

Poetry Series

**Edmund Calleja**  
**- poems -**

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## Edmund Calleja(22nd December 1949)

A retired banker after over 40 years of duty.

Has been wrtiing poetry since childhood. Has also written some books, in Maltese besides poetry in English and Maltese.

# A Melody Of Love

(What makes aging hard to bear is not the failing of one's facilities mental and physical, but the burden of one's memories)

In the darkness of my Soul  
There is a secret room,  
And there I have kept hidden  
A love awaiting bloom.

There is a tiny corner  
Where love has been imprisoned,  
Where lovers never met  
If not when I envisioned.

You were my shining star  
So distant and so near,  
Would it I could release you  
What would I have to fear?

I longed to kiss your lips  
And feel your heaving breath,  
But you could never love me  
Your unknowing was my death.

I never found the courage  
To show you my desire,  
I never should have waited  
For heartbeats to expire.

In all my restless nights  
And all my lonely yearning,  
I needed you beside me  
For you my heart was burning.

I would write a song for you  
If I only knew the words,  
I could sing it then for you  
Or I'd send it with the birds.

I would light that tiny corner

And would paint it with my dream,  
I would call you and beseech you  
For your love I'd even scream.

For this Melody of Love  
Though now silent and forgotten,  
Has been treasured and attired  
In fine wool and loving cotton.

Edmund Calleja

# A Time In Life

There is a time in life  
When autumn leaves lie scattered,  
When dreams you never dreamt  
Is all that ever mattered.

Paintings you had conjured  
Whose canvas lacks emotion,  
Where brushes and palette  
Were never set in motion.

The lyrics of your heart  
Of sonnets never written,  
Dejection & self-denial  
Which left you conscience-smitten.

Then comes a time in life  
For reflection and regret,  
For lips you longed to kiss  
And lips that never met.

For things you could have done  
But never found the courage,  
For this and perhaps that which  
Went missing in your marriage.

The silence of your heart  
Has filled the cup of sorrow,  
Its guidance and advice  
Sound dull and all but hollow.

Now time is drawing near  
The harvest begs collection,  
The sickle has been drawn  
To gather your affection.

To reap where you sowed love  
And wept during your sadness,  
Then sieving imperfections,  
Delusions of your madness.

But as the ebb of life  
Daws nearer to your heart,  
The gentle breeze of God  
Will hug this work of Art.

It is then a time for hope  
For jasmine scented flowers,  
For elation and for joy  
For the never ending hours.

Edmund Calleja

# Abstractions

His fickle heart he did renounce,  
He could not bear its emptiness,  
It felt a hollow shrine  
Where dreams had lost their karma.

He walked alone with trepidation  
In the valley of his solitude,  
With rainbow brushes in his hand  
And fallen leaves beneath his feet.

He mused in pain his spent abstractions  
Amid platonic lovers left by the wayside,  
His quivering lips a mute orator  
His trembling soul a deaf companion.

And in his aching bosom, he carved  
Elegiac sentiments of nostalgia,  
Forlorn epitaphs of bygone lovers,  
Misty remnants of bruised affections.

For inner peace, ethereal love  
He sought in sexed prescriptions,  
Painting phantom towers of delusion  
In illusory exaltations.

He quenched his thirst  
By the river of emotions,  
Deriding his inner soul's foreboding,  
The soothsayer of love's folly.

But when the dice of fate stopped rolling,  
A bleeding heart was left in tatters;  
And there, on love's forsaken bed  
Heartfelt lullabies he shed for you.

Edmund Calleja

# And Then I Lost Her

The sensation of death only exists for the ones left here.  
Every dear person, upon departing, becomes our protector –  
After going through a period of longing,  
We should be joyful, since we are better protected.

I lost my pot of happiness  
The day my daughter died,  
When song and joy I traded  
With all the tears I've cried.

I can't forget the violins  
Or their wailing in the aisles,  
As their echo grieved to tell me  
I had now lost all her smiles.

My detached heart kept weeping  
Her misery and her pain,  
As it sadly tried to tell me  
We would never hug again.

My estranged Soul departed  
From her cradle of emotions,  
A bereaving pilgrim searching  
For indelible devotions.

My contaminated happiness  
Came limping home to sorrow,  
In seclusion and in solitude  
Repudiating her tomorrow.

And then I closed my eyes  
To seek life and its dark meaning,  
For time dulls the most exquisite  
Of emotions in your dreaming.

But then again it also softens  
Your most heart-rending grief,  
As joy and sorrow it erases



Like a stealthy gifted thief.

Edmund Calleja

# Another Day At The Office

'Every day I get up and look through the Forbes list  
of the richest people in America.

If I'm not there, I go to work.' Robert Orben

When you open up your eyes  
you stretch yourself and yawn,  
as morning light envelops  
the starry night at dawn.

