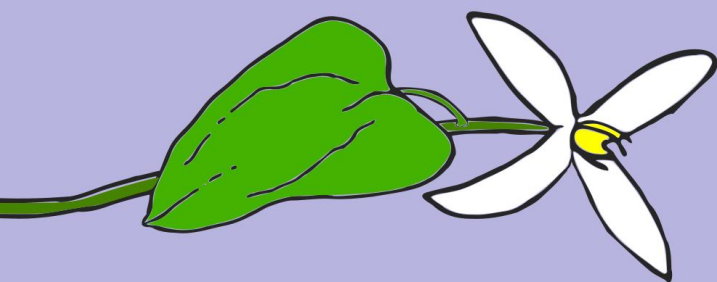


stages of
unrequited
Love
poetic dissertation



Danis Dedes

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stages of unrequited Love

poetic dissertation on love, heartbreak, grief,
letting go and healing

by Danis Dedes

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Anticipated publication: end of November 2026.

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stages of unrequited Love

*poetic dissertation on love, heartbreak, grief,
letting go and healing*

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Title: “stages of unrequited Love: poetic dissertation on love, heartbreak, grief, letting go and healing”

English rendition: Danis Dedes rendered these poems in English from his original Greek collection “stadia anakpliroutou Erotas: poiitiki diatrivi”. For the Greek collection, scan the QR code→

Copy editing and proofreading of English rendition: Patty Pavli

Drawings (dip pen, ink, digital processing): Danis Dedes

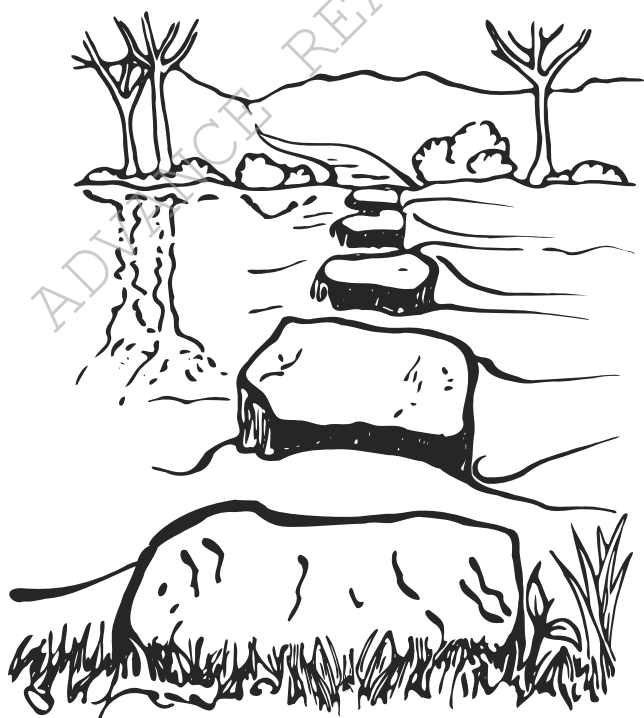
Edition: 1st paperback edition (2026)

ISBN: TBD??

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disposition

<u>disclaimer</u>	<u>vi</u>
<u>1. disclosure</u>	<u>1</u>
<u>2. disallowance</u>	<u>13</u>
<u>3. disappointment</u>	<u>25</u>
<u>4. dismay</u>	<u>37</u>
<u>5. dismissal</u>	<u>49</u>

disclaimer

From the 1st of May 2020 to the 15th of August 2021, I embraced the personal challenge of writing a poem every day and posting it on a blog. This exercise resulted in 470 poems. After a malicious takedown of the blog, I thought that a thematic collection of poems would be safer than individual posts in a new blog. So, upon reviewing the poems in early 2022, I realised they could be grouped into thematic groups such as the non-anthropocentric view of Nature, traditional mythology, Love...

Although mentioned last, Love was in fact the first thing that inspired me to write poetry. Thus, my first collection is dedicated to Love, which, as I've come to observe, tends to inspire poetry when it is unrequited. There were 50 poems from the 470 that were related to Love, and could be further grouped into five stages. I then organised 10 poems for each stage in a thematically suitable order, considering one of our basic senses as dominant in each stage.

As a first disclaimer, then, the poems in this collection were not specifically written to serve the title. You might say it would have been more appropriate if the poems had been written for the theme, as in a scientific "dissertation". However, I hereby claim this characterisation in the subtitle, since I personally experienced the painful sequence of these five stages enough times to consider myself a Ph.D.!

As a second disclaimer, and as the first line of the collection warns, much of the content was conceived and written down spontaneously. Thus, some material may not make sense. Nevertheless, I have worked on much of this spontaneous content to make it comprehensible. Many of the poems also have metre or rhyme. I lean towards the view that Art is created to be shared, and so with an effort towards (neo-formalistically) understandable verse, I hope something here will touch you, perhaps even as a song one day!

The third disclaimer concerns the length of the poems. You may find the poems short, perhaps because the author was forced to write one each day. However, many others from the pool of the 470 poems are lengthier. Those poems are either extensive narratives, or maelstroms of thought. In contrast, most of the poems in this collection come from a single thought, feeling, or image, as seen through a window in a moment of reflection on unrequited Love.

The fourth disclaimer is about the English rendition, raising the question: should the rhyme and metre of the original poems be preserved, and at what cost to the meaning? In the end, the trade-off was to make the least changes to the meaning to preserve the rhythmic and homophonic character of the Greek version.

As a fifth and final disclaimer, this dissertation is not yet accessible to people with disabilities, e.g. those with visual impairments, but I would like to make it so, should you consider it worthy!

