

Anthology of Dante Fernando

Dante Fernando



Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

To all poetry lovers.

Acknowledgement

I want to acknowledge to www.mypoeticside.com for giving me the opportunity to share part of my poetry.

About the author

I don't like to be pretentious; however, I feel compelled to tell something about me in order to let the audience know who I am. First of all, I enjoy writing poetry; I find it very displaying, and also I find it such a way to get a better insight. In addition, it helps me to know myself and what are my true feelings about the world and the afterlife. Despite of there are just some poems of my work, I want to share them. I hope to satisfy literary expectations, but most of all I will always continue writing poetry in order to get a spiritual transcendence, and to fulfill my life with beauty and strength.

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A Fast Conscience

I only feel hunger for the stones and the wind;
Never an inspiration is more than enough,
And the senses are much alive when
The night is crying with anyone's wrath.
I'm walking over thorns and blood
In which the pleasure is just a song
For an eternal dance;
Fire and earth are the nourishment
For the stolen innocence;
I'm feeling some presence behind me;
The ghosts are warning me about.
This sensation makes me feel like a shadow in the sunlight,
And I want to scrub the heaven
For all the Hell given to me
As a blessing.
On this day,
Any belief could keep me alive;
I just know that I need to survive;
It's a human voice,
It's telling me I'm not cursed,
It keeps me breathing,
In spite of I kissed the Death;
What it's a Sin for some ones,
Is a miracle for others;
There will be a shadow that wants me
To sing along,
So I will never say that Life is a torture;
She is the Red Whip that takes shape
On my naked arms.

Alchemy of Lust

I have come to swim
In your red veins again;
The song is silent
Among the twisted shadows;
Do not try to disturb the intensity
By following the common sounds;
The love will be more honest
If you let your feelings go;
A god's mirror is made to be reborn
In which a goblet's fire isn't enough
To change your soul!
Words may fly
Around the dark crowd,
But the feather that writes the truth
Will give you the pleasure to live
A joyful night like this!

About the Old Hope

What else can I do
If you still deny your true nature?
What else can I say
If you're still stabbing to yourself?
Not in vain,
The Grace is covering us,
In which the false kiss is getting naked,
For submerging us
Into the abyss.
Let's revive the Old Divinity!
Let's awake the New Tablets!
The Patience is just a helmet
Whereas we're accustomed to feel
The same heaviness;
And words only serve
To announce a sweet pain.
How I'd like to scrub my heart
To succumb around the superfluous religion!
How I'd like to shake my spirit
To procreate a new god!
The Earth does not call to the ones who are ghosts.
I have walked along centuries ago,
To know that the divine isn't gotten
By repressing the Beauty;
And also to be sure that,
If Spirituality has no direction to follow up;
It will become in Madness.

About the Old Seduction

I was trying,
To get drowned,
Into my red well;

Just a reminder of Faith could,
Take me away;

I don't live to leak,
A broken mirror anymore;

I only die to have,
Another Guide!

If Death could kiss my soul,
I'd rather become a ghost,
For it is not fair,
To stab myself,
With the same sword;

Just a deep breath can restore me,
To the normal range;

In which the air is still polluted,
By the same madness;

Just my vision can write a prophecy,
In which your arms build a temple,
To reborn within the purple love;

So I will not see sirens of flesh anymore!

Along many lives,
I have cried,

The loss of my golden rose;

And many other lives would take me,
To awake,
A new beginning again.

The Red Voice's Conscience

Mountain of Flesh,
Breath of Spirit;
Even in celibacy,
I cannot forget such dancing,
Around my skin.
Even in dreams,
I cannot sing the Psalm of Grace,
In which the thorn is swept aside,
To give birth,
A new love in my heart.
Could I contemplate your glory,
And not desiring,
Whichever my mouth eats?
Could I get caressed by your hand,
And do not long,
My demon devours you?
Just a smile can draw a destiny,
Which is marked by two living islands;

Just a blood drop can restore a wasted life
Which was lived among acid and poison ivy.
Sometimes,
It's better to get drowned
Into the Well of Serpents to know that,
Living in the body is not the way
To become exceptional,
And also to realize that,
The arrogance is like an ape
Pretending to be a god.
The pleasure will be embracing such a way,
Our vision is transforming our souls.

Dance on Pleasure

I'm still dancing on red plastic;
The Moon is so generous,
To offer her goblet to me.
I don't try to let myself go;
The repression is too dishonest when,
I summon my blue nature.
Sometimes,
It's easy to set the desires free,
In order to get a good communion with the earth;
The pleasure has been rooted centuries ago,
So it's not new that our psalms contemplate,
The purity of our flesh.

Just a Confession

The atmosphere becomes red when,
I breathe the fragrance,
Of unlawful souls;

Never my body will be the sacrifice,
Of an ungrateful lamb;

Never a tear will be wept,
To appease a thorny rose;

It is said that,
The Glory of Dawn has arisen,
To lift up the spirits,

Whereas the faithful have reached,
Their place,
Among the Chosen One;

In which I'll never dance,
On broken ceiling,
Unless the trees give,
Their last screaming,
Around this town;

I will unsheathe my sword when,
Mocking specters separate,
Madness from Love;

Even between a virtue,
And a weakness;

A temple is willing,
To be born and grow,

Among the sadness.

