

Poetry Series

Christian K. Montiel
- poems -

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Christian K. Montiel()

IF I EVER LEAVE THIS WORLD BEFORE MY TIME, PLEASE. SHARE MY LYFE
BECAUSE MY POEM, LYRICS, MY MUSIC. WERE MY LYFE THANKS

.s.T.O.P.

Stop.

Hold on everybody! Stop pointing guilty fingers, we can't blame the whole world for this chapter that have destroy our hearts.

I wish you could light the spot where we can find the answers of this questions that storm our minds, I wish you would show me who end up your beautiful life. They wait behind you, like a lion to his pray, waiting for you to fall, and that way they can end the thirst of revenge to end all and your life.

I wish could stop the humanity from auto destruction, because now each other we had become our own hunters, our own killers.

Christian K. Montiel

After You Left Me.

After you left me.

I thought that everything was going to be all right after you were gone from my life but this morning I woke with you in my mind and I want to call you back but they cut my phone last night so now I don't know what do.

Running in the street looking for way to find you close too me but you live too far away from me and I don't have any money to ride the bus that would get me close to your home.

So now is just this bottle of whisky and this empty pages in my book where I feel like I'm going to write about you, but I don't know I guess I have no light just this candle light that is about to die lonely like me into the night.

I light a cigarette and take sip and I lay back and I look to the mirror and I see how miserable I look since I don't have you and I guess is since you left me alone because you got fed up of feeling alone, so I guess the best is to let you go so you can find the love that you were looking for.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Alicia.

Alicia.

When I heard your name, I feel like angels are singing straight from heaven gates and beyond.

Whenever I'm alone I look to the sky and I can see your face between the stars and your sweet remembrance makes my life brighter just like the moon when it escapes from my window next to my bed.

"Mamalicha" I wonder if you are there between my loneliness? But I know you are because you told me whenever I feel cold you will be hugging me to keep me warm and you will be singing a sweet song until I begin to dream.

Maybe God needs a beautiful flower on His holy garden and He couldn't find it anywhere else so He came to this world and He takes you with Him to heaven.

Dedicated to

My grandmother

Alicia Torres Gonzales

(Mamalicha)

Christian K. Montiel

Are You Lost?

Are you lost?

Rain drops outside of your window, you can hear each one like the beats from your heart, kitchen oven is on, because the night is cold and you are alone in your own.

Baby daddy is too busy chasing panties, and you still wondering if true love will make him to come back to you but for now you still living this nightmare and make you think how long all this bad time will last?

Come home is what your mother told you but your pride is too high even if pain takes you sleep every night, kids ask how long is dad going to be gone but your answers is the silence that burn your soul.

So I reach my hand and I say to you and your lonely soul, you don't have to suffer anymore believe in god and I promise strangers wont

Ask you again are you lost?

Christian K. Montiel

Autumn Times.

Trying to sleep tonight, into the darkness I see dancing shadows, the shadows of the demons that curse my pain but I wish I close my eyes and everything just go away from me.

The rain out side reflects the tears into my faces into this autumn night, dark and sad cold nights is how I spend it everyday of my life because I'm lonely as hell into this life.

Autumn times is how I can see the dying leafs from the happy trees that one day gave life away but today is so sad, that something that just to have a lot life is dying in one simple time.

Looking trough the window I saw how the world twirl in front of me but I only see that I'm getting old and alone with everyday that is going on but I'm not worry, I know is somebody out there feeling the same way as me.

So this memories into my head happen every time that I feel alone, when everything it seems gone, when is no hope for a better light into my life, pretty much my heart is falling like ashes into my soul because love is long gone from my life into this autumn times.

By

Christian K. Montiel

Best Friend.

Best friend.

You show me how to smile again, when I have forgot how to smile, and tears don't flood my face on a while, so please understand that I feel stronger whenever you are next to me.

The sky is not gray anymore is blue and full of life, I remember when we met the first time and our hands hold on like we knew each other forever, beautiful you, thank you for trusting me with your heart.

Now life have a meaning for everything, they say everything on life has a purpose but I hope ours is to last and love each other for the rest of our lives.

My wife, my partner, my best friend.

APRIL G. MONTIEL.

Christian K. Montiel

Beyond October.

Beyond October

Cuddle next to me into this night of October; let me know when I can follow your skin down to every spot.

Let me kiss you slowly meanwhile you pretend that you won't misbehave, slowly I'm going to make tonight, the night that you will remember October forever.

Let me bite every spot that make you move, let me put this love in you, so you won't forget about me.

Love beyond October, man! I just can't stop thinking about those crazy times that we spend every night, since early august to early October or maybe the last days of September.

Christian K. Montiel

Beyond The Sun.

Beyond the sun.

Go ahead go way, but take this pain with you inside of your heart, don't look back because I will be putting my life back together.

You said that you love me, but I don't believe you anymore, you said that you think about me but I wonder if you did when you were with him?

I did love you with all my heart and I give up everything just for you, but love is just words into the wind and I did feel something for you so strong that it will go beyond the sun and that was the love for you.

Christian K. Montiel

Black Society.

Black society.

Are so many things into this world that doesn't make sense to worry about like adultery, war and material things that nobody really needs.

But what about those who are left behind for not be able to get along with the society that not understand them and don't even listen to their complains, I'm talking about the groups that are left in the darkness of our society.

Elders, ethnic groups and people with special needs and others so many groups that are still misunderstood with society, like this kid that I found into this society crying with his crutch broken and he ask me why society has to be mean with people like me?

Since he ask me that question and cannot be able to answer it because still no answer into this society, this society where everybody pretend to be blind and deaf to those who really need it and complain of pain.

The world is going to be going around with no way to stop, but I hope one day we found the answer of the questions that still disappear into this darkness that is call our black society.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Blue Moon.

Blue moon

One more night with out you,

Is one more night to dream about you, my nights are lonely and colder as get older with out you under this blue sad moon?

Tonight I'm here writing down something's about you, but is just a waste of lyrics because you never going to read what I had wrote, whenever I was thinking about you.

Walking alone as my pain mix around with misunderstood feelings, I saw you holding hands, I think with that man that finish whatever I couldn't, so I'm here celebrating my loneliness since you went away under this blue moon.

Christian K. Montiel

Borrowed.

Borrowed.

Let me take you by my side tonight and show you my life from a different view,
pretty much something you never knew.

Driving through this lonely town, I try my best to take you out from my head but
it doesn't matter what I do, I always see you next to me.

I try to get my self together but my life is just a mess, I'm just a fool and I know
karma will get me someday.

Even if I lie the borrowed time that I spend with you was the best experience of
my life.

Christian K. Montiel

By The School

Summer was bad as winter, because the house didn't have a/c or heater, only one bedroom and one bathroom it was her and her three little brothers because the older one run away from home, just like her dad that left them long time ago and since then mom had different jobs.

Men came and go, different faces became common at the house, she became the mom, the sister, the baby sitter at early age because her mom didn't care about them, sometime she was gone for days and nobody was there to feed them.

So now at sixteen, very different from that innocent girl, she became a lost soul, many hands curse her soul and body, now she is alone, short skirts, high heels, every night by the school she roam.

Christian K. Montiel

Can'T Ignore You Love

Hey woman I don't know what is wrong with me,
But since you being gone I can't ignore you love
Because it seems that everywhere I go, I see you face,
But don't worry about me, just remember one thing I do
Wish you the best for you.
Tonight I'm going to write you the last love poem,
Because my hopes die since you left me that sad morning
And all for my foolishness now I know that is true that you
Don't know what you have until is gone from you.
So good bye beautiful woman that never meant to be for me
But I just one to tell you one thing that has bother me alot
And that is that I can't forget about you love.

Christian K. Montiel

Carmelita From The Store.

Carmelita from the store

Thinking about you and knowing that the only reason why I go to the store is to see you but you don't know only me and nobody else because you're a special person for me.

But why this obsession with you, I just wonder if you may know that I like you and I think about you every day and night and I dream about you and me be on a world of love and peace for us only me and you.

My love, my secret love and I remember when you told me that you man don't understand you and mistreat you and I was so angry because I couldn't do anything to save you but now I'm just here writing down this thoughts that I couldn't tell you and now you are gone forever and you man is locked up and I'm sorry that you live your life misunderstood and I could understand you when you cry in front me but I think love is a feeling so strong that you keep it no matter what and now you pay price of be in love and misunderstood carmelita and I got one more thing to tell you I love you and miss my secret love the one only for me and I hope god be with you.

R.I.P by Christian montiel

(This is for every woman who is kill for home abuses and I hope man reflect one day and learn to respect our women and that way we don't raise the babies who hate the ladies)

Christian K. Montiel

Closer To God.

Closer to god.

As I close my eyes trying to reach for the hand of god, my dreams disappear
between the nightmares that trap me on my sleep.

I pray on my knees but at the same time the evil is waiting for me outside on the
window of opportunities.

I run from this shadow that wont stop following me, all the way down to my last
chance to live.

Opening my eyes and I see my self in the promise land where I found the
happiness that I had lost in my life.

Christian K. Montiel

Clown.

Clown.

My life has been nothing but a pile of fill up feelings for other people and the only one who ends alone is me, when there's nobody for me.

I sit in the front of the mirror and I see nothing but a shadow of a man who was somebody and now is dying into time drag around like a tumble weed by the wind and now its needs somebody to don't feel alone.

Salty tears run down trough this face that reflects from where it never exist, painted smile that fade away when the lights go out.

I'm nothing but a sad clown that people laugh about and now I wish it would be a reason to smile again and people who don't even know me would feel my pain, if they only know that I do this to feel whole.

Christian K. Montiel

Crazy II.