Danis,
Polichni, Summer of 2026

1. *disclosure*



1.1. rerun



whatever comes to mind, I'll write
and what they wrote, I'll burn on sight
because our vision has been blurred
by every "must" and "how" heard
and all those times asking "why"
is She or Her who's coming by?

here, now the mirror's also blurred
our best thief and our next best friend
and blurry appear the Right and Fate
as all were lived till that first date
and thenceforth watching their rerun
but do not miss the show if you can

1.2. swallow

swallow seen by young, broke bloke
made him sell his only cloak
as in Aesop's famous myth
naked, but felt Spring forthwith

swallow, alone you made a Spring
and despite your suffering
stemming from the wills of each
you fly off where they can't reach

swallow strong, swallow frail
come and nest in this dark jail
blind worship is most of
this now aged debtor's Love



1.3. when?

when had the waves shone like that before?
with bright light from the heart

when had a name been written onto the sand?
with deep, confessional relief

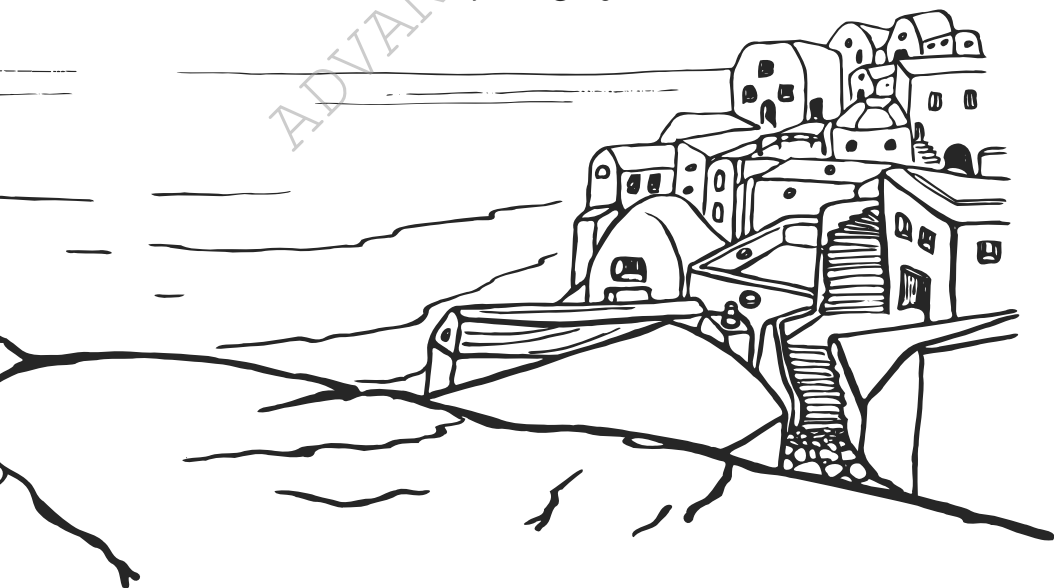
when had two Worlds been allowed to unite?
with zeal free of any doubt





1.4. insular

the mind like wind was passing by
from every whitewashed island
the sea made rippling airily, and every dress there fragrant
then rested on some coastal rocks, before a wave's washing
off to the Waning Moon's dark side,
still searching where She was in
to trace each hill and valley, one after the other
which crater did She gaze upon? —not this, nor yet another
because She had a stooping gait in narrow streets of shame
and neither did the paving reflect new Moons that came



1.5. alley

you wouldn't call it a small thing
in our alley sitting

a boy who stays awake
others to watch for no one's sake

their rushing as they descend
their striving as they ascend

She's passing by as well
with no haste, he can tell

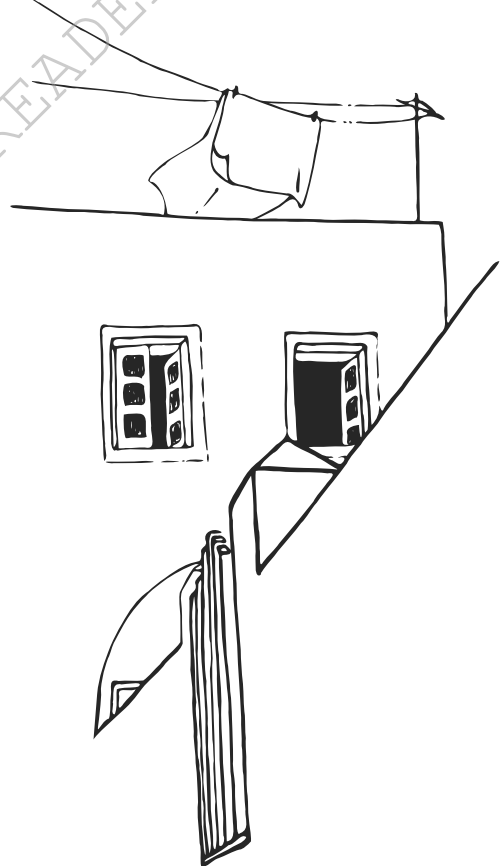


1.6. Her

stone walls surrounding Her yard
walls, by the Sun became so hard

bed sheet billowing on Her roof
like heart outstretched but stainproof

walls, and as Sirocco's blowing
how hard a heart is guarded in?



1.7. spring

my sunset fragrant
but odourless the cold night after
and never barking from the wolves
or black curse's whisper
with moonlight stalactite
the reflection stalagmite
and spring's first flower frozen
as first sight upon waking up
I met You in my dreams
before meeting You by chance

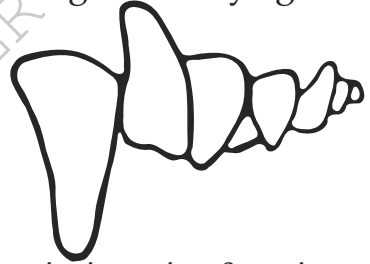


1.8. glance

horse long dead
lips up high
white teeth

recognised by Your dim and slow orbit
long before Your eyes' gleam appeared coming closer
smileless spells You then cast upon Your gleam, denying it

dire wolf
lips up high
white teeth



notwithstanding all that gloom, Your little mole I found
solitary island at Your sacred neck's clear ocean
thereto my glance was sailing secretly around

1.9. eagerness'

and these leaves
won't fall down

and these lights
won't turn off

and these stars
won't bow over

and these eyes
won't turn to

and these lips
won't want...



