

Anthology of jorge serra

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

To my friends and my family too.

About the author

For me writing poetry was a hobby from the beginning, I started to write my first poems inspired by a woman who liked love poems, participating months later in an online poetry contest, which served me as experience to get deeper into the world of letters and poetry, so later I took the subject of writing poems more seriously without abandoning my usual work.

To this day that I still write poetry, not only about love, but about melancholic themes, heartbreak poems and poems about the things of daily life. I also like to read adventure books, old novels, stories and the odd poetry that makes me meditate on love and relationships.

summary

The summer.

When the night begin.

The Blondie girl.

All my words has gone with the wind.

Pretty woman.

Today.

The Autumn

If you were here with me.

A dream.

Writing poetry.

Winter.

Sunset.

A thought of love.

The summer.

The summer is coming over me, while your hands try to touch my hair and my lips, and at the same time the sun telling me with its lights my way.

The Summer with its heat comes to my place, while your silky smooth hands try to touch my hair and my lips randomly, in the middle of a green-tinged field where we sat to spend the afternoon, and where I also tell you about my love and I kiss your mouth so that you don't forget that I am the man who loves you, the one who cares about you, the one who loves you despite the distance and the rain that fall in the way.

The Summer gets inside of me, with the intense heat that makes me sweat and I can only think of you, in the beauty of your body loving me, and all the desires that summer awakened in my soul, making you the woman most loved, the one I love the most when the summer light comes to me.

When the night begin.

When the night begin,
your memories come to my mind,
like a rain of feelings,
telling me that I still love you very much.
When the night begin,
the light of the moon show me,
the true value of your love.
When the night begin,
I remember you kissing me
and saying in my ears
I want you my love.
When the night begin,
something tell me that my destiny
is to be with you.
And then I begin to feel your lips in my lips,
your hands around my body,
like two lovers of the night.

The Blondie girl.

She is blondie with beautiful eyes,
and her body is so perfect like
the lines of a guitar when the sunshine.
She is so nice when she talk about me
with a sweet voice and a charming look,
that give you love each time
that you heard her words.
She is a modern woman, with a pretty soul
full of happiness and a lot of love.
She is everything for me,
the woman of my dreams,
of white skin, soft like the silk.
She is my blondie woman,
the perfect girl,
who knows all about me
and my wish of be her love.

All my words has gone with the wind.

All my words and my promises of love has gone with the wind,
because i don't remember you in december and you don't
remember me when the word love appear in your mind.
And i feel that you forget my feelings about you , when i told
you under the moon that you are the woman that i love.
I think that something happen last summer because after that,
You changed your mind about me, indeed.
now i am only your friend and each time that i want to talk with
You about our love, you always answer the same,
May be tomorrow george , because today i don't love you
as my boyfriend , I already told you that yesterday.
In fact all my words of love has gone with the wind.
Although i always remember you like the owner of my love.

Pretty woman.

You are the woman most pretty of all,
For that reason you are the one that I love,
When I feel tired and the solitude
takes possession of my desires.
I looking for you in my thoughts
every time that I don't see you,
thinking that you will return to my arms
with only imagine that I kiss you.
Later on I feel the happiness in my chest,
when I know about your return.
When I feel your hands among my hands
and your warm kisses,
beautiful woman of open heart.
Pretty woman you doesn't know
how much I love you,
Every time that you come to me site,
And stay behind of my body
and inside of my heart.
And you caress me when you said I love you,
Pretty woman of candid and wise soul,
You know that I love you although we are separate.
But it doesn't mater because you always will be
in my thoughts like the woman of my dreams.

Today.

Today i want too see you again, to tell you about my love and my wish to kiss you again.

Today i think that you are the only woman who make me feel, when you came to my side and touch my hair slowly and said i miss you my love.

Today i decided to go to your home, to tell you about my feelings, about the days of rain without the touch of your hands , about the cold nights and my wish of loving you until the sunrise.

Today I am sure, that you come back to my lips so that our love will grow like a mountain in the middle of the sea.

The Autumn

Autumn comes to my eyes, to parks, fields and rivers, while the leaves fall from the trees, as if nature began to paint the way back in yellow with her brush.