Crazy II.

Please forgive me if I call you tonight but I miss you a lot, whenever you are not here next to me and if he ask you who you talking to, tell him with somebody else not with this crazy man.

Get you ear close to the phone and you lips to the speaker and I close my eyes and I can feel you so go ahead and lets close our eyes and make love into our minds.

I know you sad, by just the sound of you sweet voice; tell me why are you crying tonight? C'mon by my side and hug me the hardest you can, and that way we can hold hands and feel like we can make it to the end.

Christian K. Montiel

Cuate.

Cuate.

It seems that time hasn't heal the wounds, that still open, sensible to anything, I think it was sometime on the yesterday time that I hear you laugh and ignoring that it was going to be the last time.

You family still waiting for you to come home, ignoring that you are long gone, you left three angels behind and a lot of hearts broken and forever will be in me something that I'm try to forget and that will be the pain that I can take it anymore.

The whole world that you help with out asking anything back, is mourning that you will never comeback to help them when they were down, I look to your pictures and tears just fall from this eyes that prefer to be blind that keep seeing that you are not here.

Maybe somewhere around heaven they need angel back because his mission was end it on the hands of those with evil mind, and now I can't stop my cried because I wish you will be alive so forever, we will mourn that you are gone and into the future you smile will be fresh like it was just yesterday cuate.

Dedicate to my uncle Cuauhtémoc chi.

.R.I.P.

It has been three months and no answer yet
Who end up your beautiful life...

Christian K. Montiel

Daughter.

Daughter

When I see your eyes, I can see me, when I hear you laugh I can hear me, I hold your little hands on my dreams but when I wake up, my loneliness set on my life once again.

Your image becomes shadows that fades away and your laugh becomes echoes in the wind and I pray some times that some day you forgive me for not be there for you.

Believe me I use to dream that I was there pushing you on the swing and at night I was brushing your beautiful hair until you fall asleep next to me.

My daughter if you do exist, I hope you know that I m thinking about you and I pray to god allow me to know if you exist or not.

Christian K. Montiel

December.

December with out you is a cold time
, is like feeling the rain crying because
everything is over between us.

I'm here asking to the moon to shine into
my heart at least for a night and i can feel
something real for the last time into my heart.

I got to let you go, because you and me
and this love doesn' belong into the books
of the history of love that mean't to be and
you already have man that fulfill your
dreams and fantasies.

So cold it is when you are alone and
I'm here trying to fill the pages of this book
where I'm thinking about you but I cry
into my lonely nights because I'm tired of be
alone in my life.

Christian K. Montiel

Down With You.

Down with you.

I'm here next to you on the couch so I close my eyes with your head on my chest and my breath on you hair unaware of all the things that may happen if we open our eyes so go ahead keep traveling on that land of the dreams where you brought a lot peace to me.

Since the begin of this it was a lot of things wrong but I didn't care because I knew the soonest you close that door all the world disappear and is you and me, nothing else into this world bother me anymore I just to feel like I was home even that all this was a nightmare so wrong that you try to forget about it.

I think I left a part of me in you, I guess is in you arms or you lips or somewhere around you bed, but is just me here trying to let you go from life but I don't know how and I remember what you told me "does even matter"

But I know for you not but for me still because I did love when I was down with you.

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Drama Free!

Drama free.

Go away from my life, go far away where my heart don't feel you anymore, go ahead be gone.

I'm glad that I meet you, so that way I can learn my lesson that doesn't matter how many times you try to cover the sun with one finger that would never be possible.

You laugh; go ahead I was the joke of the day, poison in you sweet words that tried so hard to kill my heart.

Now you can see that I'm drama free, because with out you there's a happy me.

Christian K. Montiel

Erotic.

Erotic.

Lay down in the bed full of petals from roses that grow into the fields of love.
Sheets of silk wrap around you body that make you body a mystery for me and I
can't wait another minute to have you between my arms.

I harass you body with every touch, every kiss and every loving affection from
my heart, using my hands like eyes so I can see every spot from this wonderland
that is call your body.

So erotic the moments between us that Eros would be so pleased that we have
been bond with love and lust something prohibited for the rest but not to us.

Christian K. Montiel

Eternal Love.

Eternal love

You are the sadness of my eyes,

The ones that cry on silence for you love.

I look into the mirror and I see in my face the time that I bent suffering since you are gone.

I obligate my self to forget about you with my thoughts, but I'm always remembering the yesterday.

I prefer to be sleep than to be awake because it hurt me so much that you are not here.

How much I wish that you would be alive and that you beautiful eyes never would it shut and that way I be looking at them.

Eternal love so unforgettable,

Late or soon I be with you so we can be together.

I be suffering so much for your absence since that day until now I can't be happy, but even that I have the peace on my soul,

I know I could do more things for you.

An a Dark loneliness is what I'm living,

The same loneliness of your grave, you are the love that I remember the sadness of my life, how much I wish you would be alive and that your eyes it would be open.

Eternal love and so unforgettable and real soon I be with you so we can be together.

Christian K. Montiel

Eternal Reveal.

Eternal reveal.

After I woke up from the deep sleep I found an angel sitting by my side and ask him who are you? And he told me I come for you, for me? Yes is time, lets go. I told him but you don't understand heaven and hell are here on earth! I've always said that, and he said to me come on, you have an appointed and then I ask him, will anyone else be there? And he answer yes quite a number. He points his finger into a bright spot in the darkness and he say there is your destination! And then I response to him, I simply refuse to believe this is happening to me.

I saw the dead, small and great, stand before god; and then books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judge out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. In then, they rewind my life since the day that I was born until this day and they show me all the things that I have done wrong and most of my sins, and I ask him why nobody warn me about all this?

I heard a voice real loud that say, Open the book of life and the angel said lord his name is here in the book, so I felt a relief inside of me, and he said ok we will give you the eternal forgiveness so go ahead and send him to the eternal place and you reward is that you soul is going to be resting in peace for the eternal sunshine so this is for me my eternal reveal.

By Christian montiel

(My journey trough the process of judgment day and my way to know my eternal reveal)

Christian K. Montiel

Fantasies

Fantasies.

Paint me a window
so i can see beyon my dreams.

Close my eyes
and put my hands
in your heart
so i can feel
alive.

I shouldn't seen
the night die
into your eyes
because
that just feed
my solitude
into my life.

Fantasies ans dreams
is the only way i know
that you will belong
to me.

Christian K. Montiel

Father.

Father

I wrote a poem for you father, trying to explain that even the roots of hate are deep into my heart, I still find some type of love for you.

Twenty six, well twenty seven years and I still don't have an excuse for you, my wait for you end long time ago but I still hope that I can find you someday of my life.

You left but all this feelings stay, stay inside of me, misunderstood to what was good for me, I don't hate you but I hate that you didn't stay to see me prosper and grow and into my lonely nights I still wonder why?

Father wherever you at, you still a part of me because I m a part of you and I hope some day our roads meet again and is not too late to see and call you father again.

Christian K. Montiel

Follow My Lead.

Follow my lead.

Go ahead baby girl hold my hand because with this love we can see through the darkness, they say our love is fake but I say our love is real.

Follow my lead and don't worry about the rest because whatever I feel on my chest is real, because I want to let you know one thing and that is that this world is going to do its best to bring us down.

I know many people have told you that I'm not good but believe that he says and she says stuff destroy most of the true love relationships.

So the longest you keep following my lead, we can make it through the harsh times of this empty dark life on this lonely cold world.

Christian K. Montiel

G.A.Y.

G.A.Y.

Let me think about it, I think the word gay is the opposite of everything we do on this lifestyle that we create.

Because if I wear something that is not good is gay, if I do or I say something wrong is gay, I guess that is the word of the day.

We should be worry about our own life and don't be judging other people by their lifestyle or sexual preferences you don't know about their life you don't know about the reason why they are like that maybe you even don't know and your son or daughter can be like that too but they are not support on their ideas or decisions.

That is one of the main reasons why teen suicides are on high level besides drugs and alcohol because parents who don't respect their children and they will see what is going to happen to their future.

So I say please worry about your life and if you can help others worry about them and please before you are going to say something about somebody look at your life and you will see that nobody is perfect and respect will take you places where you never imagine so respect others and respect your self on this world.

By Christian montiel

(Dedicated to those who have their own personality and if you are gay, lesbian or whatever you are, keep you head up high and don't let anybody put you down keep your pride up and self-respect too)

Christian K. Montiel

Go On.

Go on.

Go on little girl I open to you the doors of this world and go on and learn what you need to know.

Go ahead and don't look back ill be right behind you watching over your shoulders like your guardian angel, so you don't have to be worry about anything but your destiny.

Don't cry and dry your eyes because life will be harsh but will pass like the clouds in a sunny day and on this time of the day the sun will shine in your side.

Smile for me and show me that you already enjoy the world where I brought you and I know it will push hard but at the end of the dawn me and you we can count stars so brush your shoulder and lay your head and go to sleep because tomorrow is going to be another day that you can play with me.

By Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Griselda.

GRISELDA.

As everyday I think about her, that I should let it go from my head because it doesn't make sense to talk about her when she didn't belong into my life after all.

They say after the storm, everything will be calm as the first time that she meets me but now everything looks the same but I wonder why her memories still affecting my life today?

Beautiful brown eyes that make me feel happy whenever they looked at me when she try to ignore me but I hate my self whenever they cry for the storm that I create when they were blind.

Nothing shouldn't never bother you again just like me back in two thousand six, December what a weird month at the same time I'm happy but at the same I'm sad because I can't bring you yellow flowers Griselda.

Christian K. Montiel

Guilty Pleasure.