1.10. anticipation's

when the first star will be rising
western wish, or curse, which burns in
our first step will face turning
to the east's deep purple offing
as its back the earth turns in spin
light and warmth from sun renouncing

anticipation is more joyful
than the joy you're anticipating

black and growing long hair
braiding now with night's dark blur
and the star? as many out there
same as the steps to Her
but the plane trees don't care
rooted neighbourhood, prepare

the dread you're anticipating
more dreadful than its anticipation

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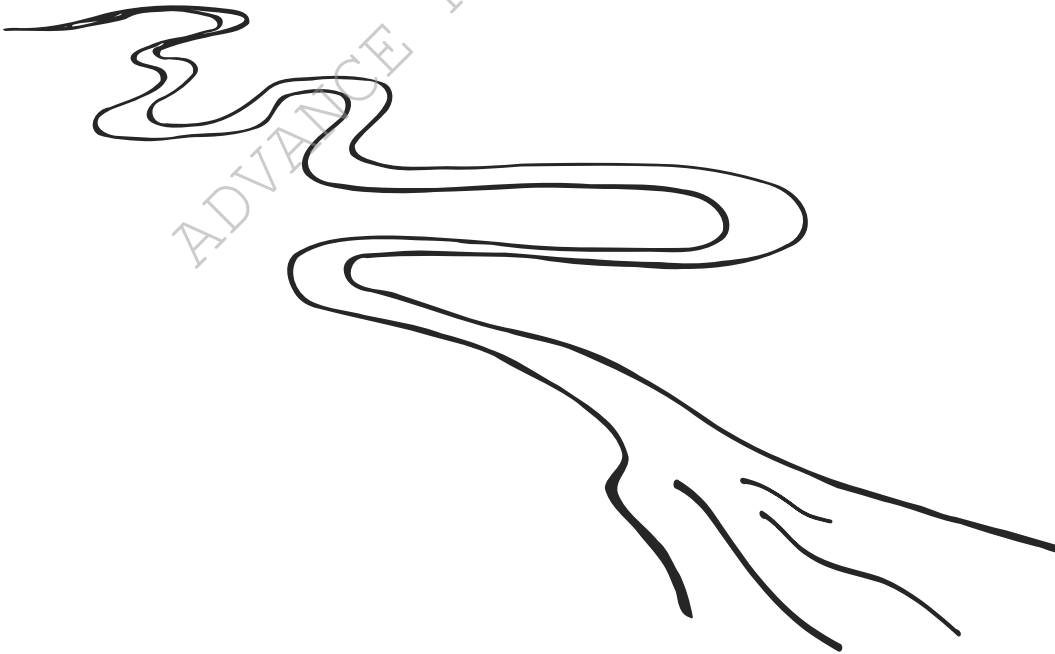
2. *disallowance*



2.1. yet

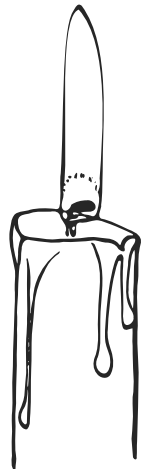
you will write and speak
of what others still seek
but you'll watch and you'll hear
what your past brings each year:

as yet another flowless river meanders
as yet another flawless summer reaps plunders
two old and former enemies mingle and mate
but two young shoulders lonely stay up late



2.2. light

how long this body of Hers
will sound like far footsteps?
in the alleys, in the streets
always walks, always leaves
and She lightens everything
with Her purple light within
She denied it to him
but he's lit, albeit dim
as is lit—someone blind—
by a memory in the mind
of a past Love's distant light
well before the loss of sight



2.3. obstacles

black flower
black-haired hope
short time
short-lived sunray

never again
never-ending youth
strange vow
strange-looking hand

wave rows
wave-like obstacles
rough seaweeds
rough-hewn misfortunes



2.4. estuarine

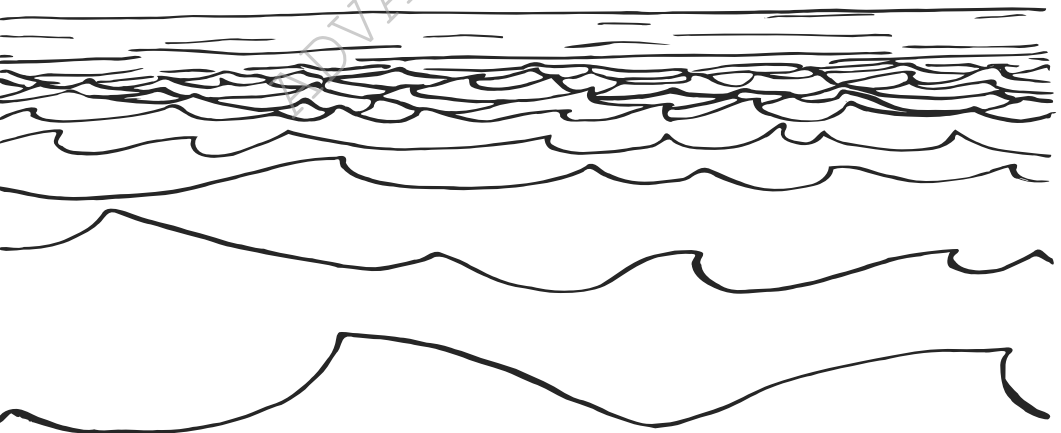
our pain like river flowing, from estuary to sea
becomes salt brine therein, waves we can't see

someday they will drift the pain with currents to the shore
to find a lover there alone, downhearted asking for

good news about the loved One

good news the waves may bring
because a loss's misery just hope is harbouring

to harbour hopes, to harbour pain, to harbour stubborn stay
the waves, without answering, wash the pain away



2.5. rebetrayed

oozing wound
sharp blade
double-edged need
sleek cut

old pity
empty end
birthing hope:
a firefly

illuminating the night
resounding with kisses
leaving like stranger
rebetrayed

2.6. resighted

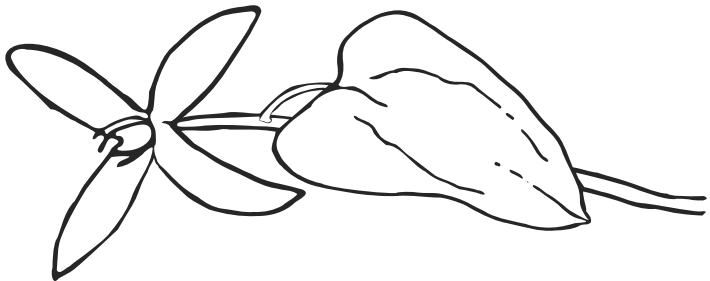
sharp wound
oozing blade
sleek need
double-edged cut

empty pity
old end
dying hope:
which firefly?