You're full of expectations  
so eager to wake up,  
while standing by the mirror  
applying your make-up.

You wear a jacket and a skirt  
as you idly brush your hair,  
eyeing sadly all the time  
a sexy dress you'd rather wear.

You long to leave the margins  
of this decadent society,  
to climb the ladder of success  
while retaining your sobriety.

You strive to keep appearances  
while relating to your life,  
in the prison of your destiny  
where joy and pain are rife.

It's like living in denial  
of your capacity to endure,  
those ifs and buts of your career  
a rosy future won't secure.

And all the magic is undone  
by the wand of stark reality,  
where all that matters in the office  
is acceptance and formality.

To have faith in your inner power  
amid joy and trepidation,  
where the manual of good behaviour  
is your only alienation.

Emotions cannot be mastered  
by any wisdom you may gain,  
it's only a question of knowing  
what your sentiments may attain.

Your lack of motivation  
is spreading by contagion,  
seeking emotional freedom  
on every stark occasion.

Visions of advancement are  
for the really chosen few,  
the blue eyed boys and girls  
but certainly never you.

The clichés you're forced to utter  
and in which you don't believe,  
but that's really what it takes  
to impress and to achieve.

It's like letting life decide for you  
where dreams are often cast in clouds,  
where your voice is just a whimper  
too easily lost in crowds.

Waiting for doors to open  
to which you've lost the plot,  
recanting political beliefs  
unless you want to rot.

You crave for recognition  
and long for admiration,  
a time to lure, a time to test  
the art of your flirtation.

To grow complacent day by day  
letting go of non-essentials,

struggling to come to placid terms  
with your lousy bad credentials.

Another day spent at the office  
where you grow older and you age,  
vowing that come next day  
you'll turn and start a newer page.

Edmund Calleja

# Blame It On My Whisky

(I drink when I have an occasion,  
and sometimes when I have no occasion - Cervantes) .

I looked for you  
In a sexy glass of whisky,  
As all I needed was your love  
But you told me that was risky.

You tried to hold my hands  
As you hovered near my lips,  
Now please do not ask me  
Why I slid them to your hips.

I heard seducing music  
As the glasses were then raised,  
I saw you smiling sweetly  
When your beauty I just praised.

Yes, I think I'll be ok  
And I know what I am doing,  
I won't stop looking at you  
But you know what I am viewing.

Let's not argue anymore  
Just because you think I'm crazy,  
Do get closer to me now and  
You'll see I ain't that lazy.

I'll try to be so gentle  
And I promise I won't rush,  
I am really very timid  
So forgive me if I blush.

I don't want to drink alone  
With this empty glass in hand,  
As for your silly hesitation  
This is not what I had planned.

I've been drinking too much whisky  
And that's why I'm just a ranter,  
But all the whisky I have drunk  
Will now make me your enchanter.

Blame it on my whisky  
If you can't bear what I say,  
Or just come and join me here  
For I'll be paying anyway.

Edmund Calleja

# Contaminated Joy

(The walls we build around us to keep  
sadness out also keeps out the joy.  
Jim Rohn) .

Come, hold my docile hands  
And close your weary eyes,  
Let me guide you gently  
Through a Pilgrim's Paradise.

I could have sensitized your Soul  
With the alchemy of Kindness,  
Where your self-knowledge would  
Have freed you of your blindness.

I could have revealed your  
Soul's hidden vast dimension,  
And all I asked for was  
Your bit of comprehension.

You closed your heart to me  
With contaminated joy,  
I was your seeker of Truth  
Why did you this font destroy?

I shared my bed with your Spirit  
And ate at your hungry table,  
But all I really wanted was  
To dream an illusory fable.

I played the game you dealt  
Hoping to be healed,  
I sang my heart to you but  
Your Soul you kept concealed.

You would not listen  
to the whispers of my Soul,  
You would not with your empathy  
My untainted heart console.

For a brief intoxicating flash  
I drank from your misty cup,  
Deluding myself that your  
Phantom Heart you'd open up.

But as sincerity was hidden  
Behind flowery words of praise,  
You were like a woman who with  
Cosmetics hid her wrinkled face.

12th December 2010

Edmund Calleja



# Elixir Of Life

It's like waking to reality  
which you could never entertain,  
venturing beyond your dreams  
which you struggle to contain.

Opening doors to free your spirit  
where false dawns have come and gone,  
this was your chequered destiny  
and you were just another pawn.

It was a time for rhapsodising  
seducing girls you found attractive,  
when impassioned you had grown  
as you sought to be seductive.

You've ignored all perceived wisdom  
bar the dictates of your passion,  
where fickle love and aberrations  
were your only guiding fashion.

Walking slowly hand in hand  
an idol deity by your side,  
an enticing goddess to adore  
that could never be your guide.

In the silence of rhetoric  
you have nourished aspirations,  
in your excesses of emotion  
you have showered adulations.