I promise to my self, that would never,
Write about you ever again but something
Is holding me back from letting you go
From my life pretty much from my head.
Yes! We play together those mind games,
That I bet we never going to understand,
So I guess this was something just like a
 Fantasy for you and me.
Spacing in time we did the best to not
Surrender our selves against the odds but I guess
This was nothing but guilty pleasure.

Christian K. Montiel

Hazeleyes.

Hazeleyes.

Hazeleyes that keep me awake every night, when you roam around my mind.

God did love me because he crossed our paths together, so I wouldn't feel alone anymore but now I feel like this love die in your mind because it never exist into your heart.

I wrote a lonely poem to my heart to apologize, that we fail again to find the happiness.

Beautiful hazeleyes is so hard for me to do this, but like you said is not the end of the world but I guess that is the best for both us, so I'm going to give you a part of my heart, the one that you broke so you won't miss me anymore every night.

Christian K. Montiel

Her Name.

Her name remind me the bad things that happen to me, but i wish i could rewind the time when me and her we just to be feeling the happiness and sometimes i ask my self what happen?

But i guess the best is to let her go and open new doors so better things can come into my life.

Sometimes too i pray for you so you can turn your life right, so this is something about this person who change my life, today she is happy but i'm not. dedicated to chela.

Christian K. Montiel

Holy Emotions.

Holy emotions.

Looking through the window,

How you drive away on that taxi

And I begin to feel how my heart

Was beating so fast and I ask

To my self why life is too hard into this world?

Walking through the rain trying so hard to forget my pain but it just won't go

away and the tears are running down my face holding hands with the drops of the rain.

Sleeping alone as I look at your pictures the phone rings and it's a message from you and it's said, would you still love me in the morning?

Then I looked to the sky and I said to God thanks for these holy emotions that I feel, because it makes me feel so good that I would write a love book just for you.

Christian K. Montiel

Hopes About You.

Hopes.

I don't want to get my hopes too high, that the flocks of birds from spring are coming back to the winter in my heart; I mean I feel like my hopes went away like the snow in spring.

Don't rush the water because it will become a puddle of mud, let it run free and it will become a beautiful pond fill with holly water blessed by god.

So I wrote the most beautiful song for your sensible ears and I whisper slow this is a love poem for you, my love because I'm in love with you.

Beyond my hopes I pray that some day god grant me a wish and that would be to be with you forever.

Christian K. Montiel

How Sad.

How sad!

One more night she laid down by her self in the bed whishing and making fantasies by the phone.

The love of her life is gone one more night and now she has to be going sleep with her wet skin.

Inside of her head are a lot of fantasies but out side is a lot of loneliness and now she has to go sleep one more night with out having what she needs into her life.

How sad! With a love like that, anybody can die but you, you have to hold all the attention and tension inside because has make you blind and that is why you decide to play with fire.

Now you think that you are going to hell but woman when in this world you stay by you self having the love of your life in front of you and doesn't do anything you have to reach for another light, but how sad that one more night you have to spend it by your self in your own sad world one more time, one more night!

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Hush

Walking slowly through your back yard so numb to the point where everything was so perfect and never wrong.

Opening your front door so carefully that I was afraid to make a noise, hush, hush and get in.

Making love in silence so no noise would bother us and would not disturb the moment of lust.

Hush and don't kiss and tell, keep it to yourself and don't tell to anybody else, pretty much hush.

Christian K. Montiel

I Can'T

I can't.

Sometimes I don't erase the last call that you did to me, because that way it make me feel closer to you but my hopes die every time that I find out that you won't call me back anymore.

You told me why you? And not other girls because other girls are not you and I wonder why, I still feeling alone when I'm surround by the whole world.

Bad news for my heart, good news for him so go ahead follow the hopes that you thought were dead.

I can't let you go, but I know is wrong and the best is to not affect whatever is what you believing before.

To

Yvette.

Christian K. Montiel

I Had Close My Eyes.

I CLOSE MY EYES SO I CAN FIND
PARADISE BETWEEN MY DREAMS..

Christian K. Montiel

I Love You.

I love you for you, your beauty and the love that never ends
So I say to you thank you for be there for me in all type of bad whether
My words would not be enough to explain what you're to me.
This is just a short though on my head because with out you I probably be lost
In this hurricane that is call life and let's loved each other until the end of times
My woman, my friend the only true from the rest.
I love you like I said until the end because everyday that we spend together is
brand
new day to fall in love with you all over again.
So it doesn't matter if the odds are against us I will love you unconditionally so
the longest you love me I will love you.

Christian K. Montiel

I Must Die.

I must die.

I must die, alone as my life rolls like an empty bottle of water following the wind.
Holding your hand as you disappears between my dreams that are becoming
nightmares on my head.

The dawn on the beach is not beautiful anymore with out you, so I would try my
best to forget you kisses from my lips that now they are so dry like the shore
when the tide goes down.

I must die alone, because the nights are cold and my life cannot be like before
and now my solitude is my destiny to be.

Christian K. Montiel

I Ride With My Love.

I ride with my love.

I took shorty to ride in my bike destiny mid town after I left her on there she tips me with a kiss and that was a good day for me.

Let's ride around the park meanwhile the wind plays with your hair, hey baby girl let's run until the end of times.

If I try my best to not over annoy you so lets go and jump off a cliff of dreams into a mind of a poet that had die already.

Lovely beautiful eyes just like the sunshine on the morning rise and that was your beautiful brown eyes.

Christian K. Montiel

I'M Dying Inside.

I'm dying inside, but nobody knows only me
The nights are so cold, the days so sad and long
And the sky is not blue anymore.
The stars don't shine
And the feeling of fear has over come
the feeling of love
inside of my heart and soul.
So today i found out that fear is bigger than love
And even that my view is blind like this
feelings inside of me and i know
You can't feel that I'm dying
tonight, and I'm dying for your love.

Christian K. Montiel

I'M The One.

I'm the one.

I'm the one that write about you but never can have you, I'm the one the one that thinks about you but try to forget about you but I ask my self if the one that is the wrong one is me?

I keep writing about you and I don't really know why, because you told me something that real hurt me inside to bring me down but my pride is high that no matter what you say you will not bring me down because many people try before but that pass and now I'm beyond that.

I know you use me because you say that you didn't but in the real bottom of you mind and I know you did it and no matter what you will learn one day that playing with three hearts has it consequences and what you need to do is think about what you have done to us the ones that give you something that tickle you mind.

Christian K. Montiel

Intimate Strangers.

Into the dark is where we end up, strip out
From our clothes but I remember yesterday
You don't even want to speak to me.
Funny that we end up this way, foolish me
Thinking that this is going to be a romantic dinner
But now we are here two strangers that find in
Each other what we were looking for.
Best friends with 'benefits are what we became
But I wonder why now after your best friend wrap
You head around with nonsense about me
You don't want to be with me and now you are
Messing around with your husband best friend.
I call you once, I call you twice maybe I call you for
The last time, you mood swings has become a
New challenge for me besides dealing with this
Situation between us.
I guess we became one after we were strangers
From the nowhere and now after long time
I still talking to you, every time you feel down
But I hope one day our friendship don't die
So we can become intimate strangers one more night.

Christian K. Montiel

Irma.

Irma

Oh beautiful girl with so many dreams on this world like almost everybody else
And I'm thankful with god that put you on my way but now you are gone that is
ok

Oh mita I'm thankful with you too because you open my eyes to a way out so
now I can see outside of my door

Irma you were like bird that was inside of cage and now that you are free you
don't want nobody else to put you back and all what you want is freedom.

By Christian montiel

(This for the girl that I can't have)

Christian K. Montiel

Just A Thought.

ONE TIME YOU TOLD ME TO CHOOSE BETWEEN YOU AND MY LIFE AND I
CHOOSE MY LIFE AND YOU GOT MAD AT ME BUT YOU NEVER KNEW THAT MY
LIFE WAS YOU.

HAPPY VALENTINE DAY.

Christian K. Montiel

Kids Having Kids.

Kids having kids

Now the playgrounds are empty like the soul of this new generation, it seems everyone wants to love faster, live faster and I think beyond their capabilities. Now a electronic device means more than words or feelings, now you can be in love with out knowing what really means or feels, now you can run away with out feeling attach to whatever you love or desire.

No more romantic candle lights dinner, no more hopes for a great everlasting love, nothing matters anymore but the numb superficial meaning of things.

Maybe that is why the true looks strange on this days and our future is skeptical, because maybe our kids are having kids too fast and too normal.

Christian K. Montiel

Larissa

She is too beautiful but her heart is too cold, she has sweet lips but sour at the taste, she looks so happy but she is full of hate.

Beautiful blue eyes that only see what the heart can't see, white soft skin just like the snow that is so cold just like her soul.

Angel with a devil mind purpose, you are an angel who was corrupt by the wrong hands but it doesn't matter, because even that you said that you change, you always going to be the same.

(To Larissa)

Christian K. Montiel

Let's Do The Math.

My daughter is three, my hell is two and our relationship four, a thousand sheeps I count so I could it go to sleep, two thousand notes to apologise to you, forty phone calls, twenty messages so I guess is hard to skip our relationship whenever I feel you next to me.

Hundred and fifty times I promise to be a better man but I failed 300 times, 23 is my life but I only was happy half of it and even that I try to lie that I don't miss you let's do the math and count how many times we were happy into the days that we spend together.

Christian K. Montiel

Lies In The Moon.

Lies in the moon.

Everything is a lie, even this love between us,

She is just a dream and he, he's a poem that the poet never wrote and on the eternity they are going to bond their souls so forever for this

Love will exist.

He is like the sea and she is like the moon and in

The nights of full moon they make love and in the infinity

They give their souls to god and that is how this sad story of love was born.

