

Honey and Tears

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Presented by

My poetic Side



Dedication

To my wife Terry who has given the inspiration to write many of the poems found here. Also, to the beautiful island of Puerto Rico, my country, whose beauty has inspired me to write of her beauty.

Acknowledgement

I want to thank all my readers who also have provided many of the poems written here.

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Whenever I See - Lune poem

Whenever I see
dancing kites,
the sight excites me

Micah 6:8

Our God has told us what is right and what He
demands
To act justly, to love mercy, and to walk
humbly,
The godly virtues that are lacking in our
country,
But still, we pray, and we worship with our blood-stained
hands.

The Many Faces I See

Scurrying the airport or waiting at the TSA line
 here then are faces,
Faces of impatience, restlessness, hurried, worried, tired,
The mundane dreamy face, the always unwelcome choleric
 irate face,
The face of the bug-eyed, the grand faces of
 devoted ministers and teachers passionate and wise,
The faces of doctors and nurses, concerned at what they see,
 The sympathetic & caring faces of medical professionals,
The unsavory ghetto hoodlum face,
The magnanimous humble face of a beautiful soul, smiling,
 The cheeky detestable jeering face,
The innocent faces of children...the worn-out face of
 the mother of unruly children,
The face of stolid silence, the face of the saintly, holy, and virtuous,
The face of a dreamer, the face anchored in faith,
The face flushed with embarrassment ... a depleted face,
Aimlessly, to and fro, like the wind, not knowing where it comes from
 nor where it goes.
Scurrying the airport to board the ceaseless airplane
 here then are all the faces,
I see them coming and worry not and receive them all.
Do you suppose I could be dreadfully sorry to be here
Waiting for them? No!
I receive all these faces with a smile on my face.

Flying Home

Dear Roberto, I'm flying home
I can't wait to see my pets.
I see the clouds like flying foam.
Had a little vacation & no regret.
When I fly, I like to look out the window,
When I get home, I will tell my friends.
Couldn't lay my head upon a pillow,
'twas good while it lasted, soon it ends
I thought every cloud was a pillow
I had the best time flying, my friends.

Flying Above the Clouds

Flying above the clouds
Arrayed like giant cottons
Blanket spread out covering
The sleeping ocean below
The sun stretches its arms out
Its warm touch gently caressing
The bright, sunny, flawless azure sky
Below is a still solitude, the ocean awakes
The dolphins come out to see the waltzing clouds
At the break of day.

War kills children

The bombs whistle & explode near
with impunity, the soldiers kill the children
over there
killin'

Let me tell you how the rainbow came

Let me tell you how the rainbow came
Like a ribbon of colors in the drifting mist
Bathing the mountains in daisies
The colors, like a veil, hangs
The hills unloose their voices
Then a concerto ? begun ?
I heard the birds sing
"That must have been the rainbow!"
Still, he sat ? right there, time stood still
And little scurrying squirrels
Were frolicking for a while
Till when the sun moved to the other side
And they scuttled to their borrows
As dusk gently crept up the evening sky
And led the rainbow away

Blessing the waves

may the wave
that is forming even now
the crest of its height
carry you out
beyond the limits of fear
may you ride
its water then run with it
certain that it will
form a love for its turbid ebb and flow
may you
open your arms to the water
water frolicking forever
and may you in your innocence
live through the years remembering

a day in the life of Gabezech

we walk a long way to get here
to get here, i was carried, i was tired
there're many people here, living in fear
they lost their homes, all things, in the fires

my name is Gabezech, i'm 8 years old
father's name Gandeyso, from Konso Zone
mother's Gedenu, she's feeble and cold
please don't leave us forgotten here all alone

i love to learn & love to sing
i was in '0' grade in my little school
things went from bad to worse, war changed everything
the pandemic and violence are so cruel

what we learned, we learned by singing along
we sang the ABCs together in a little room
that's how we used to learn, singing songs
but now i don't go to school, there's doom

my friend also came with me to school
her name is Agusit?we play games together
we play a game i love called Furushune
when i'm playing no one can beat me, never

Alone in the express train

Alone in the express train,
I would sometimes stand & look down
to the level where the train tracks were

to watch the gliding locomotive
screech around a tight curve
then speed straight past empty local stations.

What was in those fleeting moments
fascinating me as stations disappear fast,
flickering by before my eyes?

I remember how high I was
rocking side to side as the train sped,
I remember not caring much.

The stations came fast, flashing by,
the lights, the graffiti, the peeling ads,
the people zooming by,

the rhythmic clickety-clack of the wheels
The whistling wind, the dangling cables like
electrical spiderwebs.

All I wanted was to get home
over and over the train swayed and shook
as the train stuck fast to its steel tracks.

Or better still, to survive the night,
to stay alive on the lonely dirty train
as it tunneled through the eerie gap

devouring the darkness engulfing me,

and then there would be light
the day welcome me, I'm alive

but the long trek through the dark ?
through the night, my teenage years,
faded, now I look back & wonder how I survived.

I Heard Mama Sing Again

Many times in Tennessee
Before Alzheimer's crept in,
Most wonderful times for me
Was to listen to Mama sing.
To hear her say my name,
To tenderly hold her hands,
To smother her with kisses,
And lay my head against hers.

Then she stopped singing
And stopped saying my name.
And I prayed to God & begged,
Please let me hear her sing again,
Please let me hear her say my name.
Once again please, once again
Before you take her home,
Please Lord, once again.

Let me hear her sing,
Let me hear her say my name.
And you didn't disappoint me
I was granted to hear her sing,
To hear her say my name again
Thank you, Lord, once again
I heard her sing again,
I heard her say my name.

Another Beautiful Day

The sky was yellowy tinged
And the wind huffed
The sun gleefully laughed
And the thin clouds drifted
The trees swayed
And the flowers played
The balloons painted
And the birds raced
The mountains glanced
And butterflies cast sprinkles
The river's diamonds shimmered
Then the moon woke up
And the evening faded
Then the sun walked away
As the orangey horizon burned
Another day gone
Can't wait till dawn.

Tiny Star

Like a beacon of hope
the tiny star twinkles
in the arch void-black expanse
among the others glittering sparks.
It reminded me of life
in this overcrowded earth.
But though it feels like I'm alone,
I have my God, my family, my friends,
and my children to keep me company.
Yes, I'm a tiny star in the immense universe,
my light shines in ions of time.

Let me tell you how the rain falls

Let me tell you how the rain falls
It falls like tepid teardrops down your face
It falls like crystal pearls on the leaves
It falls like nourishment for the parched ground
It falls saturating the verdant mountains
Feeding the thirsty rivers that
turn turf-brown and slushing down
with nature's verve and vigor.
The birds?burrowed?wait
Under the pouring canopy of rain
The girl runs with her face up
Wet, enjoying the tickling rain.

El Yunque

The red-tailed hawk,
swoops to catch prey
The aggressive grey kingbird,
defends its nest
The Nightingale tweets
& sings all-day
The Elfin-woods Warbler,
Melodious and happy.
They got thirsty in the streets,
hated the choking smoke
So they came to you one day,
An oasis of peace
They've come to you many times,
Always to find the solace
El Yunque, rain forest,
in your embrace
Your strong arms pulled them
into the secret womb
To the sun-warmed rocks,
lie in mossy bowers
To sing love songs,
breathe the fragrant atmosphere
To kiss the gentle flowers,
pregnant with sweet nectar
Then cool, clear water fills
the bubbling springs
A blanket of phantasm-grey mist
in the morning day
The sun pierces through it
With lances of light
It shines gleefully all day 'til
darkness comes tiptoeing
Daylight yawns & moves on,

they burrowed in their nests
And the stars bathe
the rainforest with stardust.

You can go there from here

Everywhere you go will be somewhere
you've never been before. Try this:

from Sabana Grande head north on route 120, one-
by-one the mile markers enriching

every minute of your life. Follow this
absorbing the natural beauty all around?stop

see the coast from above, Guánica Bay where
the aqua-blue water shimmers under

celestial-blue skies. Look beyond the
Caribbean sea's many miles of sand

butter-gold beaches near the mangrove swamp?buried
roots grab the waterlogged mud. Don't bypass

Charco Pilón?lagoon-blue natural pool,
filled by silvering cascading waters. On the rock

the cavernous chamber filled with crystalline streams,
where you can swim or be mesmerized

by the spraying water making a magical plinking sound.
And still, the enchanting findings abound.

Shall we together walk and live our dream?

Shall we together walk and live our dream?
Our love will be more deep along the way.
And life lived full of every morning beam
As summer days rapidly fly away.

The time is short; the clock is ticking slow
And often it's the second hand that broke,
But every moment spent together shows
The kind of love is never dead?I spoke.

And all is true and valued so, indeed
And better things can come to us today.
The younglings come someday at lightning speed
And love is what is offered and play.

As long as we can dream and see ahead,
So let's live this together not misled.

Let's Grow Old Together

Let's grow old together, let the days grow longer;
Our love grows deeper along the way;
And life grows fuller and the bond grows stronger
As we walk holding hands day by day.

The memories are many, the laughs are fuller;
The vigor is lesser, but the will is there;
And the ocean of joy in the heart flows o'er,
And always covers all our earthly cares.

And all true things in life are valued,
And the better things are kept at bay,
And grandchildren are dearer & loved,
And love is all as our sun ebbs away.

Then let us walk together as we grow old,
And let's love each other more & more,
For we know not what the morrow beholds
We'll be together?or on God's golden shore.

I couldn't stop thinking about the girl

I couldn't stop thinking about the girl
She was just so happy and pretty
Her hair was black with many curls

That picture? Ana was dressed in pearls
Like the night stars in heaven glitter
Streaming bright like vagrant star-dust swirl

Then a torrent of words unfurled
So I wrote her this little ditty
To the most beautiful girl in the world

Her silky skin burnished like mahogany burl
Beaming bright where she was sitting
I couldn't stop thinking about the girl

Bayahíbe Rose, by God's hand, impearled
Drizzled with little raindrops brightly glinting
I couldn't stop thinking about the girl

The tiny girl smiles with strings of Pearl
Her tilted head with innocent eyes twinkling
Holding captive all our eyes, Dominican girl
For you girl, the party's jingling and tinkling

Chéri amour

To see beauty is to appreciate true aesthetic
So, what's the secret of her beauty that makes me so poetic?
Could it be the glinting of her lovely cerulean eyes?
That captivates my attention and keeps me mesmerized.

Could it be the symphonic tone I hear when she calls?
Because of the melody of her voice my soul imbibes.
Her voice is a composition, each tone delicately chimes,
Each note lures me and fills me with its rhymes.

The beauty of her enthralling body essence,
Awakens my senses to her marvelous presence.
Hence, her body fragrance is so splendid,
I'm delirious, I can't explain it.

Could it be her gentle hands slowly caressing my face?
Like Aphrodite's hands reaching out,
Touching my lips with gentle grace,
Kissing them all about.

Or perhaps the sweet taste of her kisses,
Like the elixir of wine tempting my taste buds.
Savoring each moment in a state of bliss,
Inundating my body like a flood.

What's this Dionysian exultation overcoming me?
This ecstasy when I kiss her soft crimson lips.
This longing to embrace her, this stupor so unbridled.

What must I do? I know, I'll arise and come into her.
I'll search the profundities of her soul,
I know there lies the source of her beauty,
The beauty of my loving *chéri amour*.

Grandpa Came Over Today

Beautiful caring eyes with a tinge of crimson,
Reflection of love on a bright and sunny day,
Our little eyes met yours full of much affection,
Don't cry, Grandpa, come, come and let's play today.

Our eyes and your eyes, our hearts and your heart
Together again even if we can't embrace,
Let's play through the glass that keeps us apart,
Love stretches bigger than the bound of space.

Your strong hand carrying many goodies for us,
The length you went through to be here today.
Grandpa, you sure know how to make a fuss,
Though this will take us to the far end of May.

The bond that we have can never be broken
By this thing that goes prowling around us
Let's enjoy every breath, every moment
You'll protect us, Grandpa, you've got guts.

Beautiful caring eyes with a tinge of crimson,
Reflection of love on a bright and sunny day,
Our little eyes met yours full of much affection,
Don't cry, Grandpa, come, come and let's play today.

Then how everything changes when I apologize

While tragedies are sung nightly and the obituaries read quite leisurely,
I am eating or drinking coffee or just laying dully relaxed.

Then how everything changes!

When I apologize to Hope for holding her back from those who quietly despair
Wrapped in their sorrows under a heavy blanket.

When I apologize to Necessity for not providing for her when she called on me.

When I apologize to Happiness for feasting on milk and honey with bread,
While others mire in weeping and wailing under the oppressing unforgiving hunger.

When I apologize to the needy for thinking their plight's a news report happening elsewhere.

When I apologize to Time for squandering her like water through my fingers.

When I apologize to Syria, I did forget you while caught up in my own selfishness.

Forgive me, for the wounds I caused you with my indifference.

When I apologize to Heaven for condemning them to the dark abyss of war.

When I apologize to Thirst for not rushing with water & sharing it with parched lips.

Then how everything changes when I apologize!

A rose in bloom

your gentle quickening
got my body tingling
with your hand imprint
pushing & teasing

you're a rose in bloom
not yet ripened,
blossoming within me,
joining us together
making us whole

my little rose, your fragile,
your heart beats wild,
petals opening,
soft as velvet,
my beautiful rose
nourished with my love,
i hear you in the still of night
as your little body grows,
i know God gave me a rose

Kilimanjaro

Pride of a nation
Reigning in Tanzania
Divinely crowned with
A silvery adorned wreath,
Graying before time expires

Rise, rise up above
Stand tall and kiss the heavens
Queen of Africa
Let the nations bow to you
And praise your stunning beauty

Mnara wa Mungu
An immortal chiseled stone
A great masterpiece
Mungu, creator,
Sculpted majestically

I wanto to be remembered as...

As I meditate on the fragility of life and how short-lived, I ask, how do I want to be remembered?

I want to be remembered for caring.

I want to be remembered as a person that never said no to helping someone

I want to be remembered as someone that puts everyone's needs above my own.

I want to be remembered as someone who wanted to do something positive in a world with so much negativity. I want to be a positive force, a beacon of light, of hope, of love. Even if that is just for one person, for one human being.

I want to be remembered as someone who loved his family very much,

I want to be remembered as being funny, kind, a nature lover.

I want to be remembered as someone who loved God even though I didn't measure to the standards of this world.

