

Poetry Series

Erica Borges
- poems -

Publication Date:
2017

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Erica Borges()

'A poet's work is to name the unnameable, to point at frauds, to take sides, start arguments, shape the world, and stop it going to sleep.' - Salman Rushdie
(British Indian novelist and essayist)

Inspirations: Bill Hicks, Terence McKenna, John Lennon, Charlie Chaplin, Emily Dickinson, Jimi Hendrix, Bob Marley, Andy Kaufman, Thomas Paine, shiny grass, fungi.

Facebook Page:

A Minute Of The Night

Waiting on a bus that never comes
The temperature drops
And only the cold faces show
I pass by your window
And you seem so calm and poised
It's poison to me...
All I hear is noise
Keep on walking
The bus never showed
Keep on walking
With feet that are cold
I wrap my arms
The two I fold
Walking slower
As far as I can go

4/9/12

Erica Borges

A Secret

Is a thought kept from.
It blooms only in cowards.
Who need to...
Grow a tree of pears...
And pick a pair.

I am now anew.
Since I met the me in you.
I am in love not with an idea
Or the lack of one...
I am in love with a soul.
Beautiful soul...
We will meet again soon.

Erica Borges

Amor

Amor é divindade
Amor é reconhecimento
Amor é retribuição
Amor não é parte...
Amor é inteiro.
Amor é sensualidade
Amor é caridade
Amor só tem beleza
Amor nosso...
Nossa natureza.

Erica Borges

And The Next Day Goes

Coming home
Passing by the roads
Nothing will follow me
Just the yellow leaves
Woosh under my feet
The end of the day is here
And I am dreaming
This will pass
My tears won't last
And I will rest
Every day in and out
Fantasies winding down
Your face never lost
It's carved on the moon
And your love in flower bloom.

Erica Borges

Beautiful Souls

We know
enough
Beautiful Souls
It is enough!

WINNING!

Erica Borges

Behind Your Veil

Don't forget about me.

You.

You who listened to my cry

Who defended me in times of confusion

Who comforted me from a distance

Who believed in me

Who helped me grow...

Something I lacked at home...

You helped me grow...

I have gratitude.

I do.

I love you.

Erica Borges

Birdview

I see birds yelling at each other
Poking each other
Some look for isolation
Sometimes they take time to sing
To eat
To drink
To poop
To play
To kiss
To love
I see myself in it
I see myself through it
I feel at home with it.

Erica Borges

Bodies

My energy
Is yours.
I cannot
Escape you.

Erica Borges

Burglar Chief

The ignorance of humankind haunts me.
It spins its tail around to flaunt me.

Cold embracing the lack of salvation.
I am poor and exalt in the infestation.

Erica Borges

Call Me...skinny Milk

Take the talk
From your lips
It's your lisp
It's your myth
I'll take my talk
As far as it goes
Passed my toes
Onto the street
God given feet
On manmade concrete
I'll pass the corners
Walk on borders
And if my bodily needs go unattended
And if the blindness is not suspended
Then at least I tried
I didn't sit and cry
Because even my tears are hot
They evaporate before they drop
Stick to your status-quo
Your therapy getting paid like a ho
Your mind getting drained like a hose
Oh no
I won't go
Back to the spot where the eyes do not see
Back to the flop television series
I'm a high class beauty art
I'm fixed taint beauty mark
I don't stop until God says the word
I will cherry top the hills of the world.

Erica Borges

Carry On

If I begin to care
About you unfinished thoughts
That will be the end of me
We are all in this together
Why even bother to judge?
Or better...
Why even bother to feed your judgment?

