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 lavander 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 into 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, Your cynicism to sanity, your vanity to spirituality. America! America! Violence has become your way of life. Death lurks stealthily nigh unbeknownst. Thousands of innocent people killed, So many of them young ? taken from us. America! America! 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 and find your way. America! America! To stop the madness engulfing us 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 yawing 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, graciosos
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

__T__hanking my Lord for what
__H__e has giving me, although I didn't deserve
__A__nything from His most generous hand.
__N__othing can express the gratitude of
__K__nowing that you're always there to
__S__ustain me when I'm on shaky ground.
__G__reatly grateful for the beautiful people
__I__n my live that make all the difference;
__V__aluable to me because they're friends & family.
__I__ want to thank the Lord this day because
__N__o matter how much I've disappointed Him, His
__G__race 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 froclicking,

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 doting 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 a luminous tapestry of strokes Casting an array of protean guises They are so visible in all scopes Its hands are 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 vivid precision
So full of a youthful exuberance
They wrote their verses with rhythmic cadence
Metaphors & similes behind them
So full of a youthful exuberance
Remember, we must never forget them
Metaphors & similes behind them
Honor those that were so illustrious
Remember, we must never forget them
In their work, we discover the industrious
Honor those that were so illustrious
Their verses painted pictures with vivid precision
In their work, we discover 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;
Calling your spirit to soar
To the high heavens.
Mountains love
Reflecting lakes;
They reveal
God's work.
Declaring His great 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 hued of Spring morning rain
Falling on you 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 agleam?'
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 thousands of droplets from my heart.
Soaking you with love & 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 them, 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 next 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, symbol of peace,
No other flower is held in such esteem.
You will grow again everywhere across
The Ukrainian landscape. The bat-black sky
Now hovering above you will not hide
Your radiant face for long. The heavens will turn
A deep, abiding blue, and the land become
A paradise of yellow fields.
Your seeds, nourished by sacrifice
And innocent blood spilled upon the earth,
Will sprout into valleys of sunrise-gold sunflowers.
And the roadsides and fields, now littered with tanks,
Will glow with flaxen gold when you return.
You will lift your beaming face and color
The landscape in bright shades of yellow,
Erasing the brown stain of death.
O queenly flower of the Ukrainian people,
You wait for the morning sun's first rays
To salute the brave soldiers who fought
Until the bright day of spring arrived,
Though their fallen bodies rest in the fields,
And the enemy lies vanquished in the pastures.
Yet still you will rise along roads and byways,
And the seeds of the brave will fill your fields.
Your bright eyes will peer above the fences
And cover the hills with a golden glow,
Out on the farms where you are born
Again and again, as in days of old.
You will salute your people too,
And nod to those who trudged muddy roads,
Who weave sunflower crowns and celebrate you
For brightening their way.

So, sunflower, grow tall, grow strong;
Spread across Ukraine your golden hope.
Though enemies have trampled and abused
Your birthright of freedom, still stand tall.
Let every steadfast stalk be seen,
Crowned in victory for all the world to behold.
Let the Ukrainians celebrate once again,
Dancing in the fields beneath your sunlit gaze,
Dancing on their farms, in their towns and cities,
Rejoicing in their hard-won victory,
Amid the dazzling splendor
Of the sunflower's golden 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 awakens.? ? And watching, I said: It's just the water rippling,? But there's no need for nature to be flipping.? And 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, in your touch, I knew? In your heart, you had felt the ripples too.?

Flor de Maga

I walked among the flowers in my garden,

Wanting to say good morning to my flower.

She was dashing in a dazzling pinkish-red dress.

Its petals opened gracefully and offered me her sweets.

Its long green stem reached out to me.

I took a drink from its elixir offering.

I quaffed deep from the sweet energizing elixir.

It invigorated me. "I'm happy, blissfully happy,"

I said to her, and she smiled at me.

Then a flirty rose, with tender fingers, squeezed into a

Clear as a starry sky glass a glitter of orange-flaming sapphires.

It filled the cup to the brim.

Swirling perfume around me... it's sweet, it's sweet!

I'm flattered by its enticing aroma.

But today, my flower captivated me, it stirred me.

I saw a twinkling glint through the corner of my eye.

The green-scented and bright garden that led me to

A white gardenia. "Come drink from me," it said.

It was tempting and I had a drink. It was enthralling.

I drank, I drank, I drank its enticing nectar...

O freshness, O purity, O sublime feeling!

What's this you have given me?

With a jolt, my senses awakened...

My heart pumping hard... I screamed:

Flor de Maga, Flor de Maga, you're the one for me!

Rosy Hibiscus

Far up in the deep Urayoán mountain,

Soft winds caress my face.

There I find the rosy Hibiscus in my path,

Bearing its funnel-shaped blooms by the side of the road,

To please the bees and the flying hummingbird.

Here might the hummingbird come to reach for

A deep drink of nectar touching the flower with tenderness.

The rosy petals waving in the wind made the dirt road

With their beauty young.

Hibiscus! Your charm displayed on the earth and sky,

And blessed are my eyes for seeing you glittering under the

Caribbean sun: that's why you're there, no rival can stand.

And in awe, I praise God's marvelous works. Wonderful

Are God's works; my eyes have seen them in you displayed.

The Habiscus

Far up on top of the Urayoan Mountain,
Soft winds caress my face, a gentle touch.
I find the rosy hibiscus in my path,
Its funnel-shaped blooms wide by the road.
To please the bees and the flying hummingbird,
The rosy petals wave in the wind,
Making the dirt road young with their beauty.
Here, the hummingbird comes to quench its thirst,
Touching the flower with tender grace.
Hibiscus! Your charm is displayed on earth and sky,
Blessed are the eyes that see your showy flair
Under the Caribbean sun.
No rival can stand against your rosy hue.
In awe, I praise God's marvelous works,
Crying, "Wonderful are your works;
My eyes have seen them displayed.

Blissful Reverie

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 blissful joy,
Taking me to a dreamland-like heaven.
You're very exciting and more enchanting than a field of blooming daisies, leaving me in a state of blissful awe and reverie.

Sky Dream

Beloved, in these verses that I write
I would like you to find your dream
In this pale blue pensive sky

That you're looking at, thinking and,
Feeling each month approaching fast,
Gold forming from the sunset's cast.

As you hear the stubborn engine's whine,
Sweeping across the sunlit summer expanse...
And you will think: "What a promising year!

How much sun on the horizon!"... And, perhaps,
When you sigh and softly close your eyes...
Nothing else but your dream lingers.

A Divine Reflection

Looking up at the sky, I know God is there And, for all He cares, I'm His beloved child. Surely, He will deliver me from the snare, And I don't have to dread the devil's wiles. How should we live without God's love? Without the passion to serve Him always? With equal affection, manifest true love. With His love let us cause the world to blaze. Worshiper as I think I am, As stars above seem not to care, I cannot, now that I see them, say I missed one terribly all day. Were all stars to disappear or die, I should learn to look at an empty sky And feel its total dark, sublime, Though this might take me a little time.

El Yunque Rainforest

The red-tailed hawk
swoops down to catch its prey.
The aggressive grey kingbird
defends its nest.
The nightingale tweets
and sings all day.
The elfin-woods warbler
is melodious and happy.
They got thirsty in the streets,
and hated the choking smoke;
So they came to you one day,
El Yunque, rainforest, an oasis of peace,
in your embrace to find solace.
Your strong arms pulled them
into your secret womb.
To the sun-warmed rocks,
to lie in mossy bowers,
To sing love songs,
to breathe the fragrant air,
To kiss the gentle flowers,
pregnant with sweet nectar.
Where the cool, clear water fills
the bubbling springs.
Where they find a blanket of
phantasm-grey mist
in the morning day.
Where the sun pierces through it
with lances of light and
shines gleefully all day 'til
darkness comes tiptoeing in.
Daylight yawns and moves on,
the birds burrow in their nests.
And the stars bathe the rainforest

with stardust.

The Rooster in My Neighborhood

Did you see him up there all night, at the top of the tree? Did you see him in the morning, raising his shining chest? His mosaic colorful plumage, a perfect combination of colors, his posture, proudly walks in the sunlight that shines on him. A bank of light, a flowery garden, moving his yellow beak in the air. Do you hear him flapping his wings and his trumpet wake up call with his rowdy morning melody? The loud resonant music, like the alarm clock that wakes you up, with a sudden rumble, stabbing your deep sleep. And did you see him right under the flamboyant tree? An imposing image strutting the neighborhood, his legs like black sticks, his wings like the sunlight that spreads. And did you feel it, in your heart, how it gives you Puerto Rican pride? Now you finally know the rooster in my neighborhood, his bravery, his courage, and the colorful life it brings.

I admire the sway of the Caribbean Sea

I Admire the Sway of the Caribbean Sea Its Undulating Rhythms and Singing Waves; The Sun Rubs Its Fingers to Warm the Turquoise-Blue Waters That Gives the Sea Its Briny Essence, Adding Its Unique Flavor. The Sea When It Caresses Its Hands Over the White Sands Of Your Beaches That Kiss the Shore; The Sea When It Murmurs Its Verses, and the Wind Whispering Its Melodies; The Sea When It Pours Its Boundless Joy Over the Borinquen Land, Celebrating Its Beauty. And as the Moonlit Night Arrives, the Moon Shines, Calm and Alone Over the Warm Waters of Ponce Beach. Today I Descend from Mount Urayoán To the Valley of Lajas and from the Valley I Reach Playa Santa; The Journey Is as Pleasant as Your Tropical Wind Caressing My Face. The Pineapples Along the Road Greet Me Effusively Like Old Friends, Their Sweet Fragrance Mingling with the Salty Sea Breeze, and at the End of the Journey, the Sun Shines, Waiting for Me, Gleaming Radiantly at the Beach.

