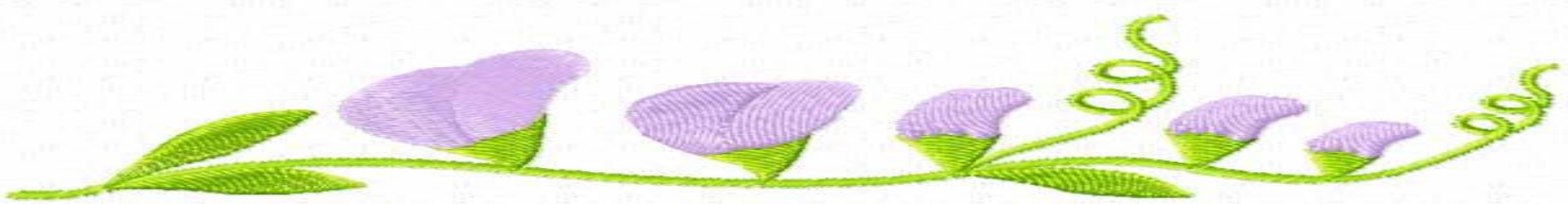


OLGA EMMANUEL

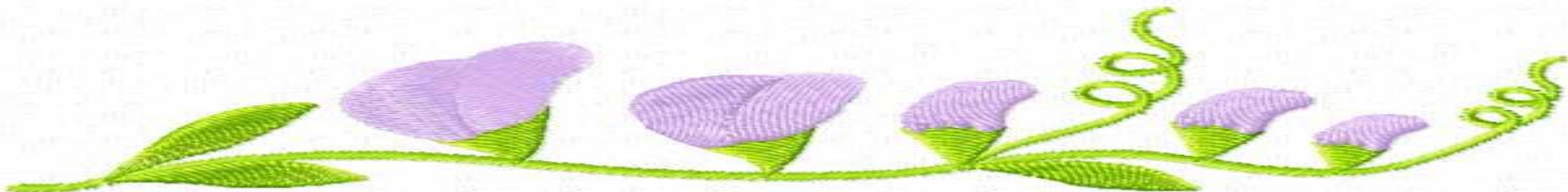
*THE **D**EEP END OF **L**IGHTNESS...*

A COLLECTION OF POETRY & LYRICS

1969 – 2011



POETRY



Endlessly
Do I stare
At my face
Though
I can see
No trace
Of actual existence

My eyes reflect
That sorrowful
Nothing
My thoughts dictate

Without result
Do I try
To drag back
Those facts
That carry no more
An evidence
Of an earlier life
So I can find
No confidence
Stuck on my pores
Of misery
That I am really alive

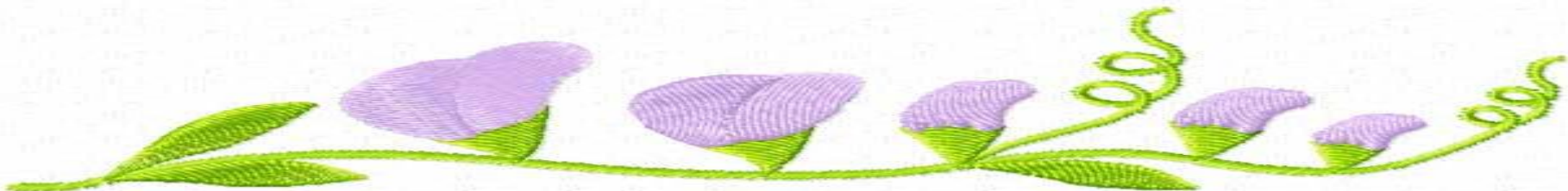
WHO AM I?