When we care too little for the necessities of others
We sink into ourselves
A never ending sea
And we see nothing
But unfulfillable needs

3/18/12

Erica Borges

Collection Of Poems 2009-2011

Lullaby

Butterfly, sing to me a lullaby
Of the wonders I placed in a box
I am in the middle of time
In the middle of theft and crime
Take me away to the fantasy
Of living in truth and honesty
I'll listen to your whisper
Carefully and attentively
Why would I do otherwise?
You know I try to be wise
I am open to your lullaby
Dear butterfly
Can you see it in the depth of my eyes?
Sing to me about the place I dreamt of
Bring me the true message of love
Take with you a message of my own
To the skies you fly in
That I expected my wings to have grown
By this time in my life
How come I feel glued to the ground?
With hungry wolves all around
They want to take everything
Even your beautiful sound

In Four Walls

In the pit of my stomach...
I hold my chest
My hands hold nothing else
I go forward with my bed ready
To embrace me when I pull back
I know I can't make it
My tank has been emptied
The love and care and understanding
Somehow flew out the windows

And now I keep them shut
I can't stay with myself anymore
I've seen too much of how I am
And too much of who they are
Nothing but a big bore
Being either rich or poor
Everyone seems to fly carelessly
Into the soft clouds
They smile so endlessly
My voices are too loud
Maybe yours is too
Just like I fake
You do too

Insanely Tired

What is the point really?
To live on a beautiful street
If money is all you need
To stay on that street
Work to survive
In a cubicle I claimed mine
In a state I call fine
With a screen that shines
Oh, sanity is a fake
Scattered on my resume
I ask...
And they take
Yes, you may

Frozen

America is home of the frozen
Frozen meals, frozen hearts
I no longer wonder if
Human-like robots have been made
I see them every single day
Keep the gardens clean

Throw away the garden leaves
Ethics made into a need
Humanitarianism is already a bought seed

Late

I was meant to miss the bus
Not made out of schedules
I despise time
My clock has the tic
But does not toc
I like to be late...

...

Just to prove my point

Cage

Money has put me in a cage
It's grown to full rage
Money is my enemy
Money is my friend
Money consumes me
Money helps me mend
I hate your color
There's nothing green about you
I'm in a routine
I'm a fucking rat in your lab
I gotta stay clean
While you stay dirty
But you give me what I need
To shake hands with society
Thank you money
For the glass window in my cage

Brainless

Help me understand
I have been helped all my life
Don't know how to stand
Without your help
I have been told all my life
I was as dumb as a door
And cursed for having light hair
I was just happy
Now I'm asking for help
Because I'm all alone
And I don't know how to trust myself
Because I have let you down
Too many times
And my brain sits on a shelf
Close to your books
I am nothing without it
But I know you're keeping it safe
I'm trying to find a place
To hang my pretty body
I just washed it
And I've been waiting for it to dry
So I can wet it again with my heavy green eyes
And there I go looking at the gray skies
Brainless and colorblind

What Am I?

Am I what I believe to be?
Or am I just a reflection of what you see
Am I full of clichés?
Or am I just new to shame?

I was told not to wait for your hand
They said I'd understand
But I did not
They want me to stop
Awaken with my soul in reality
Do dreams only keep our sanity?
Are we still the smartest species...
...when blinded by egotistical little pieces?

Dirty Carpet

Fast and easy
The American way
Industries fly on dollar carpets
The carpets for which we pay
We spend our money
On ways to kill ourselves
For some it's funny
And others sit on covered shelves
Domino effect
Win with no respect
Swim in your dirty grass
As we find time to pass

In Mid Air

As money is wrapped around handcuffs
Grabbing my wrists too ruff
I tap dance with my feet
In mid air in a dream
When plausible explanations become old
Care more for wishes than gold
I intend to fly on white paper
Just seems safer
Use the breath to blow
My wish to the people I know
They can wave goodbye with the certainty
That the money will flow down towards their feet
And I will be free...
Free.

Transition

Banging my head on the wall

With the only strength left
See if the answer falls out
Of the mind that's been set
I believe that when I fell
It was in a different hole
Swallowing everything I knew so well
Made me polish my young soul
I tell you so unethically
That you don't see what I see
You laugh so arrogantly
Since when do I know of what I speak?
It's been a while since I felt wonderful...
That lasted more than a couple of hours
I guess this place is too full
With pretty flowers

In Pages

In the attempt to heal myself
I feel as if I never knew anything at all
But when I reencounter with reality
I once again open my eyes and fall
The familiar feeling of being in a place
Where pages are covered in front of my face
Brings the same joy a girl has
Who listens and smiles and believes
Foolish of me to throw myself in disappointment?
Maybe it is and I can't dwell in foolish sentiment
But my days of loneliness push my hands to pages
And I find the truth one sees without distraction

War

Do you think that if I
Fight with my weapons
That after my last cry
I'll come to love all seasons?
Is it unreasonable to want...