From 'Elegy of an Herald' (I)

I'm just a loner who smiles in the night's nakedness;
I'm just a spirit who unwraps the world's appearance.
Among the silence and the shades,
I can crown myself,
And my eyes will reveal,
The unhappiness's true essence.
I just ask not being interrupted when,
The wind had given his last whisper;
I just ask to be the Guardian when,
Mocking ghosts are on my way.
Right now, the Moon is the mother of the Honest,
And she is singing her song again;
She will never lie about my desires!
From Darkness I can create,
So Daylight will say,
If Everything is going to be great!

On a Silent Motion

I'm eager for the sweat and the conquest;
Even between a smile and a caress,
I can refill the vessel,
That's been placed in my body;
I can sing a silent hymn,
That is getting arisen now,
In which Tranquility is being grateful,
By giving away her conscience;
Just a Holy Sword is willing to draw a beaten,
In which the blood claims a fate marked by a Saint;
So I will never stumble on my old feet;
By opening my eyes,
I could realize that,
The sun was more willing to give his light than,
Waiting for him in the shades.

Turning on Purple

On the silence,
My heart is shouting;

Perhaps a new inspiration is,
A new picture,
Of my existence;

I'm still desiring,
A new sword,
To make my Fate,

But I still need to know when,
Should I throw my golden seeds;

I won't create,
Angels of plastic,
Anymore;

The voice that surrounds my body,
Doesn't make any difference,
Between Beauty and Spirit;

The blood that makes,
My soul dancing,
Does not create a barrier,
Between the gods and the poets;

Just an illusion can get me,
A unique style,
To waste it,
Among the herd,

But my eyes are still smiling,
For now I know that,
Everyone is able,
To find their way,

And yet to see changes,
Across from them;

So now on,

The wisdom is singing,
Among the flowers.

On a Rainy Ritual

Nothing occurs in the ancient temple;
Shades are too beautiful,
To try falling in love with;
I can feel the peace,
Dancing around the hall;
The Hebrew Divinity is so embracing whereas,
I'll visualize my highest mountain.
I cannot live surrounded,
By an obsolete stigmata;
The thorny song is seducing me,
Like a lustful goddess whose ready,
To kiss my bones.
I will go on standing up,
Until my purity claims,
To be part of the Immortality;
I will walk over red stones,
Until my eyes can see,
The quietness of a smiling god.
The dance continues its pathway;
So I will never curse myself,
For demanding a new challenge!

On a way back

Behold your eyes,
I only draw a smile,
That will remain,
In your heart

Behold my steps,
I only draw a present,
That will create,
My fate;

An inspiration will never be enough,
To unveil,
The beauty secrets,

And how I wish
To get God naked!

May the world be,
The conquest field when,

A hidden emperor manifests
His wisdom,
Upon the common;

May an unshaken love be,
The golden anchor when,

My eyes penetrate,
A plastic armor's seal

Even along the daily routine,

The holiness will survive,

If we know how,
To cleanse our mind;

Whereas,
From fire to fire,

Death will only be,
A dancer in the wind.

Galleon

I know,
I can navigate,
On the ocean's quietness;

On these blue waters,
I only see your face,
Through dark waves;

The next shore is still afar,
From my reach,

And I swear that,
One day,
I will arrive there;

Many navigators aspire,
To swim in the ocean,

But they ignore,
How deep it is,

For it's unwise to get,
Rather than seeing;

And my soul is still finding,
His own reign,

But the Blindness still persists,
Like a sweet honey,
Ready to eat;

How much long,
Might I still wait,

For I realize,
About my way?

On a Beach Road

What is Immortality,
But the Echo of Honesty?

What is Divinity,
But the Honesty of our Heart?

I wish to feel the purple breeze when,
The sun gets joined with the sea;

Time is only an excuse we have created,
To believe we still exist;

Even in hard times,
We're not able to see,
What we've got.

I'll only die for the wind and the wave,
When my spirit casts my eyes,
Throughout the ocean!

Days become gray;
The sun gets cloudier;

No more games are existing,
In the land of none.

But my feet are still standing
On the golden ground;

I will not leave this place;

The best way to get rid of a mask is,
To get our soul unveiled.

Dance on Pleasure

I'm still dancing on red plastic;
The Moon is so generous,
To offer her goblet to me.

I don't try to let myself go;
The repression is too dishonest when,
I summon my blue nature.

Sometimes,
It's easy to set the desires free,
In order to get a good communion with the earth;

The pleasure has been rooted centuries ago,

So it's not new that our psalms contemplate,
The purity of our flesh.

A Love Reminder

How I wish
To let you sway
Through the red mountain!

An image of yours is not enough,
To get inspired!

And many doves sing
An ancient praise,
Whereas the roses blossom,
To get you crowned!

How I wish,
Calling my dark caress,
To invite you,
To the last banquet!

No more desires will occur,
Before the Great Throne,
And Sensuality will be a psalmist when,
She meets Love;

The beginning of the end is
A promise,
To be someone new,

In which,
Nails and ashes are gotten rid of;

However,

The pleasure will be transformed
In a given when,

Our eyes are willing
To make a tear dance.

