

Poetry Series

Adrian Cordova
- poems -

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Adrian Cordova(4/17/94)

Just a high school kid with a few things to say. A Biography huh? How about an Autobiography instead!

Hmmm, my favorite music lyrics? Not Good Enough For The Truth In Cliche by Escape The Fate

'sitting in this room, playing Russian roulette

finger on the trigger, to my dear Juliet! ' I'll let you listen to the rest of the song yourself. Peace!

Okay, so I've read some of the comments you guys have left for me, and wow, just wow. I mean, okay, not only have you guys made me that much more confident in my poetry, but I just think y'all are the best. But in all truth, I just dont think I'm all you make me out to be, but thanks all the same.

Wow, you people actually like MY poetry, dats awesome, so here's a big amazed thank you to y'all.

I guess I started writing when I was around 13, although it wasn't poetry, just short stories and such. I started writing poetry late last year, although I don't honestly think they're any good, but that for you to decide not I. I've written a good deal of my works from personal experience, although some of my inspiration come from other peoples stories and Music. I guess one of my ambitions is to be a fully published author, with several book, each with some commendation from a zine or critic or organization. That's about as interesting ad it gets, so imma gonna bouce, PEACE! 

Theres one thing i do not appreciate ppl talking about on my comments and its that you have to bring the 'god' subject to light, i have no god because i am an atheist so i ask you now, do not say anything with a remote analogy to god on my poems

A Sickness Of You

I've chosen, I'm going to take a left, and head straight towards her in the forest,
not the grove...

...I want to tell her, but someones holding me back...

What did I do deserve this, 'god', did I take one of your most prized angels?

Well guess what, 'god', you don't deserve her! I hate you for what you did to her,
you let her go through all of that pain, and not once did you show her kindness,
not once did you let anybody know what needed to be done, but on top of that,
you stopped me...from getting help...on time...you made me...cry well over...a
million tears...for this. I think it's time for you to just stay out of my life...

...let me get close to her, please if you have a heart, just let go of me...

Adrian Cordova

A Story-One

So a lost dream floats, build up on her hopes.

He finds her through the blindfolds, she's hanging on the last hold, she's so bold.

The refuge of each others arms is never found, for they were forever bound

Adrian Cordova

And As I Fall (Follow Up To No Matter What)

Thoughtless I am, I've chosen you over all else.

I will burn cities for you.

I would sacrifice my innocence for you.

I will never let you give up.

Runaway with me my love, for the world is dead set on keeping us apart.

I will do everything I can, and everything I cannot do, for you.

And if you are to die, you will die in my arms, and no where else.

And in my burning rage, and immortal love, I will storm the very gates of,
Heaven

Nirvana

Vahalla

Or whatever heaven substitute you have been sent to.

For that is all you deserve, heaven, and nothing less.

And remember as I fall, you are the only reason I rise again, for I am not human,
but a beast.

A beast that has been tamed by your beauty, external and internal.

For Olette and Alie

Adrian Cordova

Bloody Salsa

We dance a wicked dance.
Spining, ducking, weaveing.
We are parters of the same flag.
We survive it all, I watch your back, you watch mine.
Slicing, blocking, tradeing.
Such is the way of a fighter.
We train.
We fight.
We live to fight again.
We love.
We die.
Such is a fighters life.
One day, we got the idea in our head, to runaway.
For time immeasurable, we were peaceful.
But our former allies found us.
And the waltz of flesh and steel, the slow dance of carage, the Bloody Salsa continued.
Until the day we die, but we have each other still.
And so the Bloody Salsa is at least continued with reason.
And with this blood restful on my hands, I hold your face.
My equal, my rival.
My hope, my love.
My hero, my friend.
My conspirator.
My fallen comrade.
I get up, let loose what life I have left.
Obliterating all those who stood against us.
Killing me in the process.
And so the the eternally repeated dance called the Bloody Salsa is finally ended.

Ashlay, continue your fight to survive babe, I come for you soon...

Adrian Cordova

Can'T Believe

You wouldn't believe

The way she is

What she loves

Is what I love

And yes, babe, this IS a love poem.

I said you wouldn't believe

But I can't believe.

She's...radiant

And they don't compare.

But why an I saying this?

She already knows this.

I've told her so.

I just can't get both my head and heart around her.

And no one has seen you, the way I do.

Because they don't compare

But you'll probly say enough by now

After all I've already told you

You are my epiphany

Adrian Cordova

Crying For Her...

Please help, someone HELP!

Those are the last words I hear every time the nightmares end.

I wake up every time, bawling my eyes out so much that the redness is washed away.

It's the most horrible fantasy my mind has ever made, and it's made some things so disturbing the Saw movies look like child's play.

I got as many skeletons in my closet as a Scooby-Doo marathon.

Im tired of listening to the echo.

I need someone to hang onto, to pad the purgatory room, to muffle the screams, to brighten my closet, to drown out the echo...

Please help, someone HELP!

I just don't know if she would be willing to heal me, if she would even acknowledge the fact that I've fallen in love with her after so long. I know I sound pathetic and weak, but she is why I've never considered suicide.

Why I don't cut myself, why I don't sweat for the one I lost.

But believe me if she did acknowledge me, I would look in the mirror everyday and say,

'don't let her slip away'

And then I would take the others picture and put it in my pocket, the very same it was in when she died, my chest pocket.

Please help me, someone HELP

Adrian Cordova

Damn...

Who is this kid.

This is crazy.

It's ridiculous, did the whole thing without even trying.

You'd never believe this one, what he does, how he does, it's straight up insanity.

He never stops to smell, to see, or appreciate.

Who the hell is this?

He's causing a riot among the slums.

He works so hard before, then he just goes and makes the hardest stuff look like a mother effing game.

He never has time to talk, cause he's always talking to the world.

And while he may look and act like the rest of us, he's nothing like the regulars, and he knows.

He operates on a higher level than us all, always pushing himself past 100% and going straight to 200%.

It's like I said before, this effing shit is straight up insanity.

And yet there are some people who still put him down.