And get them all?
If I have a real gun
I'll even shoot up after the fall
Why would my desires
Be left in the dark?
If I have the right wires
To create spark
It's only sensible
To exchange my ammunition
For something as simple
As genuine sensation

Entertainment

Entertainment is here for you
Open your ears and eyes
And leave your mind behind
Let me conduct the show
The sound
The parade
The technology
The flames
Who needs ideology?
This is so new and fresh
And unorthodox
The norm and expression crash
So many ways to let you know
That I am here just to exhibit my show
The books
The founding fathers
Just peak, don't look
It'll blur your vision
Let me put on glitter and shine
This stage is only mine
You stay there in your seat
Let me distract you from the world
Let me distract you from the world
Let me distract you from the world
You will not want to have another place to go
Because dreamland is already made

And you don't have to fight or complain
You don't have to cry or feel empty
You don't have to be disappointed and unhappy
Just sit down
Just sit down
You think you know everything
But no, I am not the clown

Change

Looking out the window through the stains
Wondering if I'll ever get used to change
It comes and goes
It hides, then shows
Trying to like the boys that are good
Hoping I am still understood
Taking steps to change...
To stop and know that it's the same.
You know I kissed my hands for luck
Before I kneeled and dared to pray
Talking to myself, I meditate
Closed eyes inside the church's gate
I wanted change
Pretty me wasn't good enough after I could see
Change, still the same
Glass window always with unwanted stains

I Crave to Write

I crave water on my lips
Nourish all my body
And the taste of lipstick
Right before a kiss
I crave moments I will never forget
To serve as remedy when I'm lonely
I long for the good to outweigh the bad
In all of you, in all of me
I crave the touch of your hands

In the most sincere manner
To feel completely worthy
I crave to live...
I crave to be

One Day

I know I will acknowledge
Sometime in my life
That I was always the best I could be
In the given circumstances
And I will rest in that assurance
Even all the tears I wept
All my life
Will only have me remember
That my soul was good
And that all that pain
Was merely one side of my life
The other side, where genuine laughter laid...
...Was only waiting patiently
One day I will know
That my life was always meant to be short
That even one hundred years
Would not make sense of anything
Our place, the world, the universe
Too big to contain in our simple lives
And maybe that is why we have love
It fits perfectly in our lives...
I'm glad one day I'll know
That even if I felt lost most of the time
I was only searching
And I'll see that my searching
Was a beautiful, endless process
Full of good intent
I'll remember once more
That my soul was kind
Experiencing life with all others
And I'll realize that they were all part of me
And I a part of them

Ride Inside the Ride

On a bus seat
A girl plays the piano
Her fingers playing in mid air
Not for us, not for me
Inside her mind
She can hear the sound of each key

And across from where I am
A beautiful woman stands
Spills her drink on the floor
Embarrassed and apologetic
She leaves at her stop
Wishing she still had that straw in her lips

Mirrors everywhere to help the driver see
But sometimes he opens the door
Even when there's no one going out
'Have a good day' - he always says
As his words travel from the breath of his mouth
Through the empty air and out the door

Being Young

Oh the satisfaction
To be dumb while young
Oh the horror vision
Of a mind waking up
Oh the contemplation
To going back and being young
Oh why do we keep living just for fun?
Why do we not wanna grow?
Why do we never take time to look for our soul?
Oh, why do we keep living blindly until the end of the show?

My skin might be disintegrating
But that doesn't mean I'm fading

A young body
Full of energy
Used for nothing
What a shame

Our lives full of days
Trapped inside a maze
Not enough of us at the gate
What a shame

Where's the energy?
In you and me.