Heart and Intensity

So I've started to go
Through your well-shaped curls,

Whereas your smile is the doorway,
To amiable encounters;

I believe,
My going-under will help me,
To understand your love,

And also to reveal me that,
My pathway is already established;

So I'll keep going on my search!

Wherever I find the red torch,
I will transform it
Into a flesh hand,

In which,
Not even the wise will be able to deny,
How to build a temple,
Among the bedclothes;

A love prophecy will be written
On a lover's skin,
Whereas many doves will soar
To the new land,
And make a statue
With the seed of pleasure;

A dance is whispering in my ears,
And on your blood,

The swaying rose is opening her petals.

A Morning Display

I only think of the Heat and the Death;

Even in silence,
I can picture such purple eyes,
Whose pupils are too big,
To disarm my mask;

I only accept a caress,
If it is worthy,
To get unveiled;

There are too many blind thugs,
Seeking for a golden hole;

I only feel pleasure when,
My spirit dances
In the sunrise;

Not even the blue sky is willing,
To move his clouds to know,
If the mankind is still being
The same race;

Crisis are everywhere,
And no one is able,
To visualize the end;

I only remain,
Between the sun and the wind,
To sing along;

The Truth cannot be believed,
Unless we are living in.

Living on an Inner Temple

If I'm still swimming over blue flames;
If I'm still feeling such a red desire that,
Will never stop,
To grasp my heart;

How may I not transform,
The wickedness into Purity?

If I'm still having joy,
Among the children of God,
In order to nourish my spirit,
For I'm called to fly,
Through new lands;

How may I not write
A new omen,
In the warm air?

If I have already acquired
A new revelation for the Invisible,
And all that is holy and beautiful within;

How may I not dance
On old graves,
As well as,
On ruined churches?

I know,
I will never give up on Eternity,

For I'm not another creature,
That lives to die alone;

Along many lives,
I have gone on,
To realize that,

It's not a sin to have joy for beauty,
But instead,
It is a sin to pervert it.

Soul and Insight

I awake to a new dawn,
In which,
A siren's smile is the bridgeway
Of my dance;

How I crave,
To fulfill my fate!

Between a caress and a dagger,
I can only die,
Among my ashes;

Between a candlelight and a shade,
I can only draw the flesh,
That is nourished,
By my body;

The hatred comes up when,
There are better ways,
To soar the sky,

In which,
The being gets linked
With the red goddess,
In order to initiate
A ritual;

And now,

Just an herald will be able to shout,

The new Heaven's pathway.

A poem to be recited

I only live to be myself;
I only smile to be happy;
Why should I make more efforts,
Except to know when,
My Divinity is coming?

One life can lead us to the abyss,
Or it can reveal our hope,
But it depends on us,
To choose one of those;

No matter if the scourge is intense,
For it's Faith that determines
Our true Strength;
No matter if your being decays,
For your Faith will lift you up again;

Doubt can kill,
And Fear can become you a slave,
It may take your entire life,
To let them be on your back;

Just forget who you are,
Think: *I no longer want that,*
And let the Divinity within you,
Be on your side!

A poem to still be encouraged

How many times
Have we fallen
On the ground
While we tried
To walk on?

Did we ever stay
On the ground,
And cry over our failure,
Or did we stand
On our feet,
And continue trying
To walk on perfectly?

In the same way;
In search of our fate;

We will stumble
Over and over again;

However,

Our perseverance will determine
Our strength,
To stand on our own
And still going on!

Solo

Through the dance of your caress,
I only contemplate,
Your need to be loved;

The paradise that appears,
Between your flesh and your soul,
Is like a call of life,
Which is able to sway,
Upon my heart;

One step will be enough,
To start such a new dance,
Whereas my senses are already alive,
To feel you inside!

But I want this communion being mutual,
For it is not fair,
To create a new life,
Without a spark!

On a gray Friday

I feel surrounded,
By a weeping frame;

I no longer lust,
Any dripping blast;

The night is coming up,
And her kisses drag me,
Upon crawling dreams,
I no longer wanna live,

But,
Being on balance is,
The key of Evolution,

In which,
Written by the sweat of my soul,
My senses will be reborn,
In the rise of a purple storm.

Reflections

Dragging myself,
Upon my thorns,
Crying blood was all,
That I've done;

Such Eagerness of mine,
To create,
Some Excitement in life
Led me,
How to be reborn,
By enjoying my spoil!

I know the opposites are necessary,
But being inclined on one side is
Like an abyss,
We choose to fall down;

In which,
My past is still haunting me,
Like a snake surrounding my neck;

I'm able to change it all;
Such an Energy given to me is
A gift that will never cease,
To lift me up;

Whereas being at peace is,
My key to exist;

Only my eyes will reveal,
Such a spirit that's behind
Every deed!

For I will never end up,
Among fragile desires!

Reinsertion

I'm jumping over brakes and wheels,
In which Betrayal is a reminder,
To forget a Warning;

I'm dancing over yellow glasses,
In which a mistake has been replaced,
By such a Grace;

There isn't any commitment able,
To run over empty dreams,

And no flower blossoms,
On a scattered ground;

I can only survive when,
I'm between the wind and the sun,

Whereas my senses are more aware of disguises,
And my inner voice assembles a new future,

So I'll never be broken down,
By any worm-soul,

For Life isn't a torture,
I conceive to live in;

It is a Fate that goes,
Beyond my own,

In which my body joins,
With the breeze of the All.