illuminating the night?
resounding with kisses?
leaving like stranger
resighted

2.7. ground

fertile body on the floor
with no other body to love
like fragrant Virgin's Bower
with no other trunk to hold
lays the flowers on the ground



2.8. marks

from an origin's sin
to an end's silence
with a worship's ugliness
and a disgust's beauty

the scarred one's two marks:
the white one from desire
the red one from rejection
the weak have neither

2.9. stay

stay here and ask:
did the roofs dry out?
the seagulls back on shore?
the books closed?
and the eyes?

a Robin is kept awake
by human light the day's delusion
and the day away from the shore
to the Pines that recognise You
've never had Their back
with Your back



2.10. not

like buffoon who brings together
joy for Love, ruth at its best
but what's brought by you, woodpecker?
tear secret, unexpressed

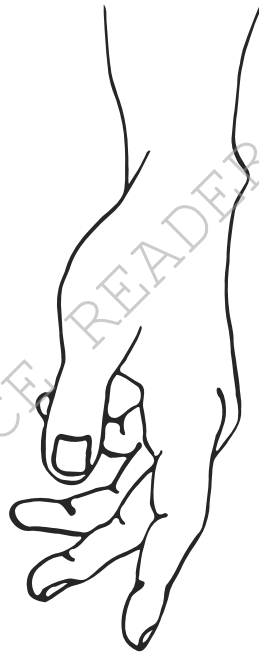
asked then by the forest near:

—“why crying, wanderer?”
—“even if Her heart can hear
will She answer calls to Her?”

now you rush to their affection
oaks, pines and beech trees
silence gets all your attention
not the body you wish

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3. disappointment



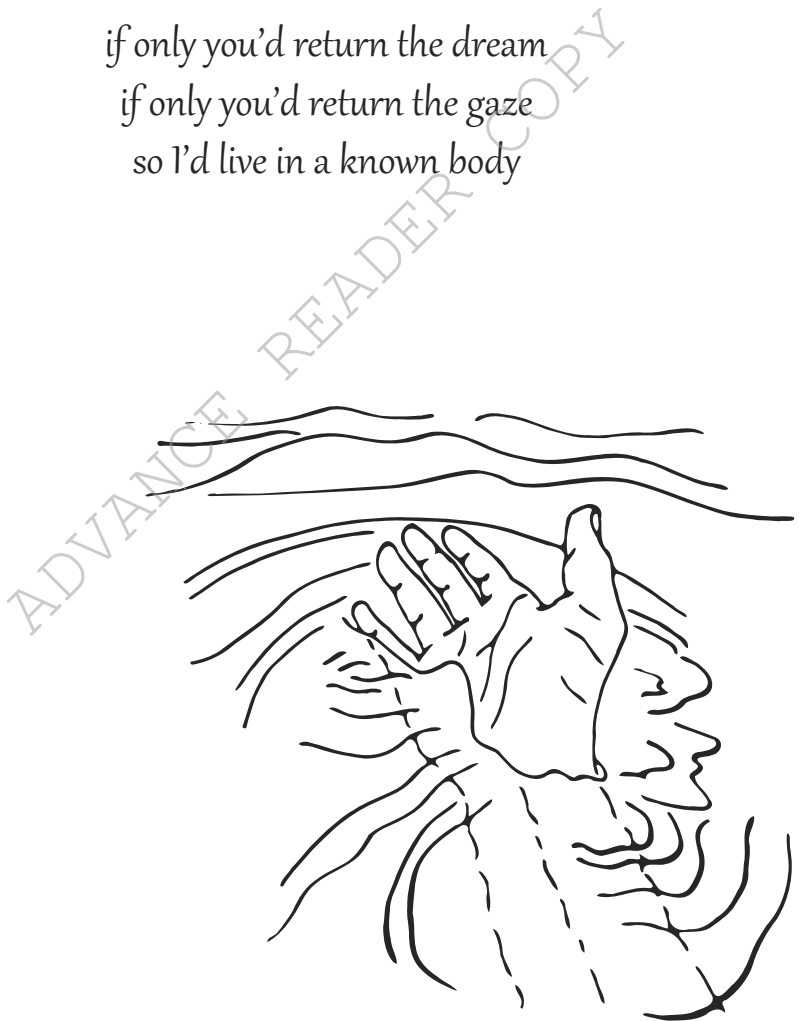
3.1. full



3.2. unknown

gentle waves swaying
salty eyes tearing
beholding my unknown hand

if only you'd return the dream
if only you'd return the gaze
so I'd live in a known body



3.3. arrow

your trauma's *Sea* shall soon wash up
this settled down sorrow
to only wash it back away
its sinking loves to follow
your death's *Ravine* after the storm
deflowered, yet revives
but tight noose of these dead times
more tight grasps our lives
your *Mountain* full of piles of leaves
deciduous feet find cover
despite Autumn's cosiness
those leaves have let walks suffer
from *Sea*, *Ravine* or *Mountain*
the same h(a)unted sunset
your heart, you would expect to be,
another hunter's target





3.4. black

raven-dropping black sky
raven-raising black land

the ravens

curses

the curses

wishes

the wishes

You

Your hair

black sky

3.5. *before*

summer scents
introducing us
before we meet

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before we meet
separating us
summer scents

3.6. shame

the step stopped
the hill moved on

the loner pondered
which shame's a shame

to be judged formally?
or due to formal verse?