But mark my words, one day he will come back, and he won't just put you down.

He will NAIL you down.

He's gone up against and surpassed the best, and they've all come out and said the one same thing.

Damn...

And while he knows that he's better than the rest of us, he still places himself at the bottom, and holds us all up while we fix his lights.

He'll give you a reason to believe in whatever there is to believe in.
I tried to play this kid once.

It's like this kids got it all planed out in his head, before anything is even givin.

Now that I think about it, I was just walking into an ass whooping.
And all I can say now?

Damn...

It's just to bad what happened to him a while back.

He walked out, after practically spiting fire on his opponent, and found six bullets buried in his chest.

And he still was yet able to put up a god damn fight, taking down three of his killers, crippling another, and keeping the common people safe all the same while.

And what is everybody saying about him now?

Damn...he was straight up insanity

Adrian Cordova

Dear Bitter Betrayal,

I don't want to go home to you.

I can't call that place home any longer.

Even if that's where my child is.

Home is supposed to be a place of that of which no matter what's changed your always welcome.

I'm willing to face reality, because I know that when you stop believing in it, it is still there to stay.

Is this the way it has to be?

I'll never really know till I ask.

And I can't believe what I've done.

You wouldn't believe what it feels like, knowing I've torn apart the greatest thing we had ever built up.

So just go, take dear sweat Alie with you and let me rot in my hellhole.

No, don't try it, I can't be forgiven, not like this.

I need time to repent for my sins.

I need a Pandora.

And no matter what you cannot be that person for me anymore.

But know this, I always have and always will love you and Alie.

Just let me go...

Adrian Cordova

Death Of The Emo Hero

The reverse order of things is where I'm most popular, and the natural order considers me a reject.

Dawn came to me one day to say:

'You are not a hero, you are only the one who will bring balance. Through the courage given by those that love you, and the strength you create from those you love. To think yourself the hero, the most blasphemous thing you can think, is to say you will fail, because in truth heroes are never granted immunity.'

The facts of life are the most saddening thoughts of life, for we all spend some amount of time trying to imagine a better life, driving us the entire race of humans to survive against all odds, forces, and wills.

The loneliest place you can go is not a place known physically, only spiritually. If you choose this place as your destination then you are on the natural order, if you choose to go to the most populated place the world has to offer, stay here. If you choose to follow me, you choose the way straight to the pits of the most foul place imaginable.

One day Dusk came to me to say:

'You must be the the beast, in order to find the beauty. To be an anti-Christ is not the answer either. You were meant to set the example of what your world, what you love most dearly, has and become it, in order to change it.

But now it is too late, the human strife of survival has led to their own downfall.

Now come with me, you've been accepted into the sanctuary.'

And just like that it was all gone. Everything.

Adrian Cordova

Depression, Abuse, And Suicide

A wind blows across your face, leaving a itch on your nose.
You reach up to scratch it, but your arm doesn't move.
You look down only to see your skin is made of glass.
You panic, and suddenly feel out of breath.
Taking shallow breaths you begin to worry.
You know that the slightest movement will cause you to shatter into pieces
The wind continues, making your itch worse.
You know your going to sneeze, but what can you do?
Then it happens, your body brakes into pieces, but the pain never comes though,
why?
Because you woke up.
You remember a summer as a little kid, playing hide and go seek with your
parents.
You decide to go hide in the barn.
Hiding behind the haystack there you wait.
Sometime later, the stale smell of hay is replaced by a rancid sticky smell that
you remember but can't place.
When you emerge, you've discovered your parents laying across the barn floor.
Their throats have been ripped out.
You scream and try to run.
But it's to late, they rise and bring you into their dark embrace.
Then you wait for the inevitable, for the pain of the teeth sinking into you skin.
But it never came, you know why?
Because you woke up.
One day you look into the mirror, sadness and frustration pour out of you eyes.
You want it all to go away.
And yet you find yourself thinking of everyone around you, your friends who care
about.
And somehow I'm put into the mix, mabye it's because deep down you could
possible know that I love you.
Then with an anger you rip your wrists apart with your nails.
Locking your bathroom door, you whisper something.
It sounded like "I'm sorry"
Then you get in your tub of ice water.
An hour later your still there, your cloths stained by your own blood.
The tub doesn't seem to be full of water anymore...
You wait for the hypothermia, but it never came.
You know why?
Because you died forty-five minutes ago from blood loss.

So, if anyone knows the answer, how can you survive depression and abuse, but not yourself?

Adrian Cordova

Gentle Lips (Follow Up To Shall I Beg?)

You've stood in the rain long enough, it's time to come inside.
I understand why your crying, but your trying to hide them I this rain.
You've cried for so long the redness has been washed away.
Please understand that I still hate you.
I just can't stand to see a woman as beautiful as you cry this much.
But standing in the rain to hide your tears doesn't help.
It just washes what happiness you have left away.
And gives it to the next in line.
So come over, it's like I said, you've stood in the rain long enough.
Here I can give you my gentle lips in a harsh kiss, your medicine for my pain.

Adrian Cordova

Home

No matter what's changed,
Your always welcome.
No matter who's gone,
Its still there.
No matter the condition,
Its still yours.
Whether it's a house,
Or a place,
Or a city,
Or a person,
Its still called home.

