death, acrobats.

ALL WILL BE GONE

Why must I lose everything I own?

Why must I lose all I have loved

All that I desire, all that I've known.

Time is Relentless, dauntless.

Like a fleeting moment, like a speck of dust

In a quick heartbeat, in a fleeting breath

Loss descends like darkness

Like the deep calm of death.

but love Declares a war on loss, on the inevitable,

asserts its arrogance, love shines its sword.

Such valiance is what makes one stand

Without fear or dilemma, unguarded

Challenging death's aggressive blows.

Yet again and again, life's designs must fail.

Yet there is a need so great, a longing so strong

Time's lesson unheeded, all defeats ignored

Love asserts its arrogance, love shines its sword.

'You're not real, death, you do not exist'

Life asserts proudly, as death smirks on

Pride stands firm, love marches ahead

Knowing unknowingly... that all will be gone.
that the Tears evaporate.

DON'T GIVE UP ON LOVE

I thought that my voyage had come to its end
at the last limit of my power,
that the path before me was closed,
that possibilities were exhausting
and the time come to take shelter in a silent obscurity,
But I find that they will know no end in me.
And when old words die out on the tongue,
new melodies break forth from the heart.
and where the old tracks are lost,
The new country is revealed with its wonders.
So, don't give up on love
when it seems that all is lost,
for there is always life
if we're prepared to pay the cost.

A UNIVERSAL SONG

In the quiet of the night,
We find a truth profound: there are no borders in our souls.
No lines to mark where you end and where I begin,
In the vast expanse within, we are kin.

Our hearts beat in unison, a universal song,
In the dance of life, we all belong.
No walls can hold the spirit, no chains can bind the heart,
In the realm of the soul, we are never apart.

We are threads in a tapestry, woven with care,
Each one unique, yet all are there.
In the fabric of existence, every soul plays a part,
Connected by love, the language of the heart.
So let us embrace this truth, let it make us whole,
For in the end, we are one, there are no borders in our soul.

AT THE END OF TIME

I know that our efforts all come to nothing.

Analyze life, tear its trappings off, lay it bare with thought,
with logic, with philosophy,

and its emptiness is revealed as a bottomless pit.

its nothingness frankly confesses to nothingness,

and Despair comes to perch in the soul I know the end of us all
is nothing,

I know that at the end of Time,

The reward of our toil will be nothing — and again nothing.

I know that all our handiwork and all our ideas will be
destroyed.

I know that not even ash will be left from the fires that
consume us.

I know that our ideals, even those we achieve,
will vanish in the eternal darkness of oblivion and final non-
being.

There is no hope, none, in my heart.

I know, no promise, none, can I make to myself and to others.

No recompense can I expect for my laborers.

No fruit will be born of my thoughts.

I know the time — eternal seducer of all men,

eternal cause of all effects — offers me nothing

but the blank prospect of annihilation.

So, my dignity is broken and weak, in recognition of my
impending defeat.

The man who is alone, who stands on his own feet,

who is stripped bare, who asks for nothing

and wants nothing, who has reached the apex of
disinterestedness

not through blind renunciation but through excess of clear
vision,

turns to the world which stretches out before him as a burned
prairie,

as a devastated city — a world in which no churches, asylums,
refugees, ideals, are left — and says: «Though you promise me
nothing

I am still with you, I am still an atom of your energies,

My work is part of your work; I am your companion

and your mirror as you march in your merciless way.

But I owe nothing to anyone.

I would be responsible for freedom alone.

MAYBE

I know that I shall meet my shadow, one day, is our fate.
I know that, someday, the light ends up for us
and the deadly gravity will absorb us.
But then, without space and time, without life and death,
the infinite pieces will be reunited,
A deeper union through the tranquility of silence will be born.
And again, a magician spark will shine
and a ocean of souls will flood the universe
and will give birth to stars and grief.
And maybe, just maybe, in another heaven,
My dreams will be your dreams.
You see, everything repeats itself
and everything will be reincarnated in different forms.
An incredible miracle, carefree, and we live in it.
Please, stand still and breathe the generosity of the miracle.
The miracle is folded into your heart.

LOVE

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THE HEART OF MAN

Listen,

If stars are still lit it means there is someone who needs them.

It means someone wants to love,

Why then do we feel so much pain and heaviness of the heart?

are we waiting for something, regretting anything?

To whom I can stretch out my hand in the somber desert?

Who will accompany me on the empty night?

Who will give me a fiery day?

Who will bring back the sea that left?

No hope here. Torment is certain.

Without sacredness in the emptiness of this world of ours,

the heart of man fades like a flower.

Suddenly, the shuddering of the heavens penetrating my soul,

Oh never let the parting sun, no star is ever lost we have seen,
the long rains will continue to fall.



Alexis karpouzos (born on April 09, 1967) is a philosopher, author, spiritual master and pioneer of higher consciousness. He is author of several books on philosophy, metaphysics, spirituality, modern science. His most famous books are: “Universal consciousness”, “non-duality”, “An ocean of souls”, “Beyond the heaven”. Alexis Karpouzos is also a recording artist. He has recorded two music albums and twenty-four singles songs. He has also appeared in two documentary films, television and radio productions. He is the pioneer of the post-ontology consciousness and the wisdom of universal wholeness. The global language of poetry of Alexis Karpouzos, by following the paths of wisdom, is a vehicle for transmitting human knowledge and values, history, ancient traditions, and links with nature. It transmits the human values and worldly knowledge that are essential for opening ourselves to the Other. Poetic creation, therefore, forges very strong links between humans -it transcends beyond languages, beliefs and cultures. Each poem appears in its original form, in a vibrant celebration of life, diversity, language, and the enduring power of poetry. At a time when the Humanities are under threat, this book offers

a defense of poetry within the context of growing interest in mindfulness, in spirituality, in consciousness, in art, in education