

## Opium

BERNARDO AGUILAR BLOISE

I rested among the cushions,  
in my bitter-sweet poppy dreams.  
Dreamed and dreamed I did,  
of sugary smelling, colored gardens.

And then I saw about the haze  
a long and thin figure.  
I walked towards it, gentle footed,  
until the mist had cleared.

Up in the front, the figure seen  
was that of a female's body.  
Long, smooth back; naked to the feet.  
The silhouette was simply a beauty.

I moved to the figure,  
touched it's honey-smooth skin,  
and pressed my lips  
against her perfect shoulder.

But as I turned the wonderful form,  
a sick and ghastly sight was revealed.  
The creature that I once thought I loved,  
had the face of a viper.

I fell to my back,  
and gasped as the form fell over me.  
But as it bit my neck,  
I woke.

Never again  
am I to return to my poppy seed dreams;  
even if I feel  
lonely again.

## Travelling down the River

BERNARDO AGUILAR BLOISE

**W**e travel down a river; flow,  
we simply flow,  
down through cool and sweet waves.  
But then the violent rapids  
destroying, bashing, elimination  
until we lose our boat;  
our safety, our safe heaven.  
But this doesn't have to be so.

Slow down, boat rider.  
Slow down, sailor of life.  
Come to the river's edge.  
Stop,  
and repair your boat  
and heal your wounds.  
Caress the firm ground  
and love each movement  
of the beauty and marvels  
of the lovely spring nip.

For we never know  
when the river will dry up.