With Wings of Freedom

The dawn was calm, only a whisper was heard, a heart was unchained, freeing itself from the passion that drove it mad, from invisible chains that held it back, to fly beyond and simply be what it wanted. No longer tied to the shadows of the past, the spirit opens its wings and flies, in fields of green pastures, it moves endlessly, lifting its flight to the infinite blue. The weight of the years does not stop it, it rises higher than the eagles of the field, its journey begins and its path evolves, with each step, its soul transforms. Through deep valleys and high mountains, it enjoys the freedom that never ends, in the fresh air it breathes, it gives a thunderous cry, because now it lives unbound, where the spirit is free to fly higher than it ever could.

Urayoan, Towering Mountain

Driving along Highway 2 towards Sabana Grande,
you reach a height on the road where you can see
Mount Urayoán in the background of the town.
The mountain rises muscular, and you can see
a cloud dancing,
like a mysterious veil draping the mountain.
At night, the trees whisper their secrets to the wind,
and he reveals them in the morning.
The shadows play silently deep within,
weaving a mystical atmosphere in the air.
Every leaf, every branch, whispers an invitation
to explore its intimacy.
The moon, full to the brim, illuminates paths
through the moonlit night.
In its light, the mountain feels secure,
though in the morning it fades
when the sun bursts with its golden light,
gently awakening the mountain.
The birds rise and the day fills with life.

Harmony Lost, Hope Restored

When life began eons ago, God had a plan He wanted to unfold, In Eden's womb, an eternal flow, God breathed spirit into man, And from him, He created Eve, A helpmate for life, together to thrive, A partnership and unity between, A bond and harmony, in eternal bliss, There, humanity's journey began, In that sacred place, they met God face-to-face. But evil crept into Eden, slithering in, Eden lost its peace, strife began, A serpent's whisper created enmity, With deceitful temptation, the serpent came, Eve now lives to rue the impetuous decision, Adam followed, harmony shattered, For all mankind's innocence lost, Eden was no more. In sorrow and pain, they were cast away, To toil and strive, in the harsh land stained with sin. But God gave them a promise, A promise of hope, wrought from God's love, "And I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your offspring and hers; he will crush your head, and you will strike his heel." The Savior will come, to heal what's broken, To bear the sins that we inherited from them, With mercy and grace, He made a way, For all to find redemption in Him, Thus restoring the bond between God and man.

Flash of Rain

I remember,
The sugarcane field,
Dancing joyfully.
Then,
I see the sky,
It's
Numb,
Foretelling rain,
Furious rain.
It
Came down,
Cold,
Dark drops.
Thunders crash,
Reverberates,
Earth trembles,
The sky falls.
The cabin,
By the river,
Feels helpless,
Violently shakes.
But then,
Calm
Came.
The sun
Breaks through,
With
Golden lances,
The birds
Emerge
And sing.

The Flamboyant Tree

In a field, a flamboyant tree stood tall,
Alone, proud, with fiery orange blooms,
Burning bright from its branches.
Without another tree, it posed joyously,
Its flaming frame, umbrella-shaped, elegant,
Iconic, a symbol of intrinsic beauty.
I wondered how it could bloom so luxuriously,
In this lonely field, without pruning or care,
A marvel to me, a wonder of nature.
I sought its shade to escape the sun,
And there I stayed for hours on end,
Beneath its branches, thanking God
For His marvelous works.
I pondered how precious He fashioned this tree,
Its blooms glistening in solitude,
Singing happy songs in the empty field,
And I was there, and I heard him sing,
A beautiful melody, just for me.

Aubade

A jewel-blue stream flows by
Under the sky's blue watch
Brings the memories back
A sequin star shines bright
Dawn's light approaching fast
Echoes in the trees fade

Ennui

Endlessly he walks the streets alone
nothing occupies his mind at all
nurturing a heart hard as a stone
Unendingly alone, that's his fall
Indifference caught him, and he moans.

Why?

Why is the moon luminous?
Why is the sun radiant?
Why is the universe infinite?
When I ask, I hear the song of my own
Inquisitive voice.
And then I know the answer.
The moon is enigmatic, glowing.
The sun is clear, revealing.
And the universe is infinite, unending.
Because we are meant to love the endless questions.
But why does it have to be this way?

Echoes of my Childhood

Now when I go up, the wind pulls me
to go up higher. I go up
to breathe the air that fills my lungs,

and the wind whispers its secrets into my ears,
secrets I still hear.
If I go even higher, it is the way
a bird soars higher with its wings.

If I remember my childhood,
it is as if I am still running
in a plain I was in.

I run, and the wind runs with me.
What is it to have a memory, like a kite
flying in the heat of summer?

Try climbing the mountain
to reach the dusty plain on
the other side.
It is filled with excitement.

Sometimes I go to the plain,
and the plain is lonely. There the wind
greets me;
a man is walking with a bag of grass,
a man who nods his head in the sun;
there is the silhouette of a silent mountain
in the distance?or is it the horizon, like a thin line?
I don't know about the memories; all
I know that sometimes

someone will pick up an old kite

of his childhood
and start flying it?that sits there
in his closet?like a sad bird asleep in its cage,

and that has left it there
because time caught up with us;
leaving us with memories of long ago.

Memories of Autumn

I have fond memories of autumn,
In the woods. The leaves would lose
Their green color, turn a myriad of hues,
And create a carpet of kaleidoscopic
Shades of brown, yellow, and orange
On the ground.
The sun would join in at sunset,
Slowly fading, turning the sky burnt orange,
An impressive scene.
The pumpkins in the field would look
Like a patch of orange jewels scattered
All about.
In the shop, the terracotta pots with
Their rich, earthy burnt-orange color
Made me stop in the old country store
To look. Behind the shop, a patch of
Marigold flowers in bloom swayed gently
In the cool breeze.
I looked at them first, then I enter
The shop and be amazed by the items
Inside.

War

The harsh, discordant mixture of sounds I hear,
Evoking chaos, confusion, and sensory overload near.
A jarring, atonal blast with clashing notes and rhythms,
Driving the population to the edge of their nerves.

The world lives in large-scale disaster and upheaval,
Shocked, fearful, and in awe of the cataclysmal wars raging.
Intense bombardments and dramatic compositions unfold,
Powerful crescendos, heavy tones, and stories of doom are told.

In a state of confusion, disorder reigns supreme,
Uncertainty, disorientation, panic in the dream.
Rhythms in the air lack structure or direction,
Causing hearts to race, and minds in desperation.

Destruction comes with steepness, sudden and dire,
Urgency to live amid danger, rapid change, and fire.
Fast, sharp moments, sudden shifts in tempo,
Life's precarious dance, a perilous crescendo.

Yet, in the sky, something resplendent and bright
Brings awe, admiration, and joy in the night.
Grand, harmonious, rich, vibrant tones swirling,
A fleeting beauty in a world so unfurling.

In dreams, the richness and juiciness of food,
Pleasure, satisfaction, indulgence in the mood.
Amid hunger and thirst, a moment of delight,
A little boy's flute playing, smooth melodies in the night.

Everything is in circular motion, fluidity real,
Change on the battlefield, dizziness we feel.
Smoke flows, creating patterns, figures in the air,

A sense of continuous motion, a world laid bare.

I am in Love

Walking with you on the beach,
the wind takes on a blue hue,
the fresh breeze caresses our faces.
We look to the horizon,
the sea in a symphony of deep green and blue,
gives us a touch of saltiness in our mouths.
It gets late and the stars
shine in vibrant, silver colors,
each with its own melody,
serenading us.
The night wraps us in a mantle
of black velvet, with hints
of purple and dark blue,
accompanied by the calming whisper of the breeze.
We spend the night and at dawn
we see an explosion of colors:
orange, pink, with a feeling
of renewal in our lives.
The sun, in its golden radiance,
shining on us, fills us with energy and vitality.
The leaves of the nearby trees
dance in shades of green and brown,
crunching softly underfoot.
Near the beach, we walk together
until we reach the river that flows blue,
murmuring happily to see us.
And hearing your words, golden by the sun,
they are as soft as the air I breathe.
I look into your eyes, as blue as larimar,
giving off their bluish light, and you give me a smile
as radiant as the sunbeam on a golden day.
You know, I am in love.

Journey Through the Night

Alone in the express train,
I would sometimes stand and 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 disappeared fast,
flickering 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 it 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 welcoming me. I'm alive.

But the long trek through the dark?
through the night, my teenage years?
faded. Now I look back and wonder how I survived.

At Church

"I'm going to church this morning."
Once there, I leave my worries behind.
I hear the guitar, the keyboard, and the drums,
Harmoniously making a joyful sound unto the Lord.
I go inside, and I see the Bibles on the pews;
Fresh flowers, arranged for Sunday;
The pulpit and decor at the altar; the chairs, an altar veil;
I feel the praises inundating me with joy.
With a reverential walk, I look for a seat,
Move forward, my hand clasping my Bible.
From here, the sanctuary looks almost new?
Cleaned and freshly looking. "Others would come, I know."
Then, climbing to the altar, I open the Bible, expound on John 3:16,
Declare "The Word of God" louder than I intended.
The hallelujahs echo in the sanctuary. Back at the door,
I see the brethren coming in. Then the collection plate goes around,
I reflect on my church, worth coming to. Once
the time comes to leave, a gentle voice whispers a blessing,
"May peace be with you, now and always."
"I step outside, my spirit lifted and blessed."
That's why I always go: in fact, I often do,
And always end much at peace like this,
Feeling the music, the praises, too,
And the church filled with praises of joy.
Why shouldn't we always go? If we stop
Going to church, we'll miss out on His presence
Blessing us. There let your life be filled with grace,
And embrace the church as a place of refreshing.

