The Whispers of the Muse
A collection of soul-poems

These poems are written by the people who participated in the international training course “ACHIEVE” innovative methods for training and development of youth workers, which took place in Romania, from 5th to 12th of November 2017.
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Introduction

Soul poetry is a simple way of accessing our profound thoughts, deep feelings, powerful visions. It is a way of being vulnerable and honest, grounded and open, simple and wise. It is a way of letting be overwhelmed by the revelations of life. Soul poetry shouldn’t be perceived as the mastery of specialized poets, but rather as a playground where we can experience the beautiful realms of life. Thus, Soul poetry is for each and every one of us.

Bogdan Romanică

What is a “soul poem”?

From the book “Soulcraft” (page 206-208) written by Bill Plokin.

“Poetry, “Soul Speech”, brings together the linguistic, linear part of the psyche with the imaginal, holistic part, enlisting the thinking mind in the service of soul, image and feeling. By immersing ourselves in the rich symbols of verse, we enhance the ego’s ability to converse with the soul...Not only is the soul content to listen to this poetry, it is also encouraged to speak up, to join in, to sing its own song.

Make a habit of reading the soul poets, alone or with friends. Read each poem loud, very slowly, at least twice at each sitting. Let your imagination and feeling meander. Memorize some of your favorite soul poems. Recite them aloud in wild settings. Compose your own soul poetry and record your dreams in verse. Wander with and in poems and let your awareness cross boundaries. Make notes, in verse or prose, on what you find beyond the frontier.”
On the wings of the ladybug

Galina Kancheva
(Bulgaria)

... On the slide called Life
Sometimes it’s scary.
Other times, it’s painful.
But we can also fly.
The triggered fear is from the unknown at the end of it.
But when we know the end, sometimes it hurts.
Where to fly to, we search in this everlasting moment.
But the road is lost mysteriously
between our widely opened eyes
and our soul, deeply locked.
Where is the key to this beautiful door?
Maybe in the wings of the ladybug on our shoulder...?
A star within

Galina Kancheva
(Bulgaria)

You have been taught
To walk forward and look upward.
You obey

You look upward but you only see the clouds
Blame it on the clouds
You try again because you have been taught not to give up
You obey

This time you see the branches
Blame it on the trees
You try again
A little star appears
But wait
I do not see my steps
You look down
It’s dark

Something from behind you whispers
“Is the star dead?”
You have been taught not to look back
You do not obey!

Behind, the star is shining bright.
A whisper coming from within, you hear saying:
“Do you want to catch the star?”
“Yes” – intuitively you reply
Backwards, forwards, upwards, downwards,
It all transforms in one
… and whispers:
“Your eyes are widely open
But do they see the heart of your soul?”
You close your eyes
You see your soul
You catch the star
You obey!
These last few days, I have been part of a plan.
Every conversation, every touch, every move, every activity, purposefully contributed to me.
Me, me, me! Me gotten better, me this, me that.
Why me?
I feel selfish, until I realize I am just a means to a bigger plot.
I am not the protagonist.
I am a contributor of an exact equal weight with everyone and everything around.
Yes I remain Special, because what I am contributing is what others need in some magical way and what I get is what others magically know I need.
The use of the word need is not circumstantial.
You, I might be needing pain, love, laughter, reason, logic and so on in order to grow.
Why grow?
To balance out naturally what exists.
Survival!
All of our instincts and resistances are based on survival.
Survival needs religion, a theory, a meaning, a purpose.
We are all here to serve each other, ourselves and our surroundings.
Bless you all for your contributions.
I devote with all of my existence every drop of tear I shed, in awe to your, our existence and our survival...
As the Wheel turns

**Alexandru Giurgea**
(Romania)

As the Wheel turns, The Mystery calls,
As you follow the Call,
Stumblingly, grudgingly, painfully, blissfully,
You might find Her Embrace.
You might look in the Shadows,
You might seek it in someone's touch,
As you turn, and turn, and search, and flee,
You will find Her touch,
You can hear Her whisper,
You sense Her smell,
You feel Her Rhythm,
Within yourself,
After all.
And that is when you know,
It's Her.
The dance of life

Leta Panayotova
(Bulgaria)

It's a wheel and it goes round.
And as you swirl,
you hear the sound
of wild beasts and humid ground.

You never stop. You never know.
But as it turns you feel the flow.
It hurts
and then you smile.
You catch a glimpse
and stay a while.