Love is a gift, love is a sin, love is hate, love is pain but most important of all

love is a feeling that exists between the darkness.

Cry, but don't dry your tears because those are feelings that never could it make it to your heart and now they are dripping away just like night that pass by trough your window.

The moon always going to be a witness to me but always going to exist lies on the moon because, I promise to the moon that I always going to be loving you but now you are gone like the feelings that I just to have for you.

THIS POEM IS HAVE EXAMPLES OF TRISTE CANSION DE AMOR WROTE IT BY ALEX LORA.

Christian K. Montiel

Life From Here.

Life from here

It everything looks so beautiful from here the lights from the mortal world, make me feel kind of sad because I wish that my life would it been like this beautiful images of the mortal world and where I just to belong one day.

But now here on a better place where my entire friends are with me and people who I love the most over here where everyday is a brand-new day to enjoy it.

Mother I wish I could tell you how much I regret to leave you by your self on the cold world and that I couldn't show, how much I respect you but now is too late to say I'm sorry but is not enough and tears are falling from my eyes and I know for you is like rain from a cloud that pass by but is me the one that never was able to say I love you.

By Christian montiel

(My first letter from heave to all who my family and those who appreciated me)

Christian K. Montiel

Little Girls.

Little girls

Little girl you are so beautiful and innocent like your sister and I think you are going to be so strong like you sister when I see you for the first time I knew you were something special I see that into your eyes.

But the same way that you sister looks so strong when she smiles I see the sadness into your eyes and sometimes when you cry is not just that you want to cry is something more deeper like inside of your little soul.

Both of you little girls are just two souls two angels who fall from gods hands into this world where is hard to live and even me that I'm just twenty years old and already see what life has to offer to any one that try to live it on the free care and the easy living.

But don't worried little girls everything is going to be all right and I know you miss you daddy and sometimes mom is not there to support you I will be there for both of you and I will pray for yours dreams little darlings little angels from gods hands.

By Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Little Sad Eyes.

Little sad eyes.

Looking into those brown sad eyes I can see how lonely you are, but I try to reach for you and you got away for the fear that is inside of your head.

Damn! Woman what in the hell went wrong with you, you are such a pretty woman but I guess the demons into your life make you blind to see differently. You find me with a lot suffering inside of my soul, I guess more than you know, but I never show the sadness into my eyes, that is why you always see me smiling.

When I begin to be with you, your attitude was nothing but negative and mistrust to anybody who get close to you but I try to show you a different view. But sometimes I ask my self how much you love somebody to the point where you sentence you heart to be miserable for the rest of your life.

The minutes, the hours, the months pass by and I haven't see you but if I see you again I know, I will see those sad little brown eyes one more time, and even that you try to hide you sadness with a smile.

Christian K. Montiel

Lonely At Last.

Lonely at last.

Alone I feel when I can't find answers for this questions that disturb my mind every night.

In the dust that blurt my vision of my life, I ask my self if I will find my happiness at last, I mean when I can't find my heart anymore.

Can I keep writing? Maybe not but there's some type of inspiration that keeps going around my mind after all the drama, now I can say that I'm lonely at last.

Christian K. Montiel

Lonely Girl.

Lonely girl.

She was somebody, he was nobody,

She was full of misunderstood thoughts; he was full of evil intentions.

The love was too much for one heart and the other was full with too much hate,
she was in love, he was lost on something that never exists.

Pretty lonely girl now you are gone and had left his heart broken on a thousand
pieces and now his alone and whenever he looked at the stars he cry because
that is what you are for him.

Christian K. Montiel

Love Affair

Lets make this love affair,
Call me whenever he's not there
So we can do this once for all.
But don't let the word love to fool you
It just something to fill the blanks from this
Situation that is so empty.
Go ahead; forget about me but meanwhile I'll be writing down everything that
we had done, kiss and tell?
Naw, it just something to make this poetry up.
C'mon don't be to harsh with you self trying to pretend that you are a good
woman, I mean this didn't meant to be after all, we end up wrong but remember
everything that I said because this was just a love affair.

Christian K. Montiel

Love Apart.

Love apart.

Graciela was a fast girl from the wrong side of town, Christopher was a handsome football player with all the right reasons to be the perfect love but when he broke up with her during her senior year, her world fall apart, so she ask him for one last favor to prove he's love: to kill her.

So one Friday evening with not much to do, Christopher begin to let the demons that don't let him sleep to corrupt his mind so he decide that tonight he will prove his love for her at least for the last time.

He went and grab the gun that he hide for so long for any special occasion you know teens drama so with alcohol in his brain, and blind numb for deception for not be able to quit his love for her, he knock into her window and call her out side with a kiss and he's eyes close he pull the trigger that kill the woman that he never wasn't able to love

Forever.

Christian K. Montiel

Love In Silence.

Love in silence.

I had been loving you blind putting my heart into your dirty hands and I know that everything have become an illusion that never exist.

Believing on every word that was coming out from your sweet lips that I just to like to kiss whenever you were next to me.

Holding so strong to a hope that was dying like the dawn into the night and this pain was making me numb to all the things wrong that you did to me.

If the pain keep on killing me slow even that I know that you are not good to me, I would be until the end loving you in silence.

Christian K. Montiel

Love Me.

Love me.

Can I tell you, that I love you?

Even if you don't love me anymore

So I guess the best is not to believe

That you still love me but this poetry is going to

Die into the night just like the thoughts of

You in my mind.

So for the last time stay with me and don't feel

The hate that makes you believe that you don't love me that make you blind

So clean those hurtful words out of head and lay your head

On my shoulder because tomorrow is going to be

A better day for you and me.

Love me today hate me some day for not being able to love you

The best I could so for you always is going to be love from my heart,

But not that type of love that goes away with words and disappear

Like sand into the wind, is that type of love that keeps this bond between you and me

So strong like everyday that pass by into our

Lives.

Christian K. Montiel

Lovely Mothers.

I always thought that life was going to be,
The best for me, even that you left me alone,
I never left the hope that you were going to
Comeback into my life again.

Last night I was dreaming of the past
And I begin to loose control, when I got wrap
Around with lust but please forgive me, I was
So insecure of my self and please don't forget that you are
Such a lovely mother in this world.

I dedicated endless lines, to try to apologize
About my mistakes to those who I love and hurt the most
Both of you lovely mothers.

(Dedicated to my mother.

Christian K. Montiel

March

From all the months in the calendar,
is one that make feel sad and that is march,
when everything suppose to come alive
and the flowers bloom to the blue sky.
God took a flower, a beautiful flower that never
is going to be able to be replace, I guess
god need a special flower in heaven so
he came and pick the most beautiful flower
he never create.
Even that in march everything is happiness
is going to be sadness into my heart
and for everyday and special the last day
is going to be a tear into my face.
So the days and the seasons pass by into
the months but always something is going to be stock
into my soul like a little thorn that is going to hurt me
and make me cry everytime that march comes around
into the year, so for every tear is going to be a day
that I'm not going to forget and that is going to be
the days from march.

Christian K. Montiel

Me, Him And The Other One.

Me, him and the other one.

Me, I was the one who became your friend with benefits, I was a total stranger until the last day that you talk to me but you found something that never existed and you thought that I was the key that should open your happiness.

Him, he is the man who you love and the one that fulfills your dreams and fantasies and he can make whatever you want come true, I mean ten years, three kids and a life that you dream about.

And the other one is his and yours little friend, the one who you found a so-called friendship and made you see things that you could not believe, until today I don't know why you took all the blame on me.

Christian K. Montiel

Missing Lyrics.

Missing lyrics.

I had wrote a thousand of lyrics to that woman, those poems that she never going to read, I wonder if she still thinking of me?

C'mon little book of hundred stories that were create in life and develop in somebody's mind, a mind of a poet that had die into a life of darkness.

They say that when is true love you can see it even on the dark but today my heart is falling apart as one day it fall in love.

Missing lyrics of thousand poems of love build by beautiful feelings that could it create the most beautiful work that I hadn't created yet.

Christian K. Montiel

Mourning Love.

Mourning love.

I look to every picture and I turn every page with a pain that just won't go away, sometimes I smile, sometimes I cry into my lonely nights of my life.

Where do you go? It seems that you been gone for too long but I guess, I just can't take it anymore, this sorrow has fill my soul and sometimes I ask my self what you and god are up to?

I pray to you with the smile in my face and I close my eyes so I can see you smiling at least for the last time but it just too surreal trying to believe all the things that happen to me.

My love, I walk alone trough the cold lonely raining nights of December, feeling so alone into the world full of fake feelings and nonsense that just don't connect with my lost of the love that it would be forever mourn.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Mr. No

Mr. no

There it was door but he said no, so he crawl into the window, there it was a bicycle but he said no so he walk a road with no end.

Everybody laugh but he put a sour face and bad attitude and everybody got in a bad mood with his rude mouth and ways.

It was raining and they told him to get inside but his pride was too high so his new outfit got all wet and damage for the rain that was pouring.

The sun was bright and hot so they give him a hat but he stomp on it and broke it so now he can't even seat down to play his violin.

One day Mr. no was swimming by the river but earlier he was eating the sandwich that everybody told him to wait to eat after he finish swimming but he said no so now his drowning.

Mr. no I shake my head, he die alone because everybody said no to his help when he was drowning

Christian K. Montiel

My Beautiful Girl

Beautiful girl.

Beautiful brown eyes that are like a pond fill with holly water that reflects the blessings from the sun, beautiful girl don't be so sad and wipe those tears from your beautiful eyes because I'll be with you tonight.

Let me brush you hair meanwhile you are falling asleep ready to fly into your dreams.