Mountains (Haiku)

Peaks that touch the sky,

Silent keepers of the past.

Standing firm, unmoved. On the mountains' tops Crisp and pure air gives life to Creatures big and small.

Longing (Senryu)

Eyes met in longing
Their lips touched passionately
hearts started to soar

The Hurricane

Indoors, the pelting rain can be heard.
Outdoors, the wind screams as the water pours down.
Indoors, the sound of the wind howls.
Outdoors, the wind swooshes, carrying dirt and vegetation.
Its smelly fingers filter through every crack.
Indoors, the locked doors and the shut-tight windows.
Outdoors, the trees whistle and blow.
Indoors, the family huddled in one room,
While the wind gusts grow stronger, and faster.
Outdoors, the thunderous storm; the garrulous winds rule.
Indoors, the family prays for ceasing.
Outdoors, the empty sky, the clouds missing.
Indoors, a family who talks to God,
Promises to themselves, in supplication,
They will survive to see a better day.
As the storm subsides,
Outdoors, the air fills with the earthy scent of petrichor,
Providing a sense of relief and renewal to the family.

Reflections From My Boyhood

I will go back to the riverbank's edge,
And walk barefoot upon the river's floor,
Gingerly wade the shallow river's flow,
Slowly searching for flat rocks to collect.
I will not look back because I am scared;
I will be gone to what I have long feared,
And be happier than I was before.
The fear that stood a moment in my eyes,
The cry that lay a moment in my mouth,
Are gone with all I feel now deep inside,
A shiver of courage comes over me.
But I will find the flat rock and more,
Memories unchanged from when I was young.

Puerto Rico

My country, I can't stop exalting you!
Your Caribbean winds, your vibrant blue sky,
And the mists that tiptoe down from
the tall and emerald-green mountains
gently covering my town with a blanket.

The lush hill to climb! To go up the mountain bluff!
And see the expanse of the valley below,
From where the Red-tailed Hawk soars higher and higher.
My country, my country, I can't get enough of you!
Land of the Taíno, where history began on the island;

Here I stand in awe, my vision reaching far?
Lord, I do admire how you made my country so
beautiful; I can't explain it?the beauty of it
all displayed before me in splendor;
the brilliant red color of Flor de Maga adorns the view,
Please, let me see more of it.

How Love Found Us (Etheree poem)

Love Found us In our youth When I saw you Standing there, gazing Innocently at me Unaware that deep inside Love stirred quietly, growing Unexpected, our hearts would become Forever bound by the love we have found.

Sleeping in the Mountain

I thought the mountain remembered me,
she welcomed me back into her bosom,
arranging her green mattress, her pockets
full of dirt and rocks.
I slept as never before, a stone beneath my head,
nothing between me and the vast universe of stars
but my thoughts, rushing like waters
from the depths of the perfect river.
All night, I heard melodic calls?
the "co-quí" sound surrounding me, little frogs,
and the Nightjars, hunting in the dark Puerto Rican night.
All night, I tossed and turned as if in rushing waters,
grappling with the treacherous gloom. By morning,
I had vanished at least a dozen times
into deep, dark waters.

The Hibiscus!

Far atop the heights of Urayoán Mountain,
Soft winds caress my face with a gentle touch.
I find the rosy hibiscus along my path,
Its funnel-shaped blooms open by the road.
To please the bees and the darting hummingbird,
The rosy petals flutter in the wind,
Adorning the dirt road with youthful beauty.
Here, the hummingbird sips to quench its thirst,
Touching the flower with delicate grace.
Hibiscus! Your charm graces earth and sky,
Blessed are the eyes that behold your splendor,
Radiant beneath the Caribbean sun.
No rival can match your vibrant, rosy hue.
In awe, I proclaim God's wondrous works, and
Exclaiming, "Marvelous are your creations;
My eyes have beheld their glory revealed!"

The Bloom of You

You shine like a laced rainbow, With your caramel-brown hair flowing in undulating curves; You captivate with your languorous, rapture-blue eyes and your heart-shaped, radiant red lips, sweet as Dominican honey. Your bouncy personality comes through joyfully, Like the golden glow reflected in the morning dew, Soft drops, breath-like, mirrored on your face, A palette splashed with beautiful shades, And displayed in the voguish clothes you wear. You mesmerize me and leave me breathless, Lightheaded and in a state of bliss, You're exceptionally enchanting like a Field of blooming daisies, leaving me In a state of blissful awe and reverie.

In These Verses...

Beloved,
in these verses that I write,
I would like you to find your dream
in the pale, pensive blue sky
that you're looking at,
thinking and,
feeling each month
approaching fast?
gold is forming
from the sunset's cast.
As you hear the stubborn
engine's whine,
you find yourself gliding
across the burnt-orange
sunlit summer expanse...
and you think:
"What a promising year!
How much sun
on the horizon!"
And, perhaps,
when you sigh
and softly close your eye?
nothing else
but your dream,
and what matters, lingers.

The Beauty of My Chéri d?amour

To see beauty is to appreciate true aesthetics.
So then, what's the secret of your beauty that makes me so poetic?
Could it be the glint of your lovely blue eyes?
They captivate my attention and keep me mesmerized.
Could it be the symphony of sounds I hear when you call?
Because of the melody of your voice, my soul imbibes.
Your voice is a composition; each tone delicately chimes,
Each note lures me and fills me with its rhymes.
The beauty of your captivating presence,
my chéri d'amour, awakens my senses to your marvelous essence.
Your body fragrance is so splendid?
I'm delirious, and I can't explain it.
Could it be your 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 your kisses,
like an elixir of wine tempting my taste buds,
savoring each moment in a state of bliss,
inundating my body like a flood.
What's this rapturous delight overcoming me?
this ecstasy when I kiss your soft crimson lips,
this longing to embrace you?
Oh, my chéri d'amour, is this stupor so unbridled?
What must I do? I know?I'll arise and come to you.
I'll search the depths of your soul.
I know there lies the source of your beauty:
The beauty of your loving chéri d'amour.

Kilimanjaro

Kilimanjaro Pride of a nation Reigning high in Tanzania Divinely crowned with A silvery adorned wreath, Greying before time expires Rise, rise above Stand tall and kiss the heavens Queen of Africa Let the nations bow to you And praise your stunning beauty **Mnara wa Mungu?Tower of God** An eternal, powerful, and divine chiseled stone A great masterpiece Mungu, the creator, sculpted you majestically

El Yunque

El Yunque
The red-tailed hawk
Swoops to catch prey.
The aggressive grey kingbird
Boldly defends its nest.
The nightingale tweets
And sings all day long.
The Elfin woods warbler is
Melodious and darts happily.
They grew thirsty in the city streets,
Despising the choking smoke.
They came to you one day?
An oasis of peace.
They've come to you many times,
Always to find solace.
El Yunque, rain forest,
In your embrace, with gentle strength
You cradled them in the secret warmth,
Guiding them to the sun-warmed rocks,
To lie in mossy bowers,
To sing love songs,
To breathe the fragrant atmosphere,
To kiss the gentle flowers,
Pregnant with sweet nectar.
Cool, clear water fills
The bubbling springs.
A blanket of phantasm-grey mist
Gracefully creeps in the morning light,
Then the sun comes and pierces through it,
With lances of light,
Shining gleefully all day?
Until darkness tiptoes in.
Daylight yawns and moves on;

The birds burrow in their nests,
And the stars above bathe
The rainforest with stardust.

A Daisy on My Mind

I was reminiscing for a while today,
I thought about a daisy I once found.
I thought about how tender it was,
and how beautiful a flower it is today.
I thought about its beauty,
its intricate petals, each white as snow.
I thought I should gently caress them,
to feel the tender essence of its lovely form.
How delicately and marvelously fashioned
all the petals were made.
To see what I would find, I brought it close to me;
my, my, my?what beauty to behold.
I looked at the petals to see what they would say.
I knew the thought might seem awkward right away,
but the flower was a memory of an idyllic time.
I knew it would bring me memories of days gone by?
a sweet time I will treasure all my life,
about a flower so lovely and true.
I looked at the daisy once more,
with thoughts of my love and all we've shared.
Then I continued thinking...
Please don't wither, please don't fade,
stay with me for the rest of our days.

Time

Time, my ever-present silent visitor,
In my living room, moves about,
Unexpectedly, shaping me, And sifts down, like running sand,
And I hear the clock ticking,
And I consider, how my life is carved. My mind begins to rewind,
It takes me back to an idyllic time,
Treasured memories, lodged inside. They flicker, like
Aqua blue & turquoise green water,
In the Caribbean Sea, And, swift as swallows swirling free,
I consider, how blessed I've been,
To be taken in time's majestic wings.

Puerto Rico?s Road of Enchantment

Everywhere you go will be somewhere you've never been before. From Sabana Grande, head north on Route 120, the Panoramic Route, each mile marker an invitation to enrich every minute of your life.

Follow this path, absorbing the natural beauty. Stop and see the coast from above, where Guánica Bay shimmers, its aqua-blue waters merging with celestial-blue skies. Look beyond the Caribbean Sea stretching endlessly, miles of sand leading to butter-gold beaches near the mangrove swamp, where buried roots grasp waterlogged mud in silent resilience.

Further along, pause again, look beyond, and look west. There, the Lajas Valley unfolds before you, rolling emerald fields spilling into La Parguera, sunlight shimmering on rippled, barren expanses, while breezes bend wild grasses in a silent dance.