I want to be remembered as a repentant sinner who cried out daily to the Lord Psalm 51. And that my million mistakes are forgiven... I asked God, "Why do you bother with me? Why take a second look my way? I disappoint you every day. He said, see, I have engraved you on the palms of my hands...

I want to be remembered as someone who loved poetry and intellectual pursuits.

I want to be remembered as someone who did good...

Do not go fearful into the sinister night (Villanelle)

Do not go fearful into the sinister night
Fear should disappear & fade at close of day.
Pray, pray against the forces of the light.

Though we know at days end night is right,
Thoughts of doom will creep in everyday
Do not go fearful into the sinister night

Everybody, the last news, crying our plight
Don't be frightful, just pray, don't be swayed
Pray, pray against the forces of the light.

God gives us strength in this fight
He will crush the speed of this plague
Do not go fearful into the sinister night

I trust the time is drawing nigh
The death plague away will fade
Pray, pray against the forces of the light.

And you, heavenly Father, God of heights,
Break the curse, bless us now, I pray.
Do not go fearful into the sinister night
Pray, pray against the forces of the light.

Darkness

My land is bare of happy folk.
Dark clouds are looming in the landscape,
The sun's shrunken black with smoke.
Where do I go, where do I escape?

Dark clouds are looming in the landscape.
The coronavirus is fast advancing.
Where do I go, where do I escape?
Can I make it thru these circumstances?

The coronavirus is fast advancing.
They have implemented stay-at-home.
Can I make it thru these circumstances?
Can't take flight, nor am I free to roam.

They have implemented stay-at-home.
My home is my sanctuary.
Can't take flight, nor am I free to roam.
I keep hearing it's temporary.

My home is my sanctuary.
Where can I escape from the chaos?
I keep hearing it's temporary.
I rather have this than quietus.

Where can I escape from the chaos?
Though I go through the deepest darkness,
I rather have this than quietus.
I pray to God to stop this madness.

What Happened to my Dream?

What happened to my dream?
Did it dry up like a cloud in the wind?
Or swelled like a river?
And then lost its flow?
Did it turn to rocks & stones?
Or dried up without rain?
Like the desert dry bones?
Maybe it just waits...
Like a marathon runner
To reach the finish line.

I Bid You Adieu

I Bid You Adieu

Memories of you, flooding
As I take care of you now,
The curtain seems to be closing
Time caught up with you somehow.
The fire is still burning in your soul,
Your eyes so bright and full of love.
When death makes its final call,
Your soul will fly, fly like a dove.
The fire still crackles & pops,
Although your body is very frail.
Time has to not stop, stop has not,
My love for you will never fail.
Storms and lightning have assailed you,
Before your journey home, but God is with you
Guiding you as I bid you adieu.

Resolutions

Resolutions

See the unseen

Do the undoable

Share yourself

Enjoy little things

Explore this world's wonders

In many ways & in many forms

Take diverse steps

Backward or forward

Paths that lead to surprises

Follow the light

Create among others

Contemplate God's creation

Write a poem

Devote time for writing

Discover your gifts

Try new things

Different perspectives

Climb a mountain

See the wonder of the sea

Wet your feet in the beach

Practice your craft

Emerge from a drought

Challenge the ordinary

Go against the grain

Break the ropes that bind

Grow and mature

Be grateful

Join others in having fun
Contribute to the betterment of humanity
Discover your uniqueness

Be community-conscious
Pursue wholesome things
Feed your imagination
Learn from others
Turn the other cheek

Follow then lead
With the sweep of a pen, write
Touch & feel
Let the fingers explore
Start now, don't wait

Leap into the unknown
Sit, reflect, meditate
Be in awe of the universe
Follow your dreams
Enjoy the journey

The Moon Combs her Hair

The argent-silver moon combs her hair
At the varnished clear lake mirror below;
Caught the poor sun in a snare
With her hair flowing in lavender glow.

Before dawn breaks, she goes to sleep
Behind the huge sky where colors cry;
When the sun shines with uninterrupted sweeps
Spears of light streak through the sky.

When evening comes, he goes to sleep
To dream again of her ashen face;
To rise again and with colors weep,
While she is asleep in her place.

Slowly his eyes are shut to sleep,
The stars rejoice & dance all night;
Showering silvery glitter for her to keep,
Heaven-trotting stars that make dark light.

The moon poses in her silver spotlight
For the sun to see her again;
Baring all her beauty in the moonlight,
She combs her hair with the rain.

Our Rocky

OUR ROCKY the fighter, she in the Spider-man outfit ready to pounce, Strong as love, burning like a blazing fire in the summer sun,

She behind everyone, the most fun dancer, the most fun dancer of all in this earth,

Our rocky in blue trunks and red gloves, Spider-man ankle sox, always dancing amidst the rhythmic cadence of music,

When I think of you

dancing, dancing, dancing Once again, I want to see you

Get up again, Rocky, dance Dance, again, again, and again.

David

You got it from my uncle,
the best man that ever lived.
I named you little bundle
So, you may live, as he lived.

I see no reason why
I should name you David.
As I sing you lullabies,
A name to me so sacred.

He was a man of honor;
uncompromising loyalty,
and though he's here no longer
wear the name as royalty.

It's a blessing you got it
And a worthy name to wear.
Whose name is a torch of life lit
And a melody to the ear.

He left this world & left his name
And there's no doubt that he did.
Like the sun imparting its
Shining light upon my kid.

A name that will lift you up
To my uncle's stature.
To drink of that honored cup
Is to drink of his very nature.

He would've been very happy
In the day when you were born,
And I would do anything gladly

To see his name proudly worn.

Night Rhythms

The wind sang lullabies,
As the sun died a slow death.

The forest hushed & turned eerie,
Soft grunting *sounds* are heard,

The tiny mouse scurries away.
The trees swung their arms,

Flowers curl-up to sleep,
The moon woke up & yawned.

The stream murmured as it tiptoed
Gurgling & jaunting to the waiting pond,

While the ocean waves whispered a song.

My book called me to converse,
I heeded its incessant call.

The book's words cried their pleas,

As the velvet night walked by slowly,
the stars glinting beckoned by the full moon.

My Apologies

My apologies to you hope for holding you back from migrants.
My apologies to necessity for I've not done my share.
Don't be angry, happiness, that I've enjoyed you for my own.
May the needy forgive me that their plight's a news report.
My apologies to time for the number of hours behind the screen.
My apologies to you my love for taking you for granted.
Forgive me, Syria, I did forget about you.
Forgive me, for the wounds I caused, for pricking them open.
My apologies to heaven, for those I condemn to the abyss.
My apologies to those in street corners for sleeping soundly at sub-zero temperatures...
Pardon me, forgotten hope, for languishing in despair.
Pardon me, thirst, for not rushing in with water & share it with you.
And you, streetwalker, the same person for years in the same street, talking, up & down, always pushing that awful cart,
absolve me even if you don't know who I am.
My apologies to the oceans filled with the plastic bottles I've thrown away.
My apologies to humanity for my mediocrity.
Truth, have left me & I wonder why?
Grace, be gracious toward me.
Give me favor, for opening my eyes to see.
Love, don't blame me when I don't share you often.
My apologies to the world for not doing my part.
My apologies to all for not opening my heart generously.
I know I have no excuse since I am guilty of this neglect.
Do not hold it against me, O God, that I profess hurtful words,
and then labor to make them right.

You chose to end the life inside of you

You chose to end the life inside of you,
The light of life should have burned bright all day;
Death, death came silencing my baby coos.

You'll never, never know what I went through,
Because I had no voice and not a say
You chose to end the life inside of you.

Your little baby's turn to die is due
With my torn body I can't dance today,
Death, death came silencing my baby coos.

Crazy thing is a baby slew and do...
Then learn, too late, grief will not go away,
You chose to end the life inside of you.

Gentle baby, death came, death came with rue
Dressed in white & crimson hands, no complain.
Death, death came silencing my baby coos.

And you, mother, you made a choice, you knew,
You took my life with your pro-choice refrain.
You chose to end the life inside of you.
Death, death came silencing my baby coos.

Your Hand

God brought me to you
To hold your hand tight;
To be by your side
As your spirit began to fly.

To hold your hand tight,
Tight as I could hold it.
As your spirit began to fly
Hold my hand for the last time.

I held your hand tight;
You've been with me all my life.
Hold my hand for the last time,
I want to be with you for forever.

You've been with me all my life.
We wanted things to change.
I want to be with you for forever,
As I held your hand tight.

We wanted things to change,
These were trying times.
As I held your hand tight,
I knew I had to say goodbye.

These were trying times,
But you were ready, you had no fear.
I knew the end was near, because
I saw confidence in your eyes.

But you were ready, you had no fear
The time came, your journey ended,
I saw confidence in your eyes

As I held your hand tight.

The time came, your journey ended,
Seeing your last breath, I held you hand.
As I held your hand tight,
I knew this was a new beginning.

I Can't Believe My Eyes

*I saw the robust body of her composition destroyed,
How I mourned its demise.*

*I once saw her burly and vigorous athletic gait,
Now she's lumbering along to catch up, without energy.*

*Never forget the flexible and slender body unfleshed,
Bones are, in their way, rusted steel slightly bent.*

*Aren't you upset by how lightweight they are?
Doesn't it tear you apart to see the body spent?*

*Her body mangled, a form of crippling distorted,
aged without fanfare.*

I Am From

I am from the mountainside,
From guavas and orange trees.

I am from a dot on the map

And a one way in and out street
(Narrow, old, bouncy).

I am from sugarcane

Whose sweetness tempted me.

I am from passion fruit and el coquí

Under its melodious singing, I fell asleep

As it rained all night,

From Ursula and Luisa house.

I am from tobacco and rum,

From simple people who lived long.

I am from the music, the rice and beans,

From where grandpa walked with a cane

And from where he walked slowly because

Time would wait, and kites danced in the sky.

I am from the moments of child exploration

Under the mango tree.

My Love, My World, My Life

My love, my world, my life...
With you beside me, I fear not.
Both of you are my sunrise
Bringing the light of God.

Your unconditional love
Never fails; your love is strength.
Strong enough to lift me up,
To give me hope in hopelessness.

To give me faith in time of doubt
And give me joy in times of sadness.
Your unfailing love sustains me,
It has not left me wanting.

You're the gift from heaven
Unwrapped in Caleb & Iveliz

So,

I'll continue the fight,
I'll continue to have hope,
I'll continue to have faith,
I'll continue to have joy,

Because

My love, my world, my life
You give me strength to carry on
And look to the future trusting
That everything will be alright.

The Ceiba Tree

I'm walking in the mountain range of Urayoán
Under the massive umbrella-shaped Ceiba tree;
The sanctum where the Taíno chief bravely walked.

The tree looks bright with a virescent hue of life;
Full of strength, an imposing specimen to behold,
It witnessed the struggles and strength of Urayoán.

Its colossal presence, silently, stoically stands,
Its arms stretched-out, locked-in with the other trees;
Its enthralling aura woos me to come in.

Leaves susurrating secrets as they fall to the ground,
Random leaf patterns spread alluring & cueing me;
They hummed & feathered as I shuffled through the dense mat.

The old noble warrior still fights on with its
Massive roots bulging in and out of the dirt
In an abstract ultra-slow motion, it grips the ground.

Seems like time has stood still, everything looks the same,
Time has stopped as a freeze-frame, motionless, suspended;
And the Ceiba tree still stands, living, striving and proud.

The Shadow

The Shadow

A dancing silhouette in front of me, a dark pattern,
looks like an image of me, but it's not really me,
walking along the street with me before the sunset,
immaterial, reaching to the neighbor's Camphor tree.

It mimics all the moves with a jolly jumping jam
and whistles by the weeping willow trees around the bend,
hey, we're heading home back to the city of Birmingham,
soon enough you're be gone and be no more, that's the end.

So why do you stick around and don't want to see me gone?
I wonder who gave you your life and personality,
because you won't be alive during the dark and the dawn,
later you'll have your life and your temporality.

Stop the Rain

After months of copious rains
I wanted to see the sun,
its yellow rays as sugary veins.

Dripping on my happy face,
but the rain is still here,
I want it gone, gone from this place.

Slowly clouds move above the sky
lingering like a dark memory,
uglier the rain that in it fly.

It's said they represent our dreams
a sign of mortality and strife,
that shape the lives-varying themes.

At the edge of the horizon
the sun waves hello, flaming bright,
far, far it seemed to be risin'.

Soggy, slippery, slimy ground
beaten by the relentless rain,
that strikes a rhythmic eerie sound.

The birds fly squawking in pain,
they're doubtless tired of the rain,
droplets falling without refrain.

My Heart Bleeds, Venezuela

My heart bleeds, Venezuela
My heart bleeds, Venezuela
It bleeds for your sudden tragic death.
My eyes burn filled up with acrid smoke
From the black murk that hides the stars
Covering the darkened Caracas sky.

My heart bleeds, Venezuela
It bleeds because of untimely deaths,
Cold bodies sprawled in the violent streets,
Mourning parents cry a funeral dirge, hearts ache,
Soldiers spew death indiscriminately.

My heart bleeds, Venezuela
It bleeds for my children, for Mami y Papi.
It bleeds dripping crimson red blood
On the streets of Maracaibo;
There's gunfire over smoke-choked homes.

It bleeds, yes, a river of blood
To sanctify the innocent land where Bolivar walked.
My heart rises-up to fight, but I choke on my blood;
It bleeds for the Republic of Venezuela
Irrevocably free & independent, with peace.

It bleeds because I'm human, I'm you.
My saddened heart is filled with hope.
Your mine, for you it'll always bleed.
It bleeds every day, it bleeds onto the streets,
It bleeds at Plaza Bolívar, Caracas, in America, too...

Venezuelans have got so much blood
to spill inside and outside for its own.

They'll bleed so much you'll bleed, too,
Until the flag of justice flies again proudly
In the sky of Venezuela's Bolivarian land.

A Borrowed Life

On a borrowed donkey he rode into the city
amid the welcome and cheers of the crowd;
a rug of palm branches looked very pretty
you can hear their Hosannas wild and loud.

With borrowed bread He fed the hungry
On the grassy mountainside;
With borrowed fish and without money
He fed them all far and wide.

On a borrowed boat in which to sit
to teach the people the Word;
He borrowed a bed in which to sleep -
The words He uttered the heart stirred.

He borrowed a room to eat the Passover
where He and his apostles sat gathered;
eagerly waiting before the evening passed over
to reveal how his body would be battered.