Adrian Cordova

I Cannot Leave You Behind

'Love is not an easy thing, love is not an easy all that you can bring is all that cannot leave behind'-U2, Walk On

Through moonlight I see you.
Shadows light and artistic.
Your hands open at your sides.
Your knees are wobbling.
And my dying body is laying beside you.
Mabye it's just the dark.
Or your hair.
Or my dying vision.
Or mabye its a combination of all of those.
But can't see your beautiful face lit like I loved.
Or even sadened like I hate.
And that's when I realize what's happening, I'm not dying, our love for each other is.
My whole time with you I always thought that your bed would be mine.
That it would be warm.
That it wouldn't creak
And that it would be my deathbed.
As it turns out it was never meant to be any of those, just another stain on my heart, my tortured soul.
I remember when we went to the slums, and played with the children at the park, the parents never really stopped asking us to play with their children after that, did they?
I remember when we first decided to lay, my heart rushed so intensely a monitor would have mistaken me for dead, you were calm, patient, kind, helpful, seductive, and most of all willing.
Everything I ever wanted from you, you gave me.
I remember that day we had had our first kiss, it was also the third time we ever met, even if we didn't know it at the time. You sang your heart out, I gave you a necklace, you pressed your self on to me, and the crowd cheered.
The first time we ever met, in our memory, you ate with me and a few of my family, my family went next door to shop, I stayed with you.
We walked on the beach, and you lost your necklace, but you didn't care, you showed me some of the most unique seashells, and I kept them.
The next day I found your necklace washed up on the shore, I added the shells to it, and you know the rest.
Now I dream, of you and I laying on the same beach, bathed in both salt water

and, again, moonlight.

This time I see a new expression on you face, one that says more than I love you.

We lay there all night and find each other crying.

When dawn came I saw two things, your necklace and your finger shine simultaneously.

That's when I realize that no matter what happens to us, I will always love you with utmost concern and tenderness.

But never with sensual feelings again.

You found yours...now it's time for me to find mine.

Adrian Cordova

I Can't Sleep, How About You?

I Can't Sleep, How About You?

I spent the night in silence.

I heard someone playing on a flute next door.

It reminded me of the day I finally really started to get to know you.

I spent the night in silence.

I heard someone playing an acoustic guitar in a lullaby that could have caused a sleeping baby to cry (joyfully) next door.

This reminds me of that time you opened up to me, the first time I had cared for someone on a level that I hadn't achieved in a lifetime.

I spent the night in silence.

I heard someone singing a beautiful melody next door.

That reminded me of the time I left town, when I couldn't stop thinking of you, when I came home early to surprise you.

I spent the night in silence.

I heard a baby grand piano playing a sadening rhapsody to soothe a lost soul.

I was reminded of all those days we spent, sitting in the sun; I wondered what was in your head, and was slowly dying with the secret in my heart.

I spent the night in silence.

I heard a lyre played as a requiem that would have brought a goddess to her knees.

I'm thinking about how to get this off my chest, how you will accept this but I just can't seem to get ahold of anything.

I'm tired of this, if you can't figure me out by the time I leave town the next

time, I'm gonna leave for good.

And I'll tell you what, I've got no time for feeling sorry.

Adrian Cordova

I'LI Always Regret You (Follow Up To Beast Without The Beauty)

No, that doesn't mean I regret you specifically.

I just means I regret what I did, and what I did to you, and who I was.

It was all before the one who taught me about life, and showed me what my passion is.

We all have a story that gives us a little character, we just happen to have more than others.

And while our stories are the same, what we learned was completely different.

I lived lies the whole time, I always thought you loved me, and what I did.

But what I did was only destroying you, inside and out.

I never knew what happened to you when I was f***ed up on Dreamy.

And I swear if I did know then, I would have shot myself.

Mabye you knew that, and that's why you only reveiled it to me that time.

And the only thing you ever did to me?

Love me.

That why I call myself a heartless beast.

You were my Beauty.

And I should have been dead in a ditch or worse if it weren't for you.

Then that night on the beach came.

Jeez, now that I look back, we were at the beach ALOT.

I...I...I nealy killed you that night.

It would've been clean, no finger prints, no blood, just footprints.

If you hadn't screamed that way, I would have never known what I was doing to you.

I'll always be ashamed of what I did.

And I'll understand that you only put up with me like that because of the guy I WAS.

Not who I had become.

And I'm sorry about how I took out my anger when you broke up with me.

My love, Your hate.

Your love, My hate.

But you were strong, I was a jerk.

You had a talent no one person could match.

I played some of the music you wrote, it made so much sense to both me and some others.

We all cried to the sad tone of 'You And Me Lie'

We all knew the fast pace of 'Drugged'

We all regreted the familiar tragedy in 'Tears of the Black Dahlia'

I understood the most though, and I swear one day I'll rewrite those in your name.

I'm sorry I threw them in the ocean.

I'd offer you my soul, but I've already sold it.

And I doubt you still want my heart.

But if you do, all you have to do is ask.

Metaphorically and literally.

If you want my love, done.

If you want my death, done.

I'll never forgive myself for the crimes I committed.

Now I recognize your beauty, innocence, genius, and good hearted natures.

I just want all of this burned away like Alie.

I'm sorry about that too by the way.

The one person you could talk to, and I let her die.

I just wish she could have been in my arms when it happened though.

Please tear me asunder, bleed me dry, shatter my glass skin, rip my throat out, just do something that will help me sleep.

I don't want you to leave too...

Adrian Cordova

I'LI Watch As You Burn

Yes you heard me right.

I said I'll die watching you burn in my arms, suffocating on a combo of tears and death.

But they pulled me away from you, as you body was creamated.

I couldn't cry for you, because it was all a dream.

Just me reliving that horrible past.

Do you remember waking up every morning and finding a rose on you window sill, each a different color.

Do you remember what they looked like when someone tied them all together.

Do you remember all those days we chased each other on the beach, trying to see who would pay for lunch.

Do you remember paying for one of those?

Do you even remember a time when your were happy?

Please I need your comfort just one more time, my god I can't stop bleeding.

If I could go back and redo something?

I don't know what I did to cause this in the first place.

And i'm still waiting for that necklace you said you'd make.

Now I hold a forsaken token, your bracelet I made from the roses, which have long since died, just like you.

I dropp it onto your grave.

THIS IS THE END OF MY LIFE.

And the start of the one I'll live for the both of us.

Adrian Cordova

I'M Always Here For You

I never realized how much you were.

You were beautiful.

You had talent.

You were a saint.

I never realized what happened to you.

You were hurting.

You went missing.

You...are...dead.