A purple meditation

No more tears,
I'll weep,
To conciliate my Destiny,

For my Scepter is not,
Made of glass;

No more rebukes,
I will attach,
To remind my Duty,

For my Evolution does not,
Reside on Hatred;

Fire never extinguishes fire,
And dirty water is never drunk up,

For no one is able to smell,
The blood of their failure;

I can only arise,
Between my laugh and my dance;

Life becomes hard when,
My own perceives so,

And Time is only an excuse,
To believe I'm worthy;

Even following a constant routine is,
Willing to be seen,
As a temple within;

I cannot die again;
I cannot whisper another oath,
To feel the same blade;

The wound keeps bleeding,
If Roughness persists on,

And I wanna be ready,
To crush black petals,
On a red soil;

I'm willing to awake,
A new dawn!

For my ears are already listening,
To the rise of a singing night!

Behold the mankind's eyes,
The Flame burns it all up,
For the Spirit is able,
To open up Hearts.

Glimpses

On the dance of my senses,
I can visualize,
The Hymn of the future;

No novelty will ever be born,
Unless we all acquire a deep knowledge,
Of our own;

No fashion will ever start,
If we're not happy,
With our clothes, salary, house,
Or suchlike;

There is no worst prison,
Than the one carried on,
Our mind;

In which a taboo is a barrier,
That impedes,
The growth of our soul,

And goes against,
The beauty of life,
We all are led,
To make it bright;

Only my laugh can take me
To the unknown!

Whereas Purity is the Spirit's Honesty,
To get rid of its thorns,

And wants to break free,

By being alive
And enjoying such a gift!

Being pure

Surrounded by the sunrise,
I can think,
Of nothing else;

Just a hidden emotion tries,
To get manifested,
But syllables are not enough,
To describe,
Such a gap;

Just the green color stands
Before me,
And smiles,
Like saying:

*"It's never too late,
To reveal yourself;
Life doesn't reside
On being bombastic,
But to be free,
From all kind of chills"*

Now on the sunset,
Words are unnecessary,
To sing along;

Just an inner peace is
Reigning,
Over me,

Like an orange breeze,
Setting
On the sunshine's sleep.

On a naked caprice

Overlooked by a red Goddess,
I've been invited
To reveal such a sun,
Which is hidden
In my purple veins;

What a wild dance,
Shaking off an angel's oath!

What a freaking wolf,
Howling in the climax
Of a Dionysian Festival!

Whereas all bodies join
Their fragrance,
Through their blue sweat!

And the blood becomes
One with the Whole,

Which gives birth
A soft laughter,

So Love cannot be deceived,
By oneself's chastity;

What would be more pleasant,
Than any dream come true?

What would more liberating,
Than any emotion break free,

In which not even a hero will resist,

To look over his scratching reflection?

So patient,
My heart remains,
To nourish the fantasies,
This world pertains,

Whereas no longer a wasp will
Be able to spread
His poisonous sting,
Among the herd;

So calm,
My eyes foresee
The future,

And they remind me,
That even the smallest creature represents
A life,
Which is about
To become,

So Destiny is not
A mere Choice,
We all make up;

It is the life itself,
We all choose,
To dwell in,

Whereas flesh and bones nurture
Our Own.

Fear

I find no evolution when,
My hand slides over my stomach,
And tries to reach a Heaven,
Followed by
A Dumbness instead;

I find myself
Caught in a wire when,
My throat claims
To be the Queen of the Air,
And bestows her bosom,
In order to be admired,

For Plants smile at her,
And say:
*"You are the one who,
Make us aspire,
To a better realm"*

So much Patience,
I have worked out,

But such a red shadow surrounds me still,
For I can beat up myself,
Against the same wall,
And never uplift my eyes,
To a new world;

So much Fever,
I have embraced,

But there is no worst illness,
Than the one carried on our soul,

Whereas Orgies & Songs aren't enough,
To fill up such a Hole;

However,
I'm still being the Ocean,
Every Galleon sails out,

For my Future won't change my Past,
But my Present will set up my nails,
If I get concentrated well;

Everyday a new life is born,
So the chance to start over
Always remains open,

In which I'll never fall
Into my old abyss,

For Thorns & Tears are singing
A black psalm,
Awaiting for anyone to be down
And becoming them part of the Choir,
By the illusion
To make them feel Pride.

Octopus

A myriad of dreams flows,
Upon my future,

But I'm still reluctant,
To take such a prize,
That has been set up;

Is it such a resistance,
To acknowledge my true self,
I would rather hide
In my sloth?

Is it such a pressure,
To get it all done that,
I know not when,
Will it be the next post?

Unfortunately,
What my body can conceal is,
The present of a dreadful night,

In which,
Purple ghosts gamble
On my room's table,
And figure out what task would
Come next;

Unfortunately,
My sweat is of a thirsty worker,
Whose hands compress,
The labor of a better life,

In which,

Salt & water give birth
Another minute for,
A nostalgia,
That is written
On a dusty scroll;

Yet God remains on his Throne,
Expecting me to find,
The key of the Light;

He longs to make some music thereof,
Whereas,
If he could dance,
Everyone would be a believer.

