

Moonlight on Water

Claudio Yurdadön



Foreword

“Moonlight on Water” is taken from a collection which explores themes of finding solace in the mundane while delicately embracing the paradox of monotony. It aims to unveil hidden beauty and the ‘divine’ in everyday moments. It serves as a reminder of the wonders often overlooked, urging a return to the natural world and rediscovering the joy in the ordinary. Capturing the subtle tension in everyday life, this collection expresses a quiet yearning for change. It extends an invitation to readers, encouraging them to see the old with a new eye, fostering a transformative exploration of familiar landscapes.

Oh moon

Dear moon,
Anxiously, I await for your arrival
Drenched in anticipation,
For a moment of your illumination.
Even after all the cycles,
Each glimpse holds something new.

Oh how coy you are behind those clouds,
How elegantly they shroud your beauty,
How gently they reveal your light.

I light a candle,
For the ritual that is your arrival.
I Burn incense and prepare a pot of tea,
I meditate on your presence ,
Beg the muses for some form of clarity,
And thank the stars which accompany you.

You set the night sky ablaze,
And my heart soon follows.
You hold me in your light,
And fill the cracks within my being.
You are that eye in the sky which knows all,
Even in your rest do I feel your presence,
And in that bright light,
I feel the certainty of your divinity.

The Veil

I sway as the years fly by.
A dance of becoming and unbecoming,
of learning and unlearning.
I dance with that sorrow,
and a heart filled
with all life's marrow.
To know that there may be
no tomorrow,
As the leaves must fall and the ripples fade
As these shadows drift
to the shade.

Divine Unfolding

In the presence of light, shadows unfold,
As you draw near, darkness takes hold.
I seek nothing, yet hope for everything,
But the winds crave no direction,
And the moon no prayer,
Leaves dance for themselves, in silent revelry,
Birds sing without seeking applause, wild and free.
We waltz in time's ancient rhyme,
Tracing memories etched in the soul's design. To inhabit the body is to grasp the form,
To know its' presence
Is to glimpse the divine norm.

Be here, now

To lose all sense is to find the flow,
Always, anytime, must there be someplace to go?
I no longer wish to seek
What has been or will be.
Nor do I long for a life
Which is not my own.

Even without time the concept remains,
And as the moments mark the memories,
The lessons never dare refrain.
But it is in the process I wish to remain.
In the tears and the sorrows,
In the creation,
and in the sensation.

Moss on Stone

When I see you,
The moss on stone,
I feel a sense of certainty I can not,
Quite grasp.
Your beauty subtle,
A source of strength.

You thrive in the depths of the Earth,
On barren lands and under crushed feet.
Between the cracks of concrete,
The darkest folds of ones soul.

You bring colour to shades of grey,
And softness to the stones you caress.
Oh how you bring out the beauty of any landscape
through
The texture of your touch,
The ease of your embrace.
Even under hints of moonlight do you shine and glow,
Tones and hues of lush greens

As I sit still near a gentle stream,
Sunlight softly reddening my cheeks.
I close my eyes and inhale as the light melts my fears
and the anxieties slowly wash away with the sounds of
the lapping waters.
The moss softens my hardened soul,
and grows gently over my body,
As I let my mind drift
to nothing in particular.

Soul soup

I thank the sorrows
For stirring my soul
Like a good soup,
Simmering
Brought to a slow boil.

Gently postured
In deep blue velvet,
The ennui.
Coupled by a longing gaze
Thoughts nowhere in particular
A slow dance
The moonlight and I.

Roots firm in the ground.
Patience.
For only time
Can place the mind.

Beloved

When I see the gentle impressions of your being,
and lay on the outskirts of your memory,
I dream of that place
Surrounded by the woods,
and near a running creek.

Alone, in the darkness,
The stars are brighter there.
I watch the fireflies reflect off the waters surface,
and even the crickets
seem to cry in their delight.

In the morning,
Leaves glow under the sun's gentle adorning.
Golden light, heavier than any mineral,
The air filled with lavender, incense, and ritual.

Coffee pot brewing, a comforting scent,
As I watch the day unfold, content.
With nothing left but a leisurely stroll,
I rest my hands gently, a tranquil role.
Beside me, my beloved takes repose,
In the morning's peace, our connection grows.

Gifts from the box of darkness

I argue not with reality,
Nor with the mocking cries of the passing winds.
For I am an apprentice of sorrow,
And cleanse my soul through my tears.
I let go and surrender to my grief,
Release control and watch the portals open,
Where I meet my edge and soften.
Where I can keep on letting go and letting go,
To watch the whirlpools,
Without getting caught in them.

I accept and I release,
I am aware and I remember,
That what stands in the way,
Becomes the way.

Moonlight on water

I am but an echo through a valley,
A subtle song of a passing bird.
I am but a reflection on rippling waters,
A shadow on moonlit, whispering quarters.

My heart wanders,
Flittering through fleeting days,
Consciousness yearning,
A vessel through your souls vibration.

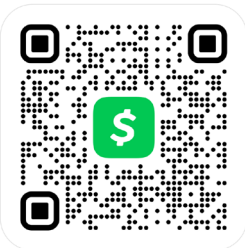
I am a mistress of the night,
Born of the moon, dancing in twilight.
I speak through the sounds of a stream,
Move through mists, a spectral dream.

I touch through gentle breezes,
Caress your cheek with sunlit teases.
I am the earth, and I am the dirt,
A comet streaking the cosmic flirt.

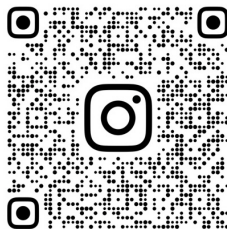
I am the tiny bud and the wilting bloom,
Reborn and ready for the silent tomb.



Claudio Yurdadön is a Turkish/American artist and statistician. Raised within two divergent cultures, while trying to find roots in both, sparked their critique on many cultural norms and behaviors. The main themes that recurs within their work are those relating to gender identity/expression, relationships with the self/other, and inquiring into the nature and constructs of this existence. Their work is expressed through the mediums of poetry, photography, and video sequences.



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