There! I open the doors of the world for you but be careful with the evil that fulfill this lonely empty world.

Don't look back because you angels will be by your side every day and every night of your beautiful life.

Beautiful girl, beautiful flower that god took from his holy garden to light my life that was so dark and now we can live together forever and ever.

To My daughter.

Christian K. Montiel

My Lonely Heart.

Lonely heart.

Holding your hand but your beautiful smile is fading away; I'm here lost some into the memory lane.

I miss you, you family miss you, the whole world is mourn that you went ahead into the road that one day we will walk together again.

Jokes don't sound the same with out you; there are no memories to build and I hope I can find the strength to forgive those that had hurt my family and me.

So now my lonely heart is feeling the pain again and I hope someday I can find the peace into my soul.

Dedicated

To

CUAHEMOC CHI

R.I.P.

We love you and miss you uncle.

Christian K. Montiel

My Love For You.

My love for you.

Let me put my hand in your heart so I can write the most beautiful poem, let me kiss your lips so I can speak the most wonderful verses of that nobody had ever heard.

Let's hold hands until the end and let this world go to hell meanwhile you and I are on our way to heaven.

Pick five flowers from the five continents that build our mother earth, let her tears clean your soul, let the evil disappear from you, close your eyes and escape with me.

My love for you will be eternal as an inspiration forever and ever until the end.

Christian K. Montiel

My Poem.

My poem.

I look to heaven is about a millions of miles and I say please god don't let me walk there, damn heaven is so far away but hell is around into this world.

My life begin into a sad child eyes where the condemn of his life begin, pain is so deep that he choose the wrong way but abuelitas eyes put him back on the right track of his life.

Hey god why you have to put me into so hard steps in my life, now I don't know what to do when everything looks wrong, and I always end up alone on the coldest corners of my life, pretty much in the dark.

Demons attacking me, with no way to protect my soul, and I scream loud but is just a deaf noise that make echoes into my head into a place where is nobody but me.

This part of my poem is dedicated to all the woman's that has change my life, my abuelita and my mom are the two first and import of all but anyway to the rest of them, I say thank you for share a little piece of you life with me, because for me is a lot even when is a leftover from you love so this is my sad poem, my sad life from the tears of my eyes to the eyes of the world every time it twirl.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Nasty Lady.

Nasty lady.

Nasty lady that play around with me, wrap me around of something that I can't break free.

One kiss, one word, one touch to defuse you mind from the thoughts of guilt that mess up the things between you and me.

Take my clothes off and I would try to take you emptiness from your life, somehow we have to find out how we can't stop messing around.

Maybe I was a seven or maybe I was a lying jerk? I really don't know but I know what its is this childish foolishness.

Or I was too smart for you or you were too nasty for me, whatever the case may be, you were such a good nasty lady.
to chela.

Christian K. Montiel

Newborn.

Newborn.

This right here is to the new born that waiting to breath let me tell some of my prophecies about how life is going to treat you and you waiting nine months inside of the womb.

Looking at me inside of this room trying to write about my life so everybody who is going to be waiting is happy like when they receive a newborn and I hope that my faith don't bring me down so please everybody smile for me now.

So long I try to find my self on this world and please don't think about me as a prophet, look at me as somebody who was brought to this world before of my time and now I'm living ahead of it, many years trying to put my life back together now its looks all good like the seven months that I was inside of the womb but sometimes I panic like when I was in the hospital room.

Everybody who is going to be waiting or a newborn please give the gif of learn about life so they don't look like mine and don't be like me today I still writing about nonsense but I guess just keep going up and never down and if I die early please everybody smile for me now.

By Christian montiel

(My own prophecy)

Christian K. Montiel

Night Of Lust.

Night of lust.

Night of lust is tonight so lets do it now, let you feelings go wild is something normal in this life.

So c'mon woman lets go and get lost in this world of fantasies where you and me we can explore the unknown with our blind feelings.

We can do the perversion of temptation look better what it's, it seems so that means I will do things you never seen and do with another one that you don't belong to.

Let the alcohol run trough you body and let it corrupt it with temptation and the feel of lust inside of us it doesn't matter if is wrong but I'm not stupid, I know you don't belong to me and you are with me because you need me and miss me. Night is the time when the demons come out, to play around with the though of pervasion and will push all the mortals to do temptations that are wrong and will get you mind loose with lust.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Nightmares In Beautiful Dreams

Nightmares on beautiful dreams.

I close my eyes and I think about you but I can't find you but I know only in my memories is going to be the only place that you are going to be waiting for me, my room is a mess signs of depression.

You touch my face but your hands are so cold and then I hear echoes of your voice that said don't let the memories to kill you and my tears are falling like the cold drops from the rain outside, I looked to the mirror and I see my self and then I hear a voice that say are you alive?

Beautiful brown eyes that I want to die every time that I make them cry but I know the longest I'm alive I will have this nightmares on beautiful dreams.

Then I remember what you told me, that I should let the bad memories go because the bad ones will kill the good ones so I close my eyes tonight so I can dream with you one more time.

Christian K. Montiel

No Looking Back.

No looking back.

Back in school days, I had a good friend her name was jess and she was a good friend, she was a newcomer so she didn't have no friends but I became her closes one.

Time passes by and I guess she didn't fit in so her ways begin to change; now jess was the groupie on all the party's, her skirts got shorter and her self teem lower, I couldn't help her, she said I was a nobody.

Jess name change as we grew older, everybody call her a backseat betty and steady I see her at night with bunch of guys.

Now I'm 27 and still go and visit my good friend jess at the cemetery in 24 street she became a drug addict and a lost soul and at the age of 22 she die of aids, I guess is no more looking back to this but to move on.

Christian K. Montiel

No Peace.

No peace.

There is no peace through the lonely streets that I walk alone; my heart is a war against those feelings that try to kill him.

I wish someday it would be answers for all my questions that dissolve into the wind that pass so fast.

I close my eyes as the devil curses me and the demons would not stop disturbing my soul.

No peace in my life, no peace in my heart and no peace in my soul.

Christian K. Montiel

On My Way.

I'm on my way.

They say that I'm on my way to be a great dad because I have seen enough to teach my generation about life and how everything is going on in this world I didn't plan to be here living all this things that come to me.

I learn about life in my early stage of life and actually that is when I was born because I meant to be alone and that is how it happens exactly how destiny predicts my sad life.

But no matter what I don't have anything against my father I say thanks to him for giving me the life and that I'm here today and no matter where he at he always going to have a special place on my heart.

Me and my brother two men's that meant to be alone on this world and like the way my brother raise himself I raise my self too to be a man, and today still reflecting the need of a family but I'm ok because that is what it make me be me today and hope god don't fail me and make me be a great father and example for my generations.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

On The Mood.

On the mood.

I love to kiss every part of your body is a new thing for me, slowly I will make you behave kind of naughty and tonight is going to be the night that I will put you on the mood.

Shhh! don't be too loud, I mean you can enjoy it now; I love when you send me kisses with a sexual messages telling me that you want some of this.

Turning you on with my fingers, they are on the quest to find your spot, so I can turn you on, into a sexual mood, pretty much on the mood to be happy!

Christian K. Montiel

On This Night.

On this night.

Kissing you slow as our clothes come off, making our way to the bedroom at the same time you set the alarm so you can know when he is home.

Meanwhile I lay on the bed you are walking around bare naked turning on the candles; you look so sexual between the shadows.

Making love to you it wasn't enough and this rush goes through my veins and I was feeling like I could be with you until the end of times.

But on this night I realize that you will never belong into my life and everything that I believe was a lie.

Christian K. Montiel

One Deep Feeling.

One deep feeling.

We found this love, like fish in a dry pond

But now this hopes and this love is about to fly away

Like butterflies in spring.

I guess you love me and I do love you but

The night is too short to loved both us and make this love

Grow old.

I had a dream last night, that finally I have found true happiness into my life but my dream fade away trough my lonely night.

C'mon book of many sad stories is time to end this chapter because the way this story is going, it doesn't even make sense, I guess this is the story of me and one deep feeling.

By

Christian montiel.

Christian K. Montiel

Outlaw.

Outlaw.

As my life turns and my steps get longer, I realize that I had walk life with no point and sense of direction and now I'm here alone in my own.

My friends are gone, my friends are death the wind has taken them far away from here and their lives and smiles had been shut and silence forever.

I'm an a outlaw on the quest to find what I'm looking for in my life, I step and destroy every world that I touch and now I'm here on this world alone.

I lost the people who know me best, I lost the only people who understand me best but I know I push them out of my life to stand alone and now I had become an outlaw fighting with my worst enemy that is me trying to understand my life.

Christian K. Montiel

Pictures.

Pictures.

Walking into our home I see pictures of both us hanging into the wall, but that is just a thing on the past.

When I drive into the car I got a picture of you and make me sad that I don't feel the same for you.

Pictures and more pictures are the things that are left from our love and today everything change you work all the time and is not time for me but I don't ask you for anything else just to love me like I'm somebody for you on this world.

I drink and cry I guess they are two of my favorite activities to do in my same old life and in my lonely times and the phone has become my new best friend.

Well if everything is going down the drain and in two more years is not the same I will have something from our love and it will be this pictures of you and me.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Poor Dreamer.

Poor dreamer.

No always the things are the way you think, and no always has to be right.

You are like a dream and me only a poor dreamer, you are like a dream that I don't want to wake up from it, that is why my eyes I would never like to open.

Dreaming is the way I would like to live, traveling into the night in the darkness, you are my escape from the reality and that is why never I would like to stop dreaming in my mind.

Who cares? If this world stops, with you I would like to escape from the reality and never come back never ever again.

Christian K. Montiel

Pretty.