I never realized you were the true meaning of:

Being a friend (you always made sure everyone was satisfied before your self, you never let us hurt ourselves, and you always helped us with any problem had, even if you couldn't really help)

Understanding (you never judged, you always read into the problem and the person, and you were always frank you never gave a half-truth or a lie)

Hurt (no one every asked you how you felt, if you needed help, no one ever told you that they loved you, and someone always had something to say to you)

I will never be able to forget you, nor would I want.

I will never again allow for something like this to happen again.

I will always regret not saveing you from your purgatory, because it would have been me telling the truth as well. But mabye I can help you with your purgatory there, so here it goes

I loved you.

This is dedicated to my dear late friend, Alie Richardson.

Adrian Cordova

In Love For One Night?

We sat down on the bed.

I was exhausted from the daily events of my life.

You were exhausted from the dissapointments of your life.

I looked around the room, trying to find something to distract myself with.

You try not to look at me, but we both know what's wanting to happen next, don't we?

You leave the room, I simply thought this air that flowed between us was a little to much for you.

And when I moved to sit on the chair the last thing I expect to happen does.

You came back in half undressed.

Your hair was a little messed.

Your skirt was hiked.

And your blouse was undone and down to your elbows.

Why you decided to put on those knee-high socks is beyond me however.

You told me to sit.

I obeyed.

And then you threw yourself upon me.

Your cherry red lips push toward, down, up, and on my own again.

A fiery passion pushed you further and further, although you technique was sloppy.

I kept my cool, even though I have the same passion you do.

I started to move my hand up to your breasts, but I stopped.

Slowly I pulled pieces of my hand off, first my palm, then one by one my fingers until the tips of both my index and middle fingers were left.

I then began to trace the cuts you earned through hard work, your body was slowly becoming warmer every second I touched.

After tracing the final cut, my hand restarts it's journey upward.

I reach your breasts and take a deep breath.

Simultaneously running my right hand up your leg, I take my left middle finger and place it between your full breasts, and cause you to stop kissing for just a moment taking a sharp breath of both ecstasy and anticipation.

My right hands now under your skirt, palm resting, while my anxious fingers play with the edges of you panties.

And now my left hands working it's way under your bra, the anxiety makes us both shiver a bit.

You lean into me a little more, giving me permission.

I move on, taking my right hand to the back of your bra, an in a snap, it's been unlatched.

My next move was to take your perfect breast in my hand and rub your nipple

between it's index and middle fingers.
But you moved away to take off both your blouse and your bra.
Then you moved back in, more fiercely this time around.
I again start to try to rub, but you lean and push down on my fingers.
And that's when I got the idea to pinch instead.
So I did.
And you moaned.
But it didn't last.
You suddenly pull back laughing,
'Well, you certainly know your way around a girls body, don't you? '
I smile and think to myself, not in the least.
Then I picked you up and laid you on your bed.
I told you to close your eyes.
Then I left.
No need for me to fall in love for one night, is there?

Adrian Cordova

Infamous Trance

Captive is saying it in a lighter term.

To stare into those eyes is like that who can stare at the sun the longest contest.

Only, it doesn't hurt nearly as much.

And you'll probly be able to just look at them forever anyways.

Enslaved, may be a better word.

There's nothing dull in them, it's like they shift everyday.

And yet you grow used to them as well.

Your always going to find something new in those eyes.

Maybe it's better to not use a single word, but a pharse.

Maybe it's like being carried by angels.

Or floating on an air current, being completely weightless.

But you know what my take one this is?

Your simply in love.

Because even though it was just another day for another dance which gave another chance to get caught in that infamous trance.

You took the chance, and you danced.

So now your caught, and hopefully will stay caught, in that...

Infamous Trance, like electricity flowing from her eyes.

Adrian Cordova

Inside My Heart

These undisclosed desires in my heart have to stop now.

I need you to recognize me before before they force themselves up my throat and all over the floor.

I'm nearly to the breaking point, your pushing me over the edge, I want YOU.

If your a sinner, I'll hold you innocence.

You can't trick me, I see the divinity in your wickedness.

Tease me any longer and I might not play along any more.

Tease me and get my hopes up.

Tease me and show me how it's done.

Let your mask fall, I want to see the real you.

If you'd simply let me settle these undisclosed desires of my heart, I could reconcile everything within your own.

Come and be my new Pandora, I have all these evils pent up inside of me, please just let me start over with just hope and love.

Adrian Cordova

Jam Out!

I watched, they rocked.
I hung in the back.
She jammed in the front.
I sipped punch.
She punched the guy trying to grab her.
Nobody cared, I laughed, she heard me.
Next she smiled at me.
I smiled back.
We danced together.
I just moved with the beat, she deviated.
I couldn't help but watch her, standing still.
'What's wrong, you don't like to dance? '
'No, it's not that, your just amazing.'
She smiled at me and continues, but more sexually.
She's close, oh god, she smells like fresh picked lavender.
I keep dancing, more confidently, following her lead.
Everyone in the room has their eyes on us.
'You know, ' she talks and continues to dance this time, 'I've never had the
pleasure of dancing with someone who DIDN'T just want my body! '
'And i've never had the pleasure of dancing with someone who's so bewitching! '
The song finishes, everyone clapped.
'Hey you wanna get out of here? ' she was bold as usual
'Let's go! '
We don't go far, just up on the roof.
We sat along time, and we just talked.
Finally close to sunrise, almost everyone had left.
She leans over to me, kisses me with soft lips with a tender kiss.
'You know I've never met anyone quite like you.'
'That was my line, but it works for you too.'
And all around us sunshine encased us, makeing our smiles blinding.

Adrian Cordova

Last Moment

I can't sleep.

I'm not sure what's keeping me up all night anymore.

It could be the ghost I failed.

Or maybe it could be the jerk next door, beating his wife.

Or the woman laying next to me, I've already forgotten her name.

Or it could be the memories resting in the back of my head, my most recent happy memories.

My memories...of a cute girl I was once attracted to.

My memories...of a pretty girl I'm attracted to.

My memories...of a beautiful girl I've been and will be attracted to.

We play around almost every day.

We act sweet almost every day.

I can feel her heartbeat, she can't feel mine.

I can see when she's distracted, I'm distracted by her only, so she never catches me distracted.