Moving eastward, Route 116 carves an indelible scar through sun-drenched stretches, leading to Guánica, where pineapple cultivation thrives, especially the cabezona?each golden crown a quiet testament to the land's enduring fertility.

In Guánica, history takes a fateful turn. The American army arrives, and with each measured step, an Anglo infusion begins to take shape, quietly reshaping the island's character.

As you drive along, don't bypass Charco Pilón, a lagoon-blue sanctuary filled by silvering cascades. On the rock, in the cavernous chamber where crystalline streams flow, you can swim or simply be mesmerized by spraying water plinking like delicate notes, a melody composed by nature.

And still, the enchantment continues. When you reach Maricao, the journey deepens?a town of legend and romance, its name born from an ancient tale. The legend tells of the beautiful Taíno princess, María, who fell in love with a valiant Spanish conquistador. For her betrayal, she was subjected to a cruel fate, the sacrifice that gave the town its Taíno name, "El sacrificio de María"?Mari-Coo

Under the Canopy of the Mango Tree

Under the canopy of the mango tree I sit every day to meditate
Endless thoughts come to me
My God, you're wonderful and great I sit every day to meditate
This tree's canopy is wondrous
My God, you're wonderful and great
And always shall be thus This tree's canopy is wondrous
This tree reminds me of life
And always shall be thus
I think of you, my winsome wife This tree reminds me of life
Of many past generations
I think of you, my winsome wife
Its rings show off its creation Of many past generations
They have guarded secrets
Its rings show off its creation
Its wisdom now bequeaths us They have guarded secrets
The gnarled old mango tree
Its wisdom now bequeaths us
Must cherish it ere it ceases to be The gnarled old mango tree
Endless thoughts come to me
Must cherish it ere it ceases to be
Under the canopy of the mango tree.

I Watched the Rain Fall

From the mountain shack, I watched the rain fall,
its rhythm shifting at every instant.
A torrential veil descends,
heavy and unyielding drops,
flooding the ground without stopping.
A perpetual and mighty downpour,
an intense rain of purest water.
The droplets fell to the right and left,
rushing like unrestrained tears,
joining the river, following its course.
Across streams and winding rivers, it ran,
hanging horizontally like threads from the sky.
On the tin roof, the dripping echoed,
a rhythmic, perceptible pattern,
pulsing like a beating heart.
From the rooftop, it flowed like a rushing cascade,
falling onto flowers, relentless in its assault.
It reached the ground where it shattered and gleamed,
scattered diamonds flickered brilliantly on the ground,
then merged into puddles, racing toward the river.

The drops created their unique charm,
a complex, precise, and harmonious rhythm.
The tinkling of streams, the marvelous flow,
a concert without monotony heard all day,
the symphony of the rain followed its course.
Once the sky opened, the drops fell in cadence
until the sky emptied, and suddenly they stopped.
Everything changed?the sun emerged in brilliance,
the shimmering water evaporated; it rained all day.
I looked out the window and saw what the rain had done.

A Boricua Speaks of Rivers

I have known your rivers,
with a beauty hard to match,
flowing with Taíno blood in their currents.

My blood flows like these rivers...

I bathed in Río Camuy
at the dawn of your history.
I built my bohío near Río Blanco,
and in my hammock, I slept.

I gazed at Río Grande de Añasco,
where Taíno courage slew the gods,
and there I raised the rebellion.

Río Grande de Loíza, witness of many eras,
I heard your sorrow when, in more recent times,
Julia de Burgos immortalized your pain.

I have seen your mighty flow,
your unstoppable strength,
your chest held high in defiance,
growing vast in the sunset glow.

I have known your rivers?
rivers with the fierce song of the brave Taíno.

My blood flows like these rivers...
They carry my blood, my history, and my memories.

Puerto Rico, you sing to me in your rivers,
and I sing to you in my verses.

Puerto Rico, Of You I Sing

Puerto Rico, Of You I Sing
My land breathes poetry,
with its natural and spiritual wonders.
When I am in the mountains of Urayoán,
the wind dances among the trees,
sings through the leaves,
and carries the rhythm of my island.
My soul dances in harmony
with this vibrant and eternal landscape.
In the island's south, Ponce,
the Caribbean Sea?a turquoise mantle?
embraces and crashes against the rocks,
proclaiming its beauty and vastness
with snowy foams.
At night,
the stars twinkle
as eternal witnesses
to nights that feel warm and clear.
On rainy nights in my town,
the calls of coquí frogs
bring life to every drop
that kisses the earth.
Dawn paints the sky
as the sun peeks out,
casting golden light
onto the calm trees in the mountains.
It carries a fresh aroma of coffee
that awakens memories and dreams.
In the embrace of the mountains,
the lush landscape?a quiet sanctuary?
alive with the songs of sheltering birds.
The rivers move softly,
with a watery murmur of elegance,

born from their sensuous journey
over the rocky bed.
The wind carries a soft whooshing
through the branches,
as the sun threads golden light
through canopies of trees,
creating long shadows
that dance upon the ground.
The Guanajibo River, when it rains,
roars with strength,
singing a powerful song
through the artery of the island,
until it empties in Cabo Rojo,
where its raging waters assault
the Caribbean Sea.
In the central mountain range,
the vibrant heart of my land,
nature and culture
embrace in perfect harmony.
Its eternal and majestic mountains
preserve history,
feel the wind,
and safeguard the memories
of its people.
My island pulses with these images,
bearing evidence of its unique essence
and eternal beauty.
My land, my roots?
the essence of who I am.

Noah Sleeps

In the quiet time of day,
a small soul rests sound asleep.
Lying softly on his right side,
He sleeps in peace, serene and deep.
A tender face, so pure, so clean,
softened by an innocent gleam.
With slumber's grace, he softly lies,
wrapped in a blanket of perfect peace.
So sound asleep, so deeply calm,
held by grandma's loving balm.
A tender gift from heaven's hand,
Our Noah sleeps?a blessing grand.

An Ode to My Lord

I am writing to you, my Lord,
Rather than letting my voice falter?
My words flow like streams of gratitude.
You cradle the stars in your hands;
The heavens are the canvas of your glory.
They proclaim your wondrous deeds
And unveil the radiance of your majesty, O Lord.
No brush can capture your greatness,
No language can hold the might of your love?
Yet my heart beats in awe of your eternal grace.
You spoke, and heaven and earth were born;
You breathed, and the vast universe filled with wonders.
My soul dances to the rhythm of your miracles,
You are my everlasting joy, O my Lord.
Draw me nearer to your heart, O Lord,
Let my life be a testimony of your goodness.
In the palm of your hand, I will rest;
And in your salvation, I will rejoice forever.

Rhythms of the Night

I hear the rhythms of the night,
tremors deep beneath the ground,
energy pulses strong and swift,
a force unseen, yet all around.
A breakout from monotony?
echoes of musical undertones ignite.
I hear the tremors underground, a symphony,
shattering the silence of the night.

On the Windy Trail

High up in the mountains where winds sing
Soft winds that gently touch my face
A rosy hibiscus sways in the breeze
Its funnel shape tilts with grace
It blooms by the road
To tease the bees
Fragrant scent
Nectar
Ooze

Anchored in Him

A
Little
Acorn falls,
A root, a shoot
Breaking through the shell
An emerging sapling
Grows into a mature tree
An oak slowly grows daily
Several years, a full tree stands tall
As a Mighty Oak, let your roots be grounded in Him.

Flying above the Clouds

Flying above the clouds,
Arrayed like the Alps,
Glazed with sugary snow.
I hear a delicate hum?
Hypnotizing in the silence?
Gliding through the boundless sky.
The morning haze gives up
And disappears.
The sky is bare above,
Stretching to a dark blue hue.
Below, the world is still?
The ocean awakens joyfully.
Fish rise to see
The clouds waltzing around:
Nature's choreography at dawn,
A dance orchestrated
By the break of day.

Carved in Time

That which transforms you from within,
Helpful in its imperceptible swings,
Bringing subtle shifts of growth,
Flows like a quiet revelation,
Like light filtering through a forest.
Wisdom emerges naturally,
Affirming the organic path of change,
Aligned with wisdom, not with force,
Like a river carving stone over time,
Not breaking it abruptly.
It seeks growth through understanding,
Not through imposition.
It departs from all deceit
And nurtures a philosophy
Of human connection.

Where I Found My Young Precious Pearl

Among the towns of southwest Puerto Rico,
Sabana Grande stands as the most beautiful.
You reside in a stunning valley,
the mountains of Urayoán form your canopy,
adorned with a lush expanse of green abundance.
Within Sabana Grande's heart,
I forged my youthful years?
joyful years, filled with the young love I found in you,
my young precious pearl,
the love that overwhelms my life,
the woman who now fills my days with joy.
My young precious pearl has made me captive
to each passing moment, to every breath I take.
My love for her grows and invades my whole life,
like an oasis bursting forth with freshness,
the purity of crystalline water
quenching the thirst for love in my soul.
Thank you, Sabana Grande, for receiving me in your embrace.
From the very first time I visited you,
it seemed like mere chance,
but I know that in the infinite,
God guided me to my young precious pearl
He had for me.
A marvelous torrent of love now runs through me,
surging like a geyser,
its mist enveloping my soul
in the eternal embrace of love.
What can I offer you, Sabana Grande, but my gratitude?
Your generous kindness has granted me
the most beautiful flower?
the perfumed gardenia that adorns my garden.
My heart is vast, and it is entirely yours.
All happiness finds space within it,

yet nothing I found in Sabana Grande
fulfilled me as much as my young precious pearl,
whom I discovered in your embrace.

