

Anthology of meno1972

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

*To those that have been my biggest supporters and to the those who believed in me. And to the
one who gave me this talent.*

Acknowledgement

My mom and my sister. Thank you for your never ending support. To my friends and to god.

About the author

Been writing since I was 16 years old. My first book was just one liners. It was not until last year that I started writing more and on a weekly basis. It has become my an extension of who I am

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Been writing

Been writing since I was 16. Yes 16. I am showing my age. That was in a world far away. When dinosaurs roam the earth. Well that's what I have been told?Have books upon books. Collecting dust and becoming memories. They are books of things on my mind. And things wanting to say, but without the courage to say it?No, they are songs ?They are just words ?No, they are words that I would love to verbally express, but to shy to say?Been writing since I was young?Been writing for a while. ?Still hoping for that moment. A moment is all I want

Caught tears on a glass

Felt something falling down on my face. My eyes were wet but don't know why. The tears are falling, falling on a silk handkerchief ?Haven't felt pain. No heartache and no wounds. Still the tears are falling like rain falling from the sky?Felt something falling. Felt my eyes wet. But there was no pain, no wound, no heartache that I could feel ?Guess there is no real reason to cry. To real reason for tears. ?Tears fell and caught on a glass. ?Tears fell, but I don't know why

Heart and soul

I will give you my heart and soul. My friendship I will offer? My hand is free and my mind is open ? My life is like a book. The pages are empty waiting to be written ? I will give you my heart? I will give you my soul? That is all I have to give ? There's no money. No promises to be made ? My hand is free and my mind is open? My life is an open book with pages to be written. I have no money to give. No promises to be made ? I will give you my friendship which is all I have to give

Like a symphony

A song like a symphony.

A poem like a tragedy ?

When all said and done we cry?

we laugh or clap?.

A song like a symphony ?

A story like a melody?

The curtains open and close

when the story comes to a close

Marionette

Feeling like a marionette. Pull the strings and I will dance and sing. As the lights go on and the curtains open, spotlight shine on the puppet in the corner. The puppet in the corner with a smile shiny and bright. Feeling like a marionette. Pull my strings and I will sing and dance for you ?No. Not your muse?. No. No. No. just a puppet. A marionette. Pull my strings and there I go

To be you

Wondering what it would be to be you.? Often wondered how it would feel to be with you. Living in a world of pretend. ?Living in a fairy tale. ?Dreamed of fame and fortune. Dreamed of living here, there, and everywhere. But it would be like Wuthering Heights full of heartbreak and pain?.

Wondering what it would be to be with you. It would be a dream. But I rather be me. I rather live in my reality

Is midnight

Is midnight and all is quiet and calm. But my mind is running. Is spinning with no rest in sight. ?Want to close my eyes. Want to dream that ever lasting dream but my mind is wandering away ?Is midnight and I can't sleep. Is midnight and I'm wide awake. Wondering what you are doing and if you are thinking of me?. Want to sleep. ?Want to dream. ?Want to close my eyes but my mind is running in circles like a whirlwind in the sand?. Would I get some sleep or stay awake?? Want to sleep but your image came to view like movie reel of long ago

Music

People ask. Why do you listen to music? What does it do?? How can I explain?? How can I replied?
Music is like air. An extension of me?. Like the heartbeat to a lover. That's what music is to me. Like
second skin?. Ask me again. ?Music is my breath. The wind I breathe. Music is the heartbeat. ?An
extension of me. Just like poetry

In love

I feel like I'm in love but afraid. Feel like a child opening a present. Giggling like a baby when playing?. I feel like flying without wings?. My heart beats when I hear your voice. Excited when I see your words?. Is this for real? ?Is it a dream?? Why am I afraid? ?I guess only time will tell

Never knew

I never knew the difference in you and me. To me you've been a friend. Your color never once bothered me. Nor the accent of your being. We grow older and we change yet I still respect you as my friend. We grow older like a butterfly and the color gets more glorious with time?. Racism is not an issue. We are human and that is that.

