

# *Art & Poetry*

Some illustrated poems  
by Fernand Wiser

to my beloved wife

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## Introduction

I believe that poetry can do a lot to improve or change a state of mind, that it can help in many ways to maintain good mental health. Reading short or medium-length poems can bring joy or sadness to the reader. Poetry can have a healing and calming influence on the individual. It can also prepare the reader for meditation or, on the contrary, give him or her the adrenaline needed to face an exceptional situation, such as a job interview. Reading the comments and reviews of my poems, it is clear that they "do good" to those who read them. The reader is in osmosis with the author: if the author has written a sad poem, the reader will be sad too and in the case the opposite works too. There is a special phenomenon that is created between the poet and the reader. The author shares his feelings through writing with his reader. There is an intimate relationship that is created. Without, however, a physical meeting between the participants.

There is a symbiosis that is created for the good of the reader and I must confess for the writer. The author shares a given feeling at a given moment in his life, whether sad or happy...the reader will be touched by this frankness of feelings coming from the author. It will take in him and according to this will calm him down or on the contrary will give him adrenaline.

Now it will be necessary to group together the "sad" poems and those that are not. And recommend reading a "happy" poem to the reader who is sad, because he has lost a loved one, or for any other reason. This will undoubtedly have a positive effect on the reader. It doesn't mean that if you're happy that you should read a sad poem.

When reading a jumble of "sad or happy" poems, there is often an effect on the reader to provoke memories. He compares himself to the author. He lives with him, he shares his joys and fears. But in the end reading poems bring a certain serenity.

According to S. Freud : „ **The poet is superior to the psychiatrist.**“

## „Writing“

Writing is freeing oneself  
thousands of filaments  
and cobwebs  
that tie us up  
in the daily routine.  
Writing is like talking  
but more detailed  
the writing remains  
engraved on the paper  
the word flies away.  
To be free to think  
to let others know  
the depth of his thought  
to be able to tell him  
write to him  
that we love him

## **„Wildlife“**

I love your wild side  
    horsewoman  
    on its frame,  
    a fiery mustang  
galloping across the plain  
    seeking freedom  
running away from life...  
    too wild to live  
    too rare to die  
    what to choose...

## **„Jealousy“**

Love with exhilaration  
    to lose its reason  
    I abhor jealousy  
    a real poison  
    I love you madly  
press your heart on mine  
    a sweet smile, a look  
banish my black suspicion  
    erases all suspicion

## **„Lost“**

That night you weren't there  
I've been looking for you everywhere  
even in my dreams  
you weren't  
not a word, not a sign  
where are you?  
Don't leave me  
don't let me alone  
come back to me  
at least in my dreams  
that holds me up

## „Silence“

Not a word  
the silence between us  
says it all...

You vibrate in me  
I take in me  
your subtle messages  
that fill me up  
of infinite joy

as a sharing  
this silence is a blessing  
I don't have to tell you  
when you already know

it's a subtle love  
so fine  
that unites us  
in the common silence

## **„Beauty“**

Your extended beauty  
to infinity  
charms me, delights me  
a delight for the senses  
the most subtle  
awaken in me  
a multitude of desires  
hitherto unknown  
take from me  
with lust  
this charming lot  
so much beauty  
in one go  
happiness invades me  
my desire to belong to you  
forever and ever

## **„Landscape“**

Your body like a landscape  
with its mountains and valleys  
on which I like to venture myself  
    feel under my fingers  
    the grain of your skin  
        so fine  
        like fine sand  
    of a beach of the seaside  
admire a curve of a breast  
    round and firm  
    the thinness of your legs  
        long and perfect  
in a word as in a thousand  
    a perfect body  
    that I guess under a suit  
        transparent  
does not leave indifferent

## **„Tempest“**

My heart forgets itself  
like an extinguished sun  
in the darkness of the shadows  
strange dreams that are forgotten  
make me melancholic  
dark, dull night  
falls like a curtain  
which announces the end  
of the show  
leaving ghosts  
of the past rising from nothing  
to better haunt me...

## **„Sleeping“**

She was sleeping peacefully  
I had never before  
under the adornings of its finery  
seen its charming members  
his chest is like a double hill  
topped with buttons  
like two rose petals  
an impenetrable valley...  
blood-red lips  
that illuminates her...  
Suddenly she woke up confused;  
I ran away blushing  
to have stolen  
its intimacy

## „Morne plaine“

Which extends infinitely  
I ride with a down bridle  
on my furry mount  
the unknown space  
marked by dangers  
surprises  
will I reach the goal  
of this frenzied ride?  
Was it to join you  
in the distance  
to win you back?  
Your faster frame  
sowed the distance  
that I can't catch up  
will you be lost  
is there any hope left  
infinite glow  
that holds me up  
wait for me  
at the end of the road...

**„To end...“**

Should we cry or laugh ?  
Without smiling,  
no desire,  
do we have to go?  
What kind of future  
to bring us together,  
finally unite us  
in pleasure  
to enjoy.  
To say it  
waiting to act,  
do not abstain  
to speak  
in order to entertain us  
and to cherish you

**„Him“**

His head falls on my breast  
I breathe his perfume  
softer than the flower  
our kisses merge  
as pure as our loves  
speechless  
only our eyes answer each other  
they say softly  
I love you

## **„Woman to man“**

My little happiness to me is you  
The only man who fills me with joy  
A guy I love like I've never loved before  
A boy who makes my life an endless summer.

Thank you for making me  
the happiest of the girls.  
Tender kisses from a loving woman.

## **„Rose garden“**

I write for you this little poem  
to tell you how much I love you  
I give you these red roses  
your favorite flowers  
to tell you how much you are dear to my heart  
You are my rose garden  
a paradise where "I love you" bloom  
that these roses of happiness  
flood your heart  
for ever