They borrowed a stretcher to lay his body,
they borrowed the winding sheet;
his face and body were bloodied
all the way down to his humble feet.

But the crown that he wore & the cross that he bore
they were his to endured on that dark day in history;
to bring salvation to the broken millions & more.

America!

America, God has shed his grace on you
And has crowned your good with brotherhood.
But the patriot's dream turned to a nightmare
That sees life flee in fear,
Your alabaster cities drabbed,
Dimmed by sorrowful tears.

America! America!
God forgive your violent bent,
Transform your soul from selfish prowl,
And cynicism to sanity & vanity to spirituality.

America! America!
Violence has become your way of life.
Death lurks stealthily nigh unbeknownst;
Thousand innocent people killed,
So many of them young ? taken from us.

Unleashing an unimaginable bloodletting.
Innocent blood spilled crying for justice
Against the one that murdered them,
But also crying for justice America,
To take responsibility & find your way.

To stop the madness engulfing us &
To turn your attention to the prophet's cry:
"If my people, which are called by my name,
shall humble themselves, pray and seek
my face and turn from their wicked ways,
then I will hear from heaven,
and will heal their land."

The Euphony of Her Voice

A voice of passion
Sighs softly in the night
Seems to whisper longer
With temperate tones
Slowly flowing from her lips

Wrapped in euphoric songs
never heard, never spoken,
Unuttered till tonight
Under the spell of music
Your voice--a twilight cantata

The rhythm vibrates smoothly
As it caresses my ears
Ever so softly dear
As we embrace the melody
my heart beats, beats gently

Our eyes blind in the night
Our hands following the beat
In harmony, in sync
Your voice an echo sings
Our embrace - the sonata

A euphony of songs
My heart has learned to hear
I know that voice very well
A concerto of passion
Erupting in lyrics of love

Juicy Hot Dog

Juicy, spicy sausage
Hold the taste buds hostage.
Nestled in a warm bun,
Slathered with juicy onions,
Tangy yellow mustard,
A mountain of sauerkraut.
Raised to your watery mouth,
A sensation so intense
There's no defense to the
immense pleasure you feel
Of eating a hot dog while in
New York.

I Looked & Saw

I looked at the earth
And I saw the innocent blood
I looked at the skies
And I saw death come down quickly
I looked at the mountains
And I saw the cruel devastation
I looked and there were no birds
And I saw that they had disappeared
I looked at the fertile field
And I saw a cemetery of bones
I looked at the people
And I saw in their eyes despair
I looked at the mothers
And I saw tears of pain
Lord, what can I do?

In the middle of war,
In the middle of death,
In the middle of devastation,
In the middle of desolation,
In the middle of loneliness,
In the middle of famine,
In the middle of despair,
In the middle of the pain?

And He told me,

Seek peace with everyone,
Share love without measure,
Help build cities,
Pray for the birds to sing,
Plow the wounded land,
Love to bring hope,

Wipe every tear from their eyes,
In this way the world will be changed!

In Memoriam

See the people filing thru
they stop and look
at the silent soldier
before them, he lies;
ashen-faced, stoically tensed,
silently they walk away
expressionless.
How ugly war is!
How hateful and cruel!
It is so ... war is ugly!
Lifeless and silent,
pale and empty
the corpse stays;
youth ended
prematurely,
what a waste.
The grave surrounded,
mourners cry,
circling endlessly
with fixed eyes;
in the middle
the casket lies
laden with flowers
and farewell notes.
The people walk
with inundated feelings,
faces fearing
the eerie visit;
death has come
to the young,
to the old,
to them all.
Wondering when

the war would end,
but the end is uncertain.
Politicians extol
the brave young man,
but death mars
their flowery speech.
Walking slowly, tired
looking at death;
death has come
how long its visit,
nobody knows.

The Ocean Storm

The Ocean Storm

The heaving ocean bellows
rages, moans, swears, groans
the moon is hiding scared
as it hears the deathly tones

In its ominous vastness
Its wailing cry creates
Erratic metronomic waves
With deep music roaring

Waves lap the sandy beach
the dark night smell of brine
the night gathers its tatters
and the sky starts to whine

Waters tumbling toward the abyss
lighting crashing, reaping open
the heaven's dark veil
revealing timeless eternity

Forging its own sea-song
The ocean stronger, stronger
it roars; tosses in a drunken stupor
as it curses the night away

Love is All

Love is all
Love is what keeps us strong
What gives us the patience to endure
What opens our eyes to the world's pain
And to our neighbor's need;
Nothing compares to its enormous strength.
Love can fill the beating heart with courage,
It can warm the cold-hearted, and mend
The broken heart.
It's stronger than the grip of death,
Even the arms of the grave;
Love alone can beat them both.
There's no comparison on earth,
love doesn't change, love is.
Love is peace
Love is hope
Love is all.

To the Urayoán Mountain in Sabana Grande

I had no idea the red-tailed hawk
Swoops by you in the heat
Of day.

I have found myself in many noisy places
In Puerto Rico, that seemed

Crazy and confusing in mid-day.
I wish I were the aggressive personality
Of the grey kingbird, I wish I were
The Nightingale's song
And the beat the Warbler dances.
I had no idea you were so happy
And musical in late evening.
I got thirsty in the streets,
And I hated the choking smoke there,
So I came to you.

You were the peace
Of an oasis
In me.

I have come to you many times,
Always to find the solace
Of your embrace.

Urayoán,
You are not world known.
Your strong arms pulled and hug me.
I am a red-tailed hawk child, a bird
Exploring your secrets.

Life

Stop and look at tiny bugs laboring to climb,
swept away by the wind,
Stop and look at ants working like a freight train,
storing food for the winter,
Stop and look at ladybugs lazily walking,
taken by the wind and roll away, far away,
Stop and look at fallen trees, dead but still living,
producing life from death,
Stop and look at dust particles swept up by the breeze,
suspended in the air,
Stop and look at ribbons of light streak through the trees,
reaching the yawning ground,
Stop and look at people bike riding, riding them
on the ground where the ants work,
Stop and look at the rain gardens with patches of wild flowers,
thriving without rain,
Stop and look at the lake like glass glistening, peacefully
under the lazy sun,
Stop and look at scattered leaves frolicking, swirling,
joyfully all about.
I couldn't help but wonder... how dynamic life is,
a constant ebb and flow,
I couldn't help but wonder... I can overcome and
live life to the fullest,
I couldn't help but wonder... the city I live in
the people I live with,
I'm connected to this world full of surprises,
with all its mysteries...

Transformation

**Grey clouds sweeping
Rain is pouring
Over the playground**

**Children are thrilled
To go outside
In the rain**

**Electrified and wide-eyed
Dashing out running
Their arms stretching**

**Thunder?grumbling, rumbling
Near the park
Where children play**

**Churlish clouds swell
Into black silhouettes
Puddles began plinking**

**Suddenly the sun
came out again,
casting slanted beams**

**Where children played,
the molten-gold sun
chased clouds away**

**The sky now
a dome plasma-blue
gleaming, cheering, playfully**

Shifting, steady, silently

**As children play,
Red faced, happily**

Her First Experiences

so many firsts
baby girl
first airplane ride
 life unfurls,
first time meeting
family, friends
first Thanksgiving Day
 love ascends,
our hearts full
back Arizona
first trip away
 sweet aroma.

Grandpas

Grandpas

Gracious, gracious

Peppy, nutty, riotous, playful, adventurous

Running, laughing, hiding, growling, shouting

A fountain of happiness

Abuelo

Always and Forever

*There is a smile in her face
Where dreams and endless love grow;
A heavenly joy full of grace
Wherein all pure feelings do flow;
There with closed eyes, her face glistens
His voice the music she listens.*

*There is a smile in his face
Of small white pearls in a sparkling glow,
That when his elegant laughter shows,
They look like ivory bright snow;
There with closed eyes his face expressive
Her voice, a whisper he caresses.*

*Her eyes twinkle and dazzle like stars;
His eyes start to dance before her eyes,
Their spirit is quickened at such display
My God, my God, thank you for their love;
These sacred moments must endure,
Till their voices chime in symphony.*

I'm Thankful

*Thanking my Lord for what
He has giving me, although I didn't deserve
Anything from His most generous hand.
Nothing can express the gratitude of
Knowing that you're always there to
Sustain me when I'm on shaky ground.
Greatly grateful for the beautiful people
In my live that make all the difference;
Valuable to me because they're friends & family.
I want to thank the Lord this day because
No matter how much I've disappointed Him, His
Grace saved me and gave me a grateful heart.*

The Biophilia Effect

I close my eyes and listen
buzzing bees, beeping birds,
water crashing & splashing
in the waterfall half hidden
by a high cliff.

I open my eyes and see
heaven-touching mountains
spreading their arms to the sea
where warm waves play
till the end of day.

I smell the air, smell the aroma
the woodsy, sassy scent
of freshly kissed earth
by raindrops dancing, stomping
& rocking to the beat of rain.

I feel the warmth of sun rays
soothing my bare feet,
the wind gently stroking
my body as I read
and an ant tickling me.

I taste the smoke scented air,
wisps of blue-grey smoke
curled, slowly rising
by the wind's hands from
the belly of the valley below.

The waving of summer grasses,
multicolored flowers frolicking,

they jumped out at me
laughing like children
wild & carefree.

Nothing could make me
go back to the city.
I'm done with living
in the concrete jungle
where life slowly withers.

Our Country's Best: A Veterans Day Tribute

If you've served in the U.S. military,
Then you are veteran today and more;
The respect and admiration you look for
Takes you above, beyond the ordinary.

You sacrificed many things in your life,
The list is long, very long and heavy;
Pain and suffering on you was levied,
But you bore them all quietly, readily.

When the call came to face the impending threat,
You reported to quell the coming storm;
To fight it in any fashion or form,
Your selfless service we'll never forget.

You're our celebrity today in anyway;
You're especial; no other compares to you;
We're grateful for the service you've performed;
You're be remembered on this day.

Our nation honors you & bids you be blessed;
And let no one dishonor you in any way.
You've served our country and have earned the honor
To be a veteran?our country's very best.

Falling Leaves of Autumn

Today, as I walked in the park,
I saw the many autumn leaves
falling...
Shades of red and yellow, like fire,
purple with a tinge of black burning,
Orange mixed with pink,
Magenta and blue and brown
They were all around
In a windy afternoon,
When the wind whirled them up, up, up
Kaleidoscopically captivating the sky,
Thickly, with many hands painting
the blushing canvas,
They then fell, multicolored, melting,
forming an afghan carpet;
And I wandered, slowly, dreamy,
I thought of you, gallantly dressed,
Like the leaves now all splendidly arrayed;
Arranged in a winsome display of renaissance,
Their beauty delicately displayed
Like the plumes on the Peacock.

Nothing to Hide

As I've laid in bed without sleep,
Many times I've wanted to weep.
I've long to follow the birds in flight,
To escape from my awful plight.
I've felt an urge inside
To stray somewhere;
Far, far doesn't matter where,
Where I have nothing to hide.

On Mango Road (an adaptation of 'Blackberrying' by Sylvia Plath)

Nobody in the road, and nothing, nothing but mangoes,
Mangoes on both sides, though on the middle mainly,
A mango carpet, glistening under the Caribbean sun,
Stretched out far, in a yellowish-orange color palette.
Mangoes big as my calf muscles, and silent as stones
Rocks in the road, fat
With yellowish juices. These they slush on my hands.
I had expected a more robust attitude; they must overlook me.
They make a thick mush, smelling like turpentine.

Overhead go the parrots in green, raucous flocks?
Bits of tiny freckles dotting in a cloudless sky.
Theirs is the only sound, shouting, shouting.
I do not think the rain will come today.
The pompous, green mountains are standing, as if pride possessed them.
I come to a bunch of mangoes so ripe it is a bunch of worms,
Squirming their pale bellies in and out of the juicy pulp.
The pulpy-feast of the mangoes has fattened them; they live in paradise.
Soon enough, the mango carpet comes to an end.

The only thing down the road is the lake.
From above the mountain the wind swoops down,
Smothering me with a eurythmic burst of scented air caressing my face.
This mountain is so green and sweet to have existed alone.
I follow the Taino trail carved long ago. A bit of walk brings me
To the lake, and the lake is aqua-green
That looks so serene, serene in a secluded space
Of green and golden light, and a breeze stirring and stirring
Like fingers the lonely lake.

The Ones I've Kissed

Mami, my first kiss, soft lips, puffy nipple,
and warm breast in my mouth,
And papi's stubby-face prickled and tickled
when he went to work,
And abuela Ana, timeworn and wrinkled lips
that crumbled on my face,
and a secret love, Elizabeth. At 12, pretty Elizabeth.
Sorry! Sorry! I kissed your lips while you were
sleeping in the living room.
Then those cute girls whose faces time have distanced me.
Anxiously waiting for the bottle to stop and point at me,
Mildalia, in Florida. Tricked her to kiss me using a Hershey's Kiss.
My wife, our first kiss. Her innocent lips a bolt through my body,
a rush stopping time but then too quick.

I love those random memories

Around 1967 we moved to Bridgeport, CT. I'm standing looking around the hallway in a school. Lost in space; a lonely place, a foreign land. Why don't they speak Spanish?

Around 1969 I'm asking why are they on the moon, I thought. Roller skating around the hallways was fun. I played with the white stuff; it was so cold.

Around 1976 I lived in the South Bronx. Dad is Super of the 181st Street building. Roaming the night streets on weekends. Mom can't read nor write. I wind-up in jail.

Around 1977 I met a friend in a supermarket, my life changed. I go home that night crying. Sprawled on my parents' bedroom they want to know what's wrong with me.

Around 1969 my sister walks the city barefooted, with bell-bottom pants, showing her bellybutton. Dad doesn't like that and gives her a whipping. I didn't understand. Mom goes to the room and cries.

Around 1972 my brother decides to steal a bike. I had to fight to defend him. I was so scared of that gang.

Around 1982 I was in love and I tell my girlfriend I've join the Army, now let's get married. She says yes. So I married an 18-year-old beautiful Puerto Rican girl. We go to Brooklyn, NY. That same year Terry's pregnant with our first child? Teri Lee. She sends me magazine clips with baby pics, I don't understand. I was a private in Basic Training.

Around 1990 I'm in Kuwait and the sky is black. I miss Terry and the kids.