Letting life decide for you  
was like toying with an illusion,  
for your destiny and your fate  
would then conspire in collusion.

God sometimes destroys the walls  
we build around us for protection,  
but when we're lonely and we're lost  
He'll provide us with direction.

Crumbled walls and new horizons  
will now let you see outside you,  
they will pave the way for you  
to free yourself and start anew.

Understanding all the turmoil  
you've been trying to forget,  
the inner conflicts you have shied  
which you so sorely now regret.

And the language of the angels  
you will need to comprehend,  
as they will tell you where you erred  
in all those things that you had planned.

And as your heart reveals to you  
what your eyes failed to observe,  
it will surely dawn on you  
that you have reaped what you deserve.

Now you will listen to your soul  
and learn to live with past mistakes,  
a glow of happiness on your face  
as this is really all it takes.

And if you unravel visions  
you'll get to know your real being,  
cause knowing how to deal with change  
is not always what you're seeing.

But with the onset of old age  
you find yourself now courting death,  
and as for all your ruminations  
you'll soon be taking your last breath.

(June 2011)

Edmund Calleja

# For The Silence Of The Heart

For the silence of the heart  
I traded love's departed lamentations.

Sobriety eulogising the enlightened  
Freedom of the spirit.

Bequeathing the balm of love  
To censer bearers.

Where candles flicker  
In dim lit corridors of regrets.

Morning dewdrops that  
Wash the tears away.

And paint your dreams  
With faded pale affections.

To soothe the soul  
And veil the fruit of happiness.

Merciful pulsations that linger  
In sublime rivulets of hope.

Embalmed cocoons of love  
That muse in slumbered solitude.

To rest and pine  
For the silence of the heart.

Edmund Calleja

# I Belonged To You

Longings that have passed away are like  
the beautiful bodies of the dead who never aged,  
concealed in splendid sepulchres by tearful mourners  
with roses at their head and jasmine at their feet.  
(from a Greek poem) .

As celestial shimmering  
shed it's blanket while I slept,  
I kept wiping all the tears  
that were flowing as you wept.

And as the night came peeping  
through the window on my bed,  
it lulled my ruminations of  
how we truly should have been wed.

We could have loved forever  
depicting the night's charms,  
where you would have been cuddled  
as I held you in my arms.

Truly God it was my wish  
that forever it should last,  
but your figment now has faded  
like a fickle lover's past.

Ghosts of forgotten passions  
come to haunt in my sleep,  
I still see you there beside me  
as I begged you not to weep.

Sometimes I was the hammer  
sometimes I was the nail,  
but the day that you were gone  
was a really sorry tale.

Under the sycamore tree  
we would rest and gently kiss,  
your caresses and your smiles

I will always sadly miss.

The rustle and the murmuring  
of the leaves among the boughs,  
who would have ever told them  
I was not to be your spouse?

I miss your bright blue eyes  
and their glimmer as they shone,  
amid dahlias and geraniums  
in the humming and its drone.

Then the cavaliers of the night  
ushered in celestial light,  
while the longings for your kisses  
came to fill my heart's delight.

The loving cup of happiness  
on my lips its sweetness left,  
Where my young illusions flowered  
For a love since then bereft.

You were the summer of my youth  
in my garden of desire,  
where I'd hug you and embrace you  
for your love I'd never tire.

You should have been the solace  
in my autumn of decline,  
where the verse and song I'd play  
would have been our loving wine.

And if this beaker full of love  
we forever never shared,  
that's because for all your love  
all my life I should have cared.

November 1974



# I Don'T Believe In Love

(If you can't save the relationship,  
at least save your pride. Unknown)

It was a strange love story  
So difficult to forget,  
About an older woman  
Whom in a disco I had met.

Ours was a flaming love  
Full of passion and regrets,  
Where my body she just burned  
As her smoke in cigarettes.

We drank freely and softly danced  
While she'd press me to her chest,  
My hands knew where to linger  
As she had the finest breast.

.  
We dated in the morning  
And made love all through the night,  
She offered me her body  
And she set my heart alight.

She taught me how to do it  
When she showed me her hot zones,  
I never knew such pleasures  
Could inflict on me such moans.

It was my very first time  
With a woman in her bed,  
And despite my inexperience  
She kept saying you're not bad.

'T was then I knew there's heaven  
Beneath what women wear,  
And that teasing would excite me  
I am sure she was aware.

I fell in love with her

And all she had to offer,  
I never would have touched her  
Had I known how much I'd suffer.

Our love was just one sided  
As she never cared for me,  
But once she had me lured  
I became her sex trainee.

She was moody and full of whims  
And she'd dictate how we had sex,  
But with this unfinished teasing  
She would really really vex.

And as she lay supine in bed  
She would have me sleep inside her,  
Or not even hold her hands  
As all her wrath I would incur.