Two bodies contradicting

My soul is a never ending pool of anguish and anxiety. A pool of what's right and what's wrong? My heart is like a box full of surprises. hopes, dreams, and desires ? Each body contradicting each other. Each fighting for control ? What I want is not necessarily what I need. What I need is not what I want? Like a seesaw. Like rollercoaster. Never ending. One against the other? What I desire is not what I need? What I need is not what I desire ? My heart my soul two bodies fighting for control. Just wish they would come together

Ectasy

I want to learn your mind?. I want to breath your soul?. I want to learn how your heartbeats? and learn the melody of your breath ?I want you to let me posses you?. I want to get drunk with your voice?. I want you to let me posses you ?to be the owner of your heart?. I want to learn from your mind?, to use you as my muse?. To know how you feel. ?To feel what you know?. I want to burn in your fire?. To taste the sweetness of your lips?. Yes let me posses you. ?Let me burn in your soul. To taste the sweetness of ecstasy

Can we

Can we walk in the rain without a care. Can we jump in the puddles and laugh like fools without a care. ?The world is ours. The days are short ?The world is ours. The time is now?. Let's run and laugh. ?Let's run and scream. Let's act like children ?Lets act like fools ?Can we just look at the stars and count to see how many they are ?Can we look at the moon and wonder how to reach it. Let's for one day. Just one day act like a child. ?Let's for one day one night act like fools under the rain. Under the rain lets run let's laugh and when they look at us just say we don't care

Here I stand

Here I stand in front of you, here? on this empty stage?. Here I stand in front of you with my? heart on my sleeve. I don't want your sympathy. No? tears needed please. I just want ?you to listen. To listen to my plea?. I stand on this stage. Underneath this ?virtual spotlight. I stand here hoping that you would give me a chance. ?Feeling like a moth attracted to the light on a moonless summer night. ?I just want your attention. ?I just want you to listen to my lonely ?lullaby. ?I stand here naked and scared. I stand here lonely and cold. ?I just want you to listen. To listen? to my lonely lullaby

Want to be silly or witty

Woke up this morning with a need to write. Woke up this morning wanting ?to share. But my mind is empty. Like a catacomb. Is empty and cold. Paper and pencil in front with just words here and there. Without reason or rhyme. The first is a stanza. But the second a Haiku. ?I want this poem to be silly. To be witty. Full of laughter and sound. But I can't talk about Bambi without talking about a wolf?. I'm Poe, Wilder and Frost. I'm Picasso and Dali. Or at least I would love to be?. I can be Mozart, and Vivaldi. Botero and Bonet. Or at least I could be if given a chance. I guess I had something to say. Just needed some time I guess

Shattered

Broken but not shattered?. Shattered but not broken. Many tears have fallen. Getting ?caught on this sheets. But? nobody has seen. Many nights crying. Lamenting ?on my pillow. Hoping you could see? but you never came. Cried to the moon. Whispered my ?secrets to the stars. But the wind carried them away and don't know where. ?The vase on the table shattered on? the floor. The sound echoed down the hall. Like the sound of my whispers as it was carried by the wind

Rainbow

Somewhere over the Rainbow, ?the skies are blue. So the song says.? Somewhere over the Rainbow, no? tears no more pain. I see the Rainbow after the rain. The world smells fresh and clean.

?I see the Rainbow after the rain. I make a wish and hope and pray?. Somewhere over the Rainbow, blue birds fly. Would love to be over the Rainbow. No more tears. No more pain

all of this and more

I'm a poet. I'm a singer. A painter with no brush. An acrobat walking on a tight rope high above the tent floor. The stage is my canvas. My words are the paint. The microphone my instrument and the applause my reward. The stairs the tight rope and all around the laughing clowns. ?Yes I am a poet, a singer, an acrobat and a painter. I am all of this and more.

Wanting to touch your heart. To scare you and make you laugh. ?Yes I am all of this and more. The stage is my canvas. But I would love more

Poetry and Music

Poetry and songs. Melody and Symphony. Sounds of a mockingbird in the early morning hours. Waves crushing on the rocks. The world full of sounds. Poetry running through my veins. It consumes me. Music surrounds me?. Both have become a hunger a need. Like fire consuming all consuming. Never ending passion begging to be unleashed. Poetry and music. Melody and Symphony. Surrounds me. Consume me

Never thought

Seen tears fall from heaven. Seen the angels cry. ?Felt my heart go to pieces. Heard the angels cry?. Never thought it would hurt ?like this. Never thought you ?would leave. ?Dreamed of my world with you? in it. All my plans were made ?including you?. Thought I would never laugh. Thought my heart will never heal?. But I found myself laughing. ?Found myself dancing. ?Felt those tears from heaven. But they were tears of joy not? pain

Always Remember

I will always remember fondly?. Will remember what you said?. Still see you walking slowly and your? vision distant and gray?. Wanted to say I loved you, but my? tears choked my words?. Now things have become a memory ?like shadow figures from the past?.

Did I loved you too much?. Did I care not enough?Tears ran down my face as I picture that day ?Scent of your cologne still lingers all around.

Did I loved you too much?. Did I not care enough?Time will be my healer?. Years my guide. ?You will be a memory and my tears will? heal the rest ?@meno1972