Around 1997 Terry lands in Budapest, Hungary to meet-up will me. She's so brave

Around 1963 is dark, I smell gasoline, crying in a cramped car upside down.

Around 1979 I rode the subway to Coney Island with a friend. The Warriors was my favorite movie.

My Mother's Pillow

Just one look at it is all it takes. Awkward box of foam, hefty, knot city inside, square moon around. Like a brick in your bed, a giant patch of cloth from an outlet store. A grotesque form in four dimensions, a floating device for your dreams. The first night I laid my head on it right away I had a stiff neck, my back arched like a bow, my face crushed to its side. I became a chiropractor's dream. Ah, but for all that, the body adapts to anything. Once I got used to its contorted form, my sleep came like a puppy in a litter. It seemed like the pillow had calming powers, and a soothing touch, eyes closed, sleep came effortlessly to me. Groggy and surrendering to its magic, everything was calm and silent, suspended, like being hugged by my mother again.

Traumatic Childhood Memory (Prose Poem)

It was a night when my father was drunk
he wanted to kill us and our mother, because
although he was always a caring and loving man
and loved us very much, this night he had a machete
in hand and started lifting it and swinging it, again and again,
yelling madly with his face flushed red with rage
we never saw before or again. We scampered to one of
the bedrooms screaming and too afraid to come out and look at him.
Eventually the cops came and they calmed him down and
the traumatic memory buried itself deep in my mind forever.

My family is moving, again...

A hot and muggy afternoon
of summer. My family
is moving, again...

Weary walls & graffiti
across the hallway.

In the building, in a corner
a drug addict is shooting
dope, and others dazed
not far from my door.

The ambulance, a keening wail,
echoes by the neighborhood,
barreling through traffic,
impolitely moving cars,
rushing the overdosed addict to the hospital.

And I'm looking out the window,
trash-filled street & husks of burnt cars,
children running around them;
fire hydrant madly spewing water to the sky.

A hot and muggy day
of summer. My family
is moving, again...

Weary walls
graffiti across the hallway.

Beautiful Land of Borinquén (Rondeau Poem)

Beautiful land of Borinquén
Puerto Rico, island of my origin
Land of the Mighty and Noble Lord
Precious pearl greatly adored
Flowery garden under a warming sun

Land where God gave me my first breath
Please bury me there upon my death
Loved and are loved, now & forever
Beautiful land of Borinquén

Island of enchantment & much pride
Spanish, Black & Taino inside
In your distress I feel hopeless
And if I could rip my heart wide open
My love for you I cannot hide
Beautiful land of Borinquén

Thank God, Papi is Home Again

October. Here in this boisterous restaurant table
with family, I sit and stare at my father's timeworn
and wrinkled face. Blood-flecked eyes,
he holds in his gaze a forlorn expression,
in his body the weight of years accumulated.

In ill-fitted pants and rumpled shirt, he leans
against the restaurant table and cries.
He's traumatized by the hurricane he'd just experienced,
relieved that now there's something to eat.
I've never seen my father like this.

But the ordeal is over, for now, thank God
we have him home again with family. Papi, we love you,
we're so happy you're home with us, we who can't even phantom
the fury of a hurricane, and don't even know the experience of
a violent and raucous visit of death.

Hiking the Urayoán Mountains

I've had the pure pleasure of hiking
the Urayoán mountains; to have the
candescent Caribbean sun accompanying me,
of eating a stalk sweet sugarcane. Of having
my senses euphorically stimulated, more than
the city that strangles.

I've enjoyed the peaceful ambience
of the mountain that encapsulated me.

Much more than the infernal jungles,
more than the cacophonous honking of cars;
please take me through the tropical trails, and
the greenery of the banana tree plantations.

The yellow guava on my path with
solicitude called me, I quickly grabbed it, bit it,
ah! so sweet, so sweet,
the scrumptious taste fascinating & watering my mouth.

The singing of the swallows hypnotizing,
and there's was nothing more enchanting
then to hear polyphonic *madrigals* of
coquíes singing in the flora.

The waters of the silky waterfall I would prefer,
hearing the whooshing, rushing, gushing waters
dinging with joy over the mountain rocks in the
mystique-pools of the Cordillera Central.

I would not change the beautiful butterflies
for cars and machinery belching serpents of smoke.
Nor the fruitful and pompous central mountains
gallantly standing and promoting its abundant greenery;

The sweetness of the land overflows, unique flavors
that only in these mountains are enjoyed.

The breath of the winds smothered me
they were eurythmic bursts of scented air;

These cannot be found in the *foggy ill-smelling*
air of the city of cements where the arid air's
stench of sulfur from the exhaust surround you
and abuses the tender lungs.

I saw in the sleepy night the glow of glowing fireflies
flying in the canvas of night darting and flashing
shimmering like the sparkling brilliance of diamonds,
and I heard the weird eerie noises of the night.

Come Sleep, Oh Sleep

Come sleep, oh sleep, surreptitiously
Come sleep, oh sleep, surreptitiously
tiptoeing unnoticed, slip into my room
tiptoeing unnoticed, slip into my room
Sleep come into my room, tiptoeing slip,
unnoticed, surreptitiously, sleep come

With quiet arms and gentle hands
With quiet arms and gentle hands
And soft lips like a summer breeze
And soft lips like a summer breeze
Gentle, summer with quiet arms,
And lips, hands like and breeze

My rest is where your embrace is
My rest is where your embrace is
And your palm is where I am safe
And your palm is where I am safe
Where is your palm? Where my rest?
Am I safe? Is I and your embrace!

Your quiet arms are a summer breeze
Your gentle hands soft and safe
Surreptitiously and unnoticed sleep
Is my rest like lips embrace?
Your palm and sleep come
where I am; slip into my room

Please tell me

Please tell me
where are you
where can I find you
where I can look
where can I run
Please tell me
are you far, far as the sky
where my eyes are fixed
looking for your
refulgent blue eyes
Please tell me
if I look at the sun
will I be blinded
by your resplendent face
where your eyes are like flames
Please tell me
if is in the universe
where your tender look
is in the depth of space
with sweet rosy lips
Please tell me
if it's on the moon
from where I hear
the softness of your voice
to search there for you
Please tell me
which shooting star
to chase and stop
because on it goes
the love of my life

Aubode

Aubade

It's dawn and the rooster breaks the silence
Its strong wings flaps rumble the small island
A cup of freshly brewed coffee, priceless
The scented breeze, a welcome indulgence
The sun's light slowly comes to existence

Out the opened window, the horizon
Slowly the starlit sky hides the diamonds
Birds dart the flowers with perfect timing
Singing, chirping, excitingly rhyming
The sun colors, majestically shining

From the kitchen Grandma's smile inviting
Her smile disarming, lighting, enchanting
"Have something to eat before departing"
You hear the loud music bombarding
My neighbor's shrieking voice lyrics chiming

A food truck is coming down, coasting
Full of fried foods, bread, and many postings
A high pitch voice shouts, the music busting
The neighborhood dweller's blood is pumping
A new day has started and is already thumping

Don?t Postpone Joy

Don't postpone joy
it lights the soul
a blessing from above
glows like flaming coal
enjoined with love
this the heart enjoys

Don't postpone joy
grasp hold of it
every moment burns
a torch of life lit
your spirit spurns
this the heart enjoys

Don't postpone joy
enjoy nature walks
the grandchildren
listen your spouse talk
it's worth a million
this the heart enjoys

Don't postpone joy
look at the night sky
look at the stars
giggle, laugh, joke, cry
look at Saturn & Mars
this the heart enjoys

Don't postpone joy
let joy bubble up
walk in the park
fill-up your coffee cup
enjoy a blue-lark

this the heart enjoys

Don't postpone joy
enjoy a lazy lake
a meandering river
take a fishing break
listen the wind whisper
this the heart enjoys

Don't postpone joy
fly a colorful kite
see it in the sky
tail wagging left & right
it goes, goes high
this the heart enjoys

Don't postpone joy
tap your inner thoughts
life is happening
make a hard knot
joy keeps burning
this the heart enjoys

Don't postpone joy
enjoy the crystal snow
a mist of gentle rain
the rustle wind blow
on a silvery horse's mane
this the heart enjoys

Don't postpone joy
use a powerful telescope
explore the distant planets
hang from a bungee rope
play with weird magnets
this the heart enjoys

Hope & Love Reign

Today I cry
Today I pray
Today I feel
My heart in pain
Today my flag bleeds
Today my flag
Is frayed to tatters

Let's hoist the flag
Long may it wave
The storm thought it
Brought destruction,
Grief and much pain
We soon found out
Hope & love reign

They're not gone;
Our people have
lost their homes,
possessions too,
And for our people
Many sacrificed
Their lives, but when

The flag is hoisted,
And they see it
waving, they think
of Puerto Rico
Restored again;
It 'ill not be
the same after

This hurricane;

They'll be stronger,
They'll rebuild
They'll be more
Alive than ever before
Their hope is to
Rebuild their lives,

Their hope is the
Promise after the storm.
Their hope whispers
great things to come,
It leads gently
Through pain, through suffering.
It's God's grace,

It's the beauty
In people's hearts,
It's the neighborly
sweetness, kindness,
The light at the
End of the tunnel.
Yes, their hope is
Their strength, their faith;

Their land split open,
Their eyes looking up
Though the country
Is in ruins, their hope fights
The mud, the water,
Hands dirty, sweat, tears
On their faces.

Hope stands with them
Amid despair.
Hope covered in scars,
Hope laughs again

They'll not give up,
Hope gets them up,
Again, again, again.

I Remember... (Anaphora Poem)

I remember the evening I went to your grandfather's house
To meet with him for the first time in the living room
Never did I imagined I'll meet you there too.
I remember that young girl leaning against the living room door
Curiously staring at us as we talked and enjoyed our conversation.
I remember you, very young, skimpily dressed just standing there.
I remember you then, how you were transformed from a little girl to a
Very pretty young lady. I remember, indelibly in my mind is the image
Of you, I will always remember.
I remember you my love and God is my witness I will never forget you
Because etched in deepest crevices of my heart the image of the pretty
girl lives in my memory, I will always remember...

Hurricane Irma

Water, water everywhere and not a drop more
That's of course if Maria doesn't decide to come anymore

There's nothing to compare to the power of Irma
Oh, how destructive were those winds on terra firma

Sunrises on the ocean with the storm churning
Seems to show this hurricane's eye keeps on turning

Sunset finds her not abating, her strength grows and grows
Symmetrical circular expression that knows no repose

Night time on the ocean and Irma walks alone
On moonless skies she groans & she moans

Of course those lonely walks in the Caribbean Sea
People are really frightened and want her to flee

We'll never forget the destruction she wrought Key West
And when her story is told, it'll be unmourned, unblest

Regrets

As I lay in the dark
and sleep eludes my eyes,
my mind is restless
and the moon like a ghostly-silver orb
in the darkened sky
above my bed of rocks,-
looks at me gloomy and somber.
When I in a deluge of thoughts
tossing me like a turbulent sea,
mercilessly wrenching my soul,
I, looking within for answers:
"Why did I do that, why,
Why I in a stupor of carnal passion,
I didn't stop?"
Why did I betray my thoughts, my yearnings?
My inclinations, raw, going
against every everything I believe, -

Who shall save me from myself,
Who shall save me from my demise?

Leaping Lilies

Leaping lilies leap after the morning rain.
They sleepily stretch seeking the sunny sun.
Silky, sassy spraying their scented perfume on the purple prairie.
Young, youthful lilies
frolic frivolously on the open field.
Then they too sleep silently under a starry sky.

there's hope, there's joy

You don't have to despair.
You don't have to speak
the tongues of men nor angels
to be understood, pretending.
You only have to let the strength
of love do the talking.
You do not have to pretend you've all
the understanding of mysteries & knowledge.
Tell me about hope, yours,
I will tell you about joy.
Meanwhile, the world cries for both.
Meanwhile, hate and the vestiges of war
wreak havoc across the earth,
the cities and small towns.
Meanwhile, the lilies bloom,
throughout the wide fields again.
Whoever you are, no matter how hopeless,
the world is reborn offering great bonanza,
it opens to you like a caring mother,
?gentle and loving?
over and over reminding you
there is hope, there is joy.

Angels Weep! (edited)

Wherever innocent men are killed

Angels weep!

Wherever innocent women are raped

Angels weep!

Wherever innocent children are starved

Angels weep!

Wherever religion is used

to hide the arrogance of political

ambition and bottomless greed

Angels weep!

Wherever the glory of God is sought

to be proclaim through the barrel of a gun

Angels weep!

Wherever piety becomes

synonymous with rapacity

Angels weep!

Wherever morality cowers under the blight

of expediency and compromise

Angels weep!

Wherever Satan is extolled

Humans cry dehumanized

grace & beauty of life

lie ravished and undone

Angels weep!

Two-faced (enclosed Tercet)

When a man decides to hide
Behind a veil of shadows
Darkness shall in him abide

An unremovable mask
Continuously worn
Why is the question to ask

Is it to disguise himself
with anyone without notice
Camouflaged as someone else

Forfeiting identity
He becomes a fake, and a
Charlatan; an entropy

Beautiful Thinking (An acrostic poem)

Every time I think of you
Under the celestial orb
Nothing can compare the blue
Of your eyes in full force
In the vastness of the sky
And the Caribbean Sea

Your Eyes (Linked Haiku)

Empyrean eyes
these two brilliant-hued sapphires ?
flashing in my mind.

Flashing in my mind
like burning stars, eyes aglow ?
a sunbeam in each.

A sunbeam in each
glimmering bright rays of light ?
penetrating deep.

Goodbye Sashy

Goodbye Sashy

I had you since you were two months old
I watched you grow from pup to grown dog
Your playfulness and smile had me sold
Now your life is gone like the morning fog.

You died today and I lost a part of me
I'll miss waking up and seeing your face;
Getting over this loss won't come easy
This void in my heart can't be replaced.

I can be at ease you're no longer in pain
Take it easy big girl you'll be missed;
To get a rainbow you need a little rain
I'll say goodbye and I won't resist.

Gone but not forgotten, although it's hard
I'll keep you in my heart forever
I knew it was your time to depart
Never to be forgotten forever and ever

Camila (Septolet Poem)

Camila

Our baby
God's gift
so blessed
with you.

Our greatest love
adorable, gorgeous
beautiful!

I want to run to you....

I want to run to you....
to be embraced in the love of your arms...
to hold me in your arms and don't let me go....
tell me you want me to stay and not go away...
tell me, tell me you want to hold me...
I need the strength of your arms
wrapped around my hungry heart...
Yes, I want to run to you and stop time...