My last moment with her...we sat together, and she laid on my chest.

I couldn't tell if my heart betrayed my feelings or not...

But the one thing I do know is that although it hurt for her to lay on my hurt side, the warmth and weight of her body gently pressed against my own was wondrous.

Everyday I wonder if she knows about my feelings, and everyday I go home a little more dissatisfied that she can't figure me out.

But above all else right now, I know what I would say to
Isomeone who asked me who I would like to spend my last moments with.

It would be her.

Adrian Cordova

Letter For Happyness

I just want to be happy.

All I ever wanted was to
Just hang with my friends,
Get into some trouble, but still be able to tell.
And to marry you.
And have the time of my life.

I never asked for all the complexity.

I never asked to be recognized.
I never wanted hardship.
I never thought I'd miss those scars.

Have I been heard?
Did I get my wish?
Why did you come?
For me?

And I'd be just fine living with minimum wage.
And I'll slave just because they call love a labor.
And I'd live in any place just to feel at home.

I want to be your charm.
And to be heard.
And to be part of your story.

But until then you holding my hand is enough for my
Happyness

Adrian Cordova

Letter From A Friend (Dance Of A Lover)

She was mourning when he found her.
A pretty girl of eighteen.
She clutched a later in her hand.
She looked so crushed.
A wilted petal is all she was.
He knelt beside her, took her hand.
She said they were to be wed.
He held her tight and let her cry.
She cried and told him he was dead.
He held her tight and let her cry.
He came to see her every day.
Everyday her eyes grew bright when she saw him come around.
He wooed her well.
Charming and polite he was.
And then one day a storm rolled around.
The forces brought the flower down.
The fragile petal broke again.
He begged her and pleaded her forgive.
She locked the the door and cried, No more!
He came to see her every day.
Eventually her lock fell away.
She opened the door and cried, No more!
She leapt in his arms, armor gone.
He twirled her 'round and kissed her face.
He swore the petal nevermore to break.
He slid a ring on her finger.
And said they were to soon be wed.
On her wedding day she cried from glee.
He held her hand and kissed her sweet.
She looked at him with hopeful eyes.
She looked so happy, unbelieving of the lies.
She thought it all would soon be well.
Then the next day they found her dead.
Her eyes were closed.
Her face was sweet.
She looked asleep.
Her once smooth nightgown though...
It bloomed red.
Her heart was broken.

No more to beat.
The heat of her body now fled.
The emptiness filled the room.
All was still as she laid to rest.
He was gone.
As was the ring.
His last words still filled the air.
'Nevermore the petal break.'

Adrian Cordova

Lie To Me Now!

I wanna hear it,
Tell me now,
Or I swear I'll cripple you.
You never learn, you b***h!
Why won't you just lie, damnit!
I hurt you when you don't say what I want.
And I do NOTHING when you do.
So what is it?
Why won't you say a damn thing to me! ?
Please, just say it,
Tell me you love me.....please I miss your comfort...
Do you remember what I told you, earlier this night?
I told you that I loved you.
You told me I was drunk.
And mabye I was.
But that doesn't mean it's not the truth.
Fine you don't like the way I'm talking to you.
I'll just take you home, since that's all you want.
Later that night, YOU called ME back.
Saying I was right, and you loved me back.
But I hasted, I went further a than you wanted.
So now we sit here, I'm begging you, pleading to you!
I LOVE YOU.
And you know that I do.
And you also know that you almost love me.
And I realize what I did was wrong, I admit that.
But just tell me you love me, please I don't care if it's a lie.
Reaching across, I kiss you.
But your dead, no emotion what so ever.
I retch back realizing what has happened, what I've done.
And I'm sick with myself.
So please gather your things and leave me.
On your way out a slight whisper echos,
I love you.
Thus the tortured soul is appeased.
And the raped is forgiving.

A huge thank you to Olette, without who's kindness I would be sinking closer to suicide with my Sickness of myself.

Adrian Cordova

Love Undeniable

The rain washes away all happiness, moving straight through me, unto the next person, leaving me all alone with my thoughts.

God has betrayed me for the last time, and want to love you once Again, and I wish I could forgive you for your sins, but I can't.

Your sins can't be given away, without emotion, without conceit, with more sin you move yourself further and further away from those that love you. And even though your gone and you lead a life if sin, I still love you.

Adrian Cordova

Murphy's Virtue

Everything that can go wrong, will go wrong.
So what comes next?
Just nothing.
Or is it something big?
What'd you think?
You think the laws finished?
Well your right.
But I say Murphys Law, wasn't & isn't really a law.
I think it's a virtue.
And an unfinished one at that.
Everything that can go wrong,
Will go wrong.
So what's next?
So make every thing perfect.
No, that's not inspirational.
So live with fear of failure.
No that's to much of a warning.
I've searched a long time.
And in all the time, never have I found an omniessent answer, never
one that every one will agree with.
Then I found something, a virtue is something that YOU believe.
So my opinion is..
So fight, fight to win against the wrong, and no matter what, always
pick yourself up after failure.
Corny, isn't it?

Adrian Cordova

My Paramour

She's had a long and tragic love life.

Her gifts are on display for all to see.

Her wrath has been the downfall of a few, but she has been the inspiration of many for the longest time.

She is the night sky.

And she is my paramour.

I make it my mission to see her every night.

I ask her all sorts of questions, but she never gives me a direct answer.

Last night I asked her,
'Why can't I feel my heartbeat? '

Her answer was one to stun,
'It is a god given burden for you and a few others to carry, each of you are meant to save someone or something.'

I didn't understand, I thought that the night sky was the only kind goddess around.

But she gave me an answer, and now I know what I am.

I didn't see her again.

I only snuck little peaks at her majestic benevolence and her undying beauty.

She may not be my lover anymore, but she taught me she does not bring the darkest hours.