It tells the same old story.
Just you.
No heroes. No glory.
Just you and this sacred feeling
of something naked,
brave,
and willing.

It takes you. And you take it.
You are you. No need to fake it.
It takes you. And you dance it.
The dance of life.
You just embrace it.
Life knows

Ioanna Andreou
(Cyprus)

When life puts you into trouble it's because life knows. Trust what is following, in the moments that are ahead of you. They are there to make the best out of you.

Just don't rush things, don't force situations to happen.

Just don't rush life, let it flow smoothly.

It will all fall into place when it is supposed to.

They say when one door closes another one opens, but don't hurry to reach that door.

Take your time, explore the world around you, explore you, understand yourself, love yourself.

If you get to your door before you are ready then nothing will make sense. Give your mind space to refresh and grow, to get back all the positivity and smiles.

Wounds take time to heal but things always get better. When you reach your door you will know, you will feel the happiness. You will not need to wonder if that is the place you are supposed to be at. You will know.

You will fulfill your journey and arrive safely, full of experiences and knowledge in a new door that awaits for much, much more.

And one day you will wake up, truly happy and thankful for what life has given you, and you will be grateful that you took your time to grow.

The future is always better than what we imagine, you might feel like drowning in sadness, that nothing makes sense, but trust in yourself, trust in the universe, in the positive energy and the smiles will come to you.

Always remember that happiness is just around the corner.
The Sun and The Wind

Ana Fiță
(Romania)

The Sun and The Wind got together and danced on the floor of my soul. I started asking questions and speaking with The Wind, but He gave me a kiss that sealed my lips...
"There is no need for questions", He whispered
"Let the afternoon light of The Sun take you in the darkest of darkness. There, your ancestors are calling for your True Heart, a heart that speaks in tears and laughter."
There, where

**Liya Savova**
(Bulgaria)

There, where
Sacred mystery & chaos unite
With the taste of the pure light.

There, where
The symbol of the moon is constantly following you
And my peace wants to remain true.

There, where
My fears are cocooning bit by bit,
Waking up only when I different sense need to submit.

There, where
The true intentions that from my consciousness I’ve kept away
Are now left to be known in their charming and natural way.

There, where
My wild nature is awaking from the long sleep
Helping me to give voice to my fire and to my water nature from the deep.

There, where
I trust the will of the true spiritual flow
And let go the fears from the unknown.

There, where
I’m following the sun and the direction of your hands,
and dance the song gracefully without thinking when it ends.

There, where
I trust the fall that precedes the try, followed by the fly.
And with freely spread wings now the love I can see in its real eye.
There.....
I feel as that „there“ is only where
My true „Here“ is aware.
Endless Sea of Love

Alexandru Mare

(Romania)

You are Love,
But Love knows not.
Love has forgotten itself.
In the mother who holds her child,
Love tries to remember herself,
We call it care.
In a father beating his child,
Love tries desperately to remember,
We call it violence.
In the jealous lover binding himself to his beloved by tears of fear,
Love forgets itself,
We call it attachment.
When Love remembers,
It embraces everything by letting go
We call it freedom.
Love, then, blows with the wind
And shines in the Sun
It gives itself up,
And receives herself, totally.
Love knows no boundaries when she remembers.
The Love that comes out of a comma,
The parable of the prodigal Son.
Remember,
Remember,
Return.
The cloaked figure

Alexandru Mare
(Romania)

Follow me, the cloaked figure.
Down the corridor of avoidance, embrace the darkness with patience.
Here you’ll find the long forgotten treasures, hidden by your ancestors
Love and Fear distilled,
Be stilled by it.
In silence you’ll find your essence.
Beginning and then end

Lyuben Georgiev
(Bulgaria)

Process, black box, nothing...
Beginning and then end,
In the middle something.
Light and darkness

Maria Hrețculesei
(Romania)

In Darkness there are no shadows, there is just freedom to be, to feel and to express other dimensions of yourself. In Darkness touches become a way to communicate, while smells and sounds feel brighter.

With the Light come both the Sun and the Shadow. The Shadow to accept and to heal, The Sun to express, to offer warmth and comfort.

There is life both in Darkness and in Light, both are here to guide you and connect you with yourself.

In Darkness we find the answers, the stillness, the closeness, the depth of our self, that we express when in the light we are.

The Light recharges us for our moments in Darkness so we can touch the essence of ourselves.

Let there be both Dark and Light.
I grabbed your hand and took you in the forest,
Like a child I climbed the trees,
Joy I felt and freedom from the East.
Innocence it was.