Genesis 3:15

When life began eons ago, God had a plan He longed to show. In Eden's womb, a sacred vow, He breathed His spirit into man. From his rib, He formed Eve to be by his side, a true helpmate in whom he'd confide. Together, they walked in light and grace; in Eden's heart, they saw God's face. But evil crept in, slithering. Eden lost its peace, and strife began. A serpent's whisper brought enmity; with deceitful temptation, the serpent came. Eve now lives to rue her impetuous decision, Adam followed?their harmony shattered. Eden was no more, and mankind's innocence was lost. In sorrow and pain, they were cast away to toil and strive in a sin-stained, harsh land. Yet God gave them a promise? a promise of hope, wrought from His love: "And I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your offspring and hers; he will crush your head, and you will strike his heel." The Savior will come to heal what's broken, to bear the sins that we inherited from them. With mercy and grace, He made a way for all to find redemption in Him, thereby restoring the bond between God and man.

I Am the One

I am the one who saw you that day,
The one who will always remember
The look on your sweet, gentle face.
I am the one who opened my heart to you,
The one who was happy every day.
I am the one who jumped up and down,
The one who brought you little surprises.
I am the one who wished to stop time,
The one whom God truly blessed.
I am the one who found a treasure,
The one who fell deeply in love with you.

Unfolding to the World

As I was walking through my garden,
I was amazed to see?
A rosebud opening slowly,
stretching toward the light
without hesitation.
Then I saw a chrysalis unfolding
into a Painted Lady butterfly,
its wings trembling,
surprised by its own
majestic beauty.
Suddenly, there was a burst
of colors?orange, black, and white?
blooming into the cool air.
Small moments of change?
petals unfurling before me,
wings gently testing the wind,
a quiet breath before flight.
The world opens up
as I stand, watching,
enthralled by nature's wonders.

Water and Sun

When I was a boy I ran the dusty road without shoes I swam in the river without clothes I felt the forest without walls I lived without worries at all I enjoyed floating in the river And basking in the Caribbean sun I felt it even in my bones I found a little frog called Coqui And I knew I was home.

The Language of Rain

I see thousands of raindrops
each a crystal-clear tear
splitting into countless smaller drops
each finding its own way
They sway
changing direction
coating the green leaves
with tiny clinging beads
Slowly they summon the will to collide
merging into other droplets
that fall to the ground
thus joining countless others that have jumped
into a tiny stream threading through the earth
Some dance in the air
painting a rainbow
with a slanted spectrum of colors
Others drift toward the lake
tickling its surface
with their little fingers
The lake does not complain
the droplets quench its thirst
The flowers receive them with joy
and the earth opens its bosom
greedily absorbing the nourishing drops
to bring forth new life.

Guanajibo Sleeps

All day he waits?
slick stones resting on his dry bed,
his flow,
a visage set for the rain that will come.
His channel,
deep and wide,
etched with stories.
In beautiful Sabana Grande,
he is known for strength?
the Guanajibo River.
From his slumber he will rise,
a mighty titan,
booming, rushing forward,
conquering?
The earth, dry to the bone,
and the tree in his way,
deeply rooted?
trembles,
breaks,
yields,
as the river's fury will
roar once again.

Sister, Make Me Laugh

Sister, make me laugh...
Fill my life with blooming sunflowers.
My eyes are heavy with sorrow,
and I feel an overwhelming urge to laugh.
I don't know if this sorrow comes
from not seeing you again,
or from our withered hearts
that no longer speak as one.
Sister, make me laugh,
and let the holy anointing
of your blessed hand
wipe away the tears I've shed.
Sister, you know love well?
They say love is vast and deep,
They say love comes from God,
and so we also ought to love one another.
I don't even know why I long to laugh?
Perhaps it is the desire to see you again,
Or the love that binds us evermore.
Sister,
Fill my life with blooming sunflowers...

Flamboyán: Pride of My Country

Flamboyán, dress yourself today
in the midday heat of August,
with your fire set ablaze,
your flowers like burning embers.
Raise your sturdy trunk,
sink your arms deep into the earth,
and with your thirsty roots,
drink from the water that gives life.
Unfurl your brilliant canopy,
show off your dense, orange foliage,
like the blazing sun at its peak,
setting my town aflame
with your brilliant, orange-burnt colors.
Proud flamboyán, exalted in splendor,
the blue sky rejoices at your sight,
the wind exhales a deep, contented sigh,
the palms clap their fronds in praise,
the free birds stand captivated,
as they behold you?giant, gallant tree,
flamboyán of noble stance,
you herald bloom and belonging,
because you are our shining pride,
rooted deep in Puerto Rican soil.

Night Funeral in My Barrio

Night funeral
In my barrio:
Where did they get
Those two bottles of rum?
Funeral insurance he did not pay?
His policy was canceled only the other day?
They could not afford a decent box
To lay the poor man's head to rest.
Night funeral
In my barrio:
Who sent that frail wreath
Of flowers?
The flowers came
From the corner florist?
Yet flowers matter little
When the last breath is taken.
Night funeral
In my barrio:
Who's that eulogizing
The man to his grave?
Old Don Juan rose to say?
Eulogized that man away?
Charged a couple of bucks?
His family couldn't pay.
Night funeral
In my barrio:
When it was all over,
And the lid shut on the casket,
And the cuatro had played,
And the last rosary was said,
And six drunk pallbearers
Carried him out to the hearse,
And off down the dirt road

That long black hearse drove away,
The drinking bar
At his corner
Shut down for the day?
For the man they were mourning
Was so dear, so dear,
To those folks who drank with him,
To the girl who sat with him?a tear shed.
It was all their tears that made
That poor man's funeral,
A night funeral
In my barrio.

The Eternal Fountain

Behold, there stands the white lily,
Slender and serene,
With a buzzing bee exploring her bloom,
Her chalice filled with rainwater so clear,
The buzzing bee tenderly drinks the life-giving water.
Then comes the restless hummingbird,
Lifting his tiny head,
Softly sipping from the clear, still pool,
Making way for the butterfly's gentle flutter,
Who sips from her bloom's generous embrace.
This flower lives but a fleeting time,
Yet gives life to humble guests,
Who drinks her life-giving gift.
Its fleeting life is like the gentle spring
That fades, leaving love in its living waters.
Oh, my love! What should I ask of the Eternal God,
To the Lord, I plead, my dear,
That you stay beside me, endlessly,
Like a fountain that forever flows with love,
Like the waters that sustain my life.

Lost, Then Found: A Journey to a New Beginning

Today, I feel alone,
like a ship without a harbor to anchor,
adrift in a silence that screams,
lost in a vast, endless sea of emotions.
The world stands still,
and in this quiet void,
I search for meaning in life.
I don't know why I feel this way?
perhaps because the silence weighs over me,
and my mind drifts, unmoored, on open waters.
In this stillness without answers,
a door opens before me.
My heart hesitates:
Is it real, or just another illusion?
Suddenly, hope awakens,
like a gentle voice inside,
urging me to rise from my sleep,
whispering softly:
"Get up,
take a new path."
It seems sincere,
but dissolves like a mirage?
will it vanish again, like before,
when I thought I grasped the truth
but found only a dreamlike state
I cannot yet escape?
I awaken and look around,
then something within nudges me forward,
an unseen force lifts me up.
I stand, wash my face,
step outside, and the sun greets me?
bright and strong,

as if saying:
"Now everything will change.
Keep going, don't stop?
there's a door open before you..."

A Doll Named Hope

In the stillness of her quiet bed,
where time dissolves into peace,
an old woman, frail and lying still,
holds gently in her hands
a doll her daughter named *Hope*.
With the marks of time engraved upon her face,
she holds this simple gift?a token of love,
a treasured memory from her daughter dear,
whom she named, in fervent faith, *Hope*.
Each stitch, sewn with tender care,
paints upon her face a touch of innocence,
a sweetness that reflects her fragility,
binding the doll and the old woman as one.
Amid slow breaths and lingering silences,
faith takes shape upon her quiet face,
the twilight turns into an endless promise,
where eternity and fading memories intertwine.
In her lap rests the doll *Hope*,
a silent witness to forgotten memories,
a faithful companion in the ebb and flow of forgetfulness,
carrying in its seams the fragility of a soul
that with faith awaits the embrace of the eternal God.

The River Thinks for Me

A river?
ever-changing,
rushing forward,
eroding as it drifts,
carrying fragments of my past?
never pausing, always pressing on,
not weaving, only wearing down
as it meanders?unpredictable.
A river?
restless and untamed,
carving its way through the earth,
carrying fragments of time?
moments worn smooth by its passage,
bringing the quiet inevitability of change.
it moves without hesitation,
never holding what it touches,
gently shaping the way I think.

The Whisper and the Roar

The wind is invisible,
it has no master,
it shifts its course without reason,
tearing down more than building,
it blows where it wishes,
you hear its sound,
but you know not whence it comes,
nor where it goes.
Swaying trees in a gentle embrace,
guiding clouds on their endless trek,
whispering songs the mountain never heard,
caressing it with soft undulating strokes.
It roars across the high mountain,
frolics with flowers in fleeting calm;
its power both wild and soothing,
echoing chaos and chorus at a whim.
It moves me without asking why,
a restless call beneath the endless sky.
I do not know where it comes from,
and it leaves me wondering where it goes.

The Hurricane?s Breath

As the hurricane passes,
I peek through the window
and witness breath made wild.
The forest breathes?
wind caught between two regal palms,
heaving hard after the hurricane's wrath.
Fronds hold tight,
withstanding the wild scream
without snapping?
holding
to raise their palms again
in the next great gust.
The river pants with nervousness,
its waters holding their breath
until the sky breaks open,
and release comes
with every thunderous squall.
Nature breathes?
strength surges in every exhale,
in every trembling draw of air,
alive in the fierce rhythm
of gasping, panting,
holding,
and releasing
its swirling maelstrom.