Wake Up the Mind

Oh my, oh my
Grandiosity is a lie
When attached to a television, hi-fi
Becoming estranged with the insides
What goes on behind the walls
Apparently is none of our business
Our business is to work for the business
Awaiting a nice little compliment
For a well done fucking job
When instead you should sob
Take the hair out of your face
Do you see a little clearer now?
Well, who am I?
Another lie?
Another imagination of the world
What is this thing that carries me?
These pounds of flesh...
Nothing.
I have the obligation to feed it
To clean it
To satisfy it
But my mind is another entity
Our minds float around
Next to one another

A never satisfied being
Diminished to little use
By useless fucking shit!
Oh, well...as long as it's temporarily satisfied
As long as it still hasn't...died

Neither Here Nor There

Inside of pages
Inside of glasses
Inside of herbs
Inside of masses
Tap inside
Reach for the mind

Alleviate the pain
That comes from shallow world
The doubts they created for you
While life is all you have
It is only close to your reach
Like the animal you are
You want to chew it with your teeth
But you never will
Life is all you have
Life is behind the logic you create

My hands...
One is dry
One is asleep
Both created by the stars
Both with minor scars

I wake up
And wonder where I am
I am walking down the street
And I wonder where I am
I am sitting in my chair
And wonder where I am

Who I am

Is irrelevant
The hands I type with
Are irrelevant
The wine I drink
Poured into an irrelevant glass
Is irrelevant

I wish
I could have an irrelevant kiss
At this very moment
But for now
I kiss the empty smooth glass

Burning Up

While the TV is on
I slowly slip down the couch
And feel the cold floor
No more, no more
Do I wish to listen to the screen
It sends my heart into an inferno
That burns into hopeless ashes

Down then come the tears
Tasteful in my lips
As pure as water
Nourishing so gracefully
The ashes
Waking me up

Little Hope

Having a little hope
Might be worse than not having it at all
Hope...
We walk, we cope
Examine a tree
And you'll see it all in the right order

Cycle...

That's all we long for

Dancing in the night

To fairy tale lyrics

The taste of life

Swallowed and digested

Looking for more after sunrise

Hope...

An invisible line

A little white lie

It sits there in the darkness of your mind

Comforting your nights

Attempts to strengthen you in the morning

And never seems to vanish

The face of hope is blank

Feel free to paint it as you wish

Past the Hair

Cut through the thin skin

Observe your veins

Flash your blood

Pour into the tallest glass

Cheers!

Drink it over and over

Again and again

And let your heart pump

New blood

A Tedious Job

There was a bucket of paint on the floor

I picked it up and aimed it at you

The color was dripping from your chin

And your hair, all over your face

And the brush was in your hand

You finished the painting looking into a mirror
Your hair was beautifully painted
Your face was beautifully painted
So I come close to you and whisper
That you are ready to go out there
This color is in now, don't you worry
My little plastic creation

Hungry Lover

I eat hearts
For fun
They are so tasteful
Touching my lips
Then tongue
I digest them quite well

Allow me to eat yours
It won't hurt
Too badly
Honey

Where do you keep it?
On your sleeve
Or tucked in your chest?
I want to get to it
Is it intact?
Those are the best

I eat hearts
Just for fun

Allow me to eat yours
It won't hurt
Too badly
Honey

So tasteful
And you're so beautiful
So beautiful honey...

Well, not so much anymore
Your face has become pale
Your hands so frail
Your eyes empty
Oh my little honey
I was just so
So hungry

Depressive Realism

Realistic view with a touch of hope
Ballistic behavior hangs you with a tight rope
Too much serenity paints your garden green
While you walk on it forgetting the unseen

Searching for the right move
And the appropriate mood
Takes time and takes sacrifice
I could just smile all day
Or I could give in all the way
But I'm still concerned about the price

It's terrifying to know it's in our hands
Emotional earthly creatures
One dropp of water, one grain of sand
So concerned about our future

So knock off the label I have on my back
The one that is glued to my skin
And take me off the store rack
Before they place my heart in a bin

Chair in Shade

Sound of heartbeat
In the darkness of the shade
I grab my broken seat
Wanting the pain to fade

Quiet is a loud sound
Fills in each part of the air
My body and all around
Seems like I do not care

My mind deteriorating
Right in front of me
The hands are begging
To set my soul free