You came into my dreams among the beasts,
That through my soul I summoned,
The anima I found inside me dancing.
I welcomed her home from the South and
The sparkle in the eyes returned.
Wildness it was.

In the darkest hour was the moon brightly shining,
The voices of the shadows called,
but I was afraid in the unknown to enter.
I needed you to guide me but I wasn't seeing you,
Instead of you, the birds came from the West
And their deepest song they sang to me.
Mystery it was.

I saw you, when I wasn't seeing,
Your permanent presence from the North
through the touch of sense I felt.
Reflected kindness was revealed.
Nurturing it was.

Now I'm being in the centered self,
Embracing love that flows through me.
Grateful for the Gifts I feel.
I know already that you are just the Muse,
the rest of it is me.
Wholeness it is.
Suddenly

Bogdan Ovidiu Talpoș
(Romania)

Suddenly the mind is still. And it sees!
Breathe in...
Exhale!
Everything still happening:
The ground - "What ground?
This constantly moving, shaky mass?"

... The light – „Wonderful indeed!
One could almost say it slightly resembles
Pitch darkness.
Minding the shadows, of course."

... The warmth of – „Cold, it's cold.
Fresh, sharp, awaking
Cold wind!"

... Everything – “Everything still happening?
HA!
Then, why is it different?”
“Everything still happening!?
Indeed...
Then, what changed?
The cocoon

Tihomira Naneva
(Bulgaria)

I am water and I am fire,
I am particles and I am whole,
I am a loyal soldier - simple and complex,
I am a mystery and I am an open book,
I am laughter and I am a tear,
I am loving and I hate myself,
I am noise and I am music,
I am ugly and I am beautiful,
I am slow and I am quick,
I am lost and I am found,
I am a taker and I am a giver,
I am the Sun and I am the Moon,
I am a cocoon and I am a butterfly,
I feel pain and I feel joy,
I feel empty and I feel full,
I feel wander and I feel Mindful,
I feel the flow, I am the flow
I am nothing and I am everything,

Who am I?
I am what I am.
Remember

Sabina Pop
(Romania)

I walk this Earth
And slowly, I remember who I am.
The more I listen,
The more I'm silent,
The space within me speaks.

It gives me hints
That there's connectedness.
In trees, in skies,
In pairs of dark green eyes.

Alone in this world
We seem to play a song.
Yet we don't hear
All the other chords.

We will remember though
That we are strings
That play a song
On one celestial guitar.

Remembering comes soon
Glimpses of truth are already here.
In your head, in my eyes.
In your thoughts, on my lips.

Go to the trees,
Go to the skies,
Smell with your eyes,
Touch with your nose,
Kiss with your hands.
Let your mind rest.

Then... in the last moment,
Close your eyes.
And when you open them
Look at Mother Earth
As if it's for the first time.

You are home. You are, now.
Remember who you are.
Meetings

Eleni Michail
(Cyprus)

The muse came for a visit
I asked her “how are you?”
She said “I am as you are”

The darkness came for dinner
I asked her “what’s up?”
She said “everything that’s up with you”

The mystery came for a drink
I asked her “what’s going on?”
She said, “all that is going on with you”

Myself came for breakfast
I asked her “who are you?”
She said “I am a human being and this is wonderful!”
The truth

Ognian Gadoularov
(Bulgaria)

I found the way through heart and time in search of Who I Am.
I welcomed back my soul in me and we became a whole.
The water offered me to play and I accepted it.
I haven’t cried for a hundred years but tears are home again.
When river, earth and forest speak our heart is there to listen.
There is no fear where we are, the breath is only here.
There is no present, future, past, the only thing that’s clear, is there is no any single part.
The Earth is whole and near.
The hand

Bogdan Romanică
(Romania)

The roots of the trees sink deeply,
The wind is touching my face.
“Look at this world, boy,
Look at these people.
Who are they?
Who are you?
What is now?
What is here?
What is love?
What is a touch?
I mean the touch of this hand,
This hand that seems so special,
The hand that has its own story.
Everything is not a thing,
It is a blessing.
The persons who wrote the poems are youth workers and trainers from Bulgaria, Cyprus and Romania, who participated in the international project “ACHIEVE” innovative methods for training and development of youth workers, which is coordinated by Learning for Change Foundation from Bulgaria and implemented in partnership with Dreams for Life from Romania and allaZOYME from Cyprus.

The poems were written in the last day of the second training course which took place in Romania, in order to symbolize the training experience.

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