A Rhythm in the Hush

I hear this evening moment's hush:
no breeze beneath the canopy?
not the curled leaf,
not the moist air clinging to the trees.
The night holds its breath.
Through the window, I see no stars,
just the silhouettes of dark tree branches
curled into each other.
Then?
a soft yet piercing pitch,
like the sharp pluck of a string.
Coquí,
Coquí, Coquí.
Again and again.
It does not stop,
rhythmic yet untamed.
Like droplets sliding off palm leaves,
its sound trembles against the stillness of the night.
I stop my writing with it, listening.
The silence is unmuted,
and something in me
urges me to write?
and my writing begins to sing.

The Breath of the Earth

I see the breath of the earth,
quiet and deep,
like a thin mist lingering in the woods.
It carries the scent of the moist forest,
alive and green,
with sun streaks shooting warm light to it.
Untamed, the pulse of creatures
beneath the mossy floor,
moving unseen, unheard,
alive with secret rhythms.
As warmth rises and the mist dissolves,
I find myself listening to birdsong,
competing for attention.
And the forest joins the birds
to sing softly with the rustling leaves.
In the other corners of the woods,
a rooster flaps its wings
and sounds a hearty morning call.
The untamed wind listens,
carrying the echoes of songs through the trees.
Softly, I hear timeless hymns
beneath the endless blue canopy.
And I remain, listening in awe...

Walking His Road

All the time, Dad worked?
His hands steady in the rhythm
Of one odd job to the next.
His back bent toward the days,
Carrying more than I recognized.
I never knew what he wanted?
I only saw what he gave.
He labored past the edges
Of our understanding.
I never knew I was absorbing
His life from the sidelines?
Until his absence told me.
Only later did I find his lessons
Folded in my own hands.
I walked beside him, unaware
Of the lessons unfolding.
Only his absence revealed
The depth of what he gave.
Now, I search for what makes
His legacy feel complete in me.
What I want most
Is to keep walking this path
He set forth for me to follow.
The road he walked
Now stretches in my hands,
A journey shared beyond all plans.

A Child?s Wonder World

As a child, I ran barefoot,
playing outside where the street burst open like fire.
I laughed as sparks of sun chased my shadow,
and the earth beneath me felt warm, alive?
whispering stories through a child's soul.
By the river, a waterfall watered us,
silver showers twisting, hissing, cold on our warm bodies.
We climbed the trees; we tossed stones far?
the world was wide with fun.
Joy crackled in our laughter,
like a match struck in a midday romp?
a flame in our childish frolic.
??We thought this was our whole world,
Endless days of adventure and light,
away from home.
At night, we chased fireflies,
Their light called to us, drawing us to explore their hidden world.
The fluttering light pulsing like a heart,
a gentle rhythm drumming softly.
We felt its delicate legs brushing our palms
as it shifted, adjusting to our cupped tiny hands,
telling us it brought a piece of night's magic just for us.

Echoes of the Coquí

I hear you every night
as I write?
A native of the shadowed world,
your song pierces through silence,
with heart to fight
for a mate.
Night cracks open
with your call,
love answered
beneath the moonlight.
A quiet surrender
at dawn?
to fight again
the next night,
vivid, wild, and full of life,
driven by the relentless passion
of your nightly quest for love.
As I sit again
to write?
your song encourages me
to persist.

The Atmosphere We Breathe

The atmosphere we breathe?
not thin, but saturated with life,
bringing blessings along the way.
Our lives became an inward flight through time,
piercing through challenges and trials.
We smiled?
like a flare burning bright in the sky,
rising until it lit up our lives.
Even the eclipse of time
couldn't hold us back.
The moments we lived?
some collapsed,
others bloomed?
like a supernova
flashing bright in our souls.

The Mirror of War

They move in a trance,
fear-streaked faces crushing
the earth.
No one is ever the same again.
The downed poles buzz electric?
not with light,
but with the current
between life and death.
The city is no dance floor,
but buildings,
like dominoes, fall
in a crushing rhythm,
a cacophony of collapse.
A twist in the streets?
homes redrawn by mortal shells,
children lost in static chaos.
And there is a mirror:
a polished shard of shrapnel,
catching a soldier's face
as if a butcher has sliced it open.
But the world sees through an obscure glass,
the images undefined.

I Dreamed I Saw...

I Dreamed I Saw
An abstract clock?
heard it ticking; each
second, an arm
with fingers.
The heart
drumming from a chamber,
beating fast
but
erratic.
Wounds opened
into labyrinths
of confusion.
Darling,
the air was swirling again,
and the staircase
dangled from the wall?
up
and
down,
with no end.
Exit signs
flashed like neon red apples
on the backs
of speeding trucks,
whose glass-and-static tires
spun like
a carnival Ferris wheel.

Hope in the Devastated City

The city lay barren, an apocalyptic landscape,
its silence deafening, mortally eerie.
No mothers spared; children cried?
just ashes where the homes used to be.
A waif moved in shock through the waste,
clutching a doll, its face displaced.
Her name unknown, no one to hold?
just a child, trembling and cold.
Beyond the pain, a flickering light,
a haven, a cave just ahead.
Luminous flames of life then burned,
to calm the heart and clear the mind.
War crept in, the silent assassin,
but courage rose, defiant and tall.
It sparked the stubborn ember of hope in the dark?
and turned despair into a rising spark.

A Scar Upon Humanity

A Scar Upon Humanity

I
The sky wore an apron of ashes,
hiding the sun's shame.
The earth, brown and cursed,
groans in pain.
II
Even the wind held its breath
in mourning for what had happened.
Light lost its strength
like a memory too vile to hold.
III
In her hands, she held the bowl,
weighed with grief too raw to bear.
She dropped the bowl; the bitten apple fell?
a scar upon humanity.
IV
Sin bakes the scars,
seared in her seed?
only God
can break sin's curse.

The Blessing I Have Known

I do know exactly what a privilege life is.
I know how to fall and get back up,
How to kneel down in prayer?this I know?
How to sing His praises and be blessed.
To climb steep mountains all alone,
Which is what I did in my boyhood days.
Tell me, what haven't I done?
Eating mangoes, soursops, guavas,
Star fruits on a morning walk?
Tell me, what boy's explorations have I missed?
I walked barefoot into the running river,
Let its waters thread between my toes.
Let the rain tickle my tongue
And laughed on those rainy days.
I chased the foaming waves as they ran,
Watched the ocean splash and sing
Against the steadfast rocks.
Tell me, what haven't I done?
I've felt the earth's rhythm under my feet,
The rivers caress my body with gentle strokes.
The rain tiptoed on our old house roof,
The mountain winds sang to me,
The ocean showed me its strength.
What haven't I done?
Carved my girl's name into a tree?
Terry and me.
Heard a seashell sing, then tossed it
Back to sea.
Climbed a mango tree to reach
That yellow-orange one staring at me.
Held still long enough
For a dragonfly to rest on my finger.
Wrote a love letter to a girl,

And asked her for a "yes."
Sat still in silence
And watched the stars twinkle just for me.
And what more shall I say?
I could take a lifetime
To list the blessings I've lived.
But I do know this?
Life has been a privilege,
Because He has richly blessed me.

Blessing the Caribbean Sea

I climbed to the top of Uroyán Mountain
and began to bless the Caribbean Sea.
Turquoise-blue water, fertile, pregnant water,
glassy, shining mirror of the blue sky?
tugged by the moon, anchored by the earth,
endless maker of shells.
Fathomless, your voice like folded silk,
bathing the rocks with your briny foam.
Life-giving being,
embraced by the southern coast of Puerto Rico,
serene, serenading the night,
caressed by misty clouds in silence.
Spreading your scented wings
with purpose?yes, with purpose?
a muse's gentle eyes summon dreams.
Water, you spill the bright heart of water?
and so I bless the Caribbean Sea with a blessing.
It left its footprints in the sand
like a steadfast walker.
Then I came down
and patted
a tiny portion of the tranquil mask
of the Caribbean Sea.
"There you go, Caribbean Sea," I said,
and I went on my way, pleased...

Like Watercolor Bleeding

Like watercolor bleeding
across the page?
my thoughts refuse
to stay tethered
inside of me.

They flicker through
the dark crevices
of my brain,
spilling into
liquid silver.

I watch them unfurl
into thoughts
I do not control.
They float,
pieces of me scattered
across the atmosphere.

Some seep
into the clouds
and become
nourishing rain.

When it falls,
dreams bloom
in a shimmering haze.

I stand in awe
of an enrapturing glow?
like moonlight
dancing on water?

where the silver veil hovers,
gently undulating
in a magical show.

Be Still, My Soul (A Meditation on Waiting)

Be still, my soul, and wait on the Lord.
Earth and heaven are waiting still
For their redemption.
Though time is sifting through the clock,
And your wait?laborious and long?
Has grown shorter,
Still, wait you must. But let
Faith take its rightful place.
Walk on as you have?patiently,
Without hesitancy. Let God's
Holy Spirit know you wait,
And that the wait has been rewarding.
Be still, my soul, and wait on the Lord.

Atop the Mountain

When I walk on the mountain, I hear
The wind talk, see the clouds glow,
And smell the lull of the river current
Far below. It mingles with the freshness
Of mountain scent?bathed in peace,
In the breeze that carries memories,
Longings, and grace.
Is that lonely tree I see delighted
With its many branches,
Each like a finger tickling the sky?
Are the clouds glad to caress the mountain
With gentle strokes?
Most people would not know,
Their lives too hurried and on the go.
I refuse to live in such confusion.
Too terrible it would be, to come down?
And see.

