

*Diary of a Poet*

*Between the Lines*

# Between Lines

*The Diary  
of a Poet*

Threver  
Baruch



***The Diary of a Poet***  
***"Between the Lines"***  
***Threver Baruch***

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*EPIGRAPH: "There are memories that do not pass, there are souls that do not leave, and there are pains that are transformed into poetry... Between the lines, I am always trying to find who once completed me." — Threver Baruch*

DEDICATION: To those who feel deeply and still find beauty in the scars that time has left.

PREFACE: This work is born of pain and beauty, of absence and hope. "Entre Linhas" is more than a set of poems — it is a silent cry of the soul, an attempt to keep alive the memory of a love that marked, wounded and taught. Each poem is a conversation with longing, a fragment of feeling eternalized on paper. I wrote so as not to forget, to transform pain into something legible — and perhaps, shareable. May this diary serve as a mirror for those who also love in silence.

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## **MAY TOMORROW REMIND ME OF YOU**

Your smile is so, so far away... Why does he hide? Why does he go so far? I miss your voice, your touch, your charm.

Like a sigh, you were taken away from me. Why me? What did I do that was so bad? to no longer have her in my arms!

I look at the fields, woods and valleys and I don't find you anymore! Why do you hide from me?

.... The warmth of your arms and embraces, like honeycomb, cheered My soul! even the lambs leap for joy with their beloved partner by their side, while alone they wander through the fields and woods of life... Seeking to find you, I try to calm down, and at least, the sun has already set before me.

Why does loving you hurt so much? Why do you insist on staying alive inside me?



Grounded in my memories, embedded in my memories....

... I sob at dawn, and when I see it, my soul cries dreaming of finding you! And when I wake up... like smoke you dissolve, through the emptiness of the dawn, where I ask myself: when will I be able to see you again? even if in dreams, even though he no longer wakes up, hoping to find her for the last time.

The watch looks like my enemy; it does not pass, it stays still!

Why do you take so long? Why do you prefer to see me suffering and crying?

... Where is the sun that illuminates me?

... Where are the songs that made me happy?

... The scents of roses and tulips?

... The songs of the birds that woke me up?

... There are no more rainbows!

The pain... every day she accompanies me... she even became my friend; I talk to her every day!

... Like a drunk in song, talking about your charms, the make-outs and joys, the bonanzas that existed.

Where are you? Why can't I find you? Say, O My soul! Where do I find it? Where on Earth can I find it?

... I swim the seas, I face wild beasts, I climb mountains and mountains, it's just for you!

Oh! As much as I look at the sunset, on the edge of the beach and contemplate its charm and the moon tries to cheer me up, illuminating the waves of the sea... without you... it is no longer the same.

... Sorry to vent.... But if I don't, how can I find you?

## MEMORIES

... I find myself remembering the jokes and laughter, the badly told nights... when I walked with you by the sea, looking at your smile and your beauty admire...

But I still don't understand! Why me? Why did it have to be this way? Why let go of what I feel for you?

... the footprints in the sea sand, the crabs hunting, the picnic while swimming... the clouds staring at you and the laughter kissing me...

... How can I forget? To put it aside to never be again?

I would be ungrateful, if in every moment of joy, I did not have the desire to see you!

... I feel you in my memories, engraved in my soul, like marks of memories, like pains and shenanigans, that I have left of you now.

Oh! the wind blows over me, when every hour brings in my memories the smell of your perfume, which like ointment in me blooms!

But what good is it? If emptiness accompanies me!

I no longer have the touch of your hands, the whispering of your words, the sweetness and the tantrums... I don't even know if it's possible to see her again, to feel once again, what it's like to live happily to meet you, love you and embrace you, as there has never been again.

## IT WAS MEANT TO BE YOU

These days I dreamed of you... in the dream you came to see me! Is it true? In fact, is it for real?

... Even if I try and fight... I'm still afraid of losing you and as one forever leaving you aside, as if I had just forgotten... like an environment full of words that at dusk, to which only silence remains...

... Like the Sun that when it completes its course, when it sets, you can no longer see it!

... Like the dancing of the leaves in the wind, which when it ceases to blow, rests on the ground, and they no longer become one as before.

... it is as strange to live without meaning, as to wander aimlessly, without destination...

... The joy of the journey is completed when we have those we love following the same path. The walk becomes lighter!

What is at the end of life? What are your values? His thoughts? His intentions? What actually exists on the other end of the line? Would it be pain? Joy?

In fact, the meaning of this life is aligned and intertwined with those who love our soul.

.... The one to whom at dawn our spirit sighs in tears and laments, with all the strength and pain of anguish and loneliness... as if there was no more time left!