At three o'clock

I let myself sway,
On your steps,
In which your eyes reveal
My life without fatigue;

Sweat & blood mark
Our survival's story,
In which a smile can
Relieve us,
From such a mournful glory;

No one can give up a bone when,
Her world needs,
To get nourished;

Broken words emulate
A future's tear,
Which is about
To become,
A shadow's nurturer;

I will not give in;
I will not let my hand sleep,
In a numbness without a dream;

From the sunlight,
I hear your voice claiming
For another shift,
In which your feet and mine could
Cross each other,
And dance a golden sea's melody,
We'll always hope,
To find out;

From the silence,
I dream of your breath whispering
For a miracle,
In which your fate could
Unmask such a hidden love,
Which has been forgotten
For a long while,
And build a path,
You will never go back;

Strength & patience manifest,
The Eternity in one minute,
Whereas Good & Evil find themselves as lovers,

So,
Let Emptiness smooth your sores;
Let the water refresh such a shady throat.

In the rain

Not a black hole,
But a horn will
Fulfill my oath,
Along this scorching road;

Inspired by such carefree eyes,
I arise my voice,
Through a silence that'll
Set free my word,
Across this colorful sea;

How many times do we
Strike to follow,
Such a promised land,
That is still afar?

How many times do we
Break our spine,
To get such a reward,
That's never enough?

Is it possible to look
Inside of us,
And find such a key,
That will open,
The gates of our treasure?

So peacefully, the life goes on,
Awaiting for someone to awake,
To their true fate;

So calmly, the hours pass on,
Whereas every minute symbolizes,

Everyone's desire;

In which no more tears are able,
to be wept,

And a laugh & a song are willing,
To console,
A grievous thorn.

On a muse in gray

Let the mistery dance,
At the top of your breast!

Whereas the angels roar,
And the cross leans on your soul!

Let the moon awake,
On your head!

Whereas your eyes glow,
And your skin shapes your sword!

Even the slightest needle would
Go across your fingers,
And write a prophecy,
On the walls of your bedroom,

In which no disciple will blaspheme,
To the storm;

May temptation be your servant when,
Every day becomes red;

May your tears be your salvation when,
Every song gets,
Your priesthood's grace,

For a caress cannot be revealed,
If it does not cleanse,
The wind's dirt!

Triad

May the dance keep moving,
For endless pleasure flows,
In the gain of Wisdom!

On a smiling air's caress,
Sweaty bodies display their love,

And the song they perform is,
The hymn to a Goddess,
Giving birth,
On their skins;

May Selfishness not interfere,
In such process of being shaped;

May Laugh smooth,
Such a mystery of Intimacy,

For Human Spirit gets,
Its true appearance when,
It builds a Temple,
In a four-wall bedroom;

So may the Instinct awake,
In the ritual,
Of a red shade!

On a new sunlight

Standing on an endless- motion field;

I abide the hour,
In which the Old Mother will
Break free,
From her melancholy;

How many tears has she cried,
While seeing her children,
Running blind,
Through the Forest,
Of the Wild!

How many kisses has she spread,
For new heroes to come,
While the old ones remain slothful,
And lack all kind,
Of warlike honor!

Patience is a lullaby,
Among white souls,

In which my time holds every minute,
To disappear among blue roses,

For everyday,
A new life is born,
To take shape,
In everyone's legs.

To a silhouette

Let my body swim,
Across the white lake,
Whereas the waters smile,
And the fish spoil themselves!

let my soul be unveiled
By the Earth's dance,
And the trees' mess!

For a nymph cannot be seduced,
By a poet's unworthiness,

So no song will be performed,
Until the sky becomes red,
And the air knocks out my shame!

On a blue conscience

I've come to unveil my skin,
In which my blood hungers,
Its flesh's smile still;

Along the wind and the water,
There isn't any tree that cries,
For any dying root,
Nor is there any leaf that mourns,
For any dried land;

Far beyond the horizon,
There is a golden breeze,
That divides the reality,
And the sadness,

For a true Awakening resides,
On reflecting our own image,
And believe,
That nothing is trivial,
But rather, persistent,
On our Awareness;

Once the Sun shines down,
On multicolor steps,
And the Moon embraces,
Her loving sons,
I shall find you,

For nothing is hidden,
Across the black woods.

Being at peace with the Dolls

Now,

My Wish is,

To become the Wind,

For

On this flesh of mine,

A shadow dancer arises,

To be such a purge

For my eyes;

I only feel Thirst

For the Purest and the Naked,

For my body doesn't

Reclaim

The wisdom

Of any religion;

A Maid aspires to be a Kore;

A Kore aspires to be a Mother;

A Mother aspires to be the World;

Even the slightest tardiness

Demands

To be taken care of,

As well as a single coin

Craves

To be deep-felt within;

There isn't any materialistic meaning,

Except the one that

Everyone puts on,

For the Circle turns around,
To let the Sun arise,
In order to make any Conscience
Wake up.

Earth & Serpent

Have I nailed,
The Heart of Lust,
In which your eyes glow,
Like a gem
On a rock?

Have I crucified,
My reckless flesh,
In order to attain your smile,
And to make your fame,
Dance on square?

