

Book review of Violeta Allmuca's book of poetry "Dance of breath"
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God lives. In itself. I love

The ground covered with roses of memories expect the final truth about itself.

Interweaved with madness of love, sadness and surprise it matures with gentleness.

With a multitude of personifications aspiring towards adjective, allegorically beaming the pearls of its own, sincere ... destiny. Woven with naive, optimism is fed while the essence inexorably rising in the bosom of the insane intentions. Crazy ones? Of her environment that denies optimism through building exclusivity with concrete walls of weird gray, retrograde habits to condemn. Poetry of humility and love. All of them! And who are they? It was all of those that are considered humans and not understood the message of an embodiment of possible love, that walks towards the happiness. Human life is that. The foundation that walks towards happiness. Do not stop it. Let it be. Certainly hope dies last. While building memories for the new generations to come, not even for one moment leaves the flood behind. Ah, if everyone would do just like that. As Violeta Allmuca. If all ... Would just try.

Even when she loses illuminated with consciousness she proudly warns us (who are arriving) that we pay attention to the small, carefully veiled, immature forms of love pains that build the future. In and around us. It also does this for herself. But most because of us because through the building of the message. Message of good. Of truth. Of poetry.

Her diving into the past, inwrought through religiosity of own being, born new presumptions aimed precisely for applying most sincere messages of wisdom that stayed for us from the sacred book(s): love, truth, honesty. Is it exactly in all of these books written that is a sin to do harm to anyone? Is it exactly written in the book(s) that all should go towards the brotherhood of humans? Is it exactly written in the book(s) "love thy neighbor"? And today we are faced with the fact that we have never had a more believers and never more thievery, hatred,

exclusions. *Contradictio in adiecto*? Even worse than that, rather than build our own future through listening to the lyrics of this poetic prophetess (from the poem "Structure of Ruin"): *"We walk with the sun of hope / Perhaps tomorrow at least / We will not walk as mad / Over the dessert of absence"* Just read that and ... try to realize that avoiding warnings. Mythical, but also present ones.

Her communication does not stop in everyday life but severely, in research kind of way penetrates into the fabric of meaning, looking for an answer. Not long ago I wrote: *"It is not difficult to write. It's hard to know how to write"* and it makes Violeta Allmuca as an example of literary connoisseur when she writes (from the poem "To the Nameless Road"): *"In the winter extinguished neon / Through the nameless roads / The chain of longing separated / Instants scrolling exhausted / In the stomach of the city's watch"* where, through the use of hyperbole, metaphor and oxymoron builds a new picture of reality that she lives. Painfully, but honestly. Truly honestly.

Invisible, unnamed love emerges from all her pores seeking for the understanding. And then suddenly, garlanded with the name is born a new/old love ... mother. Just to remind you, this is the person who asks nothing in return. She loves you unconditionally. And with this poem. From Violet, titled "Mother". I do not type it because of the space given with an invitation to read it not only once, but at least as it breathes with the whole..of dance. She knows. While we are waiting, like Jesus/Issa on the cross of our own destiny condemned as Adam/Adem and /or Eve/Hawa to eternal hell of meaninglessness living along with a few, fate perpetuated, hope. Focused towards the memory of good. We always talk about the "good old days", not even realizing that and this is our, our times, be "good old days". Why? Because we're going towards just ... worse and worse times. The author is aware of that and she sends warnings, even cries, warning us to go back and just...become humans... no matter to whose God(s) we pray, or just pretending to do so. As I wrote many years ago, we will give our borrowed energy going out from this world and that 21 grams of consciousness (energy of consciousness) will just strengthen the energy that theists call The God and atheists the Universe of infinity. Myself, gnostic as I am, I call it energy. And I'm proud of something like that. Why? Because I will be just part of it. Just as the true believers say - God's giving. Why God is not a woman? And maybe The God is the woman? It would be nicer for us. Or not? I do not know, striving towards the energy.

The Book of poetry *Dance of breath* is a powerful poetic message of human - women. About the world without sin. That may exist. At least in the poem and her words.

Para - erotica just seemingly deviate from her messages, although I have to admit, provokes with its mystique. Invisible love of unnamed characters makes strong reflections of humanity. And striving for... searching for love. In it. And in her. Her dreams are our dreams. Incompleted. But oriented to the reality. Through selling memories that will never be able to sell. Because memories are pointedly and strongly related to the being of each of us. Not just hers. Really!

And, that when she says (in the poem: "Party Life"): "*We are in this world when love baptizes us / Otherwise we remain a space without trees*" just strives to the humanity because "baptism" is just that ... love. Unmixed. True one. And *vice versa*.

Yes, just amoebas enjoy the love because amoebas are not woven with the nation, covered, encircled. Here, now, and today, crazy as we are, just what humans may be, are waiting for the implementation of thought that, sinful as I am, wrote last year: "*A nation is a historical category and we need only to wait for the end of history.*" Yes, "*Once upon a time*" as the poem says, dear Violet.

While reads her national anthems ...

Still seeking.

Herself.

In love.

And within the humans.

Being in the shadow of others. Becoming God.

Of Life ... herself.

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