

# Disconnected

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<a href="#">Pavel Sekerák</a>	<a href="#">Greenie knižnica</a>	<a href="#">CC-BY-NC-ND</a>	<a href="#">First (2021)</a>	<a href="#">Pavel Sekerák</a>

## A b o u t t h i s b o o k

Sometimes I think of verses in languages other than my native language. Sometimes in Czech, sometimes in German but most often in English.

This new collection of poems was released when I stopped using social networks. This explains its name – Disconnected.

## T h e T r u m a n s h o w

A never-ending circle of the same situations,  
the same people, the same blank sentences.

The worse, the better. Congratulations!  
Success deserved by wrong persons.

Meaningless repetition is our daily bread.  
One thing is for sure, I don't want to live like that.  
If you don't understand, read captions below.  
I don't want to play a role in this Truman Show.

## A p o l o g y

I will never give you back a smile I robbed you of.  
I will never give you back the warmth of the father's heart.  
It's not in my might to correct all the mistakes I have made.  
I will never give you what you deserve so much.

Every time I see your face, I feel guilty and ashamed.  
I know the time to forgive is over now.  
Nothing in this world can justify my actions.  
I'm really sorry about that and I want you to know.

You may never read these few painful words.  
And forever, I will be invisible in your eyes.  
Maybe one day the right moment will come.  
Maybe sometimes I'll get a chance to apologize.

## V o i c e s o f a n g e l s

I hear them all  
voices of angels  
singing about  
love in your heart.

I hear the noise  
of the crashing waves  
that break down  
the sense of my art.

I saw the sky  
in the blue of your eyes  
just a second before  
the sun goes down.

I have asked myself  
if there was anything  
more beautiful  
in this cold world.

## L i g h t

Dark thoughts in my mind  
stole the morning light.  
Everything's grey now,  
all bad things are on my side.

I can't wait for the evening,  
when I'm tired and fall asleep.  
I look forward to dreaming,  
after I'll count the last sheep.

In my dreams, I feel alright,  
happier than I've ever been.  
The world was created from light  
and you are the brightest beam.

## L u c k y   s t a r

The clock shows one a.m.  
I'm sitting silently behind the PC.  
I'm looking at the black screen,  
for me, nothing looks easy.

Sometimes I feel useless,  
living in the wrong place.  
I will focus on the future.  
As one of the famous says:

It's a broke day,  
but everything is OK.  
The world is not black.  
It is white as cocaine.

And some people say,  
you should do everything right.  
But do they even know,  
that life is a hard fight?

Where have all my dreams gone?  
I hope not too far.  
Even though I was not born,  
under the lucky star.

## S h a d o w

The sky is falling on me,  
crushing my fragile bones.  
It gives me no chance  
to fill my empty soul.

I'm looking for the Sun  
in the noise of crowded streets.  
To heal my broken heart  
and all my unmet needs.

Born to live or born to die?  
I hope to find an answer soon.  
I don't believe we're created  
to live in the shadow of the Moon.

## B r a i n   c l e a n i n g

I'm going outside to clean up my head.  
To forget everything what I've ever said.  
To think about what is good and what is bad.  
I have to do it before I get mad.

Reading the green inscription on the hairy chest,  
I realize that my intentions were not the best.  
Now's the time to put my life to the test.  
Let's hope I don't waste at least the rest.

## A r e m i n i s c e n c e

I carry the whole world on my shoulders,  
all the pain and injustice.  
Ruined the sharply guarded borders,  
to gain a new consciousness.

Touching the light,  
but I'm living in the night.  
Cleaning up my sight,  
to see what is right.

Sometimes things don't make sense,  
they roll through my mind.  
It all looks like a reminiscence,  
which I see although I'm blind.

## I t   w i l l   b e   f i n e

I don't care if you'll return.  
I don't want it anymore.  
I don't care if this bridge will burn,  
nothing will be like before.

It's too late to come back,  
too late to turn back time.  
Nothing is really black,  
soon everything will be fine.

It just takes a little care  
A little bit more interest.  
A little bit more love and faith,  
A little bit more air in my chest.

## F a t e

Money makes friends, that's not funny.  
What would you be without money?  
A lousy outsider who has nothing.  
It's not you, who will be laughing.

It's a result of natural selection.  
A consequence of going in the wrong direction.  
You have no right to be happy.  
Also, your food will be fairly crappy.

