

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Alejandra Olivas(December 7,1989)

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Dalí rigió mis temporadas.

Elecciones.

Ilusiones. Espejos, Humo, y Sombras.

Validación Propia.

La noche es joven cuando la niña sale a bailar con los zapatos rojos de Emilia Bazán.

Gladiolas y claveles tejieron el manto de mamá.

En la playa virgen de Whitman se oye el rugir de las olas,
Mientras las estrellas arrullan su sueño eterno.

Que se rompen con las piedras y las conchas de mar.
El Ángel y la mamá, vieron a la niña desde el acantilado.

La fogata aumentó al compás del danzar de la niña.
La luna de Lorca bailó y la hija de la Luz renació.

La marea creció, las sombras de la niña danzaban en la arena
Entre praderas de flores, y el mar la bautizó.

El Amanecer llegó.
El Alba, el camino de Frost mostró

El Llamado de Uriel,
La Mujer eligió.

La Mamá descansó.
La Luna de Lorca los zapatos de Bazan se llevó.

Alejandra Olivas

Águila Sagrada

El león cazaba su presa
Un conejo,
un caballo
y un águila
esperaban sin esperanza.

¿Quién iba a ser el primero?
Se preguntaban los tres
El conejo corre más rápido que el león
El caballo salta de un lado
a otro dejando el león atrás
El águila vuela fuera
del alcance del león...

El día del juicio llegó...
El conejo no corrió
El caballo no saltó
El águila no voló
Los tres unidos detuvieron al león

El águila habla con dignidad
Un alto le puso al león...
El valor despegaba hacia el atardecer
Pero el águila no voló
No voló hasta terminar.
Su voz no tembló.
El miedo no lo ahuyentó...
Porque el águila entendió
Que el valor no es hacer las cosas
Sin miedo pero haciéndolas aun con miedo.

El león entendió
Que la carne no
Es lo más importante;
Es vivir en paz con el ciclo de la vida
Lo que importa al final del camino.

Alejandra Olivas

America

America, happy as a clam,
As tender as a chicken's heart,
Stop and drink your Bud.

America, where boy gets girl,
And heroes win,
The American Dream exists.

America, the Fat Lady sings for you,
Fresh as morning dew,
Break a leg
And don't tempt fate.

America, bite your tongue and,
At the end,
You'll live to see another day.

Alejandra Olivas

And I Die

The baby looked out the window.

Seasons go by;
Helping takes my time;
Life seems to pass...

The child sat on the porch.

The moon is back;
The stars have change;
The leaves begin to fall...

The adult grows flowers.

Winter's winds blew
the problems away;
Spring breeds new life;

Now I harvest my red tulips...

My body lies on sweet ground.
My harvest new tulips lay on my grave;
The seasons no longer pass;
The moon will never rise again;

For I'm no longer bound to time...
I'm dead.

Alejandra Olivas

Benditas Palabras

¿Qué son las palabras
si no son lagrimas del poeta
que pelea por la vida
con lo maspreciado.
sus versos y su mente.

Benditas son las palabras
que expresan lo que
mi alma no puede.
Como la lagrima de un niño
o la lluvia del cielo.

Benditas son las palabras
que matan mi alma;
solo para revivirla
en el siguiente verso.

Benditas son las palabras,
que purifican mi alma
como el río de las montañas.

Benditas son las palabras,
que se vuelven el escudo de mi alma
cuando falsos profetas
vienen a quitarme la vida.

Alejandra Olivas

Decisión

Una rosa florece en invierno.
El sol se alegra de tener a quien
Dirigir sus rayos.

Dos amigos caminaban,
Bajo el frío de invierno.
Preguntándose donde estaban los rayos del sol.

El sol indeciso esta,
Compartir no es opción
O Rosa
O Amigos
¿Qué ha de ser?

La rareza de la rosa en invierno
Inclina la balanza de su lado.

El sol enternecido por
Los amigos desea darles un rayito de luz.
La balanza equilibrada esta
Una vez más

El sol indeciso esta.
Hoy el sol entristecido
Más rayos no dio.

Alejandra Olivas

Destiny

Aphrodite promised your return on Beltane
I hang to her words with the last hope
Love can give.
Spring is still young
The wheel of life must turn.
The moon must pass before
You come to me

What if you don't come?
What will it be of me?
No, Aphrodite will not abandon
A daughter of light;
A daughter of fire;
A daughter of the forest;
For the gods are bound to me
As I am to you, my love.

Love, god's sacred gift to us
Becomes my curse
Every minute you are not with me.
Becomes my burden
Every second you are away from me.
Becomes my death
Every moment you are far from me.

What is my destiny?
To be waiting for you?

Alejandra Olivas

Dios

Si encontrara mi fe,
Si encontrara a Dios,
le pediría que por un momento
el mundo dejara de girar
y ese instante durara hasta el fin del tiempo.
Para sentirte y estar contigo
una vida entera;
En lugar de esta soledad.

Saber que el mañana es incierto,
Saber que el mañana
te apartara de mi lado,
Saber que mañana no tendré otro momento a tu lado
Mi corazón de quiebra en diminutos cristales
que por un alfiler han de pasar.