Neither the wind,
Nor the sand,
Are able to harsh,
Such a big chance,

In which Fortune sings her Canto,
To awake future Saints;

However,
Let's pretend you know not me;
Let's assume you want profits only;
Let's believe you just need a fire within,

For Desire opens up her mysteries,
To the Ones who are about to shine.

Temple

On the stairs,
Of the altar,
I only see one Hope,
Rising up,
To an unmoving Wheel;

Behold,
Statues smile
At the unfaithful Clown,

For his grinning is not enough,
To shake the dust off his nose;

Behold,
Six candles illuminate
The Devotion,
Everyone wishes
To get,

And Silence pronounces a yellow whisper,
To open up devotees' eyes,
And to make them look after
Their strongest science;

Meanwhile,
I'm still sit right here,
And enjoying the company,
Of a purple breeze.

Black Elixir

Laid on the couch,
I feel like,
Two eyes stare
On me;

Surrounded by the crimson light,
I visualize your shadow,
In the corner,
Of the room;

Your feet approach to me,
And draw a straight line,
In which my breath has reached,
Its communion with your Holiness;

Your hand gives me a chalice,
In which my Own becomes One,
With your Soul;

To drink is enough,
To open up my eyes,
And experience Life,
By your sweet sight;

*Let's awake the Great Mother,
For she can grant us the pleasure,
To expand our branches,
Through the Night Tree!*

*Whereas our lips speak
A parable,
To make conscious,
A twisted head!*

*Let's sing a psalm,
To begin a dance!*

*Whereas our bodies move
Across the green ground,
And make a circle,
To echo such a musical sound!*

*For unless we get rid of our taboos,
We'll never sense the doves,
Soaring into our loop.*

Cabalistic

I have foreseen my Oracle,
In which The Lover displays,
Such a boisterous spear,

And The Priestess rests
On her altar,
To attract new lightings;

Water & air are,
Such a hand,
That grabs a chalice,
To put it
On the right Ark,

And my flesh is,
Like a dancer who
Summons the intermezzo,
Between Dark & Light;

No more nails are spread,
Across the land,
For The Hunter still waits,
To cut off his prey's head;

No more words are lost,
In the twilight,
For the rain does not cry,
To see how plants die;

The Sky is about to pronounce,
His last syllables,
To let us all know,
How a true Balance works.

Crystal Walk-In

In the temple's corridor,
I see how a red light flashes,
And covers all over;

Its luminosity distillates a fragrance,
Resembling
A marble god's advent,

And the shadow projected on the floor
Shows
His fulfilled prophecy,
Which is written on air and warmth;

Like a flesh-and-blood spirit that walks
On silver crowns and purple orchids;

My hand is able to grasp a sword of His,
And slash the ether,
To make the sun scream.

At Midnight

My blood has been restored,
To its numinous swaying;

In my bedroom,
I hear a nymph's whisper,
Succumbing,
Before my thinness;

And there isn't any stone,
Getting into my shoe,
To make me walk lamely,
Towards an abandoned house;

A mouth tastes a hieroglyphic elixir,
In which the Pontifex writes his prophecy,
To pink kores,
And the Moon bathes herself,
In such a blue oil;

The body has been made,
To express a God's delights,

In which my ears draw,
A violet warmth,
To reflect my anima's words;

How much longer will we still crash our faces,
Into a drying lake? .-

For denying our inner song is,
Like scratching off a golden coin.

Sonnet to a dark castle

Majestic building,
Of smiling marbles!

You stand on the hill,
As a Patriarch whose ready,
To lead his people;

In your bricks,
The human Unconscious is inscribed,
By weeping veins,
And mourning eyes,

But neither of them
Will break down,
Your solemn height;

You, a lost souls' shelter!
You, a bridge-way to the Anachronic!

Your gates will remain unopened,
Until a free Sheppherd gets into,

And unleashes a fiery Hybrid,
To conquer your silent Kingdom!

Holiday

On the seashore,
I see how,
An auspicious eggshell
Opens itself,
And manifests
Its multicolor pamphlets,
Along the smiling Naiad who
Holds a silver scepter;

A flying kiss emerges,
From her mouth,
And hands me,
A purple scroll,
Containing the story,
Of our most sacred Joy;

Like a Conqueror who's got,
A Cross imprinted on his forehead;

The wind & the sun
Welcome my steps,
Before the blue waves,

And the sand awakes some statues,
To show me her new saints.

Encounter

I have come,
To provide a sky,
Among dancing corpses;

Rather than shadows give,
Such a metallic seed,
And make believe,
There would be a tree;

I have seen you,
Singing in the temple,
Whereas no one enters,
Unless their mask would be stripped off;

A purple orchid and an orange torch,
Can easily spare some Beauty,
Among Gentiles,
If they're willing to survive one night,
By giving up their crimes;

In which I smell incense no more,
For the air is full of lame coins;

Nevertheless,
I do believe,
There is a light,
At the end of the corridor,
In which,
Your eyes and mine shall create,
A Tower,
Whereas the Blind can find,
An ambrosial Sign.

Village

How marvelous I can smile,
By letting my thorns go!

Such a piece of beauty resembles,
An everlasting night,
In which the lovers make a circle
To realize their Wholeness!

