
Poems

Poemas

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COLD DARKNESS

This cold is unbearable.
Long ago the sun disappeared
When together with their tears
It decided to go down the winter breeze.

Now, like a ghost branches out the evening.
Now, of loneliness these fallen remains scream.
Above this deserted path where the sky does not glimmer,
Under my feet the decayed ground my fruitless movements limits.

This darkness is unbearable.
Their low voices scatter in the wind
While an eternity of nothingness awaits me,
And the Angel of forgetfulness buries me.

Now, like an evil presence a shadow emerges.
Now, this body without consciousness itself immerses
In the withered white callas lying on the gray stone legends,
Knowing nobody's grace I'm offered, but this unbearable destiny.

SELF-PORTRAIT

A picture of a little girl
is hanging on the wall;
she shows a shy smile
revealing her inner soul.
She has crystal eyes
staring at the unknown;
she has cotton hands
trying to reach hope.

When I see the lost gaze
of this little girl on the wall,
uneasy feelings of protection
grow, powerfully grow.

I want to hold her
to relieve her pain.
I want to tell her
dreams never fade,
that future is uncertain,
but fear fades away
since time vanishes
and tears dry away.

REALIZATION

After
letting fall
a sternly look in the mirror,
a gunshot
in my head was felt.
The cold-hearted,
unforgiving course of aging,
with no mercy,
in the glass
was reflected.

For borrowing youth
for so long,
this bill
I have to pay.

Realization
my nerves has struck.
No longer...
will I go back this way.
Never...
will I cross this door again.
It feels like nothing,
until the hurricane
slaps you in the face.

UNFULFILLED PROMISE

If I die first,
promise me
to fulfill my last wish.

Keep my body
from being the feast of worms,
for I've dreamed
my last home
the deepness of the sea would be.

Let a tear
on my dead dust fall and...
... nothing more.

No coffin keeping my remains,
No grave imprisoning my name,
No plaster saints for my soul praying,
No fake masks to the dungeon heading.

But,
if you die first,
I won't be able
my promise to keep.

By the time
your heart beating has ceased,
of pain,
of despair,
Forever...
I will also have fallen asleep.

LAYERS OF TIME

Layers falling with the pace of time
Layers uncovering this truth of mine

A self that aches
A mind that forgets
The will that fades

Layers dropping with the distorted light
Layers unveiling this unavoidable night

A soul that shakes
A cloud that governs
The dark that breaks

Layers melting with my sharp cry
No more layers adhering to life.

DEATH IS LIKE A TIGER

Death is like the fearful tiger
nearing enough with cotton steps
to cautiously pounce on its target.

Death is like the stalking tiger
with acute senses quietly waiting
for strenghtening its true power.

Death is like the hawk-eyed tiger
camouflaging with persistance
behind the shady green towers.

Death is like the merciless tiger
maliciously cornering its preys
whose flesh and soul It gobbles.