When Death Comes

When death comes
unexpectedly knocking at the door,
and brings all the memories lived?
tears burst,
and silence flees the room.
When death comes,
a mischievous intruder,
stirring an avalanche of feeling?
I don't want to let you go,
to step through the door
alone, lonely.
When death comes,
I want to be with you,
reaching the other side...
together.
For where, O death, is your sting?
Where, O grave, your victory?
You could not extinguish
the love that binds us.
A crossing not into emptiness,
but into His presence...

It Rains

It Rains
It rains.
And the earth opens its heart of clay,
like a deer drinking from flowing streams.
Each drop is a fertile tear
falling upon the greenness of the land.
It rains.
The mountain awakens
under the infusion of the downpour.
The stones sing
at the thunderous roar of the sky,
like an African rumba
that stirs them from their slumber.
It rains.
And the air, perfumed with an earthy scent,
brings the aroma of the countryside and the breath of life:
the roots twist their arms,
weaving an outstretched net;
the flowers dance together
to the rhythm of the wind.
It rains.
All is joy:
it is God drenching all with infinite grace,
the blessing of water that gives life,
with sonorous pitchers pouring from the sky.

Where Are You, My Love?

Please tell me, where are you, my love?
In what place can I find you?
Where can I search without ceasing,
and where can I run to ease the pain?
Please tell me, are you far away?
Is the distance as vast as the sky?
Where do I fix my gaze,
seeking your face among the traveling stars?
Please tell me, if I look at the sun,
can I behold you without being blinded?
Can I see you radiant in its golden face,
where your eyes burn like flames?
Please tell me, if I search the universe,
will I find your gentle and lovely gaze?
If in the depths of nothingness
I might find your sweet, crimson lips.
Please tell me, is it in the moon
where I hear the softness of your voice?
Please tell me, in which galaxy
should I search with all my strength?
Tell me, what is the secret
to reaching the infinite?
Please tell me, which star it is
that I must fix my eyes upon?
since I cannot reach it to stop it,
nor can I let it continue,
for within it travels the love of my soul.

Solmonet

In the golden freshness of a spring morning,
as I approach to open the front gate of my house,
I look toward the mountain, lit by the sun's rays.
I love how it looks:
the mountain, bathed in that warm, golden morning light.
A moment of peace is reflected,
and a luminous scene unfolds before me.
The mountain, dressed in yellow light,
blends with the vibrant greens of the trees
and the deep shadows of darker tones.
From that union is born a vibrant and unique light,
which exalts the greatness of the mountain.
Cheerful birdsongs echo through the air,
in the distance, the whisper of wind in the leaves,
and the crunching of gravel beneath my steps.
The mountain stands majestic,
and the morning's symphony
whispers its promises in the daylight.
And I, standing in awe,
breathe in the morning's freshness.
I thank God for His greatness.

A Noiseless, Patient Vulture

I stood down below,
In the hush of warm wind,
Watching.
He climbed higher and higher.
I squinted my eyes to see him against the
Sky,
A speck I could barely hold in thought.
A Noiseless, Patient Vulture
Glides
Across the expanse of the blue sky?
A spectacle of grace above the
Mountain.
It hovers there,
Swaying like a glider in the air,
Circling,
Scanning and surveying the mountain
Floor?
Littered stones, lush brush, and the stillness of bone.
He sees me there, but he doesn't
Mind.
He wouldn't have come for my bones,
For I was still upright?a figure in motion?
Not worth the bother at all.
I can't see his eyes, but he can see
Mine.
He then stood on a cliff's edge rock
And let his wings rest,
Motionless above all that moved below.
That is what they do.
That is how they live.

Living Water Poured Down

The clouds exhaled,
and the mountain received its breath.
Rain came down in silver needles,
beading the earth with crystal diamonds,
spilling grace across the mountain's face.
I rushed home from work
and saw a stream cascading
down the mountainside as I arrived.
It glanced at me?
fluid, rhythmic, alive,
laughing as it ran?
a gift the rain had let loose
from the mountain.
The sight was a blessing in motion:
a stream of rushing water
breaking free from the rocks.
I felt streams of living water
running through me,
and I was thankful
for the abundance of rain poured out today?
a life-giving gift upon the earth.

Breath of Heaven

The mountains where I live
lift the heavens
with quiet strength.
This morning, driving
down the country road,
I saw a slow drift of cloud
wrap its silky hands?
glide like a shadow
above the tree canopy,
unfurl a million beads
into the green leaves
of towering trees
and the blades of dew-laced grass,
until the whole mountain stood
clothed in white,
breathing the mystic scent of heaven.

The Breath of Morning

My town, Sabana Grande,
sits at the feet of the Cordillera Central.
It thrives in the shadows of circling vultures,
where mountains reach gently into the sky
and valleys open to receive the breath of morning,
cradling the town as rain threads
through the trembling leaves of mango trees.
At its heart, the town holds stories?
told in the language of church bells and breezes,
in the smell of coffee drifting
from open doors at dawn?
a breath from the balconies,
slipping softly into the nostrils
of those who pass by.

Carrying December?s Feast

The sky's pale beneath July's breath of rain,
and the air is coffee- and rain-soaked.
A flush of flame from the flamboyant tree?
fiery red-orange blossoms dot the island,
scarlet-to-orange canopies blazing over
roadsides, plazas, and hillsides.
A rooster darts across the road, and there?
that's me, watching wet grass after the rain.
I'm not large from this distance,
just a fence post, a row of hibiscus.
Wider still, beyond the bustling town,
along the country road, cows graze
in the pasture; a few weanlings kick out
under the same sky, pale
like a coquí's throat before the call, pulled taut.
A few fields over, there's a sow,
her potbelly round with piglets?or the idea
of piglets. It's Puerto Rico, late July, and any
sow worth her salt carries the next December
feast in her belly. She leans against the shade
of a mango tree, and this image strikes me?
how some animals, even pigs, bear their young
oblivious to their fate.
It seems even we were shaped for a purpose.

A Night That Was Not Real

A Night That Was Not Real
My friend told me,
"Here, take this"?
and I fell into a night
that was not real.
A laser
cuts through
the tangled shapes
before me?
and wonder floods me?
strange, scary?
and my mind spills,
drifting thoughts
scatter like trash
in South Bronx.
Buildings crumble
through the city streets,
collapsing
without sound.
and laughter and the hush
of not knowing
swirl inside me?
a wailing siren
tears through
the wacky night,
and I felt strangely
overtaken by the experience?
and I laughed in ecstasy
like waves
that came
and went.
and my senses tumbled,
colorless images and shapes colliding?

and I moved,
untethered,
in a world
that made no sense.

Quiet Hope Among Ruin

An abandoned vehicle rusts among the forest trees,
a metal carcass left behind.
The habitat shivers quietly
beneath the rusting vehicle's press.
Trees lean at warped angles;
the land beneath trembles with contamination.
Leaves altered to yellowish hues
that whisper the change over time.
The forest screams in silence?
trees mutilated by rusted, jagged hands.
Along the forest's margins,
sorrow gathers
to express the pain.
A remnant of the forest's spirit
trembles, fragile and naked.
Around it,
the forest floor is littered
with dead leaves
and feeble branches.
Even the wind
turns aside
from the rusting frame.
Yet beneath the crushing weight,
a newborn shoot rises?
green, shaking,
nudged by the earth's quiet hope.

The Little Bee

In my garden, I see a bee
entering and leaving
the pumpkin flowers.
Yellow like the sun
that wakes the morning,
its small, golden,
black-striped body
glides lightly
toward another flower.
I hear its buzzing wings,
and a soft quiver
passes through the garden.
The stillness trembles
in the yellow hush
of flowers.
With tenderness?unhurried?
it hovers,
choosing where to land.
It descends
into the opened flower,
then emerges
with its body
dusted with pollen.
A gentle breeze drifts through.
The silence lingers,
and the other flowers wait
in their patient hush.
I keep watching
as it traces
its small paths
through the blossoms?
unhurried,
unperturbed.

Its small body glows
in the morning light,
and the day unfolds
around its gentle work.
I think:
Have I gotten
to the place
where I am meant to be?
I don't think so.
I still have work to do.
Thank you,
little bee.

The Language of Rain

Thousands of raindrops,
each a crystal-clear tear,
splitting into countless smaller drops,
each finding its own way,
swaying
with the changing wind,
coating the green leaves
with tiny clinging beads.
Slowly they summon the will to collide,
merging into other droplets
that fall to the ground,
joining countless others that have jumped
into a tiny stream
threading through the earth.
Some dance in the air,
painting a rainbow
in an arc of vivid colors.
Others drift toward the lake,
tickling its surface
with their little fingers.
The lake does not complain;
the droplets quench its thirst.
The flowers receive them with joy,
and the earth opens its bosom,
greedily absorbing the nourishing drops
to bring forth new life.

A Boy?s Summer Escapade

I loved to run on the hot, dry earth,
along that sun?warmed road.

Pure joy?watching the dust rise
in a swirl of laughter,

and feeling the sun kiss my skin
as I ran to make my kite take off.

And to romp all day on that golden plain,
away from home.

Where time stood still;
to slide down the hill with reckless joy
on a palm sheath, screaming my lungs out.

Then to quench my thirst
at a natural spring oozing
crystal?clear water.

Ah, that was the best of joy
in a boy's summer escapade.

A Road, a Hand, and a Leaf

A road is not only a road,
a hand is not only a hand,
and a leaf is not only a leaf.
Together, they tell the story of life.