Beauty of ugliness
Horror of loveliness
Have long lost
Their meaning
Sorrow for emptiness
Just void painfulness
Have creepingly
Shattered
My tissues of being

Myself I seek
In others' flesh
And scrutinize
Their ignorance
To learn
If I exist

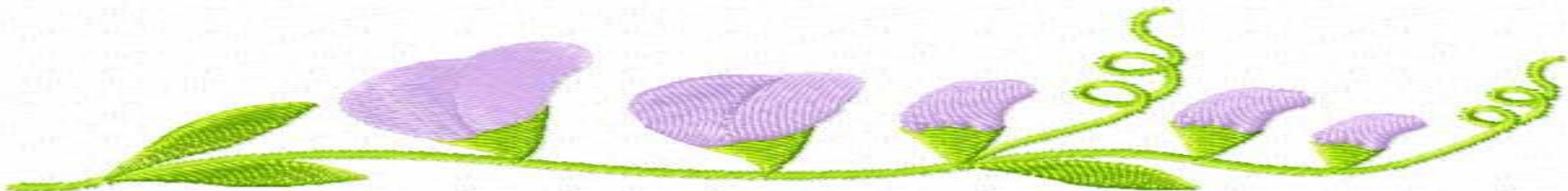
How vainly
How hopelessly
I give myself away:
If I am them
Then
They are me
If I am here
I'm also there
But where
Do I stand or stay?

How listlessly
I scratch
The cancer of my spirit
How thoughtlessly
I hatch
The egg of tiresome hopes
That have
No scope or shape
A useless ape
That fools along
His steps
Of stagnant endlessness
Maybe I am



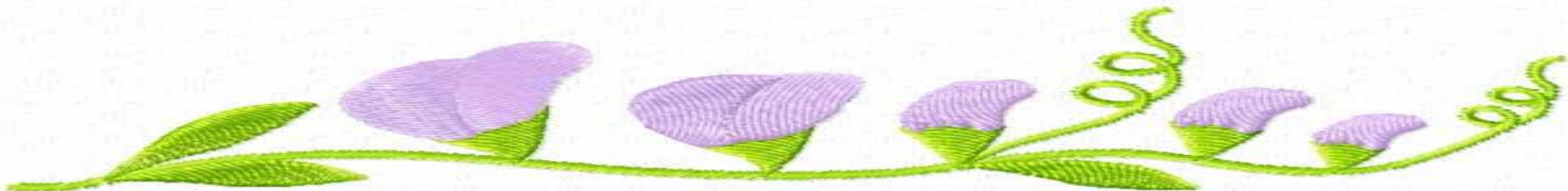
Bitterness
Landed softly
On my lips
And stained
The taste of life
With its kiss of pain

Bitterness
Made the butterflies
Cry again



MAN THINKS...

Man thinks
That things should be
The way he thinks they are
But one day
He finds out
That things are not the way he thinks
But rather as they are



Let the shadows haunt you
The shades to embrace you
And detachment won't be yours

Let the sounds touch you
The echoes to resound on you
And detachment won't be yours

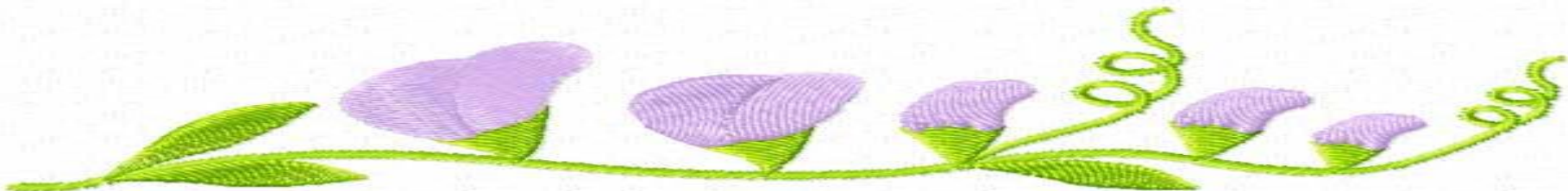
Let the tastes devour you
The times to overpower you
And detachment won't be yours

Let ideas perch on you
Impressions procreate on you
And detachment won't be yours

Let the feelings dig on you
The passions to operate on you
And detachment won't be yours

Be free!