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3.7. roadside

yellow presence
all flowers You

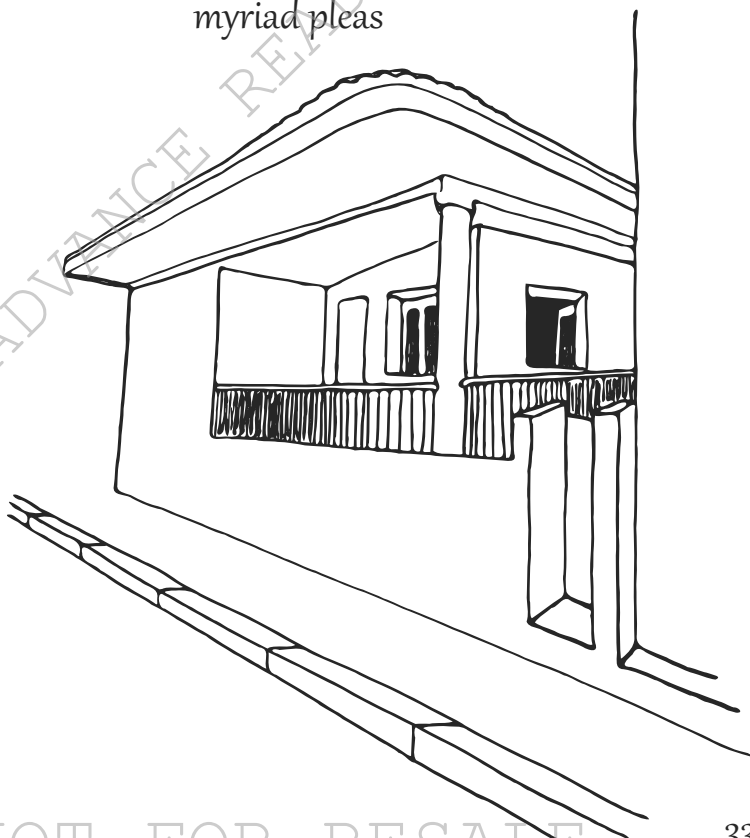
Weaver's Broom is cropping a whisper
concealing a finch



3.8. pleas

desires as burglars
entering from open windows
in unfamiliar rooms
for familiar fragrances

myriad pleas
by the ones we dislike
to the ones we like
myriad pleas





3.9. street

the brightness near
victorious

the Oak, so dear
so glorious

so, come, smell, see, hear
inglorious

your street's buried Fear
notorious

with tear after tear
laborious

It roots me this year
arboreous

3.10. exhale

the early wounds
like pillaged land
like burning woods
that just demand:

“you, do forget,
and do not hurt”
I won’t forget,
and if I hurt

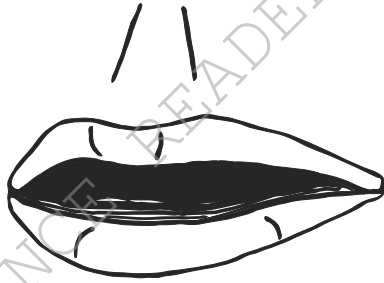
on late March
the early stars
will light my touch
of early scars

and I’ll inhale
the half-light Sky
so to exhale
the half-light “why?”



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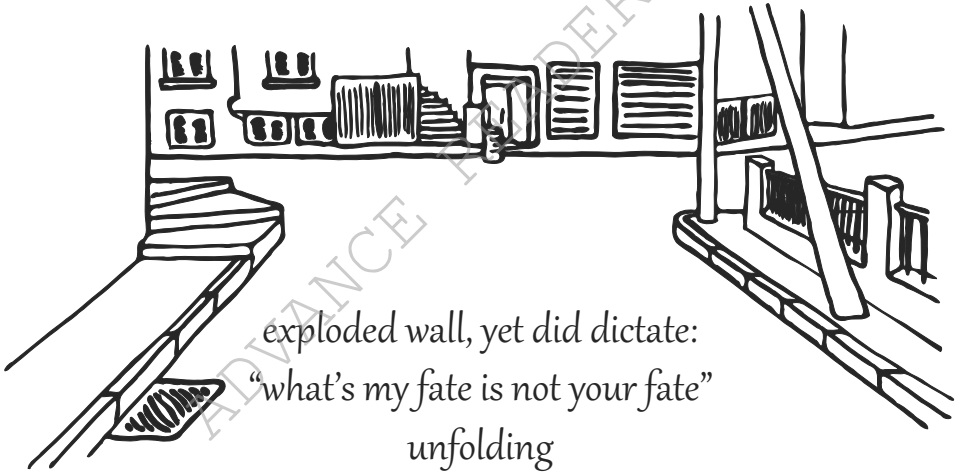
4. dismay



4.1. unfolding

the Essence gone, with awkward haste
that loss of smell, that loss of taste
revolting

oblivion wall against the “why?”
there’s more to hide than meets the eye
exploding