Venezuela: Land of Grace

Venezuela: Land of Grace

At the threshold of your history
Christopher Columbus exclaimed
Land of grace
Land of paradise
Infinite land

Like gold being refined
Amid the tyrannical tribulation
Your nobility exalts you
And the grace of your character
Raises you up to the battle

It does not matter that this tyrant
Treat you with mortal hand
From the empyrean the Supreme God
Gives you the strength to fight
Let the vile oppressor
Tremble with dread

Among the nations you are not orphaned
You are not the despised
But the land of grace
The most prized
Of Latin American lands
Let pride run though
your native veins
Don't let infamous despotism
take your life away
Glory to the brave people!

I Believe in Miracles

I believe in miracles they manifest the hand of God
To live is a miracle I can attest to that
Blessed is the ground where His feet had trod,
Tear down the walls, begin to believe, that's where's at

I believe in miracles He healed me of my disease
I know that as long as I live I will proclaim
Miracles are real as I fall to my knees,
And shout with joy to the world to hear your Name

Pardon me, if I may be too bold, I believe in miracles
I received one myself His magnanimous hand touched me
Makes me able to live infinitely beyond the visual
Do not hold it against me, if I speak, I'm a miracle, I'm free

I believe in miracles in His healing hands
His caring heart reached out to me and made me whole
I'm heal, I'm heal, I'm heal, by His command
I believe in miracles body and soul

A Single Star

Single Star! flag teeming with pride!

Covering all my towns! All my beautiful chimeras!

Flag of patriots (how I heard of valiant struggles to see you free!

How I read of revolution, the Lares revolution!)

Solitary flag! proud star! A precious pearl born in the Caribbean Sea!

Ah my Puerto Rican beauty! Ah embroidered by the patriot's golden arm!

Ah to write the poems of you, my Taina cacica.

My cherished one, my country.

Vita Brevis

Everything changes and passes on
There's nothing new, everything's gone

There's a lot of uncertainty in life
In every corner, you find strife

Face the unknown?challenge uncertainty
Mystery's wrapped in adversity

In this mysterious process called life
Don't be afraid though it cuts like a knife

Leap into the dark?where blind faith would lead
In this dark world, forsake any misdeed

Tugging at you to continue the fight
Know that heaven leads you day & night

Time slowly goes on & doesn't really wait
I pray that you get to the pearly gate

The Compass

Imagination ...

To embrace the entire world

The limitless realms of thought

And the endless universe to unfurl

To go beyond the known space

to the universe full of surprises

Where sky and infinitude interlace

To venture and discover new places,

new beings, new friends, new things,

fresh & dangerous, my heart embraces

To live in gratitude and in wondrous awe,

Innocence relooked, not silly platitudes,

Not shallow, not sweet, beyond universal law

Like children's dreams taking chances,

exploring & ranging the environment

being in a constant hunger for wonders

The world is not safe, but is good,

dangerous & frightening, attractive, marvelous,

kind & perilous waiting to be explored ...

Where is God When It Hurts?

Where is God when it hurts?
When the world crumbles around me?
Why is the pain much worse?
I ask why prostrated on my knees.

When the world crumbles around me,
There are reasons to ask questions.
I ask why prostrated on my knees;
In my pain, I look for direction.

There are reasons to ask questions.
I'm facing the challenges to my faith,
In my pain, I look for direction;
In this trial don't fear?He saith.

I'm facing the challenges to my faith,
Do I have permission to doubt?
In this trial don't fear?He saith,
Although my world is inside out.

Do I have permission to doubt?
I look for the comfort and hope;
Although my world is inside out,
My faith gives me the strength to cope.

I look for comfort and hope
In the great Lord my Savior
My faith gives me the strength to cope
I'm anchored, my faith will never waiver.

The Wonders of God's Creation

**Wide-eyed & in awe, I walk along the beach
with the senses in full alert, new images to explore;
the sunlight dancing on the surface of the water
sparkle like diamonds on a necklace;**

**At the distance the young sea otters are so relaxed
on their backs rhythmically bobbing up & down in the
middle of the beach they look so busy and peaceful
feeding out there where the water hardly moves;**

**While grey pelicans in formation gracefully glide
through the air effortlessly journeying away;
the wind gives the sapphire blue waters
a gentle stroke creating undulating ripples;**

**The water in a slow and gentle flow to & fro frolics
on the lonely shore; seagulls soar above, dipping
& diving, spiralling & landing on the rocky landscape,
with overhanging green ironwood trees around the beach;**

**In a gigantic embrace the jungle-clad mountain brings
the natural perfume of the vegetation on the sandy beach
& the red-black granular and fine colored sand stained by
the iron-rich dirt that oozes down when it rains;;**

**All come together to manifest the wonders of God's
creation on earth.**

The Better Angels of Our Nature

We're not enemies, but friends
We must not be enemies
in our pursuit of peace, nor pretend
Though passion turned to enmity

Hate must not break our sacred bond
of affection nor our will to love again
Only love can take us far beyond
And break the curse brought by Cain

The mystic chords of memory
Will swell when again touched as
surely as they will awaken every
Passion for peace our country has

A nation of wisdom and stature
by the better angels of our nature

Surprised by Joy

Suddenly the glumly looking storm strikes
Cascades of water come in rushing waves
The celestial faucet is opened wide
Engulfing the earth in a curtain of rain
And as it started, it stopped ...

A thin radiant light pierces through the clouds
A ray of gold spreads all about
Every blade of grass with crystalline drops
Trembling & transparent, they flicker
The road shone & the mystical vapor escapes

The rainbow arched in colorful regalia
Nature's struck by awe, surprised by joy
Every leaf, flower, grass with gladness sang
The mayfly hovered over the satiated pond
The crow cawing runs about looking for its worm

The veil had been pulled, nature is bared
The sun's fingers are tickling the earth
And every living creature is in laughter
Dazzling, melting into a kaleidoscopic vision
Of colors & everything has turned sweeter

A continent of shining clouds spread above
Radiant towers & hillocks of clouds gingerly parading
Touched by the hem of luminous beauty all around
Birds chirping, darting, singing, frolicking, enthused
In the field of millions of dancing daffodils

Let Us Cross Over The River (Pantoum Poem)

Softly, mournfully, without a quiver
The general's words as a breeze:
"Let us cross over the river,
And rest under the shade of trees"

The general's words as a breeze
From his mortally febrile lips:
"Let us rest under the shade of trees,"
As he fetched breath, away he slips

From his mortally febrile lips
The warrior's last command came
As he fetched breath, away he slips
It came from the soldier's dying flame

The warrior's last command came
Summoning his troops to rest
It came from the soldier's dying flame
A rebel soldier's plead to be blessed

Summoning his troops to rest
In the last minutes of his life
A rebel soldier's plead to be blessed
He bid farewell to his lovely wife

In the last minutes of his life
"Let us cross over the river ..."
He bid farewell to his lovely wife
Softly, mournfully, without a quiver

My Paraiba Tourmaline Gem

Arresting red & vivid blues
The gem with Caribbean-blue eyes
Fragile pinks scattered in hues
In the twilight evening skies

Colors burst with dazzling range
Shades of blue, green, pink, and gold
Time over time they never change
Like butterfly wings they unfold

Stones verily leaping over each other
in flashes of rich colors competing
There's no words I can utter
My heart is heavily beating

Paraiba Tourmaline you're queen
In the realm of all the gems
Your emerald and yellowish-green
There's no comparison now or then

Full of Joy Now

Full of joy now! Powerful, this unspeakable joy,
Sensations of longing and beauty running through my veins,
I, yearning the strength joy brings,
To you who knows these, I'm needing you.

When you read these lines I that was present have become absent,
Now it is you, powerful, with unspeakable joy, reading my poems, needing me,
Wondering how joyful you were when I was with you;
Think of me now as if I were there. (You can be certain that I am with you always.)

Dads Can Do Anything

Dads can do anything
They can be superman
Yes I mean everything
Including be Tarzan

Dads do little girl's hair
regardless of the style
A heart of tender care
grows for his little child

Dads help lil boys be men
They protect, heal, anything
Even help to count to ten
anything and everything

Dads love will go far beyond
His love creates a strong bond

Ugly War!

How ugly war is!
How hateful and cruel!
See the people filing in
they stop and look
at the silent soldier
before them sprawled
The soldier lies
ashen face stoically tensed
silently they walk away
expressionless
It is so ... war is ugly!
Lifeless and silent
pale and empty
the corpse stays
youth ended
prematurely
what a waste
A grave surrounded
mourners cry
circling endlessly
fixed eyes
In the middle
the casket lies
laden with flowers
farewell notes
the people walk
with inundated eyes
faces fearing
the eerie visit
Death has come
to the young
to the old
to them all

Wondering when
the war would end
but time is uncertain
Politicians extol
the brave young men
but death mars
their flowery speech
Walking slowly, tired
looking at death
death has come
how long its visit
nobody knows ...

Together Forever

Our hearts in sync sensations
They dance a melody of love
I can feel their strong vibrations
Coming from the pearly stars above

Like your glinting eyes moving
In the twilight of the night
Where the fiery stars are poking
The universe with streaks of light

Bursting in a monochromic mist
Of tiny droplets of diamond dust
Trickling with kisses adrift
Kiss me! - kiss me! - for you must

Sensations of a symphony score
In rhythmic euphony & intensity
Each note holds my love in store
That will last, and last for eternity

Our eyes closed, ours lips together
Murmuring I love you mi amor
As we embrace tighter than ever...
Together my chérie d'amour

Under The Canopy of a Tree

Under the canopy of a tree
I sit everyday to meditate
These thoughts & many come to me
My God you're wonderful & great

I come everyday to meditate
Trees inspire & comfort us
My God you're wonderful & great
and always shall be thus

Trees inspire & comfort us
They remind us about life
And always shall be thus
I think of you my winsome wife

They remind us about life
Of many past generations
As I think of you my winsome wife
The rings show off their creation

Of many past generations
They have guarded secrets
The rings show off their creation
Oldest living specimens sequence

They have guarded secrets
The gnarled old Mango trees
Oldest living specimens sequence
Enjoy them before I grow old and sick

The gnarled old Mango trees
These thoughts & many come to me
Enjoy them before I grow old and sick

Under the canopy of a tree

A Single Tree

Innocence & loss were found
Embodied in a single tree,
A tree planted on virgin ground
In the Garden of Eden to be

The tree of knowledge of good & evil,
the fruit of temptation, tragedy
The sting of hell crude & deceitful
Bringing disease to humanity

Who now trudge upward to heaven
Remembering the fall, their heads bow
Wanting only to be forgiven
To live their live free of dreads now

To enjoy the salvation brought
By the innocent blood He shed,
He who stretched his arms without thought
To give life by the blood He bled

Damaged Soul

My love and my best friend,
No one can't see the tears nor
The utter futility stemming from my loss,
The aging brought on by a deeply pained faced,
so as far as laughter is concerned, it's easier said than done!
Your laughter, my laughter ... I'll want to hear them again,
Your smile, my smile ... I'll want to behold, even for a second;
Because when the joy is removed from one's life,
Then there's no joy in living, loneliness walks with me.
I don't wish a second chance, second chances cannot fix
what has been taken from me, thus
When my life is in danger I can live with that,
But when the life of the one more precious to you
than your own is lost, it's a quite different story.
My love and my best friend,
I live in the world of memories ...
You fill my days, my nights, my dreams,
You're all that's occupying my mind.
Now I'm left in pain, in sadness, and emptiness;
The pain I must face, will never leave my life
For you're a loss I can't replace.
In this world, the rain will fall & shed many tears of pain
The sun will shine without strength, and my life will just exist
Because my whole world is upside down, but someday, I know,
Once again, together we will be ...
For when my time on earth is done, you'll wait for me
And our eternal love once again resumed, we'll walk,
Together, in God's presence for eternity.

Solmonet

The evening Sun is painting the horizon
With an effulgent tapestry of strokes
Casting an array of protean guises
They are so visible in all scopes

Its hands filled with pastel colors
Yellow, orange, red, purple, and green
Their refulgence like no others
Behold the spectacular scene

The seagulls cry a melancholic melody
They swirl heavenward in wings of white
Colors oozed in chromatic symphony
Dripping, dripping down the canvas sky

Its multiform expressions finished
the Sun descends to its hidden abode
back to the earth his work unfinished
Faint beams of light died as he strode

An Evening Stroll With Grandpa

In the cool of evening day
Grandpa took a stroll with us
God please make this moment stay
and for always will be thus

Grandpa took a stroll with us
We're very happy he did
and for always will be thus
Never this time stop, God forbid

We're very happy he did
Happily the three of us walked
Never this time stop, God forbid
All along the sidewalk we talked

Happily the three of us walked
God please make this moment stay
All along the sidewalk we talked
In the cool of evening day

At The Master's Feet

Last night as I was sleeping,
I dreamt?not ashamed! ?
that a woman was sitting
at the Master's feet.

I asked: Alone at the master's feet,
Oh woman, are you coming to drink
the water of life,
at least that's what I think?

Last night as I was sleeping,
I dreamt?not ashamed! ?
that a woman was sitting
at the Master's feet.

I asked: A yearning there inside your heart,
Oh woman, you want to listen to him teach,
Impart the Word of life,
Words of love for you to reach?

Last night as I was sleeping,
I dreamt?not ashamed! ?
that a woman was sitting
at the Master's feet.

I asked: are you healed of your internal bleeding
Oh woman, did you touched the Master's cloak
With fear and love and thanksgiving?

Last night as I slept,
I dreamt?not ashamed!?
that it was I sitting
at the Master's feet.

Acquainted with Much Pain

I have been one acquainted with much pain.
I have cried out in nights?and cried out again.
I have out-cried the torrential night rain.

I have looked at the ceiling in saddened gaze.
I have paced by the night keeper in solitude
And my eyes welling in a saffron blaze.

I have ceased to be and stopped the music
When lyrics fling arrows of emotions
and my soul is hurt and full of bruises,

But please don't call me to say good-bye;
And further still don't apologize,
Our love is as distance as earth and sky

There's no time to murmur nor complain
I have been one acquainted with much pain.