1980s



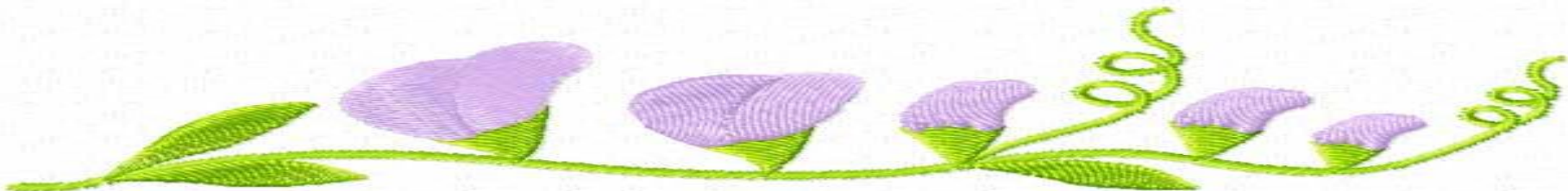
SHALL WE EVER....?

Your loving eyes
caressed me no end,
as did indeed
the full presence of your being...
why am I unhappy then
on this fine evening of our discontent?

15-8-1998

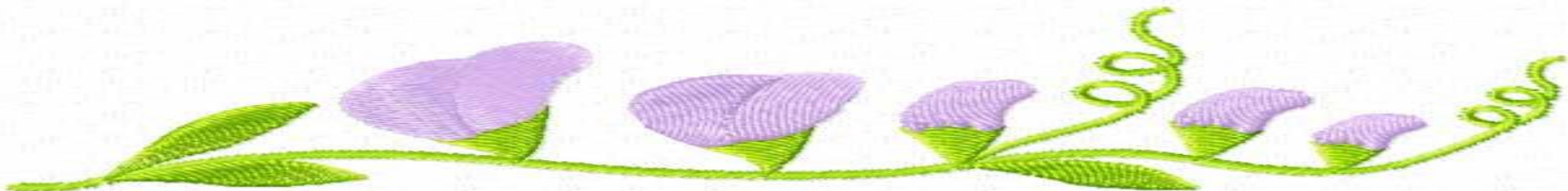
Is it the anticlimax -
moving from you to simply nought...
from the satiated blend
of our existences
to the frustrated chaos
of individuality?
Is it the blemish I detected
in your tormented look
as you hurriedly took
your guilt away
to nurse it
in the safer niches
of your aloneness?

Our fears intertwined,
like our desires before,
have taken over
anew
our flimsy wills,
our worm-eaten dreams
of yore...
Shall we ever set ourselves free?



WORTH

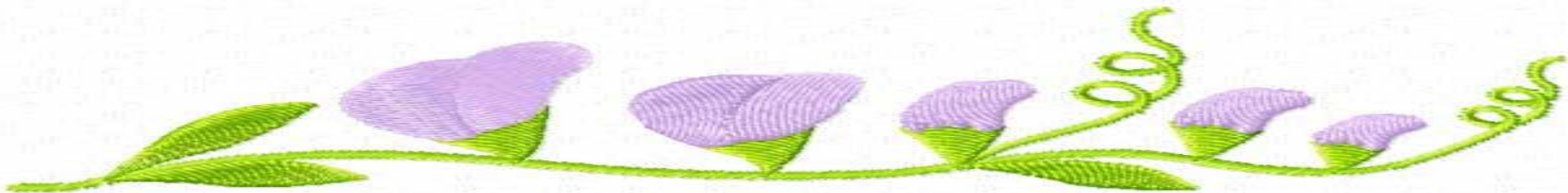
You were not worth the trouble
 (tentatively I surmised)
rather, more trouble than you were truly worth
 but I had grossly invested in your worth
 (and that was really my trouble)
 when in fact I had invested
in the worthlessness you had made of your worth
 The truth is
 (if one's ego aside one wishes to thrust)
 that there was worth in you
that could have made you very much worth the trouble
 but you chose to nourish your trouble
 instead of your worth
and I sadly went into a lot of trouble
 to illuminate for you the worthiness
 of your troubled worth
 only to be eclipsed
by the troubled worthlessness of your trouble



GROWING YOUNG

I didn't grow young
until I grew quite old
and it wasn't too late
for a new start
as I had been told.

The only problem was
that, again, I was alone,
pretty much as I had been
when I was young
(when in reality I was quite old)
because everyone else
had actually grown old
despite me.