Letting the breeze, the weather and the cold help it to finish her autumn paintings of leaves scattered randomly on the floor, dyeing it with hope green and whitish brown.

With each color pointing out the final path to your warm hands, where I will protect myself from the cold, like the skin of a coat.

The leaves of the trees continue to fall, and your memories also fall in my senses, to fall in love again with your kisses, your love phrases and the dark blue of your dress.

Until I see you leaning on a tree surrounded by the leaves that paints the road again, waiting for me to reach your arms of smooth skin like silk, where I can avoid the cold wind, and I will quench this thirst for love that autumn brought to my soul, as if the autumn were cupid.

If you were here with me.

If you were here by my side the cold in the morning would not matter to me, nor the strong north wind, nor the raindrops, nor the wet pavement when the light turns dark, because the warmth of your lips would surely warm me, and make me feel loved by the woman who in my dreams walks like the most beautiful flower, like the one who loves me, without caring about the passage of time or doubts.

If you were here by my side we would both be happy,
In spite of the storm and the temperate climate that sometimes changes our path,
because our love would be so strong that not a wind of heartbreak could destroy it.

A dream.

Every time I get up in the morning,
I do it by finishing seeing you in a dream,
where you tell me that you love me,
that I am the most loved,
A dream in which I make you mine,
I love you with all my might,
I kiss you all over your woman's body
and I tell you in your ear
everything I love you,
And later continue my work for the day,
but still dreaming of you in my mind, on what it would be like to have you back
on my bed, talking to me
about your desire to kiss my mouth,
to love me under the moonlight
and to make me happy when the dawn wakes up.

Writing poetry.

We write poetry , we share our feelings, our dreams, also the sadness that appear when the girl that we love take away and leave us alone,

We write poetry to say what we think about love, about the relationship between a woman and a man, and to share our point of view.

We share poetry , not to see the world change with a poem or a verse, because we write day and night to express our feelings, to calm our soul with a poem about her so that the love never give up in our hearts.

I write poetry my darling to tell yo how i love you in the dark night, and why I take care you like the woman who lives in my thoughts all the time, doing that I only response to your words, to your kisses, and to the beauty of woman that you keep under your skin.

I write poetry to know what do you think about me, if i am still the man that make you happy in the mornings when the light of the sun wake up to us, telling you that I am the man who live in your mind like the person that illuminate the pathway where we could find out together the truth love.

Winter.

In the cold winter i always remember you, telling me about your love, that i am your soul mate, the man who live in your heart,

In the cold winter the snow in the way, make me feel the hope, because of i remember all the love that warm my skin in the winter days, when i used to give you with my kisess love.

In the cold winter the days sometimes are boriad, because you are not here by my side, only the memories in the morning make me feel better, when i remember you talking me about love and kiss me until the night when the stars say hello.

In the cold winter is me and you fighting against the wind and the lack of light, thinking that our love will never die , in spite of the weather and the storm, because our love is stronger than a mountain of snow.

Sunset.

I met you by chance one afternoon in November when the sun and the afternoon began to go away, and since I saw you I thought you were the most beautiful woman, with whom I always dreamed in my dreams at night.

I went to your place, where I could see the beauty of your figure sitting on the sand, watching the horizon and the waves of the shore in their constant coming and going.

Upon arrival I introduced myself with a greeting and told you how beautiful you were, that it was a shame that we did not know each other, knowing that love could be born in your heart, when you would know about all my intentions to be your friend and later your lover in cold nights.

But in that instant, when I saw the sunset that witnessed our meeting, I could see in your eyes that you also wanted to meet me and talk with me for a while.

To go out together from that beach where we met and later under the stars of the night I declared my love to you sitting on a boardwalk, where not only the salty taste remained on our lips, also our kisses of love.

A thought of love.

A thought of love.

A thought of love is what appears in my mind when you are there, when I have you close to my lips in the hot days.

Making my heart flutter when i just hearing your voice, just knowing that you look at me, that your woman's caresses are mine.

That I am the man you long for, the one who makes you sigh in the afternoons, the one who gave you his heart and the stars.

That's why I can't forget you, and I love you so much my unforgettable love.