Paul Ostroverhy Poems & Reflections



Paul Ostroverhy Paris, Bristol, French Riviera 2018



The art of writing

Being an artist, Is being someone in many different ways, An author of example, Two worlds are in them, The fictional and the true world. Absorbed in writing, Being a Ghost when a spy is before him in the writing world, A pirate, a mousquetaire, a detective, And so many other peoples, The more you write, The harder it is to guit your new fictional friend, That is what is reading and writing, Being an author, Is what I mean.

The adventures there can be, Flying, duelling, mysteries... It is a virtual world in your head, When someone interrupts you, You are back to reality, Knowing nothing what happen outside your head, Only thinking of your characters and being in the literature world.

Sometimes, You are writing all night, Tiresome, feeling exhausted, And yet, and yet, It can be a thrilling novel, It can be a boring novel, a complex novel... etc, And yet, the writing is an art, That you are proud when you finished, So to go into the other world.

01/08/2018

Fish and chips

The appetizing meal is placed in front of me, Consisting of a mouth-watering haddock, Accompanied by some french-fried potatoes, With the finishing touch: salt and vinegar.

It's in a fashionable cartoon box, With the Clifton village fish company logo, That is encrusted next to Stoke company,

I take the first bite waiting if it's divine, And my mind floats away thinking of the food, It is glamorous and heavenly with it's sauce, That makes it absolutely the best fish and chips.

Once the meal is over I have a good drink, Refreshing myself and thinking of this, This food that was beyond words could describe, In one word it was in another world eating this.

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Paul's poetry is incredibly natural and lucid. It is indicative, to me, of a young man, finding his way in the world, and having his first experiences understanding the nuances of emotion in a way that is no longer childlike, but still clings to innocence in a languid yet optimistic manner. Some of the formal elements of Paul's poetry seem to reflect this. One of his most marked characteristics is the abruptness in many of his lines. It seems to suggest a young man that is on the verge of his intellectual awakening, when his philosophical thoughts are a mere interruption to his experience, and the seeds of later growth. I think Paul will look back at his poetry in a few years time and genuinely see his childhood in it. It is beautifully unpretentious and true to his character. I am especially excited to see how Paul's philosophical poetry advances, to come in line with his already advanced natural perception. All of this is incredibly impressive, especially given that English is his third language.

Elliot Pulver, Cambridge University



Paul Ostroverhy Born in Paris, 2007