BORROWED TIME

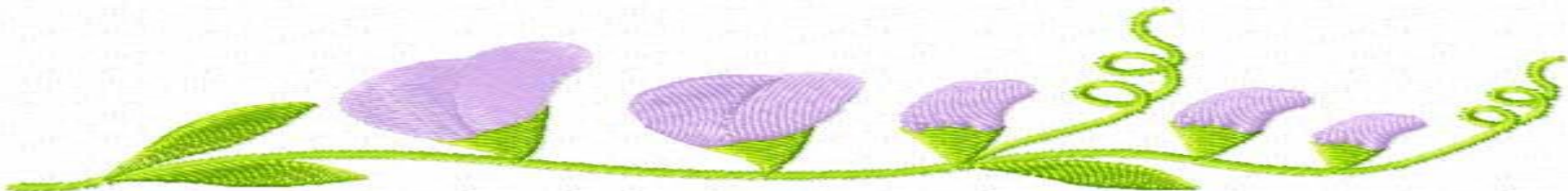
You lent me your watch
in a gesture of goodwill
so I could walk life at your pace.
I didn't know it then
and I continued running
long after my time with you was over.

"Borrowed time!" I said
and we both laughed.
I couldn't wait for you to grow
according to your watch.
I ran and ran
even with your time on.
Your watch ran with me,
following my own swift pace.

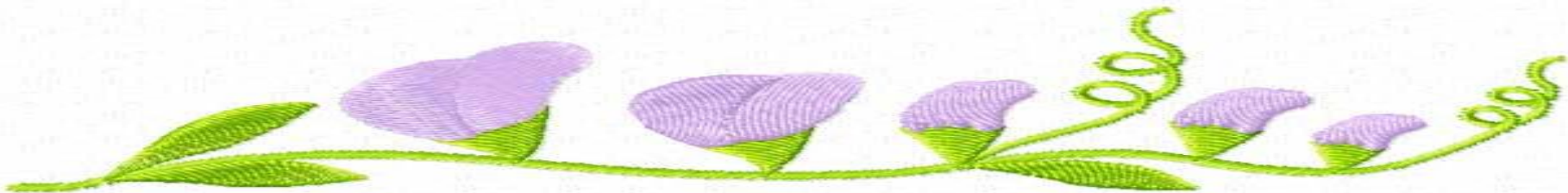
Did you ever grow?
Now I'll never know.
I grew despite the slowness
of your watch,
following my ever-running time.

I had run out of time,
you see;
it was already late
when your slowness was slowly killing
the last tick of time for me.
But, even so,
it was my time that killed
the last tick of me
or so.

"Borrowed time!" I said...
You thought it was a joke
and so it was... at the time.
You never got your own time back
and who knows if you ended up
slowing down further
or running after me
to catch my own time,
which would have swiftly killed you...
in time.



LYRICS



AN ODE TO DERE*E

Yes, it is true
let it be clear
that ours is the school
which is to us most dear
Yes, it is true
have no fear
to entrust yourself
into its care

Deree, Deree, Deree
I'm just so proud
to be a part
of your family tree

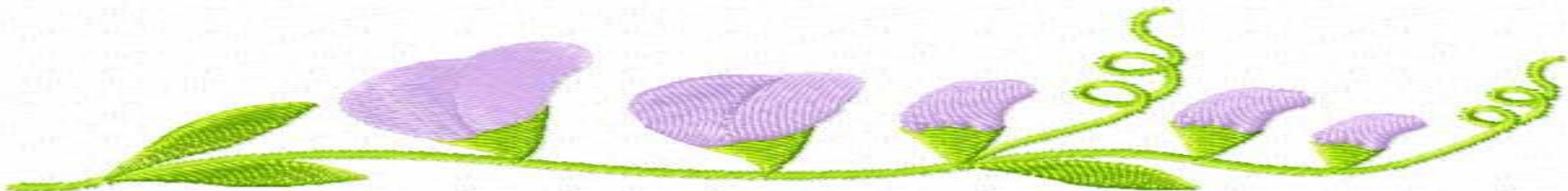
Deree, Deree, Deree
it's just so grand
to be a part of thee