I went outside to pick up some leaves

I went outside to pick up some leaves
Wanting to write on them a letter
I found the tears of many trees
Scurrying around like feathers

Wanting to write on them a letter
I cried for how withered they were
Scurrying around like feathers
Your image became so blur

I cried for how withered they were
Their veins clearly were seen
Your image became so blur
I thought what does it mean

Their veins clearly were seen
Withered hands of age & time
I thought what does it mean
No longer in their prime

Withered hands of age & time
Our love has fallen & decline
No longer in their prime
Fall has come let's resign

Our love has fallen & decline
I found the tears of many trees
Fall has come let's resign
I went outside to pick up some leaves

Imago Dei (Pantoum)

Have you thought what's the human being?
A creature made in the image of God,
Or a mass of chemicals breeding,
Something else, something odd?

A creature made in the image of God?
A parade of miserable and ridiculous ooze?
Something else, something odd?
Sacks of rapidly disintegrating goos?

Not a parade of miserable and ridiculous ooze,
But God made manifest in our race;
Not sacks of rapidly disintegrating goos,
But God's own self-actualization in place.

God made manifest in our race,
Or a mass of chemicals breeding?
No, God's own self-actualization in place
Is what's the human being.

Tree At My Backyard

**Tree at my backyard, backyard tree,
My faith strengthens when night comes to me;
I start to meditate about your
leaves, branches, roots, when I see**

**Aged leaves scattered on the ground
First they were green, now they're brown;
Like the ephemeral joys of friends
Once here, now they're gone.**

**You stand at my yard all day
Your tired arms begin to fall;
birds climb and sing, but not for long
? just like people they come & go**

**What many do not see
Are your most profound roots;
Only in silence I look hearing you whisper
Hold-on, never let life go.**

**My tree, you have been beaten and tossed,
And if you have seen me when I wept,
You have seen me when I was deeply stressed
And all but my faith seem lost.**

**You and I standing tall faring the weather,
Me, I'll tread securely
through hills and valleys
barefooted and faith-filled, stronger.**

Angels Weep

Wherever innocent men are killed
Angels weep
Wherever innocent women are raped
Angels weep
Wherever innocent children are starved
Angels weep

Wherever religion is used
to hide overweening political
ambition & bottomless greed
Angels weep

Wherever the glory of God is sought
To be proclaim through the barrel of a gun
Angels weep

Wherever piety becomes
Synonymous with rapacity
Angels weep

Wherever morality cowers under the blight
Of expediency & compromise
Angels weep

Wherever ?
Satan is extolled
Humans cry
Are dehumanized
Grace & beauty of life lie
Ravished & undone
Angels weep

The Moon & the Sun

As the sun watches from afar,
The argent-pearly moon looking
At the varnish-clear lake mirror.
When the dawn breaks, she goes to sleep.

The sun slowly walks to the lake
Finds the silver dust left behind;
Evening comes and he starts to paint
On the huge sky where colors cry.

Spears of light bathed the single moon.
The stars rejoice, begin to peek;
The tendril halo-ring the moon's
Posing in her sterling spotlight.

A silver trout adorns her face,
As the sun takes his sullen place.

.

Remember the Poets (Pantoum)

Let's remember the poets before us
They wrote their verses with rhythmic cadence
Their verses painted pictures with great curtness
So full of a youthful exuberance

They wrote their verses with rhythmic cadence
Metaphors & similes behind 'em
So full of a youthful exuberance
Remember, we must never forget them

Metaphors & similes behind 'em
Honor those that were so illustrious
Remember, we must never forget them
In their work, we meet the industrious

Honor those that were so illustrious
Their verses painted pictures with great curtness
In their work, we meet the industrious
Let's remember the poets before us.

Aurora Borealis

Radiant light,
Bedazzling the sky
Amazing!
Nature's show
Aurora Borealis,
waterfall of colors.

Luminous,
As the gentle light
Showers earth,
Saturates
a greenish and dark-red glow
with purple light, too.

Remember (Shadorma)

Remember?

Walking holding hands

Through our town

Summer days...

Enjoying our company

The crowds not around;

Wonderful

Days of youthful love

Everyday

Together

Roots growing deep in our hearts

Ah! To be in love.

God's Handiwork (Shadorma)

Mountains, Lakes
Are joined together--
Glorify,
Mighty God;
Summoning your spirit to soar
To the high heavens.

Mountains love
The butterfly-blue lakes;
They reflect
His handiwork.
A spectacle of God's Glory
Bob Ross cannot match.

Behold the Beauty

You're as lovely as a laced-rainbow,
Like all the swirls of caramel-brown hair;
Exalting your languorous, rapture-blue eyes,
With your radiant heart-shaped gorgeous lips
As sweet as the brown Dominican-honey;
Shown in your bouncy personality,
Like the ochrous hue of Spring morning rain
Falling on your head with suspiring drops.
A palette of splashing beautiful shades,
You display in the voguish clothes you wear,
Mesmerizing me and leaving me so
Lightheaded in a state of nirvana
Taking me to a dreamland like heaven.
You're very exciting; prettier than Hera.

A Dream

A Dream

Last night I saw you in my dream.

I saw your loving heart in flames;

I asked, 'why is your heart a gleam?'

You answered, 'Is my love that proclaims

The love I have for you.'

Suddenly I awoke, heart racing

Looking for my dream, but I knew

My love is here in bed sleeping.

Where do I begin my poem?

Where do I begin my poem ...?

Looking around my world,
A universe as an ovum,
Where ideas always swirl;

Or just write of what I know,

Death or desire,
That ebony Labrador,
With tangled briar;
Or the Syrian war;

Or should I begin with,

I remember the night,
I imagined the rain,
In the early, roseate light
Kissing away my pain;

Or should I start with,

The flesh burnt off
the dying soldiers,
Laying in the bloody trough
As their bodies slowly smolder;

Two worlds I live,

The world inside & outside of me.
Both calling me to enter;
a dream world of silver seas
of buried memories, I remember;

Of life's history lived,
Forever within & outside;
Always not intricately contrived,
With every thought untied.
I'm still thinking, where do I begin my poem?

My Beautiful Dove

My beautiful dove
From the mountains of Urayoán,
The one with grey-winelike plumage,
with the Caribbean deep-blue eyes;
I look on the dirt roads,
the sanctuary of the mountains,
the Savanna of sugarcane fields
And not seeing you there,
Perched on the Orange tree,
Neither in the water pond
Refreshing and crystalline;
My hope did not die
To see you again my dove,
With the Caribbean deep-blue eyes
burning with love.

Tears

I cry for the rejection on the terrifying nights;
That fill my glass with tears, tears of blood
From a wounded heart endlessly walking
Longing to be wanted and loved.
Tears like rivers, lakes, and oceans all flooding my chest,
And everything swirls within their murky depths;
Saturating my empty heart while I lie in bed.
Tears that in the dark nights my eyes without compassion
Seized by the madness of this miserable fate;
Tears that have reddened like crimson my saddened eyes
And the light is extinguished, now wandering
The darkness of the night like wayward ships;
I pray to God for His comfort and repose,
To give my soul peace of mind.
Now I hear the soft whisper of His voice
In the restless night.

I Looked Among the Stars to Compare

I looked among the stars to compare
And found that among all of them,
None have the glare of your burning stare;
There's only one that shines like a gem,
Like your lambent eyes of flame;
And this was God's luminous daystar
In the middle of the sky like a golden dame
Letting her beauty lay bare.
I saw there wasn't change in the Milky Way,
All the stars are glittering sparks;
Like little purses of light in the distance play,
Your strong empyrean-blue eyes as a hallmark
Burning bright in the immense universe.
Ah, your burning eyes; yes, a display of fireworks.

My Beautiful Butterfly

As a fragile butterfly

You came into my life,

Like a tender cocoon

You came to the light.

So, began our infinite idyll

When your wings fluttered;

Your beautiful colors shone

Filled with emotion, I was inspired,

To see the beautiful butterfly

You have become;

Like Monarch butterflies

flying smooth and agile

On the mountains of Urayoán.

Multi-colored butterflies

climbing up, up, up ...

My love rises,

more & more

with the wind gusts.

With strong wings

My soul goes to your heart,

I slowly reach

the summit of passion.

Time has not shattered

This feeling, there's nothing

That changes how I feel;

How can I express this feeling?

There is no way to say it,

My beautiful butterfly,

My beautiful butterfly;

God has given me

My beautiful butterfly.

Terry

To you my love...

I am the one

I am the one who saw you that day
The one who always remembers
The one who opened his heart to you
The one who was happy to see you
The one who jumped up and down
The one who brought you surprises
The one who used to want to stop time
The one who God blessed
The one who found a treasure
I am the one who fell in love
Deeply in love with you

The Mask

When a man decides
that to live in this society,
he must wear a mask,

An unremovable,
Unchangeable,
Mysterious;

a fully adaptable mask,

To blend in any place,
with anyone without being noticed,
to hide who he really is,

He forfeits his being
becomes a fake, and
he loses his identity.

Life

I went for a walk today
and saw a medium size turtle;
it was coming out of the bushes
and wanted to cross the street.

I stopped to greet it,
to admire its gorgeousness,
its brown shell with yellow circles,
its extended neck, yellow color lines
dazzling to my sight.

"Be careful with the cars
as you cross the street", I said.

I continued my walk not to startle it,
then I thought for a moment:

I love to walk and see the unexpected,
never knowing with certainty or beforehand what I might find in the journey, I imagine the turtle was thinking the same thing, so like me, it decided go for a walk to encounter life.

I was a giant in the eyes of this beautiful turtle; it got startled when it saw me; when I saw its beauty and fragile form wanting to explore and to cross the street, then it occurred to me that at the end things can be seeing from many different points of view.

I See the Mountains

I see before me the heaven-touching mountains
like rows of thorns
Against the sky's silky blue dress,

Swollen, with trees, with swirling birds,
Singing in symphony, colorfully dressed,

Mountains that worship God all day,
And lift their strong arms in praise,

Mountains that on foggy days
Hide in the mist to play,

Upon whose trails to the peak dwells
The legendary figure of Urayoán,

Looming, scouring serene
Far, far into the horizon
Wondering what has become of Borinquen,

Mountains, giants, silent witnesses
Symbol of strength and character.

When Time Comes to my Living Room

When time comes to my living room,
And sifts down like running sand,
And I hear the clock ticking,
I consider how my life is spent.

My mind begins to rewind,
It takes me back to an idyllic time,
Treasured memories lodged inside.
They flicker like
Aqua blue & turquoise green
In the Caribbean sea,
They're swift as swallows swirling free,
I consider how blessed I've been
To be taken in time's majestic wings.

"I Saw the Sun Bleeding in the Horizon"

I saw the sun bleeding in the horizon;
Orange and red blood he bled.
This awed me;
I questioned the sun.
"Why are you bleeding," I said.
"Is it that you're hurt?"
"It's not pain," he said,
"It's the warmth of my embrace. "

Two Shadorma Poems

Terry

Your name is

A symphony score

to my ears

sang softly;

I hear its gentle timbre

When I think of you.

Persevere

Gentle breeze

In the sun's pale light

I'm at ease

gentle peace

Encouraging me to fight

Yes, fight, not to cease

The Rain

*I hear the rain tiptoeing;
I hear footsteps on top
Giving the thirsty ground
Spoonful of drops;
'Tis a hypnotizing noise
The drip, drip, drippety, drop*

And when the rain is gone,

*After the rain has stopped
Leaving the clouds
frail and angel-pale;
A radiant light with lustrous-gold;
Shines with warmth the land to hold.*

Beach Walk

I walk the beach all alone
With the sun in crimson regalia.
As I feel the cool sand under my feet,
the waves are giggling like children.

The air so pure and clean, the sky soft and sleepy
The orange-red sunset in the distance,
make me think of God's goodness
and what He has done for me.

All alone on the beach, but not alone in the world!
I wonder silently what this moment holds.
As the noctilucent light catches my sight,
I walk slowly thinking about my life.

Clouds are around the sun like giant shutters,
I walk until the moon becomes my companion.
As I wonder about my future and my life,
a tiny star in the Milky Way twinkles in the evening sky.

All alone on the beach, but not alone in the world!
There is a gentle whisper I hear, moving with the wind,
" I will never leave you nor forsake you",
Thus, I know the new year brings faith, hope, and love.

Forest Walk

She enters the forest weak and weary
and is welcomed to a canopy of trees
The forest was quietly eerie
as she lifts her eyes to see

She sees with saddened eyes the trees
their laden arms were stretch-out
Offering fruits as many as she pleased
as she quietly walks about

Blue birds chirping in the deep-dark forest
As streaks of the evening sun-rays beamed
Tannin-brown leaves flecked the forest floor
around the radiant shady glades

The peace engulfing the forest
was a welcome therapy to her
wondering and fearing the future,
she surrenders her life to Him

As she takes a deep, deep breath
the smell was fresh and organic
She meditates as she walks quietly,
her melancholy fading away.

The Gentle Whisper

The sun is saying goodbye
gently walking to the horizon.
As I look at the distance sky,
I thought, "... in an instant, everything changed;
and it was never the same."

I let my thoughts take me
On the wings of the wind,
I breathe the deep peace
To quiet my restless soul.
The soft, innocent waves enthrall me
With their rhythmic cadence.
Waves of ephemeral existence
Remind me to be grateful.

I gather, yes, everything changed,
But life has meaning after all.
This sight of extraordinary sunset
Makes me feel capable and strong.
Thus, I'll walk tall expecting my miracle.
I'll walk focused on the beauty of this day's decline,
as the calm slowly descends upon it with ease.
I know I've found faith, I know that after the fire
comes God's gentle whisper:
"Fear not, for I am with you. Do not be dismayed."

