

Poetry Series

carlos Ac libera
- poems -

Publication Date:

2018

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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An Evil Circus

' Adults ', that were never be,
children, s climbers in games,
evil clowns
a meat circus
a circus of sinners
an evil circus

Perhaps an adult is someone
who is just all or nothing,
Blacks, Jews, Arabs,
Mexicans, or Indians
are names, not lives
all the flocks
shit in comics

vils paltry, dying climbers children, s
perhaps cutting funeral sour
of pay, tails of toilet paper,

They are wild tonight '
tomorrow agree on the potty,
and find joke to the life
run with animal paws
laugh if by have a mouth

They eat because...
they hate life, they have guns
but ' were never ' adults '
children, s climbers as they are crazy
evictions are the world

buried
and disfigured in bones
and jaws,
who have ceased to eat
to be eaten

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Echoes The Song Of Orpheus

echoes the song of Orpheus

'O death, that makest life
sweet ... '
founded on the sense of loss
in her absence
would the good things be
its open-endedness

this vignette of a life of peaceful
sit and see'
scramble is over
sense of spatial neatness
as the woodpecker hunts his prey

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'Hang The Dogs,

'Hang the dogs,

'Hang the dogs,
that the horse's hooves\...
repeatedly struck their faces,
awakened from their drunken sleep,

whose landlady had two smuggler sons,
brandy and two tons
of tea wrapped in oilskin,
in a cocky, post-heist mood...

Death by a bullet was too slight,
knelt down to pray,
knelt down to pray,
their bodies hung in chains and left to rot
in the open sky

smugglers stored bags of tea
horses with their legs tied
under the horse's belly hide,
'Hang the dogs, ' the smugglers' wives
said... 'Hang the dogs

'They came here to hang us.'
and suspicious of the strangers...rules,
whose brutality and sadism shook
all that black empire

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I Have Spartans! ! !

Homer and Tolstoy,
have in common,
a virile love of war and
a virile horror of it,
even to a civilian testify,
not least in the way
those soldiers die ...

The agony of death-throes,
the cries of pain,
from those soldiers
too wounded
quicken our pace
to pass through the belt
of this nauseating miasma

'Water... Water...'
a groaned voice sounds
... near of the youngs fighters
and all the army, destroyer
of their lives,

His armour is forged by
Hephaestus;
even his chariot-team
consists of an immortal ...
Look at the endless miles
...those lies ...
a boundary stone -
of myths

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Satires Of A Viscount

No embarrassment in
consider to be evil
performance,
imitation of
that give print
of my writings,

the beauty without
indecent ornaments,
adorned with virtues;
a virtuous wise,
between enemies
the truth not
if you give the lights,

leading to
the glory of the majesty
the horror,
with the righteous
They know see
unworthy gift of flattery
nor I risk
lying wrong,

well I do my craft,
silent,
as you yours,
spoken
to paint Majesties,
not fail me
brushes of Apelles

the love of honor,
horror of guilt,
the inclination to science,
the forgiving enemies,
compassion poverty,

Oh art slaves

I wanted to show you with
songs,
the tears
They were born of joy,
and the beauty triumphs,
when virtue,
It is good and constant...

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The Garden Of Earthly

The Garden of Earthly

Ahead, which
Who Loves Me
At the gates of the soul
Before I see
to suffer
The bitter,
difficult to control
Such bitterness
Oh, I do not care,
To end this madness

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The Garden Of Earthly Delights

his patchwork goblins
they bear witness to close,
dramatically darkened galleries
His sketches of massing birds,

the Last Judgement,
his famous triptych in the Prado,
on hinged wings, or
the Ship of Fools,
the lower they tumble,
the more they look like vicious,
the rebellious angels,
drawn by demons
is a jostling, squabbling mob,
from popes to peasants,
this throng scrambles to grab
hay as though it were gold,

the hereafter which the poor,
are savaged by
ghoulish marauders,
in a chaotic world imperilled,
wielding a brush
in an original manner,
prancing, sharp-fanged things,
with fishy faces and
whiskery snouts,
sticky scales and gossamer wings

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What A Piece Of Work As Da Vinci

A masked figure stands,
spotlit, in the gloom...
studying the secrets of the sea
or the anatomy...

boring holes, digging canals
and weaving cloth,
standing upright like a sinister
crucifix,
as the damage it could inflict...

they fertilised his voracious forays
into other fields of inquiry,
flying machines, armoured cars,
or alarm clocks,

and mythology to put them in your
paintings
and observed the way birds fly,
listened to the speech of the
streets,

on a wooden flying,
machine,
that won't ever stop

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