You offer to me
the gift of wisdom
you inspire in me
responsibility
while perched in your embrace
I bloom and prosper
and then can face the world
with strength and proper
professional grace

Deree, Deree, Deree
I'll always be a part
of your family tree

Deree, Deree, Deree
oh, how I love to be
a part of thee

**Song which was presented in Pierce College theatre in 1993. It was sung by Rosa Poulimenou and danced to by three couples of the Deree Ballroom Dance Club under the direction of Maria Nomikou.*



IAN ANDREW VORRES*

**Song*

Ian Andrew Vorres
a figure of eminence
a symbol of success;
you've conquered our hearts
with your charm and finesse
and the world at large
with your great eloquence

Along your climb to Calvary
you've been justly crowned with fame
for bringing Greece acclaim
to be cherished in posterity

Witty, gifted and wise
you've created a monument
of artistic paradise
by giving your life
to a worthy cause
towards which you've worked earnestly
without much of a pause

Along your arduous journey
you've been faced with much opposition
which undermined alarmingly
your already fragile condition

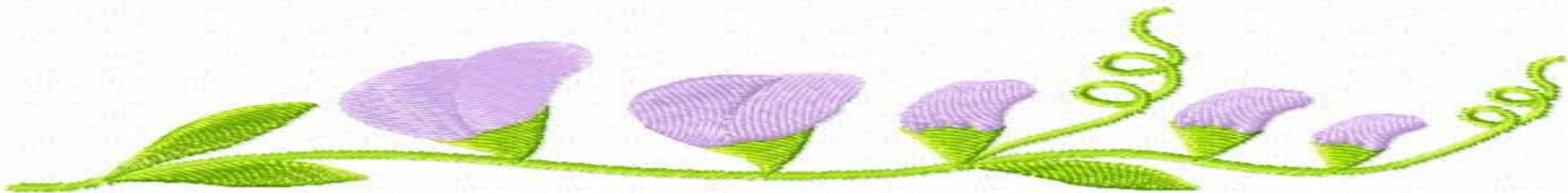
However and nevertheless
you're not a mere human
you're Ian Vorres!
who cast his own legend
with perseverance
and has always met challenge
with renewed confidence

But now that you are in your prime
is your excellence to *you* really sublime?
was philanthropy in your mind
or was it your ego that your path defined?

Whatever and nonetheless
who am I to question
who's Ian Vorres?
he's a saint, he's a tyrant
he's all in one
and this is not where it all endeth
it has only just began!

Along your climb to Calvary
you've been justly crowned with fame
and there's no reason to entertain
the doubt that it won't be the same...
Amen!

1993



ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS*

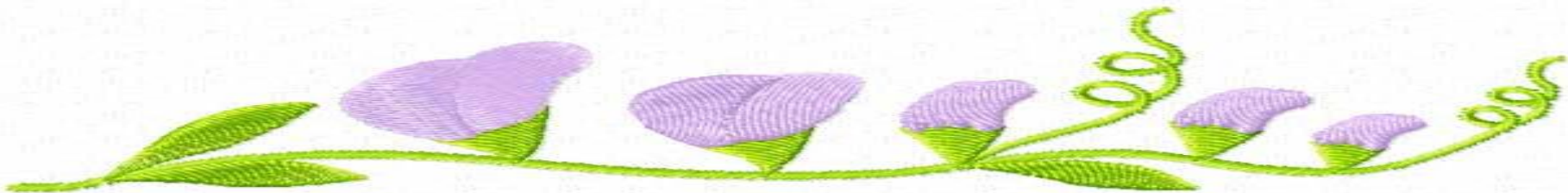
One hundred and thirty years
Of presence in education
One hundred and twenty-five years
Of excellence and dedication
This is what The American College of Greece
Has to show
One hundred and twenty-five years
And still on the go

2000

It started as a tiny school
In Smyrna, Asia Minor,
And now it is a giant
It's reputation could not be finer
This is what The American College of Greece
Has to show
One hundred and thirty years
And still on the go

It stands as a model
For others to emulate
It shines as a beacon
On the portals of fate
This is what The American College of Greece
Has to show
One hundred and thirty years
And many more to go