And I cannot escape
From the chill in my bones
From distorted shapes
And I carry them all on my own

Perfection

You are a beautiful illusion
Perfect in a flawed world
You never let me fall in confusion
Entering my mind in nights that leave me cold

Sentimentality never to extreme
I admire your talent
And strange as it may seem
I crave your perfect scent

You take me out of this quiet misery
In sneaky perfection of my memories
By my permission only
I have created too many perfect stories

With your beautiful complexion
It makes it that much easier
To believe you are made of perfection
The untouchable, seems so much prettier

Help those in Need

Why are the depressed getting medical help?
Shouldn't the medical assistance go to those in need?
The ones who harm others to gain power
The ones who do not help in order to stay in power
The ones who only seek out a path for monetary gain
The ones who lie in the face of a man in pain

Since when is being depressed a medical issue?
One is depressed because it is part of them
One is depressed because their eyes are open
One is depressed because it feels

No longer help the depressed
Help those in need

But a Dream

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.

Using my senses
To make sense of it all
But I always come back
To this dark hole I tend to fall in

Going around again and again
The streams seem to be spinning

What an embarrassment
To feel this way
While the world lives
And doesn't give a shit
I fall behind and type as I sit

Am I just an idiot

Taking it too seriously?
And putting myself in a coma

I can't wake up

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream.
Life is but a dream.
Life is but a dream.

Bloody Hand

My right hand is dry
I can see lines with blood
This hand is only mine
The bone, the flesh, the skin
Food for a hungry animal
And it's still writing food for thought
For hungry souls

Giving Up My Empty Castle

Is there space?
A small little place...
Where I can create my life?
But tell me now
How can I forget about you?
Just live on and walk away from you
Is there enough time for me to stay numb?
What happens when I wake up?
I'll remember I just...
That I just gave up
There's your sad face
And I'm trying to find a little place
To hide and live my life
Heavy conscious on my shoulders

Pacify it with pop culture

I don't want to imagine what you could be
If I decided to try to make you happy
It seems like an obvious decision
If I wasn't so compelled to have my own space
And live up to the dream
And build the confidence to rule my little place
While you cry and die
I would be ignoring you
You'd be in the back of my mind
Only in the back of my mind
And I would know that wouldn't be enough

Walking to my doom
You are surviving yours
I feel compelled to be
So selfish and uncaring
How could I?
Why would I?

Because your face should be resting
In my soft hands
Wiping your tears, Wiping mine
With your rough hands
I should be holding your face
I should be holding your hand

There's no more time to stay as strangers
The world is screaming
The world is weeping

To Her

And I will tell her
To make it better
Lessen her pain
That I love her
So she can rest in her skin

I will kiss her heart
With every moon light
So she feels alive
I will only look at her
As a protector and companion
To shield her from darkness
I will bring her to my chest
With care, with love

I will let her see
My vulnerability to her smile
So she knows it holds much more power
Than I can ever comprehend
I will whisper to her softly
To hold my stained hand
So she never forgets
Love will carry her way

Time for Party

Using my feet
To carry me
Around this city
Shoulders heavy or not
Ready? I'm not
But we walk like we are
Maybe it's not a race
But we don't want to be late
For the party
Where we all meet
And display our feet
Who has the best shoes on?

But I just came here
To dance
You didn't think that I really cared
Right?
Let's see who rose
Let's see who fell
Let's see who built their own little jail

Just dance

Heavy Soul

As my soul gets heavy
Tears try to get rid of the load
And if the intensity
Would somehow be too much
I'd use my warm smile...
That seems to sooth your mood
And it makes me look good
Should I stop feeding my soul, dear?
The answers are never quite clear
An overdose of senses
Makes me see clearer
But does it make me look abstract to you?
I don't wish to seem unclear
That was never my intention
Shaping my soul is what I went for
And my perfectionism is quite strong
I can't get enough of a genuine feeling
An expression of a breathless artist
Carrying the burden of a heavy soul
But, dear, I want to dance
Feel the rhythm flow through me
And I want to sing
Feel my lungs go empty and fill up again
I want to write
Feel the heaviness go down a little...
...if just for a moment
Wonder if I'm in the journey to greatness
Or if I'm drenching myself in foolishness...
...Believing to have a beautiful soul
Am I just going with the flow?
Whatever this is...
In my body
In my lungs
In my writing...
It feels almost orgasmic
And so genuinely frightening