Lo que conforta mi ser
cada noche que no estas
es la esperanza.
Es la esperanza de verte en mis sueños.
Es la esperanza de volverte a ver una vez mas.

Adiós, paz querida
Ojala, que alguna paloma
te regrese a mí una vez mas.

Alejandra Olivas

Dreams

Today I dreamt I was the eagle that soar the skies.

I was the hunting eagle.

I was the eagle that soar the skies, free and independent...

I was the eagle that flew towards dawn and never looked back.

Alejandra Olivas

El Amor No Es Real

¿Qué eres, si no el reflejo de mis sueños?
Será por eso que tan inalcanzable te volviste.
Con ansia espero el día de conocerte.
Con ansia espero pasar mi mano por tu delicado rostro
Con ansia espero el calor de tu corazón.
Día a día me pregunto que más hay en el mundo si no eres tú
Si no eres tú el arropa mi corazón.
Como esperar al mañana con la promesa de tu llegada,
Si el mañana siempre esta a una distancia
mas lejos de mi mano.
No, el mañana no se puede esperar
En el presente hay que vivir
Es lo único real
¿Que es real?
Tú eres mi sueño
No, tú no eres real
Tú eres solo un hermoso sueño
Los sueños como el amor que siento por ti
son solo imaginación.
El amor no existe.
El amor no es real.

Alejandra Olivas

Fenix

Today Aphrodite brought you
back to me
But it was not you who came
It was not who my heart mourns.
It was not who my heart loved.
The man I loved did not return from his journey.

I look back to the memories together we made and
My heart no longer beats remembering them.
My heart no longer mourns you.
What happen to the us?
What happen to me?

For once I can look up
Once again my heart is together
Once again I feel the warmth of life
Once again I joined the living.

In the memories of
a great love you'll always live.
Just as a memory you will stay
Because today my heart
no longer beats thinking about you
Because today
I stopped being numb
Because today
I joined the living once more.

Alejandra Olivas

Friends

Oh dear life,
I wish I almost died.
So I can see a glimpse
Of you before my eyes.
And I can remember
who I was
And become whole once more.

Oh dear life
Where have you gone now?
Back to the heavens,
To the deep blue sea,
Or to the bright stars?
Where I know you never wished to leave.
Oh dear life,
Lets walk together once more...

Alejandra Olivas

I Call Your Name In The Night

I call your name in the night
Hoping, mercy will be granted on this soul
And you will come to me.

I call your name in the night
All I hear is the whisper of the wind.
And you still don't come to me.

I call your name in the night
All I see is the moonlight
And you still don't come to me.

I call your name in the night
All I taste are the almonds from Aphrodite's presence
And you still don't come to me.

I call your name in the night
All I smell are the fresh roses
And you still don't come to me.

I call your name in the night
All I feel is the emptiness your absence has banished me to
And you still don't come to me.

I call your name in the night
Until my senses became numb
And faded away
You still don't come to me!

Alejandra Olivas

La Daga De La Misericordia

El águila no volvió a volar
con su amadas alas
porque el león las quebró
para someterla y
quebrarle el espíritu.

Que desdichada esta el águila
sabiendo que sus alas
jamás serán igual
¡Queridas alas!
¡Queridas alas!
Suena en el maldito valle.
Mientras el león ríe.

El águila desecha
implora al león
por la daga de la misericordia
la daga de paz.
El león ríe
y ruge con fuerza.

Alejandra Olivas

Lagrima De Sangre

¿Qué es el poeta sin sus lagrimas?
La gente aclama un poema real.
¿Qué es la realidad de un poema,
si no una ilusión de muchos?

Cada poema vislumbra,
por un instante,
la trágica realidad
detrás de las nubes doradas.
Por ese instante la llaga en el alma del poeta,
llora sangre,
llora dolor.

El alma del poeta
en paz nunca estará
porque las letras
para un poema popular
no vienen de las risas del poeta
sino de las lagrimas
de sangre de su alma.

Alejandra Olivas

Me

The poet speaks beyond his words
The poet writes in rhythmic verse
To which he feels true.

But my poet's heart
My poet's soul
No longer holds
The warmth of letters dear
To his heart and soul.

Oh what has happen to my poetic hands?
Have they withered with the passing of time?
Have they become numb
From the everyday assault of common sense?

Common sense what a hideous word.
Common sense what an enslaving word.

Oh what has happened to my poetic hands?
Oh common sense please free my poetic hands
Please I beg you
Free my poetic hands
So the beacon of inspiration
Can guide them to the poet
That speaks beyond his words
And writes in rhythmic verse
To which he feels true.

Alejandra Olivas

My Poem Is Yours

The witless soul
doesn't enjoy the poet's words.
Red day the poet's day
for the letters don't join
until the witless soul
enjoys the poet's words.

May the poet write no more.
May the moon cry blood
for the poet writes no more
until the witless soul
enjoys the poet's words.

Alejandra Olivas

My Shining Knight

My love where are you?
My heart weeps for your presence.
My soul craves your warmth.
Why are you so cruel to my heart?