**Song written for the 125th celebration of The American College of Greece. It was sung by Labrini Gioti, a small choral ensemble, and accompanied by Dahlgren Ekonomides (piano), Panagiotis Lambropoulos (flute), Tatiana Papageorgiou (cello). It was performed in Pierce College theatre on April 5, 2005, on the occasion of Founders' Day, under the direction of Stavros Beris.*



TEACH ME TO LOVE*

Teach me to love
Teach me to care for me
And then to give
All love I have in me
To the world
Where it belongs

*Teach me to love and give
Teach me how to forgive
Help me to understand
Myself*

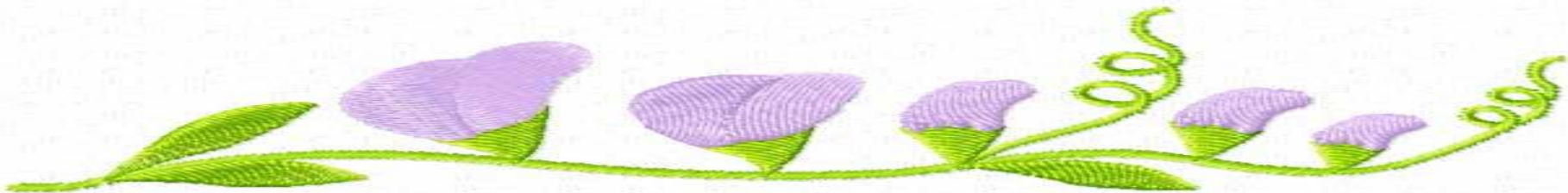
*Show me the way to love
The way to selfless love
Help me to shed this part
Of myself
That's someone else*

Teach me to love
All that I most despise
Help me accept
Myself in this disguise
Of myself
As someone else

*Teach me to give and feel
Teach me how to fulfill
My lonely dream
For a better world*

*Show me the way to love
The way to selfless love
Help me to be a part
Of this world
Where we belong*

**Song originally written in Greek and English. It was performed at Commencement Exercises of Deree College in June 2001, on the arrangement of Nassos Sopylis. It was sung by Christos Alexandrou and accompanied by the Deree Symphony Orchestra under Dimitri Toufexis.*



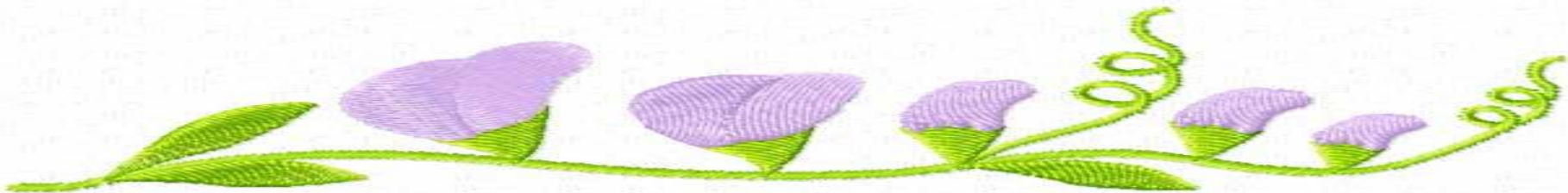
GOODBYE! HELLO!*

February 9, 2002

Hello!
Life here I come!
Please do wait for me!
I'm locking the door
But keeping the key
With knowledge and wisdom
Harbored within
I'm embracing the future
About to begin
Goodbye! Hello!
The past was a gift I will treasure...
Goodbye!
Goodbye! Hello!
I welcome tomorrow with pleasure...
Hello!

Life I am ready!
Don't leave without me!
I'm saying my goodbyes
And then I am free!
With hope, understanding
And joy in my heart
I embark on the voyage
Which is about to start
Goodbye! Hello!
The past was a gift I will treasure...
Goodbye!
Goodbye! Hello!
I welcome tomorrow with pleasure...
Hello!