.... I see your face everywhere I look.

.... I feel your touch and your care, every time the breeze of the wind passes by me!

.... When the sun warms my body, it's as if I'm hugging you with you!

If longing spoke for me, I would scream over all the hills and mountains I found along the way; over the echo of the valleys she would cry out, she would beg the one who heard the pain of my soul, at least let him find it just one more day.

Like a lonely coyote, aimless and sunless,  
without a taste of joy; Marked by the steps of the  
past, I have become today!

You came like a gentle breeze, amidst the  
scorching sun.

Thinking I had a mere mirage, you took my  
hands! I thought I was crazy.

- Where do you come from? Where  
are you going? Why are you giving me water  
to drink? Why do you care about refreshing  
my soul?

Like a refreshment you came and went...  
like the turn of a night, it is no longer and you are  
no longer here. Your brands? Today they are inside  
me... and forever... within My' soul.

## THE PAST

I miss your kiss, your touch, your perfume so much. Playing on the sand on the beach... when I caressed your hair, looked into your eyes and saw the whole extension of the stars within them; contemplating your soul, beautiful and bright!

As I looked at the sky, I could observe the birds playing among the clouds, dancing in the wind, one around the other, as if as a child to have nothing to worry about, enjoying every moment, every connection by surrendering! while they felt the breeze of the air, the clouds and the warmth of the sun. Then I remembered our moments, the connections, the touch and intertwining of the fingers, the hugging of the hugs, the kisses on the forehead, on the side of the face... in your hands!

Your perfume pursues me... know all my ways! When I lie down or get up, he is there!



Funny... everything reminds me of you!  
Every detail, every moment, every season of time,  
I can see you!

... As much as I try to forget you, you live  
in every part of me... in every molecule, in every  
structure of my being... You are so real that it  
becomes impossible not to remember, not to see  
you.

... I wish the distance wasn't real! That the  
door of my room would lead me to you, just so that  
I could see you! and like a fool in love, admire  
you.

I remember your smiles... How charming!  
How much beauty in your eyes, in the details of  
your face, in the delicacy of your skin, in the  
curves of your body, in the sweetness of your  
charms. Every detail of yours was engraved in my  
memories. When I sleep, it's as if I can see and  
contemplate you! In the mornings I call your name  
and like a touch, I feel you like a gentle breeze  
surrounded by your perfume.

At every moment of the nights the moon longs for the day, admires it from afar, while the sun shines, wanting to see it just one more day.

You marked my life... tore the pages of our history and threw it away! Since then I have lived new chapters, without you, because I understood that the story of my life can only be complete if I write it myself! And today? I live and walk a path that would never allow me to meet her again.

But what now? Am I obliged to have to carry it in my memories? To the heavens I ask you to bring you back, even if it takes me a long time, that in everything, at all times, I can one more day see you again!

If I could, I wouldn't want to have met you! It would be so simple. Every day I feel haunted by the sweetness of your voice, by the longing for your way, by the memories and the moments that were left of you, in the past.



## PERFECTION

What perfect, sweet and sweet eyes! Girl,  
I remember when I first saw it in my dreams.

Oh! How perfect and wonderful this day  
was! I had no idea whether to smile or jump for  
joy. When I personally saw her before my eyes,  
what a joy! I remember all the details, all the  
tension and agony; With the weather, rainy, I saw  
you.

You looked into my eyes, as if you could  
see something, you looked at me so deeply, as if  
you saw my soul.

At that moment I could contemplate your  
beautiful eyes, while you held my face, looking  
into my eyes, and then hugging me so tight, so  
comforting and magical.

If there were other lives from the past, I  
would say that it was you, with whom I chose to  
live.

If there is another life, somewhere else, I  
would say that it was with you that I chose to stay.

I remember when I slept next to you, seeing you asleep, how elated, what joy! With such incredible perfection, so excellent. The color of your skin, the softness and delicacy of your smell; your voice! Oh! Your voice! It is like the songs of beautiful birds, like a choir in experiency! Like a sonata of the most beautiful piano and violin songs.

How God made you perfect! Like the beautiful angels in heaven, God has made you so sublime, so glorious! Like a crown full of glory, adorned with precious stones, it enchants the whole realm.

You are not like everyone else, your beauty stands out from all of them! How beautiful a movie it is to be able to see you! Like a charm of a sunset, it is to contemplate you. Like an enclosed and watered garden, it is its beauty among all royalty, one of the most sublime and perfect, created to enchant.

Every detail of you reveals the perfection of God!



## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATION

When everything was created, when the angels worshipped the creator over the stars; when the stars rejoiced and exalted God; When the whole cosmos sang praises of adoration, something greater hovered within the heart of the Most High! there you were.