She wore seductive clothes  
And she flirted as we walked,  
Little caring that my heart  
With my jealousy she rocked.

And while blindly I adored her  
I should have known I was her toy,  
It was just a love affair  
Where she found her sexual joy.

Then one day she coolly told me  
That I had become a bore,  
As for all the sex I gave her  
She just always wanted more.

And that is when she left me  
Despite my agitation,  
Now I don't believe in Love  
If love means humiliation.

Edmund Calleja



# I Played With Your Heart

(The heart is the only broken  
instrument that works. T.E. Kalem)

I have no magic spells to cast  
To help me win your heart again,  
All I have are gifted verses  
To soothe your sadness and your pain.

I played with your fragile heart  
Until it cracked and almost shattered,  
I should have known that our love  
Was all that really mattered.

For your love and your forgiveness  
I'll now do just anything,  
And like minstrels and troubadours  
Beneath your window I will sing.

As I pine for all we have shared  
Now I know what has gone missing,  
Now I long for starry twilights  
And the fervour of your kissing.

Every time I close my eyes  
I just see your lovely face,  
I have loved and loved again  
But none will ever take your place.

I still feel you here beside me  
With the magic of your smile,  
And all other lover's ramblings  
Should have never been worthwhile.

Let me lay a bridge before you  
Full of music and of song,  
Let its notes be stepping stones  
To lead me back where I belong.

October 19\_ \_

Edmund Calleja

# Life Is Never What It Seems

When life throws everything at you and you think  
that you can finally handle it,  
then you die. E.J. Calleja

The tragedy of life is that  
nothing is as it appears,  
just as benevolent reproaches  
that are meant to soothe your fears.

Artistic creations that convey  
the balm to my quivering soul,  
somnambulistic reveries  
that pacify and console.

Poetic interludes to lull  
my humiliating squalidness,  
ornamental words that linger  
in my cadaverous weariness.

Deluding myself with divine wine  
that transcends spiritual emotions,  
stagnant pulsations that linger  
in fading amorous devotions.

Loneliness that creeps ostensibly  
to balance venerable illusions,  
to curse and swear just like a charlatan  
amid remnants of delusions.

The slow meditative life  
masquerading a half borne smile,  
behind carnivalesque masks that  
I wear nonchalantly and in style.

Nothing bears out in practice  
what it promises so ardently,  
incipient romantic encounters  
once loved and adored fervently.

The evening glow relinquishes  
the sun shining through the boughs,  
supping mildew from their leaves  
while vermillion sunset my soul endows.

Real life and stark reality  
where life is never what it seems,  
a bizarre world of thought  
of hallucinations and of dreams.

□            March 2011□

Edmund Calleja

# My Listless Other Soul (Lyrics For Music)

(And let it be said that love is like a river  
that flows deep into the heart of the soul) .

I was looking for some light  
In reborn dreams of my seclusion,  
In this dark and starless night  
Where everything was an illusion.

Come and take my hand  
Why are you leaving?  
I thought you'd be my friend  
I thought you'd sooth my grieving.

Loving you was like growing  
In a garden full of flowers,  
Where my Love for you was flowing  
Amid the spring and autumn showers.

When you were here with me  
Everything was an emotion,  
It wasn't me who set you free  
To fly across a distant ocean.

I yearned to fly with you  
But I lost my angel wings,  
Is this then our sad adieu  
Is it time for broken rings?

Come back to me and let me fly  
Beside your heartless cruel flight,  
Come back to me and let me try  
To set my other Soul alight.

You were my perfect love  
Why are you deserting me now?  
You were given me from above  
And your love you won't allow?

You overwhelmed me with those  
Imagined fiery kisses,  
You were the only one I chose  
From all my endless lovers' misses.

Come back to me and let me fly  
Beside your heartless cruel flight,  
Come back to me and let me try  
To set my other Soul alight.

Edmund Calleja

# My Name Is Chivalry

(Frenchmen have an unlimited capacity for gallantry and indulge it on every occasion. Moliere)

My name is Chivalry and  
I don't like to be alone,  
Just don't ask me how I feel  
Cause you'll only hear me groan.

Have I seen you here before  
Drinking vodka and orange juice?  
Yes I remember, you're the one  
I was trying to seduce.

I had offered you a drink  
As you smiled and sat beside me,  
My name I said is Chivalry  
And you said yours was Marie.

As we drank and held our hands  
You invited me to your place,  
Than we got up and left the bar  
As you cuddled in my embrace.

And we drank all through the night  
As we danced to sex and song,  
You kept crying ohs and wows  
But you never said that's wrong.

When I woke up in the morning  
You were lying by my side,  
Then you turned your naked body  
As your boobs you tried to hide.

Then we kissed time and again  
As you drew me to your arms,  
And my manhood was revived  
As you flaunted all yours charms.