exploded wall, yet did dictate:
“what’s my fate is not your fate”
unfolding

4.2. less

sleepless geniuses

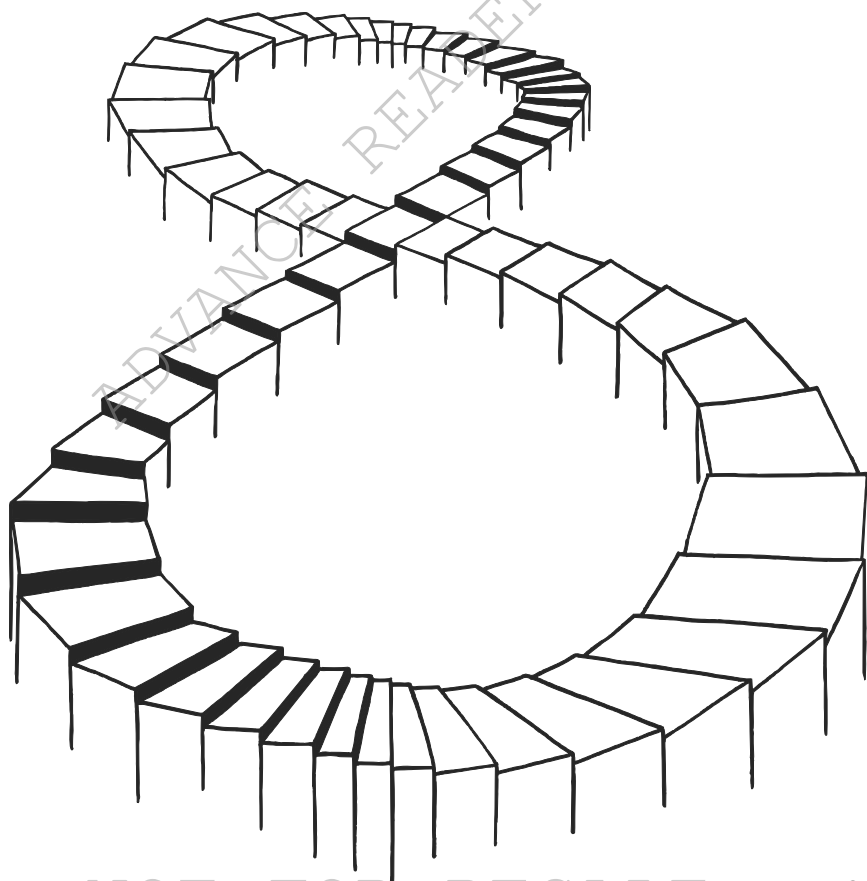
hopeless hopes

restless waves

endless games

deathless patients

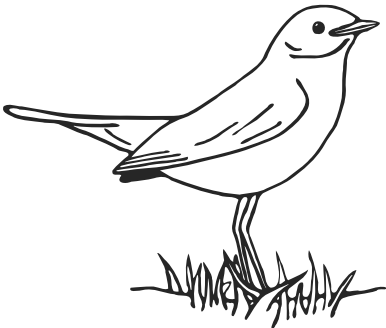
and countless stairs



4.3. vale

the vale at the trail
small land, a held out hand
with warmth against the north
avails the Nightingales

avail me, too, don't fail me
my human, so inhuman
with essence from the absence
withstands, misunderstands



4.4. hidden

shouting norms

muted wants

shameful acts

envied thoughts

not shown wounds

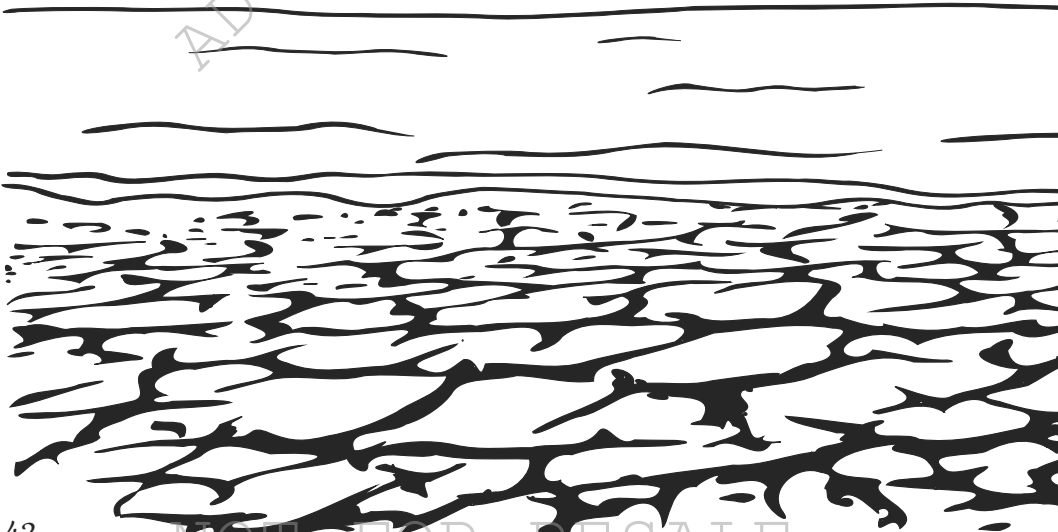
not known scars

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4.5. *dismay*

eroding you like the
dry land's runoff

still wondering if the
years have gone off

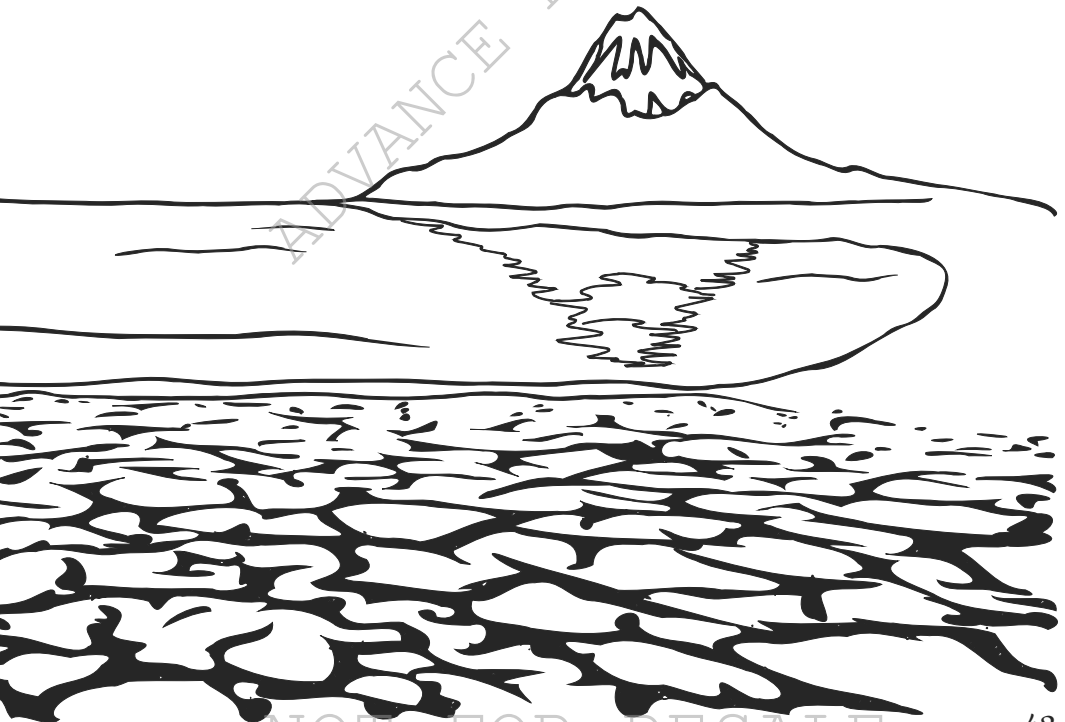


4.6. seclusion

in which piece of this land
I'd bury me so well?