No one knew of his existence, no one knew that God had created him. With his eyes full of love, with his peace that exceeded all excellence; His simplicity and intellectuality were above all. But within the heart of the Most High.

All the heavens rejoiced and exalted.

The glory of the creator's majesty filled everything and everyone, filled with glory and goodness. How beautiful is his goodness and excellent in glory. Nothing compares to his magnitude, to his royalty.

With so much love he descended from heaven and with his own hands, fashioned one of his precious works; he did not forget what he had

planned, God was joyful, when he contemplated you walking in his presence; Jubilant and enthusiastic, he saw you worshipping, running over the heavenly gardens, over the streets of the cities, leaping and exalting, singing for joy, as one with wings flying over the heavens of heavens.

He was so happy, adventurous, seeing in his arms what he had created.

Everyone around him contemplated one of God's most beautiful creations. It was so sublime, so enchanting and pure. God rejoiced, looking and sighing with love, seeing that what he had longed for was worth it.

God's love is incredible, who can compare it? Nothing can reach the full and sublime love of Him. Something so real and true! He didn't

He clings to nothing, lives only by love, loving all his creation, work and glory.

God's joy is in seeing his children in his presence; in seeing his children around his glory, as one who longs for having been away from his beloved person for a long time, so is God over his



children. Every day he longs to see one by one around his majesty. Everything was created by Him and through Him, for Him; but give it to all his children, all the elect, who love and keep his word; They keep his goodness, his love, his covenant and true peace, harmony and grace, over all.

## FORMOSA IS

The memories tell me about you, like honeycomb, I remember your kisses! Her hair, like satin silk, beautiful and appreciated, from the most beautiful to the enchanted.

How beautiful you are, my beloved! How beautiful and beautiful you are, like the jasmine flowers, of the most incredible woods and fields; of the most beautiful greenhouses of roses, you are for me.

I don't believe there is anything more beautiful out there. All that is perfect, I find within you; within your soul and the delicacy of your sweetness.

Your beauty follows in your footsteps! Your songs and charms, the sweetness of your words, cheer My soul, as one who wakes up every day, with the sunrise, admiring and jubilating to have it in her arms and by her side.

It's not hard to talk about yourself! Your wet hair, your exhilarating smile, your whole body

soaked by the tears of the rains, while you sing and rejoice, being by my side.

You are so perfect and gracious that many envy you, not for the facts of what you have, but for who you are. One in a thousand and ten thousand, that's you! Above all of them you stand out, there is no other like you. I am honored by God to have known you, loved you and enchanted me.

All that is most beautiful, I see in your eyes, I find in your beauty and loyalty. As light in the midst of darkness, you dispel all promiscuity. Indeed! There is no other like you. Like a precious stone in the midst of the waters, I have found you! Among muddy waters, you were formed, but not contaminated; for the beauty of your soul preserved you.

How can I hardly tell you? Or forget? if that is possible, for of all that is most incredible, has been found in you.

My beloved, you were formed as the most beautiful work of creation.

Gratitude takes hold of my soul, for in everything and every hour, I praise the God of heaven, for having placed it by my side. Beautiful of mine. Beloved and bride.

## HOPE

While the wind blows through the windows, amidst the sound of birdsong, while the sunlight illuminates the entire space, all the corners of my room and exhales the perfume of nature over me, for sure, how much charm!

... I asked the stars in the sky where you were... there was silence! Faint, crestfallen, I continued looking for you, among the grains of sand on the beach, between the tides and on the roads; The longing burned so hard inside my chest, between the nails on my fingers, I just thought about seeing you!

Exist for what? If another part of me is lost out there? In fact, I didn't know what life was like before it existed. But today I only think about you, about every detail of yours, about every while yours, without thinking about giving up.

Even if I flew over the wings of the  
winds, among the dust and in the breaths, I would  
never forget wanting to see you.

In roses I find so much beauty, that I can  
see you!

In perfumes I feel so much joy, that I feel  
you!

In the songs I find so much harmony, that  
I want to see you! Oh! How I long to see you.

It's so desperate not to have you! Like a  
handful of water that runs through your hands,  
it's the feeling of not having you!

Oh!! I'm tired of screaming in the wind,  
of crying discouragement, of fighting against  
time, hoping to see you.

... Wherever I go, I take you in my eyes...  
Even if on cold, gloomy and empty nights.

There are things in life that you can't  
explain, just feel and accept. And between verses  
and lines, in the most perfect harmony is what I  
wish for you, forever....



## DISMAY

The joy seems so fleeting... like a rain that comes after a scorching sun, refreshing all the flowers of the fields.