Please my love, come at once.
Do not delay in the path.
Rescue this dying heart.
My heart stands in agony
It will not hold much longer.
I feel my heart breaking into tiny pieces
So small, they pass through a needle's eye.

Please my love
Come, hold together
My broken heart

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My Teacher

The dead poet sat at my side.
His breath inspired my pen
And his presence inspired deadly themes.

As I write lethal words
That hurt the human's heart
A vision of light
A vision of tenderness
Captivated my sight.

Amazed I was
When my vision
A woman became.
The sweetness of her melodious voice
Inspires the songbird's symphonies.
The beauty of her divine presence
Inspires the peacock's colorful feathers.

As time around the divine presence froze, so did my poetic companion.
I stood
And I walked,
As if guided by the gods themselves,
To her gracious presence;
Where I sat and wrote
this poem to honor the moment
When my eyes could not believe
Such beauty and tenderness
Could be embodied in a person
That truly exists.

Although her essence
Cannot be named
By common words,
Her body has
Such a sweet and
Gracious name,
That the gods vow when said
For the promise
Of a whisper of her name

And a glimpse of her essence

Alejandra Olivas

Never

What is his?
What is his?
That flying eagle,
That wild horse,
Or that happy rabbit?
How can something be his?
If he hold tight
So tight
That they suffocate
And then when
They are at its weakest
He claim them his?

They will never yield.
They will never bow.
What if the eagle was allow to fly,
The horse to run wild
And the happy rabbit to hop?
Then after a long day
They return?
Wouldn't then
They truthfully be his?
Not as prisoners
But as equals?

Alejandra Olivas

Poet's Pen

Poet's Pen

Writes in verse

The words of life

The poet engraves

With immortal ink

That leaves a print

In people's hearts.

Alejandra Olivas

Poet's Truth

Through a crystal portrait
you see
Someone I'm not.

Its time to write honest lines.
its time you know
the true me that
distorted through the crystal was.

May the crystal portrait shatter
and the truth be told.
For I cannot write
but the truth that lies
in my own heart.

Alejandra Olivas

Promises Fulfilled

Artemis' Lady Knight or Aphrodite's Oath
I found you.
Breathing dreams of peace and hearth.

Concealed in the depths of Twilight,
Where the sunbeams and the cerulean sea danced;
I was set alight.
The Night gleams with renew Might.

The Daughter of the Light
Eagerly feasts with the North Wind,
That brings the Earthly rebirth
And the Eastern Sun that bathes.
I wait for you, on the beautiful beaches
Beneath our pearly path.
For once certain that you Will come.
For I see you.

I found you.
I found you tonight.

Alejandra Olivas

Te Encontré

Hoy el cielo y
la tierra se unieron.

Por unas horas te encontré
No en los brazos de mi amado
No en la silueta de la luna
No en las paginas de un libro
Sino en el lomo de un caballo.

Alejandra Olivas

Te Espero

¿Dónde estas amor mío?
La rosa de verano se marchita,
Las mariposas se van en cada suspiro,
El sol se oculta una y mil veces,
Y tú
Y tú no llegas.
A veces te siento llegar
En cada esquina,
En cada paso,
En cada persona,
Pero al voltear tú nunca estuviste;
Nunca estarás
Y sola me quede en mi eterna oscuridad.
¿Dónde estas mi amor?

Mi corazón congelado esta
Sin el roce de tus manos para calentarlo
Mi alma muerta esta
Sin el susurro de tus palabras para revivirlo.
¿Que haces que tarda tanto?
Mi amor regresa a mí
Como las aves regresan en primavera
Como la abeja a la flor
Regresa a mí, amor
Sin ti yo he de vagar
en este desdichado mundo
hasta tu regreso
O he de morir en el intento
Pues sin ti muerta en vida estoy.

Alejandra Olivas

The Orchard Of My Heart

The eagle soar the windy sky,
that would have made others fly no more.

No more could the eagle fly
in such a windy sky.
After a long journey the eagle
came to rest
in a tangerine orchard
that called her name.

The branches were as welcoming
as new spring.
The eagle felt the orchards warmth
surrounding her
when cold she was.
The orchard's touch
was the first she felt
in quite some time.

That sweet touch,
that gracious touch
cover the eagle as
a blanket of peace.

Thus the eagle soar
the orchard's skies.
never to far
from the sweet smell
of the tangerine trees.
Never to far away
from the orchard's
gentle touch.

The warm eagle
accompanied the
orchard for
time to come!

Thread

My life lies on your hands
You're not here
Neither is my life
I summon you with my heart
I want my life back
But you don't come to me
Either does my life.
I want you gone
I want my life
Please my love bring me to life
For I can't live among the living
And I cannot walk among the death either.
I wander
I wander alone through my life
Hoping, my love will give me
My life back
So once more I can join the living.

Alejandra Olivas

Yes

Every thought revolves around you
I don't understand
what keeps us in different routes.
Why are you not bold enough to ask
what your heart really wants
and your soul already knows.

I am yours
I was yours
I will be yours
If you just ask
what your heart really wants
and your soul already knows.

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