Pretty.

I play with your long curly black hair that it feels like silk to my hands, I like to touch your skin so soft and that is why I like to kiss it from your head to your toes, that beautiful aroma that it smell like petals from yellow roses.

Beautiful cherry lips and every kiss is a holly gift to me, and I like the mystery into your eyes that I hate my self every time that I make them cry.

I though you were mine when you were not and that broke my heart in a thousand pieces, that I'm trying to put together and now I'm walking alone because you are gone but forever you will be for me so pretty.

Dedicated

Christian K. Montiel

Priceless.

Priceless.

I bought her a phone but I don't even call her, our problems are deep, now she is trying to climb out of it.

The night is grown and I'm alone, I throw her phone in the fire so I guess I can't call her anymore.

Yesterday she walk next to me it has been a couple months since we talk, she cut her hair and she told me, she didn't like but it will grow like before.

We kiss goodbye one more time, my life still the same but everything you give me in my life it has no price because everything for me will be so priceless.

Christian K. Montiel

Problems.

I call you yesterday but your mom told me that you wasn't there,
the problems between us don't change, I wonder why? funny now that I'm
thinking that everything is going to be all right but I guess I should let you go
some how out of my life for good.

My sister saw you yesterday talking with some guy I'm not mad but how fast a
heart heals? too fast for what it seems but you know me I'm really not good on
paying attention that is why everything between us fail.

I told my mom that I'm sorry I have fail as a son and to my friends I have fail as
a friend, my friend amanda told me that I should stop making fake storys to star
a conversation because I'm not just lying to her but to my self and I should be
more honest.

The problems in my life don't change, they just got bigger with everyday that
pass by, yesterday was my birthday but for me is one more day less into my life
and I see that I got no friends in my life.

So this is not a poem, just a though in my head, and I'm sorry if can write poems
about happiness, I just can't find it for more that I try and I lie to those that I
was feeling ok when inside I die, as the lonely stars in the morning.

Christian K. Montiel

Profound Question

Black rain.

I'm here feeling the black rain pouring down in my face, the hopes and the dreams are long gone from my life and what is inside of me is anger and sorrow. Trough the rain you can't see the sun and when is no sun is no light to make my life bright and what it is darkness into my view blurry images of a better way out. I'm trying to reach for my way out but I'm sinking into the milky puddle that is where my faith when down the drain and no more smiles into my faces just numb feelings that I would never believe.

The black rain that is running into my face just like the blood that is running trough my veins slowly but surely I would die into the night like the shadows that follow me around.

Christian K. Montiel

Puppet.

Puppet.

I let the strings of your love, wrap around my heart and I became a puppet of your prohibited love into this game that we play.

I follow you to a dead end where it was just me and my heart broken like my dreams, thanks beautiful hazel eye for everything, even if it was nothing.

Is almost the end of October and the only thing that is on my mind is what this tangled situation that happen between us, is funny the way we end up now.

I was the puppet for this play and you were the puppeteer that wrap you strings around my heart with your fake love.

Christian K. Montiel

Recuerdos.

Recuerdos.

Desde que te fuiste destruiste mi vida y hasta este dia no me puedo recuperar porque ya no estas, y eso hace mi vida sentirse vacia y solitaria cada dia mas. Por eso e decidido guardar tu recuerdo en un cajon, que cadavez que lo abro rompe mi Corazon con este amargo dolor.

Dedicado

A

Cuauhtemoc Chi.

R.i.p

Christian K. Montiel

Rolling World

I hang my self from the world, waiting if somebody
Else can save me from falling deep into my
Unbalanced mind.

The wind sings a song to me, a song that meant to be for me, I kick shadows as
I walk alone around the beach, where you love was made for me but now into
the dawn I pray, that the night go easy on me.

Drinking sins as I almost overdose, you said you love me but you walk out the
door long time ago, now the only the thing is left is my pain and a blurry paper
napkin, with your name and number on it.

Believing that everything will be ok, I hold on to a hope, that you will be back
someday so that is why I'm still here on the same place in case you forget the
way, to find me on this rolling world.

Christian K. Montiel

Romantic Blue.

Romantic blue.

Babe don't go now, I mean you can hate me tomorrow but don't leave me alone tonight; I don't want to be feeling lonely under this romantic blue night.

Hold on to a hope that still alive inside of my heart that you won't go out of my life.

Look to the stars that reflect in your beautiful brown eyes that I love to see them close when they are flying free into a dream, and sometimes I wonder, what you dreaming about?

So now lay down with me and put your head on my chest, so you can hear my heart singing a sweet song to apologize to you.

Tonight under this blue romantic sky, I want the stars to be witness that I love you with all my heart, because you are the reason why I'm still alive

Christian K. Montiel

Romeo And Juliet On Heroin

She was in love blind with a sick heart
And he was in love with her innocent soul.

Is a toxic road to happiness but their love
was a ghost that didn't exist but only on her
Mind and his evil intentions that Wrap his soul
And Her soul and left them alone on this cold world.

She was lost once, he found her and call her in, into
His world and with needles he shoot his trust on her
Body and her veins became full of hate and into Her
Eyes, It was no more life.

Twisted story of love, tha maybe it was wrong for us but
For them it was the most beautiful and pure love
above all.

Christian K. Montiel

Sad Beach.

Sad beach.

Remember those nights when we just to drive you car all the way down to that sad lonely beach?

I just to love to harass you when we were wrap around with lust and the devil was inside of both us.

Alcohol it was the perfect ingredient to poison your mind and also to fill your brain until you forget about what you were doing wrong and me and all the things we did.

Sad lonely beach, witness of many stories and one those it was mine so whenever I'm there I do think about you and all the memories that fade away like the footprints on the TM

Christian K. Montiel

Sea Shells.

Sea shells.

Walking along the beach looking at the silly seagulls trying to skip the waves of the sea, Bella the image of the dawn that sinks in the ocean.

I count my footprints to see how many steps I walk but I guess everyday change just like the shapes of the sea shells that hide on the sand, where they don't want to be found.

I wrote you a letter yesterday but you move long time ago, it seems that was just now when I was hearing your sweet voice.

So now I know that my life has change just like the shapes of the sea shells that hide in the sand just like the way I hide my feelings inside.

Christian K. Montiel

Sex Whatever.

Sex whatever.

Hold on to me meanwhile I run my fingers through your hair, I wonder where they going to end?

It doesn't matter you can call it a touching feeling something to get you temperature rising.

I kiss you somewhere wherever you make have a reaction to it, c'mon lets do it now! Don't think twice you already know the fate of this night, the bed it seems small enough for both us, but believe me I will make it work.

Let me turn off the sun and bring the stars out tonight so you beautiful naked shadow dance between the moon light, can you believe that something inside of me don't want to make love but want to get wrap around with lust and lets tip toe in the devils boundaries.

I love when I don't make love but lust that trap us to be playing with something that got us lost on a labyrinth that I can't find the end of it but I'm not going to lie with you I want to get lost until the end of times because that is how I feel every time we have sex or whatever.

Christian K. Montiel

Sexual Desire

Sexual desire is into my mind,
When I close my eyes and dream
About you.

Sometimes is hard to deal

With the stereotypes that people give me when I tell them about you and me,
they say I'm just a poor dreamer

Falling in love with something that never exists.

But you are a dream that I don't want to wake up from it, that is why my eyes I
would never like to open.

This is just a feeling that develops around me and every time that I run my
fingers through your skin so I can feel you close to me but and I know this is just
a fantasy to me that would never meant to exist.

That is why last Saturday I take you out so you can see what I want to do with
you.

So I promise I would not let this demons wrap me around with lust anymore and
I hope you know what happen to me every time you talk me is a fire pretty much
a sexual desire.

Christian K. Montiel

Silence.

Silence.

It doesn't matter if the world goes crazy I would be here keeping you company in silence so nothing bothers you peace and you can feel me at least.

Woman I promise I would be here in your sad times so your tears becomes smiles because it doesn't matter how dark it looks I would try to make you laugh and you know my style.

Right and under is where you put me pretty much in silence because that is how my heart feel now since it can't be able to express anything for you and this love that is going on.

The burning into your eyes is the fire that keeps my heart alive inside of me, because you memories overshadow the sadness that covers me and I guess that is the only happiness that is right for me.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Single Mothers.

Single mothers.

Hey! Here is a reason why I hate to see and live into this world, because when everyday struggle and twirl around the whole humanity is killing each other now. I see you walking everyday to work and I know is hard when you are in you own, baby daddy is long gone and he is not calling back anymore, he don't even know that he is leaving a innocent life behind just like my parents let mine.

I wonder where all this inhumanity is going to end, tupac is gone and Brenda still throwing babies in the garbage, but I guess that is normal like having an affair it doesn't matter the race or the status you are living on.

But I'm not going to lie I support single mothers here, this is my number call me up whenever you feel alone or when you need some unconditional love, but I'm not going to promise you eternal love, but I can promise be there for you whenever you need me.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Smiles On The Wind.

Smile on the wind.

Someday you here and someday you are gone, that is what I had been told, every step that we walk along the road of life, is a step to appreciate whatever is good that surround you on this world where god put us.

I'm on the quest to find peace somewhere on the road of thorns that I meant to walk alone, you smile, I smile and tomorrow we may cry, one day for you and someday for me.

On the wind I tried to reach for my friends that had begin the journey to the eternal place, but they disappear between my hands like the sand on the wind.

□may cry alone, we all my cry together, we share a couple of tears for everyone that we love and is long gone from us, but we should be happy, because they are not suffering anymore and had found the forgiveness of god.

Smiles on the wind, just like the memories of those who are with god on heaven, I pray for all every night and now I don't feel alone anymore because I know all you here by my side tonight.