You will never see the blue of heaven.  
You will walk barefoot on glass shards.  
Slowly prepare for Armageddon.  
Life has given you bad cards.

## S t a r s h i p

Black ravens emerged from the fog.  
I can't stand the croaking.  
Come and help me captain Spock!  
Deep space can't hear my invoking.

My spaceship is broken,  
panic on board.  
Escape exits are open,  
suggest a reward.

I will be trapped,  
on this dirty planet.  
Heaven is unmapped,  
it's the last attempt.

It worked very well!  
I woke up from this dream.  
It was like hell.  
Stifling air and hot steam.

## C y b o r g

Mission failed,  
connection lost.  
I tried to repair,  
regardless of the cost.

System overload,  
critical malfunction.  
Keep a peaceful mind  
without a dysfunction.

Under the metal body  
lives a cyber soul.  
Towards the infinity  
the cyborg race was born.

## I f

If I had a chance to start again,  
I would try to create a better plan.  
I would play music without words,  
drums and the bassline and some chords.

If I had one day and nothing more,  
I would rob a bank or a jewellery store.  
I would break all the usual rules,  
I will be crowned as the king of fools.

## L o v e r s

All the words you say fall down,  
like hot raindrops on my face.  
And you will never know,  
inside my heart is an empty place.

Reserved for you till the end of time.  
Decorated with your favourite flowers.  
Although you may never be mine.  
Although we may never be lovers.

# C u r r i c u l u m   v i t a e

This is a story about me.  
A story without a happy end.  
You should prepare some handkerchiefs,  
it will be hard to comprehend.

Tears will fall down your face  
and you will want to be deaf.  
You will wait in vain for grace,  
she'll never come cos she's dead.

Born to poor parents in a small town,  
on the fringes of social interest.  
Photos of the cellar apartment  
you will not find on Pinterest.

Fortunately, I don't remember much of it,  
just a few blurred images.  
Knife, blood, some cigarettes,  
and a rifle in my mother's hands.

I didn't hear the voice of my thoughts,  
because of my drunk father's noise...  
When other boys were playing outside,  
sadness and loneliness were my toys.

As time went on, I spent more and more time alone.  
On the way home from school, I just wandered around.  
Nobody called me, I didn't have a phone.  
They were just roommates, it wasn't home.

We often moved from place to place.  
Sometimes we didn't have money for food.  
I had to face the disgrace.  
My classmates couldn't understand my mood.

As a kid, I was looking for ways to make money.  
Because my father was often in prison.  
My days were not always sunny.  
Sometimes it was a hard mission.

Despite everything, I had happy moments with my friends.  
Today, they can only dream of such a childhood.  
Housing estate provided us with many incentives for games.

As well as the nearby pinewood.

As a teen boy, I've searched for something more.  
Something that can heal my soul.  
People tend to call it Love.  
In my case, it wasn't a girl.

One man asked me if I'm prepared to meet God.  
I answered him: No, I'm not.  
From this moment my searching never stopped,  
I was ready to give him all I've got.

But life asked me questions I couldn't answer.  
My doubts grew stronger every day.  
Why do people die of cancer?  
Why doesn't it help when I pray?

And so I lost faith in hope, goodness, and love.  
Since then, I walk aimlessly through my life.  
When I worked in a foreign town,  
I decided on one redhead to make her my wife.

At first, it looked good, although I guessed something.  
Even after our only son was born.  
In the end, everything became nothing.  
You will never find love in porn.

The divorce was expected and also effected.  
From that, we were not protected.  
All pieces of the puzzle are collected.  
Another level of life is selected.

## A l l   I   w a n t

As sweet, as only you can be  
is your magic gaze to me.  
Full of love and energy.  
By your side I want to be.

I can't take my eyes off you.  
This dress looks so nice on you.  
Now I don't know what to do.  
All I want is to be with you.

## H i d e - a n d - s e e k

There are a thousand ways to love you.  
None of the ways will be the same.  
Nothing looks clear from my view,  
I know I'll be ashamed.

Every time I look into your eyes.  
I feel so small. I feel so weak.  
In my stomach, some butterflies  
trying to play hide-and-seek.

## W h e e l c h a i r c h e s s

Nothing more  
and nothing less,  
come let's play  
wheelchair chess.

Without pawns,  
without bones,  
don't waste time  
and hit the walls.

Destroy the tower!  
Defeat your enemy!  
You have the power.  
The sword is your remedy.