And while she may be a paramour of my past, she is still my closest friend, physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Adrian Cordova

No Matter What

Bury your sorrow.
Push back your anger.
Leave your punishment.
Tear apart the awkward silence.
Just collapse in my arms, cry your heart out.
Living in these emotions.
Say good bye, leave me behind.
Listen to your instincts, don't believe my lies.
You think I love you, but you don't know why.
I've chosen this life for a reason.
I've learned from my past, how about you?
When I'm down, don't speak a word.
When your down, I'll come for you.
This is your heart, in my hands.
Push your emotion to the edge.
Don't you worry, no matter how injured I am.
I'll always, pull you through the abyss

Adrian Cordova

Now I See

I finally understand why you've been so distant.
I see what the world is as f***ed up for you as it is for me.
I watched as you were pushed around by the one you thought loved you.
I listened as those you thought were your friends trashed talked you.
I thought you were Miss Perfect, guess I was wrong.
I understand the way you feel, I've been through it all too.
I'll cry for you tonight, so take a break from your hell and relax.
You'll always be welcome in my arms.
We can fight the world together.
Just don't betray me.
I'm sorry for your pain, but that bottles no way to get rid of it.
I'm sorry for your pain, but that drugs no way to get rid of it.
I'm sorry for your pain, but that gun isn't just going to get rid of your pain, it's
going to get rid of everything.
Just lie down for a while.
Sleep, and I promise when you wake you'll feel better.
You are only dreaming, Miss Perfect Whore

Adrian Cordova

Now I Stand

Here I am,
Tripping over,
The words,
That I worked,
On for so,
Long.

I stand before you,
Wishing someone would,
Help.

Now you stand there,
Away from me.

But you don't leave,
Your giving me the,
Infamous second,
Chance.

One whisper, I
Take the chance.

Two whisper, love
Your wasting time.

Three whisper, you
If you don't take,
The chance, you'll
Never get a third,
And even if you do,
You wont take it.

So I move,
To seize the
Opportunity,
But you beat
Me there.

"will you marry me? "

"you stole my line, but that's okay."

Now I stand
Here with you
Saying those
Three magic
Words back at you.

Adrian Cordova

One Love, One Life, One World

I want to carry you.

You tell me to stop.

I say, make me.

You believe that we're an accident.

I say, f**k accidents.

You finally break and admit that it's too late to fight.

I believe you're right.

And while we aren't the same, we can be one, unless one of us fights.

Our hearts were both torn asunder long ago.

And both of us know what it's like to lose love.

But we both carried on.

You let it go, and kept living your life in your world.

I didn't, I always blamed myself, and accepted the burden of a Perfect Heart.

You want to carry me.

I say, if you can.

You believe that we are fated after all.

I say, we are two wrecks that found each other.

You finally break down and cry in my arms.

I say, it's okay, we can carry each other.

But if fate is a current, then we are pioneers in the world of freedom.

We ask each other how it tastes in each others mouth.

We have the same answer, it's indescribable.

And while we've givin each other all we got, we still have nothing.

No, I take that back, we have each other still yet.

Adrian Cordova

Pernicious Dove

She sits on the sidewalk.

Whispering words, to whom no one knows.

And the words whispered, only I can hear.

"I'm not gonna cry."

Her beautiful face is marred by sadness.

And yet...

I can see hope, when I look into her eyes.

And what I feel when I look into her eyes...

A need to care for her.

A want to move immovable objects for her.

I reach out to help her, but something stops me.

A dove.

And distance.

The dove pulls me away enchanting me with her grace, with innocence, with freedom.

And the distance, the gap, the void, between her and I grows, immeasurable.

But one day the dove leaves, and my mind wanders to the girl on the sidewalk.

I go back to the place she once sat, and found instead a gravestone.

And engraved on it...

"I'm not gonna cry, I will wait for you."

Adrian Cordova

Pull The Trigger

Go ahead and do it.

See if you can live with yourself.

Look for your inner peace afterwards.

But I can tell you now, you can't and won't.

What was that?

You say you don't care?

Then I'll tell you it once more.

Go ahead and do it.

Look you can either do it or you can't, there is no medium here.

I'll even show how to work it.

It's simple really, all you do is pull that hammer down.

Then you pull the trigger.

It's that simple, but if you can't do it, drop it, go home and live your life the way you want it.

Remember you can either fall in love or hate.

Make babies or art.

Save or take a life.

The world is yours to take, or to hide from.

Life is divine chaos, so like that one guy said.

'no one said it would be easy'

But I promise it will be worth it.

Still standing there with that ridiculous weapon?

Then DO IT, B***H!

click, deep breath, pull, BOOM

That's all for today's lesson.

Adrian Cordova

Rain, Roses, And Medicine.

What is a rose?

But a a simple flower with a fighting spirit and a diversity matching that of humanity.

But they behold beauty like the crowning masterwork who's life has been full of masterworks.

That is why you are my white rose, pure, innocent, with heart, and breath giving.

And rain,

Some say they are the tears of an angel.
Others believe they are a gift from up on high.

In truth I can't make heads or tails of it.

Just like you. so unpredictable and free.

Being everywhere, and yet, just out of reach, how you make me feel about you.

Finally medicine,

Everyones heard the small meaningful simile I about to make.
It's overused, created by some great artist long ago...it's a cliché.

But it's my final clichéd metaphor to you, a last bid of why and how I love you.

You are like a medicine, healing me.
A vitamin keeping me strong.
A bandage holding me together.

That, however, was not my last I love you.
Rather the start of a line of many more to come.

What would you say back?

Adrian Cordova

See You Tomorrow?

Every conversation we have...

I come close to crying out, to an uncontrollable anger that can almost take over my body.

Every time you and I touch...

I feel an electricity that should not exist, one that begs me to release it again and again.

And every time I think of your anything...

I get a conflict greater than any war yet fought.

And I relish it.

I get an energy that gets so far under my skin it burns my veins.

I get a sickness in my stomach that tells me I shouldn't be...I shouldn't be thinking this way, but the way it's tossed and turns is just spurring me on and on.

And then there's the questions that always linger in the back of my head.

Can I look at you?

Can I touch you?

Can I love you?

Can I hurt you?

Can I break you?