R.I.P. CUAHTEMOC CHI, ALEX NAVA, ANGEL RODRIGUES, JOEL MENDRANO AND THOSE WHO WENT AWAY...

Christian K. Montiel

So Beautiful Hazel Eye.

So beautiful (hazel eye)

So beautiful hazel eye that brought light into my life when I was living on the darkness.

God knew that I need you but he told me that the possibility for that heart to love me was going to be one in a million chances that is why today I turn my back to the world, to fight, fight for the love that will help me to find paradise. So beautiful, your kisses, you hugs everything about you became a love poem, from a beautiful dream every time I close my eyes every lonely night.

Christian K. Montiel

So Naughty.

Naughty.

Woman C'mon and don't lie about the times that we just to play around, I mean those nights when I just to make you feel so naughty.

So numb and naïve to me were the thing that we had done and this situation between us, maybe your husband and your little friend wasn't enough.

You said that I wasn't immature whenever I was around you but I was a lying jerk whenever I talk to you and maybe that is why you decide to take me out from your life.

But I never going to forget those nights that I stay fresh into my mind, those times that were so erotic because I just to make you feel so naughty.

Christian K. Montiel

Spain 1940

Madrid was beautiful, but not like your eyes, that stole my sleep every night but with out you, my life hasn't been the same, pretty much since went on, on that plane to the unknown.

Now I'm walking trough the beaches of Marbella looking for something, something I can't find and that is you, my love, questions hunt my mind, why you decide to quit? Why you didn't love me anymore?

Here looking at the dawn drown into the sea, another night, wondering about us, but once a gipsy man told me, if it doesn't meant to be, the best is to let it go, so it can be.

So from Spain, with a deep pain, I say goodbye to you my love, but be careful with my love, because my heart is hanging from your hands.

Christian K. Montiel

Special Person.

Her name remind me the bad things that happen to me, but i wish i could rewind the time when me and her we just to be feeling the happiness and sometimes i ask my self what happen?

But i guess the best is to let her go and open new doors so better things can come into my life.

Sometimes too i pray for you so you can turn your life right, so this is something about this person who change my life, today she is happy but i'm not. dedicated to jessica.

Christian K. Montiel

Such A Good Friends.

We are such a good friends.

I remember the first time that you pass by trough my life; I knew that you and me became the best of friend's later enemies.

Now after a year pass you are something to remember sometimes between my lonely times but one thing that I couldn't tell you was that I think you are the kind of friend that I can trust.

I predict this almost a year ago but it doesn't matter what happens to this you always going to be so close to me.

I knew since the first time that you speak to me and that first chapter of this craziness develop, you did have a life in your own and a beautiful life and I knew that I wouldn't never belong in it never into this life.

Christian K. Montiel

Summer 1975.

I was seventeen, she was sixteen we love each other,
with no end, I felt like she's my other half but her dad
Didn't believe in our love.

We always hide around the hill right behind my house
You see I was poor and she was rich but our love was
Priceless.

One night, I decided to take my mother's car keys and that will be the worse
decision. Ever

I pick her up, she looks so beautiful on her blue dress, we sneak out meanwhile
her dad sleep, and then she escaped with me.

If I would know that It's was going to be the last time,
I was going to see you smile, I would think things better and tears still
Falling between my eyes.

I never saw that car coming, maybe I was blinded for the alcohol but I know is
my fault all the way and I know my stupidity end your beautiful life and I know
I would never going to be able to bring you back but I hope you forgive. Me
because

I still can't forgive my self, for destroying. You world
on a sad summer night 1975.

Christian K. Montiel

Sweet Pain.

Sweet pain.

Now you are gone from life and tonight everything is going to change, so all what is left is this deep sweet pain in side of my chest.

"Tick tack" I hear the clock I feel like is going to drive me crazy this thing; I mean the loneliness of feeling so alone in this room.

Sweet little thing, sweet little moments and sweet pain is what is left of your love and now everything went down the drain, pretty much everything is gone.

I'm writing right now about you but I wonder why I can't let you go from my mind, because you are gone from my life and is no question about that and there is no hope to bring you back, but I guess now I have to live all my life with this things, these sweet little pain inside of my chest.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

The Bad One.

The bad one.

Remember the days and the nights

That you spend it with me numb into your mind

But I think I left a part of me in you, I guess in your

Arms or your lips or somewhere around your bed.

Hush you man don't need to know about whatever we doing wrong, so go ahead
and enjoy your new lifestyle that

Is so perfect that now your man is working his schedule around yours.

You said that I should put my life back together, but like they said heaven isn't
that far but isn't that easy to touch it so I guess I'm keep pushing it the barriers
of my life everyday that I can because this world would do it best to put you
down.

So this Friday is your birthday and I'm thinking it twice to bring you yellow
flowers because I know you hate me so much and my presents bother too much
so go ahead and live you perfect life, but I hope someday you remember about
me, I mean when we were best friends.

Christian K. Montiel

'The Big O'

"The big o"

I love when you know in the low the fate of this night; I mean you already know what I meant when I kiss those lips

Slowly we are going to do something good, you can call it what you call it.

Slow I'm going to go through the trail of kisses that my fingers are following, I let you do whatever to me meanwhile let your mind go wild with thoughts full of lust and I know that is what is inside of us.

Did you want it with the lights out? On or whatever you will get it, don't think that for me is only sex what it matters but the way you feel about it and you know what you going to do about it.

You may think I'm going to fast but don't worry I will slow down when I get to my favorite part, one, two maybe the time is going to fast but the minutes consume away my loneliness and if you want to, after this we can still be friends. So please don't think wrong, all what I want for you is the best even if you think is wrong but I promise tonight I will make you have the big o, something I know you waiting for.

Christian K. Montiel

The Last Sunset.

The last sunset.

As I keep writing another note to those who would never going to read what I had wrote, my life just pass into the thin air and the answers that I was looking for dissolve into the wind.

I'm leaving with out saying good bye and please mother wipes those tears from your beautiful eyes that never were able to see something good in me.

I did cry but I cry inside so nobody could it see that I was getting weak with every minute that my life was going away and the pain I couldn't feel it anymore.

Ashes is what I have become and into the wind I'm flying free at last I can be with out any worry and into the last sunset my life is complete.

Christian K. Montiel

The Love Of My Life.

The love of my life.

I thought that I forgot about you, but my heart still in love with you, that is why I did my best to forget about you.

I can't let you go, for more that I tried but after all the mistakes and the things end up wrong, I found out that my heart belongs to you no matter what I do. We belong together, even if life tried to bring us down, the longest you hold my hand, I feel like I can make it to end of times.

So now we are together again, holding strong to this love that was bond by god and nobody will be in our way to find our happiness, because I know you are the love of my life.

Christian K. Montiel

The Next Sunshine.

Sunshine.

I had found the key to live longer, and that is to live every step of this life very careful, because it can be your last.

I was thinking that whenever I got to heaven (if I go!) they going to be so jealous that I found happiness in my life, I mean I would not complain that my life was not good but I was not able to see a new sunshine on it.

Hey! They say that when it rain and pours we can't see the beautiful sunshine of the morning light, welcoming us to a new day, I'm here saying good bye to you my good friend, so long and I wish that you can find peace at last.

So I know you and most of the people who I love will be waiting for me, so we all together can see the next sunshine.

R.I.P.

ALEX NAVA

APRIL 2008

FOREVER WE WILL MISS YOU.

Christian K. Montiel

The Rhythm Of A Lost Mind.

The rhythm of a lost mind.

After all his story still affecting my life today,

I met him when we were kids as we grew older we learn that the world is full of splinters.

He went his way and I went mine but he always was something in my mind to think about, so is when my quest begins to find him.

I look and I look for him but I couldn't find him nowhere else it seem that he disappear from this earth, so the time passes by and his destiny was still a mystery until one day I found a man with a long beard on a wheel chair it look like time had defeat him.

That was him the man of my childhood, my friend finally I had found you! But he didn't reply to anything until a nurse told me that he had suffer an accident that has make him forgot about the world and even me his best friend.

So now I know that this will be a long journey, it will become the rhythm of a lost mind for both us.

Dedicated

To

Austin g

Who had suffer an motorcycle accident

As result of it he suffers from amnesia.

Christian K. Montiel

The Sun.

The sun

I would cross a thousand oceans, miles and miles of valleys of fire just to find the key to open the answers of my questions.

I would try until the end to find the reason why you life end up in such a horrible fate, something's I would never understand, why they done this to you, if you haven't done nothing wrong to them?

I would walk until my footprints fade away on time and I would never going to stop, because I know beyond the sun will be my destiny to find you.

Christian K. Montiel

The Toad Of February.

The toad of February.

Between happy flowers and romantic songs, Mr. Toad was happy, he was so happy that he didn't care, that he
Was all alone.

The rain drops make him to skip some dreams but it didn't bother him because he can build some more between he's sleep.

He love to sing to the moon, because the moon fulfill, he's lonely night and aspire Mr. Toad,
To dream about all.

But it was one time of the year, that brought sad tears to Mr. Toad and that was when the cold snow falls, and make him so angry that is why everybody call him the toad of February.

By
Christian montiel.

Christian K. Montiel

The Train On 12th Street.

The train on 12th Street.

Last night you call me, to tell me that you were leaving me, after all we end up wrong, I mean we tried to not let this love go down the drain.

The train leaves at six but I only got 3 minutes to apologize to you for everything I put you through when we share our lives.

C'mon it didn't take you long for you to forget about us and this love that I gave to you with a blind heart and brought you so much happiness.

So now I'm leaving you behind, you and whatever happens into our lives, so this is me and there's you, in the train on 12th street.