the Earth's wet smell to grant
the Earth wet as I smell
as hermit to understand
since founding this cell

the hourglass that canned volcanic island
the sand that now fell that dormant keeps the hell



4.7. relentless

dear summer,

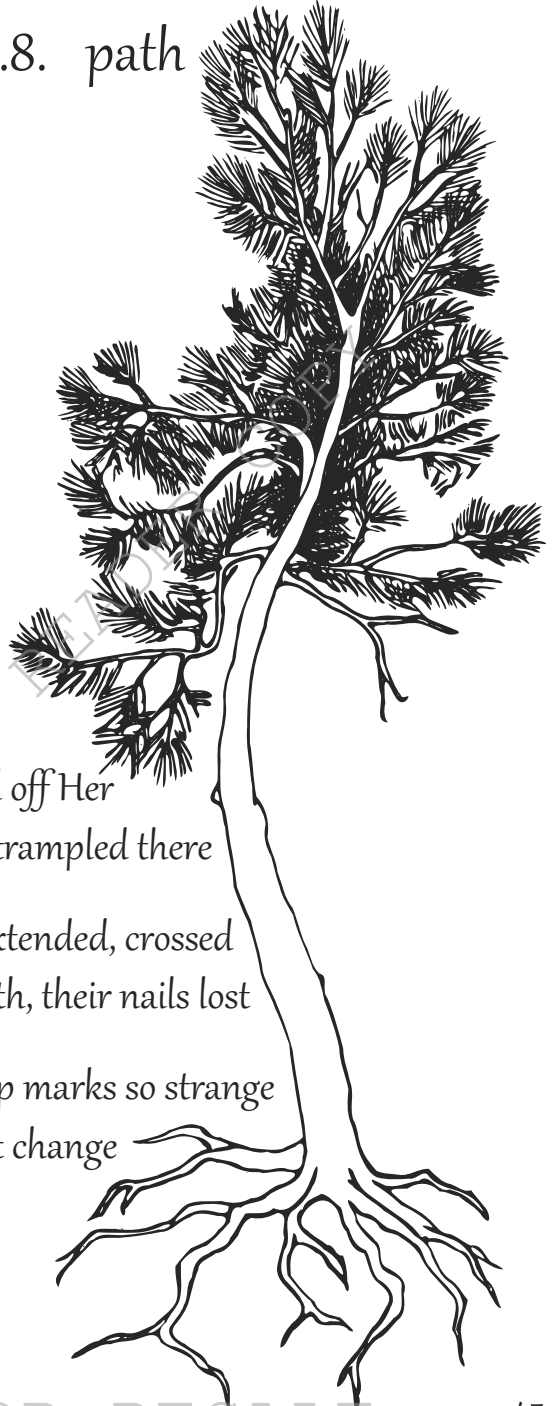
with the perspiring hangouts of youth
with the fragrant alleys of absence
with the deafening trees of cicadas

you confirm you are relentless
for the gracious who have lost
for the graced who've been lost



4.8. path

the shy looks that bounced off Her
along Her path, lay trampled there
and pine roots, extended, crossed
along Her path, their nails lost
as they have scratched deep marks so strange
along Her path, to make it change



4.9. *fantasy*

the last full Moon of Autumn
illuminates within me
what's drowning to the bottom:
“ah, Dear
I'll perish with your *fantasy*”



4.10. final

fantasy or not
so low is the price

every pinetop
I know with closed eyes

every form You crop
I know what's disguise

fantasy or not
this *is* the final price



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5. dismissal

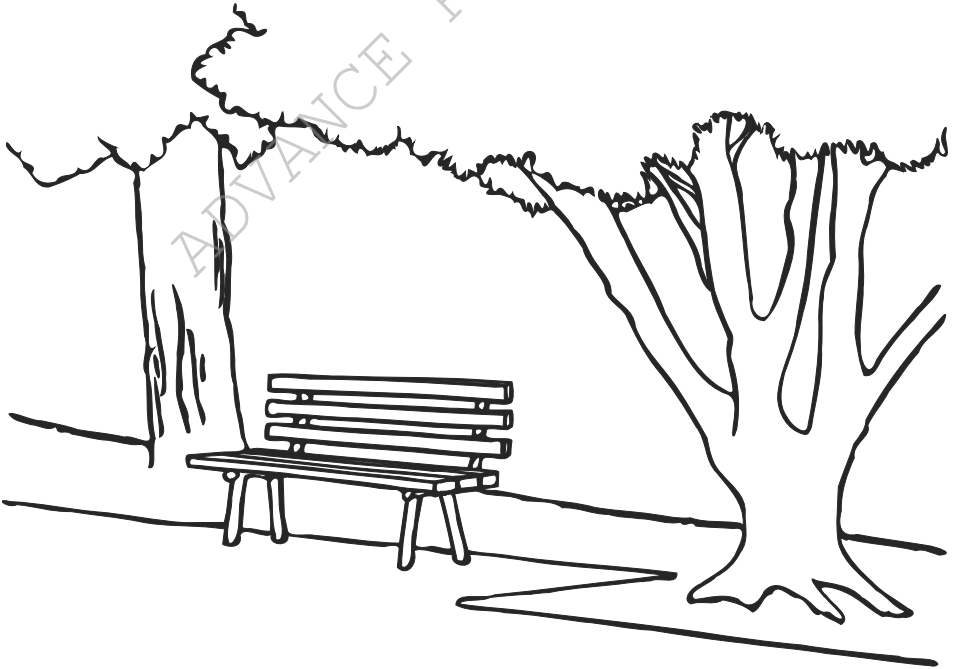
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5.1. awaiting

for years now at the Park
upon the bench in day, in dark
a form keeps fading away
awaiting Her form to stay

the scar? it's also still down there
upon the heart that didn't dare
another future with less pain
awaiting Her brought other gain