Aquel hombre

*Aquel hombre tan apenado
de los versos sollozantes,
profería expresiones abundantes
con su corazón destrozado.*

*Aquel fino espíritu humano
en la obscuridad medrosa
buscaba en la profunda fosa
salir de este cruel pantano.*

*Aquel melancólico sujeto
ausente de su tierra nativa,
deseaba versos que dieran vida
a su alma por completo.*

*Porque las letras son ungüentos
aunque sean un puñado de versos
impresos en papel con diversos
de refrigerios para estos momentos.*

God's Rainbow

*God got busy and started to paint.
He used a seven-color palette scheme
on the sky's immense canvas.*

*A big colorful arch in the sky
a spectrum of beauty, a prism of
colors scattering nuances all about.*

*The prettiness of the colors displayed
the brilliance of His handiwork.
Red, Orange, Yellow, Green, Blue,
Indigo and Violet are colors he used.*

*The steep blushed-red expresses his love,
The sunrise orange is the warmth of his embrace,
The topaz golden yellow hue the joy his Spirit brings,
The emerald-green is the phosphorescence lake of tranquility,*

*The azure sky reminds us of the peace he gives,
The indigo soft scarlet bells twinkle and chime in morning dew
And the violet, as a sweet-ripe plum nourishing us.*

Haunted Forest

*The forest was deep, deafly-quiet
When first I stumbled almost blindly through;
A dense darkness, engulfed me
Causing my heart to faint;
Her embrace as death hands;
Like a sarcophagus, too, her ghastly grasp;
But all things else about its scary form
From gnarled branches sticking out;
To creepy whispers, rustling leaves,
To haunt, to frighten, grabbing me.*

My Blu

*"Hope" is what you inspire
That stirs in my soul,
Your chirps in the morning,
Are a lovely song.*

*And songs ? in the house ? are heard;
Although my life goes through a storm
That toss me about,
Your melodies keep me serene.*

*I've heard it in my dreams,
And on the gale winds;
Yet, never, in a thousand years,
Would I give you away.*

The Storm

*The wind is whispering in my ears
as the gales run all around to & fro.
I hear the forest crying in sadness
Because leaves were beginning to fall.*

*At the distance the ocean sings a song
A loud and furious & boisterous tune.
The clouds trudge on heavily laden
Bulging and carrying the rain.*

*The trees laughed and clapped
Celebrating the coming rain.
A cacophonous thunder rumbling,
Booming and bursting, lighting the sky.*

*Birds scampering looking for shelter
Their nests weaved weather-tight.
The storm beats the land as a boxer
Pounds his opponent to the ground.*

*The sun hides behind the clouds scared;
It retires early to resurrect at dawn.
The flowers are trembling cold,
They wonder if this is for long.*

*The moon shows its face gloomy and eerie
Wondering if the storm is extending its stay.
Hours lapse one by one as the storm is
Losing its colossus grasp on the land.*

Thoughts & Words (a sonnet)

Thoughts ignite the fire
Words certainly burn
Thoughts & words are flames
That kindle the pyre

Enigmatic in its nature
Fire is treacherous & friend
The pen can be a flame
And the mind a forest on fire

Both can destroy the human soul
Indeed! but of this be certain,
Thoughts ignite the soul to greatness
Words can inflame courageous deeds

Thoughts and words are fire
Burning in the poet's repertoire.

Diamante poem Urayoán Mountain

Mountain

Immense, quiet

Walking, hiking, breathing

Birds, fruits, avocados, waterfall

Refreshing, blowing, caressing

Gusty, blustering

Wind

To the moon

*Why are you lonely and sad?
Is it because there in the immensity
of space there is no company where you are
among the stars in the galaxy?*

*I look at you and you do not smile,
with a serious face and distressed.
I think it's because you are lonely
and you have no one by your side.*

*I want you to know I'm with you
in this sad and long walk of life.
Let us walk together on this journey
and together we will beat loneliness.*

Be With Me Always and Weeping Willow Tree

Be with me always,
my true love;
Timeless and ablazed.

Weeping Willow Tree
Majestic and sad
Old, weeping
Tears pour all about.

Bundles of Roses (a Lune)

Bundles of roses
all for you
my chérie d'amour

How can I forget?

How I can forget your innocent gaze?
Your charming smile that captivates;
your lips painted crimson red as poppy,
and your delicate hands caressing my face.

How I can forget your soft voice,
whispering my name, your sweet words;
waking up next to you and knowing is not
a dream, but your voice singing to me.

How I can forget all my promises,
which I made you in our spring;
to share with you happiness,
all the days of our lives.

It seems that I've forgotten,
that I didn't fulfill my promises;
but, my love, do not judge the past,
today is evident that our love lasts.

A Sad and Fog Filled Night

*The greyish fog raps its arms around me,
the somber haze pierces my burning eyes.*

*I see the lonesome trees looking like silhouettes,
hidden in the dark night with tears in their leaves.*

*Sadly, walking through the night I think:
"Where is my love? I want to meet you tonight".*

*On this lonely and dreary night my lips pronounce
your name, but I only hear the echo of my voice.*

*I'm waiting for your kiss to revive my deceased heart.
Waiting for the kiss that brings me back to life.*

*The lonely foggy night has me captive in its strong arms
it squeezes my soul; on this solitary night the damned fog mocks me.*

*Confusion is fogging my brain and I'm bewildered.
How much longer this night will haunt me?*

*With the moon as my companion, together we walk
looking for my love to heal my aching heart.*

My Heart's Desire

*If God were to ask me my heart's desire,
I would ask that every drop of rain that falls
Be like a thousands of droplets from my heart
Soaking you with love and overflowing your heart.
I would ask Him that I can be with you
for all eternity, because being with you
fulfills the greatest desire of my heart.*

Nature

*Under the blue dome of the sky
I watched the funeral procession of scabby vultures.
Patience makes them wait
until any unfortunate animal
death comes to claim.
I hear the murmuring wind,
"poor animal, death comes its way."
Now the land waits patiently
to remove from its bones
the nutrients for its own.
The vultures spiral in formation
round, round, round they go,
waiting for a signal from down below.
Death, death, death is taking hold,
Quickly the vultures dive
heeding to the invitation
that nature has to offer to
swiftly come to dine.*

.

The Peaceful Lake

Looking at the serene lake that's motionless
I feel the softness of the wind
the warm kiss of the morning breath
the gentle whisper of the breeze

I can feel the morning tranquility
that peace in my spirit awakens,
the calm water looking like a mirror
a breathtaking bonanza surrounds me

I let my imagination take me
on the wings of the wind,
like a gliding bird in flight
my spirit soars new heights

The smell of nature engulfs me
with its sweet and exquisite aroma,
trees form a large natural canopy
around the serene and beautiful lake

Barranquitas

*I remember running the dusty plains
Nestled in the mountain near my town
The memories flow inundating my thoughts
When I think of you quaint Barranquitas*

*They were years of childish playing and fun
We chased sugar cane laden trucks struggling to climb
Pulling the stalks from the back of the truck
And throwing them to the side of the road*

*As darkness fell, we played hide and seek
We played until we were called to come and eat*

*Barranquitas was my boyhood playground?
A place to run, fly kites, and rivers swim.*

My Rainbow

You're a rainbow of multi-colors
a spectrum of beauty in the sky
As a flowers in the garden
you enliven my life

You're a prism of beautiful colors
cute scattering nuances,
your eyes shine when you smile
a smile immortalized in my mind

Your prettiness as the rainbow
in the azure sky is displayed
multiple colors of the rainbow
during the translucent day

Sadness

*My heart walks... searching...
going down memory lane...
silver tear tracks furrowed
deeply in my soul, the light in my soul
slowly fading, as the sunlight is buried
in the distance horizon.*

God's Love

*Your love for me pours out eternally
O God of love! How sweet and kind are you
Love flooding in my life more abundantly
The special love you have is morning dew.*

*God's prophet confirmed that I was a rose
That your hand planted in your great garden
A flower plucked from Eden now ever grows
Your love brought me from my sins pardon*

*In being in your presence I now enjoy
Your loving kindness fills me with delight
This Infinite goodness will never cloy
A love I will never scorn or slight.*

*My life over-flows with your loving kindness
Now I am out of the world of darkness.*

I am the One Who

I am the one who saw you that day

I am the one who will always remember the look on your cute face

I am the one who opened my heart to you

I am the one who was happy everyday

I am the one who jumped up and down

I am the one who brought surprises

I am the one who used to want to stop time

I am the one who God blessed

I am the one who found a treasure

I am the one who fell deeply in love with you

Mirabile visu

My young precious pearl
glinting in its monochromatic color,
Poised in its intrinsic beauty
enthralled in its enchanting world,
Your value cannot be estimated
because you're a precious pearl.

The Summers in South Bronx

I remember the South Bronx summers
playing stickball in the hot steamy streets
We played stickball with a broomstick
We chased the ball in backyards
Other kids went out to the pool
to swim and splash all afternoon,
others sprayed the cold water
from the gushing fire hydrant,
others, shirtless, rode their bikes
to the Botanical Garden at Fordham Road.
As darkness fell, we played tag until late at night
tired, hungry, no complaints,
the South Bronx was our summer park ?
a place to laugh and run and play.

Memories of you

*I remember stealing a glimpse to look at you,
to see your sun-bleached brown hair,
your blue shimmering eyes that
lit up your young radiant face.*

*Your gentle smile portrayed
a sweet-tempered spirit
that always characterized you.
Looking at you today, you're as beautiful*

*as that indelibly edged memory,
that eternity on end I will remember
as my body withers and my mind fails,
I bear witness to your beauty.*

*God's gift to a frail man like me.
Memories are not enough to
reflect, time has no measure,
space has no limit to think of you.*

God's Rose

*For God so loved the world that he created a rose
Unique among the flowers in His garden.
Fashioned each symmetrical petal crimson red
Delicately whispering sweet perfume in the air.
Its lovely form stands out among them all
How delicately and marvelously fashioned
The petals are intrinsically arrayed,
my, my, my, what beauty, what grace.
God's prophet confirmed that I was a rose
Planted in his earthly garden with love
A flower plucked from Eden now ever grows
Your love nourishes as a fragile dove.
O God of love! how to thank you each day,
Only by opening my mouth in a burst of praise.*

The moon and I

The moon shone gloomy in the sky,

I thought she was going to cry.

"Are you crying", I asked her.

"No, I'm just lonely tonight."

"Lonely?" "Aren't we walking together?"

"Yes, we are, but like you, I don't feel right."

Requiem -- 7/15/2016

*When the truck plowed in the crowd
hatred turned into twisted bodies,
contorted faces, and broken limbs,
we stopped to think, take everything in,
but nothing seems to make a bit of sense,
his mind and heart instruments of death,
destroying in its wake eighty-four innocent souls,
many ran, others died on the street,
fractured and mauled bodies
victims of an ideology.*

Kaleidoscope

So many faces in this photo.

Many from different races,

them all forming a kaleidoscope.

Young and older full of life.

Look at them together, and

see their expression alive.

A photo of many faces, all

enjoying life. In their look there's

a message, I mean no harm.

All happily smiling, carefree

spreading their joy abundantly.

When death comes, their faces bare.

A somber look now dresses them

and starts to mar their faces,

because death visits them.

But death is not the end

to these happy faces. All

will rise and come alive.

My Daisy

*I was reminiscing today
about a daisy I found one day
how tender it looked then
and how beautiful it's today*

*I thought about its gentle beauty
its symmetrical petals each white as snow
I thought I should gently caress it?
feel the tender texture of its lovely form*

*How delicately and marvelously fashioned
all the petals were arrayed
I brought it closed to me
my, my, my, what beauty, what grace*

*I looked at the petals to see what they'd say
I knew the thought may seem awkward right away
the flower was a memory of an idyllic time
that brought memories of time gone by*

*A sweet time, a treasured time
about a flower so lovely and true
I looked at the daisy once again
and remembered how quickly time flew*

*I continued looking at it and said
Please don't wither, please don't fade
stay with me for the rest of the days ?*

Life

I went for a walk today
and saw a medium size turtle;
it was coming out of the bushes
and wanted to cross the street.

I stopped to greet it,
to admire its gorgeousness,
its brown shell with yellow circles,
its extended neck, yellow color lines
dazzling to my sight.

"Be careful with the cars
as you cross the street", I said.
I continued my walk not to scare it away,
then I thought for a moment:

I love to walk and see the unexpected,
never knowing with certainty or beforehand
what I might find in the journey,
I imagine the turtle was thinking
the same thing, but like me, it decided
to walk to encounter life.

I was a giant woman in the eyes
of that beautiful turtle, it got scared
when it saw me; when I saw its
beauty and fragile form
wanting to explore and to cross the street,
then it occurred to me at the end,
things can be seen from many
different points of view.

Sunset

*The sun is slowly walking away
Gently kissing the saddened sky
My words hushe'd and unsaid
As I look at the melancholic, golden sunset*

*The hues of sun colors linger
As the dreary sea rests,
The candle-yellow and red-flared
Rays splash the somber sky*

*The pools of shimmering colors,
colors bursting with sadness
In my eyes, whispering adieu to
The veiled-sun in slow decline*

*The twinkling and dazzling of stars
Are starting to dance before my eyes
My spirit is quickened at such display
My God, My God thank you for the sunset*

You are the Pearl

A treasure without measure in my life
a genuine and rare beautiful gem
forged in the bowels of pain, wounded in strife
The oyster in time unfurls a diadem

Wrapped in my heart with strings of ardor
Drawn and tied with the strength of passion
where it belongs, safe, secure, to guard her
Never wondering it would unfasten

She was brought to my life by God's goodness
In her humble abode she matured
Her personality was tenderness
A precious creation exceptionally secured

Nothing can put asunder what God has
Joined together, this love, valued, cherished
Passionately withstanding the test of time.

I love the mountains, I love the wind

I love the mountains;
I love the wind
it whispers secrets in my ears
as it caresses my face.
I love the sun, the sun is heaven's eye.
When the sun dies in the evening sky,
what an enthralling sight.
It's now alone with the moon,
but when it resurrects at dawn,
it augurs the vigor of the new day.
At the distance the ocean sings,
it sings a patriotic hymn.
Tears begin to fall crystal clear and cold.
The trees blanketing the mountains,
laughing and clapping in jubilee,
their hands reaching to the sky
tickling it with glee.
Flowers shout in one accord
frolicking back and forth like children.
I love the mountains; I love the wind.

Unrequited Love

You never felt the words
Of the poems I wrote
Or listened to the music
That clearly expressed my love.

I wrote about how my heart felt
Inundated with love
I wrote about my yearnings
To be with you my tender dove

I played the music to remember
When our love was in bloom
I played the music to remind you
How much I love you

Read my poems and listen once again
You'll find out what in my heart reins.

Her Beauty

To see beauty is to appreciate true aesthetic.
So then, what's the secret of her beauty that makes me so poetic?
Could it be the glinting of her lovely blue eyes?
They captivate my attention and keep me mesmerized?

Could it be the symphony sounds I hear when she calls?
Because the melody of her voice my soul imbibes.
Her voice is a composition, each tone delicately chimes,
Each note lures me and fills me with its rhymes.

The beauty of her entrapping body essence,
Awakens my senses to her marvelous presence.
Hence, her body fragrance is so splendid,
I'm delirious, can't explain it.