One carries us forward,
another shapes who we become,
and the last teaches us
the fragile wisdom for living.

The road is our journey,
slowly taking shape,
like a path pressed
by passing footsteps?
the way a hand
shapes the object it holds.

And the leaf?
a delicate witness to our days?
unfolds in its season
and withers in its time,
just as our own lives do,
as we follow the road
toward our final destination.

Beloved

Beloved

I

In these verses that I write
I want you to find your dream
in this pale?blue, pensive sky
as you gaze, thinking.

II

Feeling each moment draw near,
swift as gold forming from the sunset;
hearing the stubborn whining engine cry
while you fly through the heat of the month.

III

And you will think: What a promising year.
How much sun on the plains. And perhaps,
when you sigh and gently close your eyes...
only your dream remains.

The Dawn of Creation

There was chaos?
nothing had shape.
It was formless and void?
the moment before creation.
A gulf existed
where matter was separated,
fragmented?
its pieces floating in circles,
a rhythm at their core.
A fragile surface, like film,
hovered over clusters of light,
molecules waiting to be gathered
into creation?
thus bringing forth
a silver dawn,
where light
is separated
from darkness.

A Breath of Light

I remember looking out the aircraft window one evening,
watching the sun move away in a quiet glow
that refused to die.
A sudden rift opened between the clouds
where a breath of light escaped,
fragile and insistent.
In a spirit of solace, I watched the day
drift away with the sun.
The quill, steady in my hand,
gathers the evening's burnt-orange light
and floats gently across the page,
offering verses to the fading dusk.

Ma Jolie

A drizzly summer evening,
standing on the brow of an open ridge,
I thought of you, *ma jolie*,
as the tainted coils of mist swirled
and gathered their grayness around me.
The wind moved sluggishly through the trees,
drifting into the valley below.
In that mist-laden quiet,
loneliness overtook me,
but I am free
from the sorrowful weeping of long nights,
from the racing thoughts
filled with hopeless sighs.
Loneliness,
you are a beaten enemy?
defeated.
I turn away from the ridge,
breathe in the damp, misty air,
and begin the walk down.

Miserere

My soul is pleading
from my most honest place,
not hiding,
not performing,
simply opening itself
before the One who already
knows me.

His mercy bends,
it leans toward me;
it refuses to stay distant.
Mercy is already happening,
already leaning.

A pivot of my inner soul:
no more running,
simply
exhale.

Then mercy flows like water,
quenching the deepest thirst
of my heart.
It, without cruelty, lifts me up
and whispers,
"I forgive you..."

And then I know
I am becoming
whole again.

Sanctuary

Like an echo,
the blessing returns double?
not merely repeating,
but coming back overflowing,
fuller than before.
A fragile hope
held gently in cupped hands?
the kind of hope
that, although it trembles,
refuses to let go.
Like a leaf
letting the river
decide its destination,
I surrender without fear,
trusting the Spirit's guidance,
carried by the current.
Sanctuary?
a pause,
a breath,
a holy place
where stillness gathers
and His voice is heard.
Here the soul rests,
filled with His presence.
Here,
His voice reaches
the quiet heart.
Here,
His gentle touch
is felt.

As a Slow Choreography of My Soul

As a Slow Choreography of My Soul
There's a slight turning within me
before entering the stillness
of my room.
His presence begins to lean in ?
at first almost imperceptible ?
then my heart yields,
uncurling to the warmth
of His nearness.
My whole being settles
into a rightful depth of prayer.
And what I hear rising
from my soul is this:
Speak, Lord,
for Your servant is listening.

Under His Wings

Under His Wings

"... under His wings you will find refuge"
? Psalm 91:4

The gentleness of God's presence
reminds me of my vulnerability;
yet fragility is not weakness, but truth?
the very place where grace enters
and strengthens my soul.

Under the soft radiance of His nearness,
I hush in reverence
to hear His divine whisper.

Then I bow, knowing:

being quiet
precedes revelation.

When Silence Comes

There is something in the afternoon
that I can't name.
A silence drifts?
descending from the mountain,
entering without haste,
as though it were a visitor
familiar with my soul,
drawing near
like a soft, blessing breeze,
barely felt.
It slips through my window
and stays beside me.
And so we remain
in the quiet of the fading light.

Quiet, Unearned

There's a misty, moss-covered place
in the mountain where I go at dusk,
where a single lantern glows continuously
behind a veil of cendal.
And everything?sound, thought, pain?
softens into a whisper
and solace in a gentle, healing dim,
a sacred light that holds me without asking.
Quiet, unearned,
in a kind of reverent embrace,
and gathers into a single act of grace

The Mountain's Ancient Song

The rain withdrew from the mountain, leaving the soaked trees glistening beneath a newly brightened sky. The air had been cleared, and every leaf held a bit of light. A symphony rose from the rain-drenched earth. As darkness gathered among the trees, thousands of coquís began to sing, and the mountain reverberated with a music born from the damp shadow. Beneath the chorus of thousands of coquís, the mountain quietly surrenders. In her surrender, she breathes undisturbed. With every breath, she yields to the melodies within her. Perhaps she has been keeping, within her womb, the ancient songs of generations of coquís and the other creatures that inhabit her forests. And when the rain returns, she opens her chest and releases the ancient songs she has kept within her. Here, in the quiet of my room, I sit and write?listening as the damp night breathes outside my window, tracing each melody as it settles into the page.

Plaisir d'amour

What could it be?
Could it be the soft pleasure that rises
when my love gently exhales?
Plaisir d'amour
might be the way our hands meet
when we walk together.
Plaisir d'amour
sounds like the sea waves
when we sit on the sand, remove our shoes,
and let the water caress our feet.
Plaisir d'amour
could be that moment just after we say goodbye,
when our hearts dim enough to be sad.
Plaisir d'amour
feels like a slow turn of the head
toward you, to kiss you on your quiet lips.
Plaisir d'amour
could be the peace that arrives
when I'm with you.
Or is it what I hear from you when I say,
"I love you,"
and your response feels like
a tingling warmth running through my skin.

Redamancy

Redamancy?
the gravity of one heart pulling toward another,
calling for steadfastness not out of duty,
but out of devotion.

It is love returned with equal force, even in suffering,
even in the ache of a covenant interrupted,
only because mortality calls one home,
when the circle comes to its end?
"until death do us part."

One heart returning the love of another,
year after year,
until mortality brings the earthly journey to its close.

It carries the voice of someone
who has stood beside grief, beside devotion,
beside the holy endurance of love.

It understands that love has a shape,
a journey... and a completion.

It is living with the knowledge
that the last chapter will one day arrive,
that the circle will close in its appointed time?
yet knowing that love has been returned
through all the years.

A love mirrored, sustained,
and lived into its fullness.

The circle will close?
not by abandonment,

but by faithfulness.

The Shadow of Your Smile

The shadow isn't darkness;
it's the soft imprint of your smile that remains,
lingering like light upon the water
long after the moment has passed.

Some smiles disappear from our sight,
but never from our hearts;
they leave behind a light
that even absence cannot extinguish.

My heart refuses to let it fade.
It remembers the warmth of your embraces,
a quiet tenderness that returns
whenever I look at your picture.

For what remains is not darkness,
but the tenderness of your memory,
a gentle echo within my heart
long after you are no longer here.

The Instinct to Live

A blue-gray pigeon swoops down,
glides, then soars over the roof.
It lives as if the rent were free.
It quickly comes down to feed.
It softly coos while on the ground,
picking up kernels one by one.
Light on its feet,
it strolls about carefree.
Its steps are measured and rhythmic,
then it takes wing.
A rogue, deep-brown hawk
hovers in the sky,
its eyes fixed on the pigeon below.
Patient and motionless,
it waits.
Then it plunges down,
hard, fast, and violent.
Its claws miss by mere inches.
It swerves to the right,
lifts its wings,
and comes around again for the kill.
It bursts away in a blur,
escaping its claws.
I've heard all the stories
about the hawk's speed and precision,
but if those stories are true,
why did the hawk fail
to kill the pigeon?
Again and again it attacked,
each pass bringing it within inches,
yet the little pigeon's instincts
kept it beyond its reach.

The hunger to hunt
met the instinct to live.

In the Archives of My Mind

I only wanted to have fun
Flying my kite beneath the sun
And letting my boyish heart lead the way
Back then I wouldn't have known
That I'd be reminiscing
About a time long ago
And long for those days with all my soul
I know I'm not the only one
Who cherished the moments they lived
Sometimes I just feel nostalgic
And wish those moments had remained
Who doesn't wish to walk once more
Through those days
I wish I could live those days one more time
To look to the sky and pray to the Lord
I feel my life is moving too fast
And all I can do is wonder why
I miss the air, I miss the plain
I miss it when life was fun and there were no regrets
But that was a million years ago
When I think of the many streets
Where I played and grew up playing stickball
I think of the many joys I knew
Like riding bikes and spending time at the swimming pool
But they're memories now
In the archives of my mind
From the days of my boyhood
But that was a million years ago

Still Luminous

Alone, yet still shining,
Excluded from a circle,
Yet not diminished by the exclusion.
Drifting beyond familiar constellations,
Yet burning with its own light,
Knowing that loneliness and greatness
Sometimes travel together.
Without self-pity,
Carrying a quiet radiance
Through the isolation.
No longer defined by exclusion,
But by its inherent nature of light,
Remaining luminous
Even after being cast out.

Yesterday and Tomorrow

Yesterday is where my memory of her begins,
when I first saw her, still so young.

Love was delayed, but not denied;
in that home, a first love was unknown.

Only later did I understand
that I had entered God's horizon.

And today is the tomorrow
that began yesterday.