5.2. wedding

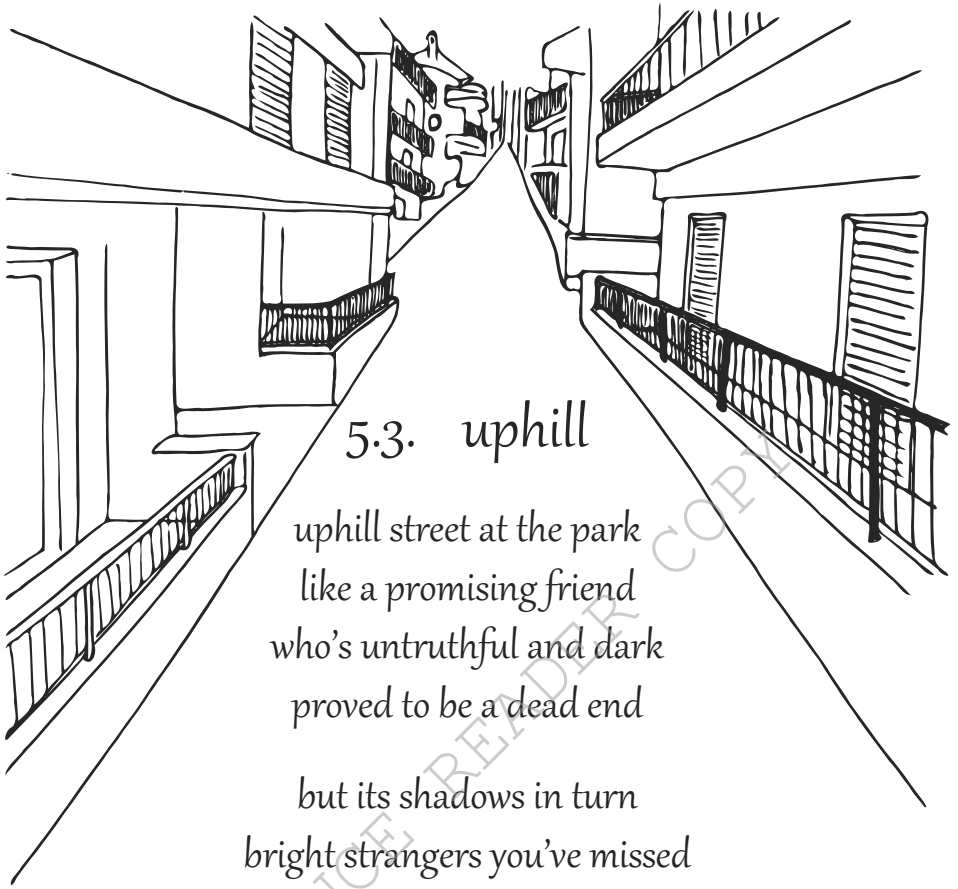
three Finches came to Her parental home to bless
and weave their feathers dark into a wedding dress

so dark but with a bright spot so white
for clear moments She will see what's right

what's pointed by Her heart so long
which people think is so wrong

they might think but also act
enforcing norm as given fact





5.3. uphill

uphill street at the park
like a promising friend
who's untruthful and dark
proved to be a dead end

but its shadows in turn
bright strangers you've missed
taught you what to unlearn
led wherever you wished



5.4. dream

though in his sleep She called him once
but with his own voice
he never heard from Her again
nor seen in sweet dream's crevice
now headless bodies he just hears
from gorges of a fourth world
but also sleepless chirping that
a lit up Robin bird called

5.5. side

in your room's humid air
many breaths of yourself

in your small window's frame
many years into one

in your street's shady side
many errors have bloomed



5.6. unrequited

touching their bark
touching your wrinkles
unrequited Love's pines
rooted within

your unlived life
unpainted colour
unwalked step
and a poem unwritten

5.7. memoirs

in woodland's peace?
no broken piece

but in the war?
ripped cloth I wore

my neighbourhood?
all carved in wood

my memoirs?
all sunset stars

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5.8. scar

how many words you know begin with “r”
how many efforts mumbled “can’t go too far”

reject, return, regret, reflect, rerun
the scar was there before you began

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5.9. stroll

on every stroll around the park
on every day turning dark
we ask as souls who are good
to curse the evil if we should
and if the Oblivion's smooth flow
shall clean our palms we're spreading low
away from us that dirty Fate
each stroll that ends, the next can't wait

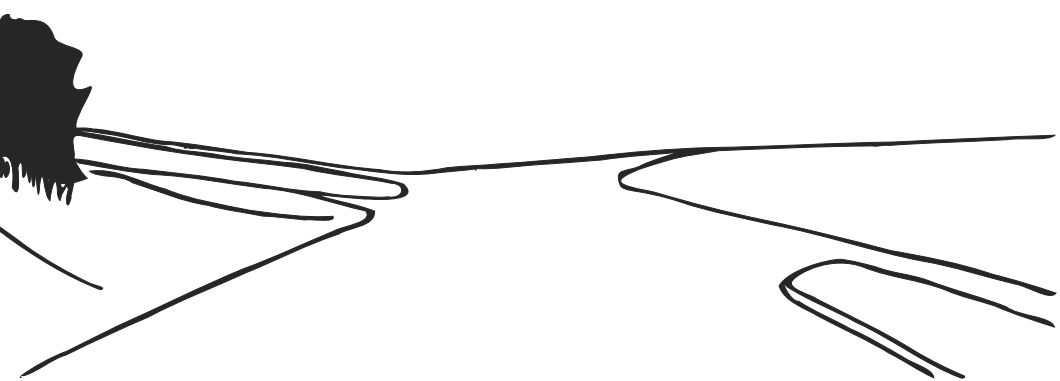
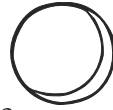


5.10. Place

reddish soil, dry
pines in rocks deep rooted
first Star pointing muted
sunset purple Sky

newly lit Moon, setting
fourth day's silver stone
memories wind-blown
brought Her back to settle in

Place more than space
built by Love for someone
where's the Love now? long gone
yet remains the Place



dissolution

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stages of unrequited Love

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About the author



Danis Dedes (alter ego of someone who is also known, in more official contexts, as Dr. Diogenis A. Kiziridis) spends his working life modelling ecosystems and biodiversity with the kind of statistical rigour that leaves little room for feeling.

He analyses Nature for a living, and makes Art in his spare time, as if the two were unrelated. They are not, but he'd rather let you find that out yourselves than take a Ph.D.'s word for it!