Without any drop of bitterness;
I come to you,
As a reflection in a pond;

Your eyes inquire,
What kind of mundane task,
Shall I make holy,

For you can break free,
From your current chain;

I do not mean,
To turn your tablets down,
But instead,

To build a red house,
Whereas lambs are capable,
Of exchanging their pasture,
With the heifers,

For a new beginning is established,
By recognizing how similar they are among them;

As well as to acknowledge,
That even the slightest spark is able,

To burn out an entire land.

Torch

I'm entitled to drink your elixir,
For my heart wants to crawl over your flesh;

While looking into God's eyes,
I see a laughing mountain,
Coming out of Him,

So my legs draw a triangle,
To run over the Unknown;

As well as my mouth whispers
An omen to the Air,
For it can awake,
A Kore's desires;

All I ever know is that,
Earth & water have been longing to dance,
Since Gold said,
He was the Chosen One.

A herald's vision

I'll let the Earth whisper,
Her desires to me,

For I'll never ignore your phantasy,
Of being entangled,
By two thorns,
In which the Elixir emanated,
Is such a manifest,
Of how three beings interact,
To represent the Trinity's work;

Despite the Heartless cry in silence,
After harvesting a red rose;

I have come to unite the candles,
Before the Torch flickers;
As well as to purify the sheets,
Before rituals begin;

Despite the Lover wishes,
To live in a purple church,
To learn,
How a hieroglyphic smiles;

I have come to heal statues,
From their blindness,
For they may know,
How even a stone is able,
To be turned into an altar,
If they're willing to give up,
Their plastic nails,
And see beyond their Own,
To realize,

There is a golden Arch,
They can go across;

So,
May my hand write a prophesy,
To fulfill your prayers!

When two bodies are truly embraced;
There is one Dove arising,
A red petal,
Through each one's veins!

Shinning the emerald

I
May the red doll fall,
Into her own abyss.

She shouts her charms out loud,
Which makes the Saint fall down;

By keeping my eye stared,
On her skin,
And getting her soul unveiled,
By rubbing her feet;

I can show her how,
The Sun & The Moon need each other,
By reading their runes inscribed in the trees,
As well as translating the Air's whisper,
While rushing the Dust.

II
Purity does not reside,
On having such a cotton soul,
But instead,
To acknowledge our opposites,
For we can unite them,
To build up our Own;

Chastity is not overcome,
By gouging any eye,
While we see a virgin,
But rather,
Letting our tongue go,
On how to become her best friend.

III

To have Joy for Beauty means,
To bathe oneself in a foamy lake,
And,
To read the Heart means,
To look into One's eyes,
To figure out,
The real intention,
He may have,
Because,
A sin does reside,
On how to corrupt a White Rose,
While still blooming.

XXII

I shall have a silver ring,
Once you're crowned,
By your inner rose;

One day can be such a century,
If you remain in the dark;
As well as one minute could be an eternity,
If you go blind towards the green light;

A damsel's trust is gained,
By showing off white deeds,
Just like my flesh is cleansed,
By acknowledging my red tears;

In which I read such a Kore's Gospel,
To protect the Chalice whereas,
Life itself is contained;

To be transformed into a Pontifex,
I first require to become a shadow,
Whereas Day & Night provide,
The truth,
Crawling,
Inside of us;

To seal the Maenads' manuscript,
My body needs to be immersed,
In the yellow lake,
As well as my mouth must taste,
Some honey,
Which's been kept,
In the cave,

For I'll always bring the right scale,
To measure the shekels,
That have been such a treasure,
To acquire lemons,

So I'll never die until building a Temple,
Whereas I'll set a pink Ark,
In the cold statue's heart.

To a red body

A star must shine on a grey landmark,
To inspire such a hope,

For your hands are still tied,
To build your own hut,
Just like the words remain unclear,
When,
They get caught,
By your throat;

Your silhouette must be reflected,
On my mirror,
Every time you smile,
At the jukebox,

For such a dance of you does not,
Project,
The Earth's blessing,
But the Golden Venus,
Everyone fantasizes;

In which the fish is hooked,
By the same rod;
Just like a piece of flesh is,
Easy to get;

When your fingers heal,
A Prophet's migraine,
And your feet walk,
Over cracked mud;

I shall guide you,
Towards your purple light.

On your hidden feeling

Let me rest,
On your roaring sheets;

The Air gets hot,
Every time your arms awake,
Such a shy torch;

Let your angel draw,
A picture of your soul,
For you can dance on fire,
Even if the floor gets cold;

The Fortune comes,
To the One who looks inside,

And then,
You will be able to shout,
May my voice be pronounced out loud,
For it can be heard in the South!

I know your heart craves,
To be scratched by a claw,

And your eyes desire to watch,
A conqueror riding in the clouds,

So let your veins write a poem,
To sharp your tongue!
For it is your spirit that evokes,
Your true rose,

Just like your lips would be kissed,
By a God who chose you a song!

To a doll

I'd like to show you,
How a candle lights an omen,
In your heart,
As you appear,
As a vessel,
For thorny eyes;

Your path is full of trees,
Crying for you,
To believe,
There is some good,
In the soul of a Jinn;

Even though that smile of you,
May write a sad story,
On how to look out,
For your life;

There will be a chance,
To awake such a Faith,
You have always wished,

A well as to let a kiss,
Surround you,
With every kind of grips;

Remember,
A prophesy can be fulfilled,
If we hear how our tears demand us,
To see beyond the wind,

For the Gods never forget,
That their own Flesh craves,

To be in touch,
With the Earth;

Just like our spirit needs a body,
To arouse our inner Saint.