And we stayed in bed all morning

Making love as total strangers,  
With no protection and no pill  
Little caring for the dangers.

Than you got out of your bed  
And told me to do the same,  
And you asked me once again  
What said I had been my name.

My name I said is Chivalry  
Even though I am undressed,  
And as you ogled me and smiled  
I could see you were impressed.

We got looking for our clothes  
As they lay spread on the floor,  
Than with a kiss you said goodbye  
As you showed me to the door.

Now all that must have been ages  
I ain't seen you anymore,  
Now I find you here again  
You're a girl I could adore.

Will you dance with me Marie  
While I'll go and get some booze?  
My name is always Chivalry  
And I'm sure you won't refuse.

31 December 19-

Edmund Calleja



# My Other Spirit

(Every poet loves two women; the one is the creation of his imagination and the other is his beloved) .

My Other Spirit walks with me  
In illusions of my dreams,  
Where her silent love is present  
But is never what it seems.

She has been inside of me  
Ever there and by my side,  
In my heart and in my soul  
When I'm happy or I cried.

She's the summer of my Love  
Where the sky is always blue,  
She's the autumn of my Sorrow  
When I'm sad and missing you.

She has been my adulation  
All those times I wept alone,  
Where true love is only reaped  
From affection you have sown.

My Other Spirit talks to me  
As it murmurs in my ears,  
It will hold me in her arms  
And will part me from my fears.

She will give me what I long for  
And will warm me with devotion,  
She will stimulate our love  
And will stir us with emotion.

Edmund Calleja

# My Rose And My Violet

In the garden of my poetry  
I buried tearful sorrows,  
As the remnants of my Love  
Flew away with autumn swallows.

To the empathising winds  
Alone I cried my loneliness,  
As my shivering soul rested  
In the empty grave of happiness.

I wandered aimlessly in search  
Of my elusive Love's endearment,  
Amid romantic interludes  
As my heart lay cold and dormant.

I was an orphan child of Love  
With withered flowers in his hands,  
Where my delusional dreams  
Were washed away in weeping sands.

But then, the colourful caravans  
Of amorous incantations,  
Announced the renewal of Spring  
With its loving exaltations.

And the cruel dice of destiny  
Then came knocking at my heart  
With a Rose and with a Violet  
I could never love apart.

Edmund Calleja

# Nocturnal

I think of you tonight my love  
As nocturnal sadness fills the air,  
And my lonely heart rues for you  
But cannot find you anywhere.

I crave for your caresses  
With illusions of the mind,  
Deep inside within me  
Where dreams are often blind.

Would it I could have asked you  
To share my world of fantasy,  
To let me hold your hands  
In ruptured bliss and ecstasy.

I could have plucked your heart  
With chords of sweet emotions,  
Fondly nourishing you  
With all my loving potions.

I would have pressed your lips  
With passion and with purity,  
I would then have adored you  
With fervour and sobriety.

I dreamt of all the twilights  
We could have shared together,  
Never minding the rough seas  
And all the stormy weather.

I longed for you tonight my love  
I cried to have you by my side,  
I yearned to hold you in my arms  
And then I could have gladly died.

Edmund Calleja

# One Grain Of Love

One grain of Love was all  
I asked for  
And not the Reapers of Sorrow and Joy

The song-bird in my bosom  
I set free  
To pluck the chords of my beloved's harp.

As the firmament of glittering stars  
I roamed  
In mystic robes of ascetic abandonment.

By the ebb and flow of the sea  
I loitered  
in forlorn melancholy reveries.

As the emptiness of my heart  
I lamented  
By the altar of my offerings.

In the solitary pilgrimage of my endearment  
I dreamt  
Of a blossoming amorous troubadour.

As the pearl in my heart  
I polished  
With ivory and ebony longings.

One grain of Love was all  
I yearned for  
and not the Loom of Life and Death.

Edmund Calleja

# One More Rendezvous

Beloved phantoms from nostalgic  
Yesterdays come shrouded in mist,  
Fleeting before me with outstretched arms  
As my aching heart yearns for their return,  
Would it could be I would revive them all –  
All my beloved ones to shake  
Them free from bonded sin.  
When will my evening mistress  
Find rejoice in my solitary embrace?

Temptations rise and fall –  
Burning lips that part and close  
Like disguised celestial whores –  
My spirit turns and flees.  
Satiated passions postpone  
My joyful surrender –  
And wonder and ponder  
Can unrighteous bliss be safe?

Remorse of yet another fall  
Staring at me from early  
Morning mirrors  
How long before it's drowned  
In one more glass of wine?  
One more twilight stimulant?  
Remorse that dreams of aching lips  
And heaving bosom drunkenness.

The web is woven and the divan laid –  
Too many dear ones have come and gone  
As my life in compromised inebriation  
Has been spent.  
Shrouded spirits from the past  
That haunt me with their  
Voluptuous lust.  
Will my evening mistress now find  
Rejoice in my solitary embrace?