Can I kill you?

And you know what each of those questions make my persona feel?

Like a fire.

One that was thought to be
quelled, one that only gets stronger the more it's repulsed.

And it's like your a special type of water, one that doesn't steam up when you
touch and play with a fire.

So now my final question is,

Will I see you tomorrow?

Adrian Cordova

So Lay Me Down

You say your gonna leave.

Well you can go right ahead.

You say that my mind will be guilty and I'll never stop thinking about you.

B***h, one of my best friends died 'cause I couldn't save her, you think YOU can make me feel guilty?

But I will say this.

Your great in bed.

So here's a pillow, it'll make you more comfortable when your on your back.

You say your hurting inside and that you need someone there for you.

But everytime I just want to hang out with you, guess what?

You just wanna fight.

And you know what else?

You might as well torture me when when we fu**.

Yeah I said it.

Because everytime we finish, I feel like you laid me down and lacerated my body.

So...

LAY ME DOWN,

and,

LACERATE ME, B***H!

'Cause that's all your ever good for.

Adrian Cordova

Sometimes She Really Doesn'T Know...

You should tell her.

Not when you feel like it,

Not when she needs it,

Not tomorrow,

Not later,

Now.

Because sometimes she really doesn't know.

Say it, tell her she's beautiful.

And maybe, just maybe, she'll realize what she means to you.

You should tell her.

Tell her who means nothing, and that she means something.

Tell her what she is.

Tell her when you fell.

Tell her where it was you told her.

Tell her why you stick by her.

Tell her how much you do.

Because sometimes she really doesn't know.

Say it, tell her you love her.

And its likely, very likely, she'll realize what she means to you.

You should tell her.

How much you love her.

How gorgeous she is.

How you could never move on from her.

And how you think she feels about you.

Because sometimes she really doesn't know.

Say it, tell her you want to marry her.

And then she will, most definitely realize what she means to you.

Adrian Cordova

Stars, Planets, And You

Come back to me.

I'm in sweat agony, and yet I think I've had enough for once.

I've lived without you for so long that all that's inside of me is agony.

And as much as I love the sweat taste of agony, I think it's time for the bitter taste of love.

But, no matter what these scars we made won't go away will they.

I've stared into your shattered dreams that I built my hopes upon.

And if your not ready I ask for one last kiss.

But this one is not to be a regular kiss, this time I want the kiss of death.

If you grant me this, at least I'll have a taste that'll drown out agony for awhile.

And seeing as how I've got nothing to lose, I'll over step my authority and deliver my own.

But this is a kiss of cliché truth, or my kiss of undying love.

Unto your dead lips.

Adrian Cordova

Suicide And Silence

Every morning I wake and I can't stand it.
Cold, hungry, alone, and ashamed.
No matter how much I eat.
No matter how many blankets I use.
No matter how many times I succeed.
And no matter how many people I lay down with I can never change the waking
moment.
The most painful experience of my life.
Suicide is for cowards.
And silence is for the deaf.
That a wise father, not mine, told me once.
But if so, how do you explain me.
Am I an anomaly or just someone who needs to be held?
Do you realize what I'm going to do, when I sleep my mind clears and tells my
that's not the answer.
So then what is?
Answer me, dammit or I'll kill you, 'Heavenly Father'

Adrian Cordova

The Difference Between Emos & Goths

Obsessed with pain.
I'm fed up with this destiny that goes on endlessly.
I will bleed to rid myself.
I want to be sung a song that will be as endless as my destiny.
I don't want your lies leading me astray.
Your love, their hate.
Their love, your hate.
It's all burning me away like the way I want it to.
Rejecting society.
I'll never be normal, I never give into it's rules.
I'll hurt myself just to find a way to do things right.
I want your love to give me purpose.
If this is life, I'll just leave.
I just want someone to be a savior, not for me, but for someone who actually needs one.
I'd give you my all, just to have your attention.
Only that will insure that all my pain was worth.
And give my stable passage to death.
I can see pain in others, and I can sympathize with them.
I will Hurt myself.
And just to rid myself of this pain.
I'm sorry but I can't rid you of your pain as well.
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Adrian Cordova

The Perfect Heart

'Why? Why me? Why this? Why couldn't you have come here before Perry?
Before I was a streetwalker with a serious rage problem? Before I was broken? '-
Night Shift, Lilith Saintcrow

I need an outing, something to calm my soul.
Every day I think about it, and it's killing the things around me.
I fight with my other side, the evil that still clings, it begs to end it's
starvation, to allow myself to indulge.
Light cannot exist without darkness, and it's just the same backwards.
So how can a person filled with darkness be truly evil?
And how can a person filled with light be truly just?
No one has a perfect heart, it's an impossible dream, and yet I'm told by my best
friend that I found a way to live with one.
And maybe I do, but if it's true, then you live without the reassurance of your own
heartbeat.
You only feel it when you need to do something.
Two years ago was when I noticed it, the same night I found out about her.
Night and day seem to have no meaning to you, you will willing to risk
everything to save someone.
You understand more, about people who live in hellholes, or drug addicts, or
people who are dieing, the crippled and the whole; any kind of problem that
theartens the equilibrium of ones life.
Since the night of truth I've felt the beat three times, once when my
granmother's heart stopped.
That one was unbearable, I felt my/her heart stop for the most excruciating
seconds of my life.
The next I have felt twice, I feel it in one I'm around a lot.
This one is something that I desire as well, when I'm with her I feel my own
heartbeat alongside her own; or maybe the one I think is mine is someone
else's...
This is not a gift from God.
It is the burden he bestows upon those who have turned their backs to him, but
did not turn to others and still show signs (however small) of faith.
But if I am doing the work of God, doesn't that make me some kind of Seraphim?

And if I'm a Seraphim does that mean I'm guarenteed a spot in heaven?
If that is so, allow me a statment.
I don't want to go.
I don't care that heaven is the ultimate place of reward.

It seems futile to live your life to his rules, and then to break them all when you
invite us to your domain.
But if your willing to, I'll trade my spot to another.
Someone that I think deserves that spot, but that you let stay in purgatory.
Her name is Alie.