**Song composed for my graduation from Deree College and performed on that occasion in June 2004. It was sung by Nicole and accompanied by the Deree Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Dimitri Toufexis.*



I know your need to belong
I see your longing for the gang
To do as they do
And be accepted as they are

But if you sense
This is not you
If what they do
Is not who you are
Make the move
Make the move, man!
And honour what you are

Don't you be afraid to be different
Even if the price is to be alone
Things were achieved
By those who broke away from the norm
And held steadfastly to their own

DARE TO BE DIFFERENT*

You'll meet companions on the way
People who think as you do

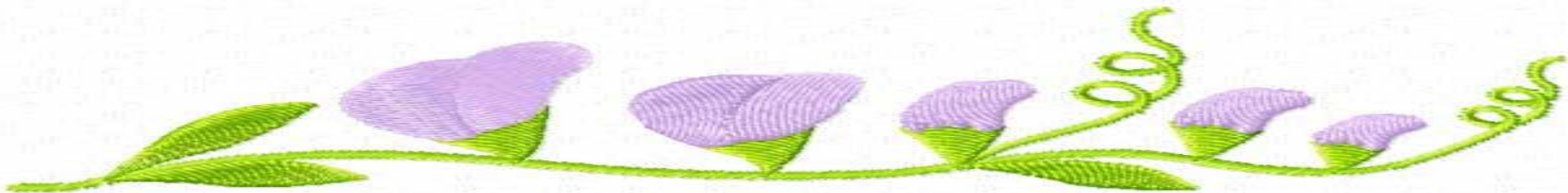
You'll meet champions on the way
People who dared as you do

You'll meet dragons on the way
Who'll scare the shit out of you
And, at the end of the line,
You'll meet you

So, don't you be afraid to be different
Even if the price is to be alone
Things were achieved
By those who broke away from the norm
And held steadfastly to their own

**Song written originally in the early 1990s and completed for the purposes of the rock band "Blood Stone".*

November 17, 2008



I AM IMMORTAL!*

I'll never die...
I am immortal!
I'll grow ever young...
I am immortal!

Even if death comes to claim my flower
he may seize my flesh
but it's in my soul that lies my power!

You think I care about the speeding of time?
You think I cringe at these changes of mine?
My beauty lies in my goodness
and my goodness will always shine!
I'm not ashamed to stay young!

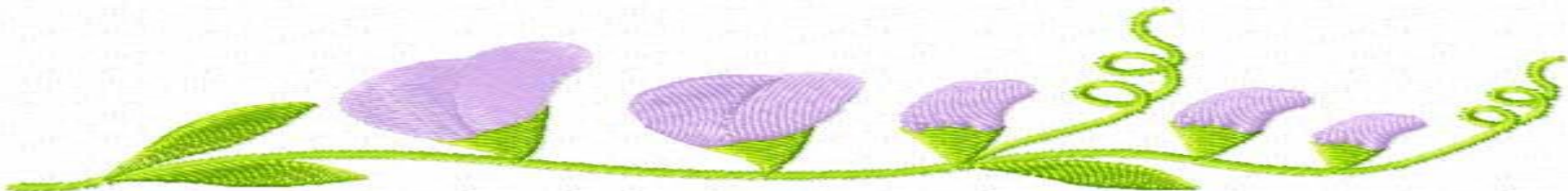
I can take care of this body
I can take care of this soul
I can take care of my passions
I'm in total control!

I'll never die...
I am immortal!
I'll grow ever young...
I am immortal!

Even if death comes to claim my flower
he may seize my flesh
but it's in my soul that lies my power!
I am immortal!

**Song written for the purposes of the rock band
"Blood Stone".*

September 3, 2009



I'M A HERO!*

What you can endure you overcome
No need to fight the obsessions of your mind
They are phantoms of a kind
Phantoms in disguise
That shy away when you stare them in the eyes

*I'm a hero!
You deserve all the praise
I'm a hero!
But even this is a phase
I'm a hero!
Freedom has a price
I'm hero!
You can afford to be nice*

What you understand you overcome
Show a little pity to your misery
Float away in your own reverie
But remember to come back
You are not a maniac
Just a blossom that is simply scared to be

*I'm a hero
For putting up with this!
I'm a hero!
You are your own nemesis
I'm a hero!
Don't just destroy the world
I'm a hero!
A fragile little bird*

*Song written for the purposes of the rock band "Blood Stone".

October 29, 2009