My spirit endures the part –

And then depression riding high  
Imparts her sad intoxicated blues,  
Too long and long and long  
Has sensuous pleasure been suppressed.  
The lurking moonlit night has  
Drawn its curtain,  
Celestial starry showers that usher me  
For one more rendezvous.

Edmund Calleja

# One-Night Stand

In the obscure shadows of the night  
Half of what I say is meaningless,  
Empty words without emotion  
May they reach you nonetheless.

An eerie silence dwarfs my voice  
My intruding mobile has gone dead,  
With no connection and no wifi  
Is it really time for bed?

In sombre enclaves of misty ravines  
In erotic cleavages of stimulation,  
Fiery utterances are passionately invoked  
Craving down dejected depravation.

Towering stiletto shoes announce their  
Imposition as flowing hair is brushed aside,  
Revealing inflated bosoms that solicit  
Insatiated passions you cannot hide.

Your shrouded embrace beckons me  
Through waiting portals of desire,  
While engulfed souls in black regrets  
Shamelessly parade in sensuous attire.

Longing lullabies we shall cry  
In blissful heaving crescendos,  
As muted restraint foregoes  
Revamped mockery and innuendos.

My naked spirit in dejected sultry impulses  
Foregoes its yearning agitation,  
The consumed bed lies bare and cold  
An orphan child of degradation.

The early morning haze unveils  
A waiting laptop, spent and drained,  
Of this and that you left behind  
An empty bra with its straps strained.

Of dull and lingering midnight blues  
Evaporating in empty glasses of champagne,  
Of unanswered calls to silent mobiles  
That speak of rejection and self disdain.

Edmund Calleja



# Poetry Is An Emotion

~ Your intellect may be confused,  
but your emotions will never lie to you ~  
Roger Ebert

Sometimes I ask myself  
how long will this dream last?  
will it ever bear me love  
or will it simply gather dust?

Frozen memories cast in time  
loving dreams you can't forget,  
solitude and remembrances  
soaked in remorse and in regret.

Poetry is an emotion  
immersed in love and rosy gladness,  
turning visions into longings  
and your yearning into sadness.

Then I listen to my heart  
as I reminisce in my verse,  
soothing lines I can't help musing  
that my sadness I may nurse.

Things that lovers say and do  
to each other as they kiss,  
while caressing and embracing magic moments full of bliss.

The risks I should have taken  
but then never found the courage,  
of an emotional imbalance  
that I feared I could not manage.

To go searching for your dreams  
which you know you can achieve,  
for the love you know exists  
just as long as you believe.

To fall in love is always risky  
or so had I been told,  
but I had never really tried  
as I had never been so bold.

Love can be all so addictive  
it will tell you if you're in love,  
once you make it you're addicted  
and you'll never have enough.

Then you'll know when you find love  
then you'll know that love has found you,  
as its freshness is celestial  
it's like sipping morning dew.

You will also feel enchanted  
as your lyrics turn to song,  
but my sweetheart will just tell me  
'how I wish you had been strong'

Then one day we met again  
I just thought I would not mind,  
all my life all those regrets  
how could I have been so blind?

We sat together in a café  
ruminating the old days,  
longing for all those passions  
that had set our heart ablaze.

We held hands and we just talked  
not as lovers but as friends,  
she could see I was sincere  
as I tried to make amends.

We should have shared together  
fairy tales of love and fantasy,  
we should have freed all our love  
and then bathed in its ecstasy.

Then she looked at me in wonder

and her eyes were sparkling gleam,  
was that really what I saw  
or was it just a wishful dream.

Forty years must have gone by  
since she kissed me that last time,  
while she hugged me she kept saying  
'you can never now be mine'.

Hopes and dreams and utter conflicts  
a heart beating joy and pain,  
but I knew that when she left me  
we would never love again.

I saw wrinkles on her face  
I saw flaky graying hair,  
but all I could remember  
was her vision sweet and fair.

True love never comes in stages  
but will sweep you off your feet,  
she was my very first love  
all so lovely and so petite.

But almost no one that I know  
one's first love has ever wed,  
I should have burned the bridges  
healing wounds that my heart bled.

All the verses I've since penned  
have been written because of her,  
for the love I've always cherished  
and which I never could inter.

Romantic verses were then born  
the very first that I had written,  
when the light and darkness merged  
and with nostalgia I was smitten.

It was a time for wishful crying  
when lost love then touched my heart,  
when the hand of fate conspired

and our love just fell apart.

Better die than fail to love  
but why rekindle a past flame?  
when your heart was also pleading  
she is not for you to claim?

And that is how I've always known  
that loving poetry is an emotion,  
that when in verse it is embodied  
it will create a loving ocean.