Could it be her gentle hands slowly caressing my face?
Like Aphrodite's hands reaching out,
Touching my lips with gentle grace,
Kissing them all about.

Or perhaps the sweet taste of her kisses,
Like the elixir of wine tempting my tastes buds.
Savoring each moment in state of bliss,
Inundating my body like a flood.

What's this Dionysian exultation overcoming me?
This ecstasy when I kiss her crimson soft lips.
This longing to embrace her,
This stupor so unbridled?

What must I do? I know, I'll arise and come into her.
I'll search the profundities of her soul,
I know there lies the source of her beauty,

The beauty of my loving *chéri d'amour*.

Loneliness

Loneliness is like a giant's crushing strength.
The jagged rocks in the sombre shore length,
Where the tumultuous waves crash with madness.

Loneliness is like the London still fog,
Loneliness is like stagnant putrid water.
A bitter bottle of wine in the gutter,
Drunkenness of spirit because the grog.

Loneliness is like a weight dragging down,
Loneliness is like starvation in a drought.
Aimlessly looking beyond the doubt,
Always wondering when would the end be found.

Loneliness you had snared me, but I'm free
From the sorrowful weeping in the long nights,
the racing of thoughts filled with hopeless sighs;
Loneliness you are a beaten enemy in defeat.

When Ever I Think of You

What do I see?

I see a hibiscus tree,
with beautiful pink flowers in bloom.

What do I hear?

I hear the sound of your voice,
like a slight rustle between the trees.

What do I smell?

I smell the scent of your body,
like the soft aroma of white Lilacs in a field.

What do I touch?

I touch your soft skin,
like delicate cotton puffs.

What do I taste?

I can taste a cup of coffee,
as I write this words thinking of you.

Love is All (Sonnet)

Mami, love is all: your love brought me up.
Struggles nor aches stopped your amazing grace;
The Perennial wisdom flowed from your cup
which tempered so the features of your face.
Love has filled all my life with gentleness
Like the blood that courses through my body;
Still have goodness, and sweetness, and kindness
To share with the world and everybody.
I never saw you reach the end of patience
When pinned down by life's pains ask for release,
Nor questioned God in your conversation,
You remain calm and serene under God's peace.
Believe me, I'm thankful to celebrate
another year of your life. Happy birthday.

I Remember...

I REMEMBER...

A time children sledded down a hill,
when I brought my red second-hand sled;
the children playing on the glassy frozen pond
where they squealed in abandoned delight.

I REMEMBER...

The snow soundproofed their screams,
hearing snowplows sweep the streets.
Soundless snowflakes settling so softly,
the snowflakes on my tongue and face.

I REMEMBER...

The smokey cold smell of a fireplace lit,
the evergreen trees perfuming the scene.
The cold breeze painted my cheeks red,
the whispering wind going down the slope.

I REMEMBER...

Up and down and up and down I trudged,
wonderful childhood days of a winter escape.

The Undecided

There was a road ran past our house Too tempting to ignore. I thought about it lots, then said I'll follow where it leads, It brought me to a fork. Two roads, to which one should I heed?

My Lips your Lips have Kissed

My lips your lips have kissed, and where, and why,
I've not forgotten, your arms held me tight
All through the night; hold me till day's light
to wake up with the beam of your bright blue eyes. Upon the window a gleam of sunshine streams,
And in my heart there stirs a quiet joy
For I now know that death cannot destroy
the life we built together on pleasant dreams. Thus in winter still stands a robust tree,
For I know what birds have perched the branches,
And its boughs full of leaves do the dances:
I can say love has come like a great sea, Never before has someone been in love more,
Then I have been with you forevermore.

There's a virus inside the camp

There's a virus inside the camp: You think I'm kidding, & like to say Outlandish & outrageous things. No there's A virus inside the camp. It's a rabid animal, a hidden threat Under a tent, dug deep, in a darkened hole, Secretly covered by a man in a stuffy, Clustered home. He acts like nothing is wrong. How can it be known, There is a virus inside the camp. The battle rages along in Ai. Passed the wide wadi, passed a valley. Close combat, mortal wounds, many fall, Swords cut deep into beating hearts. Soldiers drag weights under their feet As they run the long bloody valley below Of palms, arched-up high like giant Witnesses of the carnage. The soldiers' pale hands hold Jagged broken swords. They surrender to the foe; Time drags on, the battle's lost. The general groveled on the ground face down, The demise seemed foredoom, Aghast, searching, can't explain the utter defeat. He asked, God, why the defeat? God said, 'There's a virus inside the camp!' 'The virus must be removed.' 'The virus must be purged by fire.' And so they found the virus It was destroyed; the battle was won.

Please don't stop the rain

Please don't stop the rain?it makes
her shimmer
With pure sparkling water drops
kissing her
With sparkles of light rolling down
her hair
like diamond dust-laden clouds
in the air
A sudden flash from her eyes is
thrown
Like the ray that streams from the
moonstone
Oh, young precious pearl the rain days
come
With strings of crystal chiming
rhythmic hums
And her standing there soaked
dripping rain
In silence and smiling innocently
rain come again

I remember the day

From a sidewalk on 182d Street in the South Bronx, I rode my bike fast, made a furious turn, flew to the street like Knievel to crash head-on into a coming car, landed on the hood, the panic-stricken driver jumped out surprised to see me still alive. A terrible pain began, I can't remember which leg but the pain gripped me, tears streaming down my face, I got up and felt my leg throbbing with much pain, a bump welt-up, limping and in pain, I walked away. Fifty years passed, I remember the day, but the rest is erased from my memory.

I looked at your picture today

I looked at your picture today, I looked into your eyes and face. I wondered how long ago this picture was taken. Before I was born? I looked at your face and saw pure and sincere love, the kind of love you always displayed. I saw the smile on your face, Mami, with no anger or malice at all. Because your love was great and true, that's how I remember you. I looked at your picture today how pretty and symmetrical your face looked. Your opened forehead, with your hair pinned back, thin eyebrows, two little brown eyes that are jovial. Your nose's straight, small, and finely shaped. Your lips are thin vaguely smiling, your chin is curved giving your face a smooth contour. With shoulders relaxed, arms crossed in a sleeveless white dress, a slender body shapely formed Your legs are cross, too. You're happy, how pretty you looked in that picture. You're relaxed, full of life, youth, and beauty. Mami, I'm sorry I never told you how pretty you look. I looked at your picture today and I want to say your beautiful.

Ukraine Fights Back

I hear Ukraine crying
Her people are dying,
And then the firebombs rain
No sympathy for her pain,
She's being cruelly scourged
And her poor people purged,
I and the whole world sigh;
She cries.

I hear the Allies moan
But, she's still standing alone,
We see how she's treated
She's abused but not defeated,
She fights, she wants to live
Fight with all she's got to give,
Without warmth, and stomachs keep;
She weeps.

I hear the world grieve
It looks in awe in disbelieve,
Destruction's now everywhere
Russia shows no care,
Bitter cold has taken its toll
Killing many unfortunate souls,
And everything around her fails;
She wails.

I hear Ukraine howl
Then I hear the world growl,
With mighty political speeches
Promises lying in pieces,
But she fights and won't listen
Alone she'll go the distance,

Ukraine will fight, won't be denied;
Won't die.

Hacked

The breast-plated pale iron horses gallop undeterred
with pounding sound stomping the ground, rumbling
reverberating all around. Hell and death
on the prowl, coughing up bloodthirsty rounds. The
hammer and sickle ripped the cities making prisons,
deathtraps. Lives cut short, severed bodies, dismembered
limbs, spilled blood, a slaughterhouse. It clears away the
living & brings death to all. Life has become barely living
and to live is to cope with the onslaught. The innocent
languish and die. Their bread has turned stale, water into
diesel, and all feel the pangs of hunger. Darkness wanders
the devastated country, the icy earth has blackened with the
settling soot. All have turned black. Their dead are piled-up
in massive graves. The dying embers of crumbled buildings
where many lived are heaps of mangled skeletons, a mass
of piled trash. The people walk the tattered cities, desolate,
with their rags putrefied, on a death march. The road is hard,
muddy, manless, treeless, lifeless? Silence can be heard.
The wind-wisped smoke & the darkened clouds a sunless dome.
Not looking back, they trudge on to seek refuge in a foreign land,
with pain leaving Ukraine.

I'll be your little warrior

I'll be your little warrior beloved Ukraine, I'll fight for you.

When your days are filled with the terror from above

And your nights are riddled with the fowler's snare, I'll stand vigilant at my window, my rifle in my hand To defend you. In my hair, a blue & yellow ribbon, colors of my country, In my heart, I bear the bold courage to fight for you. I'll be your little warrior beloved Ukraine, I'll fight for you. With every inch of my little body, I'm determined to fight for you When the enemy comes like a flood wanting to drown you.

Their blood-colored eyes, monsters like vultures bend on Devouring the bodies of my people. I'm here with rifle in hand, I'll be your little warrior beloved Ukraine, I'll fight for you. Their gladiator's face don't scare me, I stand ready unafraid

Let me remind you of the Motherland Calls to fight for the land.

When the enemy makes its cowardly deeds and your legs flutter With fear like a tree, amidst the chaos, and lurking shadows of death, I'll be your little warrior beloved Ukraine, I'll fight for you. Come let's take back our cities, this warrior heart of mine

Is ready to fight. We'll wash the mud from our faces, Clean our tired feet and step off to the path of victory. Drive out The scourge and purge the plague that has stained our country, Cut the defiled hands that pollute the chastity of our dignity And bring honor to our right to be a free country. I'll be your little warrior beloved Ukraine, I'll fight for you.

I remember you

I remember you, Puerto Rico With the green spread-out jagged mountain range And the multicolored birds flying about, chirping From Flamboyán to Flamboyán tree. I remember you, Open to the life-giving blood of torrential rain. I went away, but I keep coming back to you; To the Guanajibo river, now asleep, To the Urayoán mountains, catacomb quiet, To the bustling streets, ant-like procession of cars, In the middle of town, where history was made, To the Piragua stand, oozing tamarind syrup on shaved ice, To the 3 o'clock hot cup of black coffee, freshly brewed, To the aroma of baked bread smothered with butter, its warm aroma wandering around captivating my nostrils, To the mango tree down the street, weighted down, up to The crown with fist-size juicy treats. To the lazy wind evenings laying in a hammock, suspended, Fast asleep, dreaming, on the porch, until the sun reaches Out and wakes me up with its hot fingers on my face. I wake up, refreshed, and happy, to be here In my little island country, Puerto Rico.

The World Cries

The world is full of cries
The cries of the suffering
When the innocent dies.
The cross this world's
bearing
Brings tragic cries of grief,
Deaf ears and uncaring.
Dying, gasping for breath
Its cries of
desperation
For the sword brings death.
The cries of its hurting heart
Cries out in supplication
Seeing humans torn apart.
Crying in the night's abyss
It hopes the end is nigh
being sick of all this.

Ode to the Ukrainian Sunflower

Ukrainian sunflower, a symbol of peace, No other flower has such esteem. You'll grow again, everywhere, in the Ukrainian landscape. The bat-black sky Now over you won't hide your bulbous face For long. The sky will change to a deep Blue, and the land to a paradise-yellow field. Your seeds spread and fertilized with innocent mercury-red blood, they'll sprout Into a valley of sunrise-gold sunflowers. And the roadsides and fields tank-littered, Will be flax-gold when your presence comes again.

You'll raise your beaming face to color The landscape in a bright yellow hue
Erasing the brown stain of death. Oh, queen of the people of Ukraine,
You wait for the morning sun's rays
To salute the brave soldiers who fought
Till the bright day of spring comes,
Tho' their slain bodies lay in the fields,

And the enemy destroyed in the pastures,
Yet, still, you'll rise in the roads and byways,
The seeds of the brave will fill your fields. Your eyes will peep over the fences And cover the hills with a golden glow,
Out on the farms, where you're born
Again and again as of old; you'll salute, too, And nod at your people, who've trudged muddy roads, Who'll weave sunflower crowns and celebrate you For brightening their way. So, Sunflower, grow tall, grow strong,
Spread over Ukraine yellow colors of hope,
No matter your enemy abused and trampled Your freedom birthright, let your stalk stand tall For all to see you crowned in victory. Let the Ukrainians celebrate once again, Dancing in the fields under your sunbeam, Dancing on their farms, their towns, and cities, Rejoicing and celebrating the hard-won victory In the dazzling splendor of the sunflower's bright eyes.

Winters too my dad got up early

Winters too my dad got up early and put his clothes on in the arctic cold room, when the old boiler failed and the radiators were quiet, pipes deathly cold. He must turn on the fire. I'd stay in bed and hear the radio blaring, "it's cold." when the rooms were frigid, and the pipes popped, I'd take forever to rise and dress avoiding stepping on the frozen floor. Firing up the boiler once again, he had driven out the cold and came back up calling us to get up for school. I remember, I remember I remember those days dad...

A Dusty Blue Dress

a dusty blue dress over the beach
ushering the beginning, a new day
God's gift to you
the color of your dreams
all of you surrounded,
the heaven's color pales
next to you,
the ocean fails, too
the sand's faint hue
cannot be liken
to your dusty blue
you stand alone
living the day
embracing the moment
cherishing the memories
wondering what the
future will bring.

Come with Me

The beach is calm today.
The sun is bright, the water's clear
Heavenly blue
Heaven & ocean meet
On the horizon, the light gleams.
Glimmering and vast, out in the
Shimmering beach.
Come to the water,
Dip your little feet!
Come walk with me
On the sun-kissed sand,
Listen & you'll hear the gentle
Ebb & flow of waves
Feel their caressing touch,
See the white seagulls above,
Taste the salty ocean air,
Smell the briny beach breeze.
With childish wonder come
And let's share the eternal note
Of happiness together;
Come, my love.

After throwing a smooth pebble in the lake

After throwing a smooth pebble in the lake,? I heard the golden sky grumble and the wind?
Mumbled and sneered, the sun not far behind cheered? And in the fuss, a colorful drake awakes.? ?
And watching, I said: It's just the water rippling,? But there's no need for nature to be flipping.? And
when nature laughed and said I'm not tripping? I said: So, then, don't stop, keep on yipping. ? ?
And then: Oh, yes, the ripples will continue? Flowing for a while?yet the sky has grumbled? And
though it may moan & groan through and through?? This does not affect you. So, don't bumble ?
because of the ripples and in your touch, I knew? In your heart, you had felt the ripples too.?