Adrian Cordova

This Is Our Milestone (Follow Up To Why Can'T I Realize What I'Ve Done?)

Girl know that I've never been able to leave you alone for long.
I've always been willing to go to the extremes for you.
I would leave all the delights of this place for you.
A will to die, and a will to live bound together.
I can't believe what's happened, I guess it's just my nature.
I've spilled so much blood, my skins red.
And yours was no difference.
I guess we'll never really know how we would have ended, although I always
thought we would have died fighting side by side.
Please know I didn't hate you, I only freed you.
And also remember that I am bonded to you forever more.

Adrian Cordova

Those Famous Fireworks

Look up in the sky.
See the stars, bright in the night?
I don't, all I see is your beautiful face,
Lit the way I love it.

Look down at this lake.
See our reflection, starring at each others own.
I don't, all I see is your beautiful face,
Smiling back at me.

Look into my heart.
See the charred surface,
caused by my love for you.
I don't, all i see is your beautiful face.

But I can't see any more then that,
I can't see your own charred heart,
I won't hear our familys cheer,
I won't see our reflections meet,
I won't see those fireworks burning bright,

What I DO feel...
Those Famous Fireworks, ignite in our lips

Adrian Cordova

Through The Scope

Sitting atop the building I wait for you to go about your usual routine.
I look down, there you are.
I ready my rifle, taking my sight.
My aim is dead on all the time.
I aim just below your right breast, with the wind today it would land perfectly in
your heart.
But then I notice something else, how innocent you are.
And the child holding your hand.
I take out my cell, calling a secret number.
I get ready to default.
'Speak'
'Maternal assassination wasn't part of the plan, my price has gone up.'
Plain and simple, you live for another day lady.

Adrian Cordova

Tonight I Pace

I look at the beautiful night sky, with clouds that form around the moon in artistic swirls that blend with the stars...

...through the branches of a swaying tree, I find myself thinking of my past, my friends, my losses, my loves, and I hate every bit of it. I think not of you, but another I have feelings for, one I'm afraid to admit to admiring...

...stagnant air touches my lips, caressing them, inticing me to follow; on my right you stand, in an autumn tree grove, on my left she sits playing with children I don't know, in a sun enriched forest, I'm torn...

...tonight I pace, in the path that separates two different worlds, indecisive and conflicted, I miss you; I'm sorry; I need you; I'll find you, love...

Adrian Cordova

Truth Be Told, I'M A Stalker

Can't keep my mind off of you....

Everyday, everynight, every dream, sleep induced or just a daydream is always the same thing.

You.

Some girls are sweet.

Some girls are b***hs.

Some girls are depressed.

Some girls are psycho's.

Some girls are just weird.

And others are...bland.

But the bottom line is they are all the same.

Except for one.

You.

In the light you blend in, differently then camoflage like a space (the one you stand in) is empty.

Inside you are the center piece.

Outside you are the main attraction.

But I can't have you can I?

No, don't answer that, it would only break my heart.

No, I know you to well, we are to close, it would end on the ugliest note possible.

But how can I know you so well, and you know me so poorly?

That is something that only I can be blamed for, I shielded myself, I apporached you once, then I chickened out....now we only talk in passing.

I studied you from afar, you never (as far I know) never even gave me a second thought.

The truth is I'm your stalker, but I'm a good one, I will only admire you when I'm sure you won't see, and I will never ever in my or your life hunt, injure, crush, maim, cripple, or kill you.

I cannot and will not keep my mind off of you....for reasons of one nature.

Love.

I don't like sleeping, and to prove it I am writeing this at 5 in the morning, because when you love someone reality is better than any dream that can be conjured.

Sincerly,

The Stalker

Adrian Cordova

White Petals Of A Black Rose

You've always been a thorn in my side, reveling in my blood.
And although you're a parasite, you're just too beautiful a rose to cut.
And now your once red petals are turning black, tainted by my blood.

But for some reason, you don't really harm me.
Every day you somehow manage to leave a white petal on my heart, always
refreshing me.

But how is that possible?

You've long since turned black, the absence of color.
And your white petals left are the presence of all colors.

Unless you are causing the slow death of my friend,
the one who has always been there.

Like the wind, she slowly goes.
And like my life she's being eaten away.

This is unfinished, I'm still working on it

Adrian Cordova

Why Can'T I Realize What I'Ve Done?

It time to push punishment away.

Leave the awkward silence behind.

I want you to know that I've caused this damage, and this time it's something I can't put back into place.

Running away from fate is a futile attempt at living, but baby it's the only way to live for me now.

I promise you one day I'll come back for for you, not as the boy that's courted you, but the man you deserve to have.

And know that the more I think this over the more I feel like I should stay and die.

So I'm going to leave.

Right now.

In a hour.

Sometime today.

Tommorow.

Next week.

Next month.

Next year.

Never.

I...I'm just not strong enough to live without you.

So I guess I'll stay for you.

Adrian Cordova

With Any Luck...

Maybe with any luck I could,
Maybe with any luck you could,
Lucky we don't depend on luck.

Shot down over and over again,
You never once crawled,
Never once did I pick you up.

And yet, I feel like as if you've been,
Pushed too far,
Set back too much
Crippled by the glances.
Devoured by the hate.

Maybe you've felt what that's like,
With any luck you ignored it,
With any heart you survived it,
With any soul you grew from it.

But I'd never know just how you felt about,
The moments.
The memories,
The dreams,
Unless I looked inside.

I'm the one that experienced it all,
The fear,
The hate,
The kicks and screams,
The silent anthem,
And the dive,

But you'd never know just how I felt,
About all those memories,
All the memories,
Unless you looked inside.

With any luck,
Anything could happen,

Everyone says that.

Only to be positive
But they don't realize,
That there is such a thing as bad luck,
Lucky we've never depended on luck.

So lets work,
Lets work to show the others,
Lets work to change whats gonna happen,
And maybe with any good luck,
The work will work.

Adrian Cordova