3rd April 2011

Edmund Calleja

# Remembering

Do you remember the summer nights,  
Those endless evenings of our Love  
When you and I held our hands  
And shared the longings of our eyes,  
When I kissed your tender hands  
As they cupped my loving smiles.

Do you remember the dreams we dreamt  
As our lips came close, but never met,  
When your heartfelt sighs sought refuge  
As they rested on my shoulders,  
Concealing tears and emotions  
Flowing freely down your cheeks.

Do you remember the carresses,  
As my embracing arms drew  
You nearer to my heart,  
And then held you ever so tight  
That you sobbed and even wept,  
As I wiped your tears away.

Do you remember our first kiss,  
And the moonlit night rejoicing  
As it showered us with bliss, fully knowing,  
It was but an Indian Summer.

Do you remember how we closed our eyes  
And lay cuddled there together,  
And how we wished then more than ever  
We could have lingered there forever.

Edmund Calleja

# Requiem For My Other Spirit

(I don't miss her; I miss who I thought she was) .

Yesterday, I woke up  
Reciting Mantra incantations,  
Repudiating my grieving Soul  
Despite her touching supplications.

I lamented the misguided  
Slumber of my Ignorance,  
And this led you to believe  
I was seeking your Romance.

I used to be a lonely Soul  
A companion of my silence,  
With no Mentors to assist me  
With their Luminary guidance,

Then as you, my Other Spirit,  
Lay dying in my heart,  
I clutched the hem of Hope  
Knowing you would soon depart.

My orphaned Spirit roamed  
The abyss of crude reality,  
In search of an elusive joy  
To rekindle its sensuality.

And as the candle bearers  
Kept vigil by my side,  
I watched your Spirit fade away  
While I softly cried and sighed.

21st November 2010

Edmund Calleja

# The Card You Left With Me

The card you left with me  
Was in your painful presence,  
Surreal palpitations  
Which touched my very essence.

A slumberous addiction  
Lay dormant in my soul,  
Convalescent emotions  
Beyond the heart's control.

I had accounts to settle  
With remnants of my tears,  
The yearnings I concealed  
Were hidden in my fears.

A dormant flame rekindled  
The twilights of desire,  
Evanescent illusions  
To set the heart on fire.

I purified my longings  
In alcoves of fidelity,  
As bygone loving raptures  
Lacked only their temerity.

The cards you left with me  
My heart then came to visit,  
Should fate deal me your spirit  
I'd never, ever miss it!

Edmund Calleja

# The Death Of Love

The death of Love begets  
Remembrances of summer evenings  
And unending dusks and twilights.

Of cherished kisses and loving fondness  
That live on forever amid  
The heart's untold delights.

The death of Love ruminates  
In sighs of what could have been  
An everlasting love affair.

It dreams on and on of emotional  
Love encounters put on hold  
That you simply just defer.

Edmund Calleja



## The Death Of Love 2

The death of Love is a tolling bell  
That mourns in sadness  
Amid lonely lamentations.

Long after when the hearse as last  
Has done, it slowly pulls away  
Leaving desolate lacrimations.

The death of love does not  
Close the book on life,  
It just turns another page  
It just puffs the candle's flame.

It's then time to dry the tears  
It's then time to start anew  
It's irrelevant who's to blame.

Edmund Calleja

## The Death Of Love 3

The death of Love does away with elegies  
As there's little left to bury  
Save sweet memories and heart aching.

While in solitude your heart pines  
As it yearns for her embraces  
As it dwells on her love making.

The death of Love is an open book  
With empty pages in your life  
Full of languor full of pain.

And on its pages you inscribe  
With deep emotion all past lovers  
That you will never love again.

Edmund Calleja

# The Enlightened Path

(From my obscurity came forth a Light  
and it illuminated my Path) .

In my listless Heart I carry  
A Celestial battered Lamp,  
It has been the guiding light  
For this romantic weary tramp.

It has led me in the darkness  
Of my yearning loveless flight,  
It's been always there to show me  
When I was wrong or I was right.

It has given me her counsel  
And has never left my side,  
It has been a trusted friend  
Where my worries I'd confide.

There were times I was unfaithful  
And its guidance I didn't heed,  
When the longings of my Heart  
I would carelessly exceed.

There have then been days of sorrow  
As the Loving seeds I'd sow,  
Would then wither in my Heart  
As their Love I'd never know.

I would then relight that Lamp  
Where my patient Soul is dwelling,  
I would then beg her forgiveness  
For ignoring her foretelling.

And as Heart and Soul unite  
In their eloquent contentment,  
We would than thread down the Path  
Of our newly found Enlightenment.



# The Promptings Of The Heart

(I would rather be given the ugly truth than a beautiful lie) .

Fate is like rain  
It cares not who gets wet,  
And God only knows  
Why we had ever met.

I lived in a graveyard  
And so had stopped crying,  
As the tolling of bells  
Told my heart you were dying.