Divine sensuality

I'm living in a purple room,
Whereas my voice draws an omen,
For I can dance along;

Although Diamonds & pearls
Fill out my ark;
My wisdom is like nails,
Scratching the truth,
Hidden in your flesh,

For trying to be different,
Is like smiling at the same wall,
And expecting all bricks be colored,
By the light of your soul;

In which I'd rather die,
Until my breath is felt,
Like a pathway to the Great Noon;

*As our image is reflected in the mirror;
Our heart is measured by our actions.*

A Window to the Present

Today,
I wanna allow myself to unwrap the scroll,
In order to reveal my purple form;

I wanna let my blood embrace my heart,
In order to manifest my rightful guide;

Like a Virgin who cooks a soup for herself;

My eyes lead me into the woods,
To witness how fairies create myths,
For us to believe;

As well as to let the wind caress my face,
To remind myself that,
A new life is born day by day;

Like a Priest who consecrates a Goblet;

I listen to whatever is said,
For the Air talks to us,
Through its breeze,
Which makes us conceive our thoughts,
As well as to speak our words;

Like the Ocean embodying a Never-ending Water;

My Spirit tastes a cherry,
To build hundreds of roads,
Leading to such trees,

For a Triumph resides,
On how bright,

We're able to shine,
As well as to know,
How to prepare,
Our sharpest sight.

Purple Intercourse

Let's crawl over each other's flesh!

The room is filled of flames,
Floating in
The midst of our Faith;

In which no mouse will
Laugh
At the whispers,
Of our mouths;

Eternity is drawn,
By feeling such a happiness,
In our hearts;

Whereas Time is stopped,
As Incense flows,
In which we're allowed to smell it,
And let Optimism go;

Let's embrace our double nature!

Opposite poles attract to each other,
Just like red & blue auras reveal,
Such an inner conscience,
To advance,
To the individualistic stage;

In which the Wheel keeps moving,
Until we realize,
We're part of it;

Light will cure our sigh,

As long as our dance prophesizes,
The coming,
Of the Midday's Smile.

Anima's advice

Take me to the Altar,
On which the dagger and the vase,
Pray to get crowned;

While celebrating the red ritual,
Make your love touch anyone's heart,
For they may believe not,
In the titillating alchemy,

And because the opposites are the key,
To generate Life,
As well as a Kiss inspires
Such a consummating dance;

Remember the woman from whom you were born;
Remember the energy to which you are given,

For True Beauty resides,
On how faithful your soul shines,
Upon the Almighty;

Once the Lover builds a chapel for his Goddess;
She will reveal him such a prophesy written on her body;

Just like the Moon unveils her secrets,
To anyone who listens to the Silence's song.

Beyond Ying & Yang

Across two mountains that smile at me,
As the sun shines at noon;

I see your face in the purple sky,
Which turns into a shadow,
Descending,
To the North land;

All- race fertility is contained in your eyes,
As well as the key to unlock,
The Love's mystery is inscribed,
On you flesh,
Which craves,
To be scratched by a silver cross;

As a soothsayer who's got six eyes,
For each of this continent's side;

The Wind keeps me updated,
On how your tears long,
For a mate who's not afraid,
To get his heart naked;

As a rider who heads towards West;

The Earth keeps me informed,
On how your lips desire,
To taste such a flavor,
Resembling,
Your soul's sweetness,

For a kiss & a hug do not paint Lust red;

How I wish to meet you,
While you're dreaming of gardens & castles!

For I foresee an altar in the castle's hall,
In which you and I hold a chalice,
To symbolize such a water-&-fire union,
Whereas Life & Death sing along,
To set the perfect Alchemy,
For the new World.

When Silence speaks out

When a grandfather clock is ticking;
I visualize myself,
Walking over a violet grass,
And blessing every single flower,
For opening its petals to a new sunshine;

I just have written a prophecy,
In which every God can take any human's form
To sow seeds in every flat field,
In order to awake every soul's fate;

I'm climbing over a black wall,
In which Hieroglyphics express Desire,
To start a new life,
Because everyone hates to be known as ignorant;

Men are so slothful to realize,
A ladder is made to go upwards,
But not to jump off the roof;

When clouds get gray;
The rain will be coming down,

So building castles in the air,
Defines,
How willing,
We believe in ourselves;

As well as how able,
We walk our own path,
To our promised land.

I'll kindle a light in the red shade

I will jump over your scales,
For your blood howls at dawn;

Such a sensuality displayed,
By you legs,
Needs a poem to be recited,
At midnight trance;

I wonder if your fingers would write a letter,
To your inner fairy,
For such a love of you can be crushed,
By white beasts that ignore,
What a Heart is;

Even though I'm only nourished by Water,
And awake by Fire;
I will scatter blue seeds,
Around the red town,
For even an intense color needs,
A light,
To be kindled in the dark;

So I want to be ready,
To prophesy,
How you'll go upwards,

For Life is perceived,
By how we choose to be.