.... I often find myself thinking: what is good about this land? What is so elegant about it? Is there something beyond this life? Someone who can really contemplate me? Why do I miss what I don't know what it is? because I feel distant from such an immense love, as if it were calling me above the clouds and the stars.

The tiredness takes hold of my soul... it takes space in my bones; and like a lonely sparrow on the housetops, I made it my dwelling place; like a swallow without a flock, without a direction, without a place.

The ghost of the past, every day tries to visit my memories, shoots its arrows into my



heart, and in pieces and sobs I cry collapsing  
without knowing where I am.

Disoriented, like a wanderer living  
aimlessly on earth, no place is my place; In fact,  
what place is this? Here there is no peace, there is  
no true joy, wars upon wars goes on every day,  
disputes and more disputes between ego duels.

I feel envious of the birds, they do not  
plant or sow, but they harvest their food every  
day, and do not worry about the days to come.

I can wander all the ways... through the  
valleys and ditches, through the hills and  
mountains, through the alleys and alleys, through  
everything and all of them, but to swim to it.

I don't want to go back to the past, where  
I only find pain and tears... I look at the roads,  
seeking to find their end. Will I find her? Good. I  
don't know if there is charm!

My shoes? They are footprints in the sand, full of dust, ashes and thistles.

My joy? What actually is joy? Wherever I have been, I have only found marks of pain and agony. Would that be joy? I'm terrified of all of them.

Is there where is God? Because every time I try to run on the sun, under its wings, the sky is darkened... all things and beauty disappear... storms and storms of rain and thunderstorms surround me, shake me. Why me? Because I have to live under the shadows of discouragement, where I can only really contemplate the beautiful songs and joys from afar.

... I stay hidden behind the wall of joy... of happiness... looking to touch her just one more day!



## ANXIETY

There are moments that we live as if we were flying, feeling the breeze of the wind, the calm of the waters, the perfume of the flowers.... But then.... as in the blink of an eye, everything collapses.... Everything is dark inside, with clouds and thunder.... and despair takes over, the breath becomes shallow, the soul tries to jump out of the mouth, and in discouragement what we think most is: Where is God? (...) In this chaos!

There are those who romanticize this disease, because for me it is a disease! But I ask myself: What's romantic about it? I hate feeling this emptiness... this anguish and despair! I hate to feel the triggers in shots inside my soul, which suddenly disappear and disappear.

## THE MOONLIGHT

But once the night came... arrived and arrived. I tried to find you, but I didn't find you, so I sat down to watch through the bedroom window the emptiness on the other side, in the distance between me and you.

I swear I can touch you! I always feel you by my side, as if you could talk to me. It's strange to think about that side. I hate having to tell others about this emptiness that exists inside me! I used to walk by your side, today I wander alone! I lived as if in a paradise of flowers, seas and roses, on a starry sky, with a breeze of fragrant winds... Today the season is colorless, the rainbow looks black and white, everything is in ashes, everything is on fire, tasteless.

I hate to admit it, to confess that you were everything to me, and in fact, you were and are still alive inside me. Every step we took together, I remember every detail, when we were walking on the beach, riding a bike, you taking me on the

pillion, and I just looking at you, delighted with you. You were so fearless, so strong, so dear, even with pain or marks on your soul, you always smiled, you always rejoiced, you enchanted everyone who contemplated you.

Today I live in the dark of this emptiness, in the four corners of space, I have drawn his smile. I wanted so much back my paradise, the luxury of your smile, of your dear, buttery and delicate touches.

... Again, again, my heart races thinking I have you back! - Calm down, I told him! Cry out to the God of heaven and tell Him all the pains that exist within you! Who knows, maybe he won't tell her...

Crawl, go! humble yourself, is it not what you want? Why live like this, stony heart? All bruised, all purple, shattered! My conscience said.

What's stronger than iron? What's firmer than steel? That binds and intertwines like ropes,

around the body? If not love? Said his heart. I have few words left, that's all I have to say to you.

The memories don't let me forget her! Don't think it's an obsession! ... In fact, it's nostalgia. Longing for everything that once existed, and today it is no more. In fact, they are marks of memories, deep down, with the hope of one day being again. (....)

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:** I thank God first, for giving me inspiration in the midst of pain. To the people who passed through my life and left marks — sweet or bitter — that became verses. To all readers who dive between the lines of the human soul with sensitivity and courage.



**ABOUT THE AUTHOR:** Threver Baruch is a poet with a restless soul and a sensitive heart. He writes about love, loss, faith and spiritual reunions. This is his first published book, but it carries years of accumulated feelings in the form of words. Between the lines of his poetry, there is the desire to touch souls.

**END**

(Life goes on, but poetry remains.)