The ocean of Life  
And the ebb of Death,  
The Alpha & Omega  
I wish I had met.

I gave you my Spirit  
Yours wanting to borrow,  
Unknowing that this  
Would lead only to sorrow.

For honour and homage  
I kissed softly your hand,  
How should I have known  
You would not understand.

I gave you my Soul  
And you held it gently,  
But sharing your heart  
You refused it bluntly.

And as the hues of sunset  
A rising moon kept wooing,  
My wounded bleeding Soul  
Was left pensive and ruing.

18th November 2010

Edmund Calleja

# The Ship Of My Emotions

My soul expands in solitude  
Aboard the ship of my emotions,  
As incantations of poetry  
Are cast across the oceans.

I was in love with amorous  
Displays of passion,  
A desolate pilgrim spirit  
As it searches for compassion.

A womanising soul as it  
Succumbs to fervent adulations,  
My drugged eyes the accomplice  
To delusional infatuations.

I watched the ship of my emotions  
Return to port with empty hold,  
Its cargo a listless heartache,  
Unrequited, dark and cold.

An uneasy silence now engulfs  
The paintings of my thoughts,  
Embroidered imagination  
Which dies as it aborts.

Edmund Calleja

# Time To Let Go

(Hope is faith holding out its hand in the dark. George Iles)

As the fairy dust settled gently  
In the meadow of my poetry,  
The dying notes of this melody  
Came to rest in calm sobriety.

I gazed at the starry firmament  
Of my solitary contemplation,  
As their twinkle went out and darkness  
Engulfed your treasured adulation.

My outstretched arms imploringly reached  
Out to your fading apparition,  
Clutching only the loving remnants  
Of my poetic inhibition.

And all the verses I had carved  
Came chanting softly in my ears,  
With their caresses and their comfort  
They wiped away my very tears.

My heavy Heart then sought her Soul and  
Hand in hand they stood the quiet night,  
As they lay there beside me waiting  
For another dawn of hope and light.

14th December 2010

Edmund Calleja



# Welcome Into My Dream

A man has his dreams;  
sometimes they had better be left unfulfilled.

Love is simply just amazing  
And it's really quite a shame,  
That it can also wreck your life  
When it burns you by its flame.

I have never been in love  
When just sex I had in mind,  
Knowing fully that such love  
I would then have to unwind.

An emotional illusion  
Of a bygone fiery lover,  
I thought that I would never  
Have to ever rediscover.

I've been waiting here for you  
Since the day I saw your face,  
I've been waiting for so long  
To rest myself in your embrace.

Endless nights waiting for you  
For a blissful loving dream,  
All my restless nights without you  
Which your presence would redeem.

Then that night just like a spirit  
You came drifting in my room,  
In the garden of my Love  
Amid flowers and perfume.

I then took you to a vision  
I've been dreaming every night,  
Where we sang and where we danced  
And where you held me oh so tight

We can be there all the time

Where your soul and mine unite,  
We'll hold hands and we shall kiss  
We shall quench our heart's delight.

You caressed my waiting lips  
As you teased me with your finger,  
But the imprint of your kiss  
In my dreams will always linger.

Then your tightly fitting sweater  
Which was struggling with your bust,  
You unzipped so very slowly  
As my desires you couldn't trust.

And you drew me in your arms  
Where there's twice the Paradise,  
Where there's joy and there is zest  
Just for a playful lovers' price.

Dream of me and then just love me  
I will never leave your side,  
For a gorgeous girl like you  
I would throw away my pride.

But as the dawn of light approaches  
And your dream has slowly faded,  
I am feeling that my heart  
Once again has been invaded.

24th Feb 19\_\_ \_\_

Edmund Calleja

# You Kept Saying That I Lied

(We always deceive ourselves twice about the people we love,  
first to their advantage, then to their disadvantage. Albert Camus)

All my love I gave to you  
And I've have never left your side,  
But not a kiss you would allow  
As you're saying that I lied.

When you saw me with your sister  
I was just saying goodbye,  
Haven't I told you enough  
You're the one for whom I'd die?

When you called at home to see me  
And they told you I'm outside,  
Just because I was not there  
You kept saying that I lied.

I had mentioned the exam and  
Had told you I meant to study,  
But as I needed some fresh air  
I went out to meet my buddy.

Your friend said that she had seen me  
With somebody in the park,  
She could not tell who it was  
Since she saw us in the dark.

And now you come and ask me  
What the hell had I been doing,  
Was it really that your buddy  
In the dark whom you were wooing.?

And I knew a storm was brewing  
As I sensed you'd say I'd lied,  
I forgot what I had told you  
All I know is then you cried.

Than your sister came to hug you

And admitted we had lied,  
But you said you won't forgive us  
Much as ever you'd have tried.

(One should always be in love.  
That is the reason one should  
never marry. Oscar Wilde)

24th July 19-

Edmund Calleja