By

Christian Montiel.

Christian K. Montiel

The Wrong Way Home.

The wrong way home.

C'mon walk with me, through the maze and beyond holding our hands so strong
and please my hand never let go.

Why do I feel this way? How can I feel?

When everything is a lie on beautiful words? So everybody can misbelieve what
is real.

I'm sorry Griselda for taking you the wrong way home but I promise we will go
home on this rainy night.

So now I'm leaving alone through the same door of the wrong home that I just to
walk numb and naïve to all the things that I did on my wrong way home.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Timeless.

Timeless.

One time I follow a broken wind bird, that try to fly home but I end up in some place, where I found stars that I could reach.

Follow me the right way home and not like before, can you believe that we can make it into the maze and beyond if we put our dreams together.

Shadows that are following me but they disappear like sand in the wind that pass by trough my fingers.

Kissing you slow, with my eyes close so I can feel you close to my heart.

Now I know that the memories of you and me forever will be for me timeless and doesn't matter how far you are, I'm always going to have you next to my heart.

Christian K. Montiel

Torture Poem.

Torture poem.

Life is a mystery and true love is for me,
I wrote you a note that I was going to put
Outside of your door, but I decide not to do it because
Is wrong and I should let you go.
I call you yesterday but you hang up on me
So I erase your phone number so I wouldn't
Commit the same mistake, to call you
Back again.

Love is everywhere but not in my heart,
Is long gone since I can't find love and
Most of my love relationships fail and I end up
alone in the world.

Torture poem that I wrote, life is a party
for the wise man that knows how to live it.

Christian K. Montiel

Unconscious.

Unconscious.

They say that when you born, a woman cry and they say when some one die a woman cry, when we born we born unconscious and when we die we die unconscious as we die numb to the pain.

We got to sleep letting the death to take you life away, and the pain doesn't feel the same anymore, numb and naïve scare of the next step beyond life and beyond our conscious life.

We kiss, we cry, we laugh and we die, is the process of life and when we die a new life born ready to repeat the same we did.

So tonight I'm going to rewind the memories that meant a lot for me and smile maybe for the last time of my life, because now is nothing left but the countless times that I was happy.

So with this New Year I wish that I could find the happiness into my life and I hope tear don't fall from this eyes that has seen enough to die.

I hope when I become unconscious everything on my life becomes something and I don't have to die in vain feeling the pain even when I go away.

Christian K. Montiel

Unfaithful.

Unfaithful.

I can't even go out of door, pretending that I'm going to some place else when I really going to see somebody else, the one that became my sin.

I feel like a murderer when I lie to you, because I can see when you are dying inside, but you love me with a blind love that it can't be define.

God! Know why this happen to me but I really got no answer for the things that happen and I wish I could say that is you the one that push me to do this but is was me.

Every night the thoughts of feeling guilty take my sleep away and I think to my self how wrong I was when I did those things with that somebody else.

So the months pass by and I still thinking about the one that I went to hell with but I don't feel bad for the things that happen, I feel bad because I lie to you the one that I'm in love with and what it kill me the most is that I broke our trust and I was unfaithful to you.

Sins that will stay on my heart forever, and it will be a cursed to my heart that never is going to go away from my heart and soul.

By

Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Vacancy.

Vacancy.

Driving on some lonely road along the way in the middle of the nowhere I found a motel that it seems perfect place to relax.

Before we open the door your phone rings and is your husband and he begins to ask you a lot of things and you told him that you were with a friend on a trip knowing that you are here with me.

Lies, lies and more lies is all what it's about, you lie to him and I lie to my self that you will love me and that we will be together some day.

Vacancy is what we see on the motel sign, where your pride, your marriage and everything else that you and him work so hard for went down the drain.

By

Christian Montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Voices.

Voices

Sometimes I let my mind fly away free like the wind that pass by my ears when I see the sea opening his mouth so he can eat the sad dawn of the day and I close my eyes.

Because tonight I will close my mind so I don't have to hear this voices that are making me gone insane I can't take it anymore this voices that come from the nowhere, I'm losing the sight of life that is front of me and I feel so lost on the world of darkness where I guess nobody is going to save me from this dark hole. This dark hole where I can only hear this devilish voices calling me and the only thing I can do is pray for my soul so I can rest in peace on this dark sad hole and where they going to miss me but with the time they will forget about me.

(My prophecy of my own death)

By Christian montiel

Christian K. Montiel

Waiting

I'll be waiting on the bed as you are put on that blue dress that I bough to you in the mall but it seems like everything is going on slow motion when you know is the last minutes.

Walking out of the door watching how the wind harass you hair and plays around with your beautiful blue dress.

Here tickets for the train at four to Seattle go! Is already three thirty, I take you bags to the train station, what is going on with all that make up? But you still are looking beautiful with out it.

Bye beautiful woman on that train to Seattle, don't worry about me I'll be here waiting for you to come back.

Christian K. Montiel

When Nobody Seen Me.

When nobody seen me.

When nobody seen me I can feel you but I open my eyes and is just the wind that pass by next to me on this lonely night.

Sometimes I talk to my self whenever I can't take you out of my mind and I wish I could rewind the time and I can wake up with you.

When nobody seen me I let this emotions to come out trough this lyrics on my book of poetry, that I had wrote whenever nobody seen me and I feel alone just like right now.

Christian K. Montiel

When You Are Alone.

Sometimes you sit next to the phone, waiting for him

To call so he can tell you when he is coming home.

Lying down in the bed waiting alone, so you can come

Home with the same excuse again, I know you're tired

Of this game but it's too late now, so I guess

The best is to keep guessing if you love him.

If I could help you, but I can't because I'm not your

Gentleman, I'm just a pass by memory into your head

Now you are into a knot of confusion that you don't

Know how to get off it.

Almost ten months ago, you were so numb and naive to

The things that were right into your life and every time

You were feeling alone, I just to make you happy, just

By talking to you in the phone, but this happened ten months ago

So I guess today I'm gone but I hope you find the company

When you feel alone.

Christian K. Montiel

Whom May Concern/Suicide Note

I'm writing this lyrics with a numb mind
pretty much i just found out
that my life is waste of time.
Whom may concern?
This pain that i feel inside can
somebody take it away?
I ask god but he didn't answer me back.
I'm trying to make the world to understand me
but i just don't know how to spell the right words
to understand the world in a different way.
So those who may concern about this crazy man that is me,
I'm saying good bye and I'm just going to sleep deep tonight.
I want everybody to don't forget about my poems because
that is my life thought words for those
who may concern.

Christian K. Montiel

Wish.

Wish.

God give me a lot of chances to be happy but I walked away because I was afraid but now that I got another one I guess is too late.

I'm not sad if I die before my time, mamlichá won't let me walk alone in my way to paradise, once a coward said "death is easy because life is too hard"

Beautiful hazeleyes I fail one more time and I do apologize for not be what you were looking for in life, sorry.

Lonely wish that ask to god, I hope this time he listens to my prayers and that is that I hope they never forget about me.

Christian K. Montiel

With Out You.

With out you.

With out you there's no more hope

Into my wishes, with out you I'm

Like a car with no engine.

You were the only one that

Believe on my dreams when

The whole world was calling

Me crazy.

That is why I love you trough whatever

Because you stood next to me trough

All type of weather and I pray on the

Night that you be mine until

the end of time.

You my wife, my inspiration, the

Mother of my children and this love worth's more than trillions and trillions.

So now you know that you are

My whole world because this love

And poetry would never exist with out you

And with out you there's no

Me.

Christian K. Montiel

Wrong Side Story

Life was crazy after this story of love fail; bad things no always happen to bad people, they also happen to good people.

Beautiful family, two floor house and three cars on the garage, you see dad was a lawyer and mom a realtor, and one only daughter, everything was perfect no problems seem to affect this world, where three hearts make one.

But one day the sky became dark, dad lost his job and mom the same and the daughter couldn't understand so she became broken hearted after the divorce and everything went down the drain.

Now dad is a drunk and mom let her few dollars go trough her nose and the daughter now is living on the wrong side of this story.

Christian K. Montiel

Wrong Story.

Working on the same factory, eight hours at day with not much to gain it was on December, I think on the last days of the month is when this wrong story begin. She was a married woman with a simple life, three kids and a working husband, her life wasn't that much different from all the other families, I mean but hers was missing something.

Me! I was always careless about anything that happen into my life and this job wasn't any different from all the jobs before, well I talk to her just by looking at her and nothing else, until her friend Rosa begin to fulfill her mind and my mind with nonsense stuff.

Until one day she calls me up to ask me out to go out to the movies an excuse to get out from her hell, so my phone ring about eight pm and it was her, asking me if I really want to do this! Like she was asking for help to escape from the hell that she was living at time.

So we went to the movies and then something happen, my attraction for her begin in some type of way, that I can't explain, after a month this became an affair call her every time that I could to lust after her, like I didn't care about her but I did.

So the months pass by and this bond begin to get strong and in December twenty first, I send it yellow flowers on her birthday, now this story had end but her inspiration and memories still inside of me a story that didn't meant to be at all.

This story happen between
December 05-december06

Christian K. Montiel

You Can Love Me Slow.

You can love me slow.

Lay on my chest meanwhile I play with your hair, slowly I'm trying to believe that you love me, when I'm trying to make my heart believe on whatever my eyes can't see.

I kiss you on your forehead when I'm walking out from the door, I can't be with you so let me close my eyes because I can't see that this love is about to die. Lonely cold nights into my life is just another normal day, because is just hard whenever you can't see a way out from your own hell.

So go ahead you can love me slow even if your heart is not mine in this cold winter night.

Christian K. Montiel