Beneath

This urge beneath my skin
Crawls the art supply
I want to spill it all
I'm sure my cry is your cry
Salty tiny tears
Full of tiny fears

Opposites

Here she comes
That face I've seen before
With all that self assurance
The sidewalk might crack
A pose after her last step
She touches my face
And I know exactly what she wants
To rest her body in a warm place

So I stare into her eyes
And I ask
Don't we complement each other?
'Whatever you say'
She says right to my face
Because all she wants
Is to rest her body in a warm place

You come and go
You come and go
You come and go
So we can go on
With the show

Her pretty face
My warm heart
Her slim body

My sensitivity
Her smooth skin
My hard work
All of you
All of me

I say we are perfect for one another
You say you could easily find another
All you want, all you want, pretty face
Is to rest your body in a warm place

Erica Borges

Comentario

La transformacion fisica de una idea es un proceso muy demorado. Pero, quando tenemos una comunicacion limpia podemos nos transformar con mas agilidad y rapidez.

La opresion es nuestro mayor inimigo, e tenemos que nos curar con mucha profundidad las ideas que tenemos.

Quando tu piensas en un todo, tenes mas facilidad de comprender lo camino que esta haciendo.

No tienes miedo de incorporar lo lado oscuro de tu alma. Precisa de el balanco para tener paz. Asi poderas hacer las cosas con amor y con un entendimiento bastante expandido.

Erica Borges

Comprenzion

Intonces tu sabes que estoy haciendo.
Muy bueno.

Erica Borges

Concrete Compromise

Giving up your truth
To live the lie
In order to survive

Erica Borges

Contemplation

I sit

The chair in angles

I hear

The noise that strangles

I watch

The routine tangled

I eat

The food that poisons

I live

The life of no choices

Erica Borges

Content Of Image

My body is low
My mind is high
Emission of Emerson
Tongue of Einstein
I live in one sight
Mine is the light
Mine is a flash
Beginning to end
An endless bend
An endless fight
Against those who bind
The eyes of the blind.

Erica Borges

Day 28 Of July 2014

Baby carried away
Vehicle of strolling
Strangled by the desire
To be carried
Away.

And the birds fly away.

Erica Borges

Days Passed

Oh how lost one can become
When deprived from simplicity of love.

Hateful I do not presume to have been
Nor hate have I received.

How to blame self or others
In all that has become of me?

Eyes shut and mouth silenced.
By the lack of sight when opened
And by the invisibility of speech.

Erica Borges

Dear You Is A Song

You are a curse
You are the worst
At keeping me dry
The tears like coast
Sweep up all of my face
And like the stars
I know you'll come soon
Brighten up my heart like the moon

You are my everything
You are my light shinning
You are the wind in my breath
You are the distance in between
And the end and the beginning
You are a song to sing

March 25,2016

Erica Borges

Dream

My eyes opened,
And I was in a cemented cube.
Filled with materials that had no life.
I tried speaking to each surface,
To each curve, to each angle...
But there was no possible communication.
No exchange of energy...
Nothing.
Only the simple image,
That was easily distinguished in my mind.
Easily bendable, easily distorted.
The relationship between I,
And the inside of this cube...
...Was a superficial one.
It taught me nothing valuable,
Since the objects seemed to find themselves
To be of enough value.
This made me joyless and lonesome.
I did not find any meaning inside
The cube.
So I carried my body out of it.
And life rushed into me.
My senses now had purpose.
My body became the object...
The tangible force,
Which carries the light in me.
This light of one light.
Single energy,
That inhabits all that is living.
It was in that moment,
That I began to live.

Erica Borges

End Of A Show

Third act
And I disappear
The curtains drop
No more of me
No more of my nothingness
A heart trying to love
Just so it could survive
But no more
Need to love
Or be loved
I have left the stage
Left the theatre
Left the city
Left they country
Left this world
And no worries
If there is even a single one
A replacement has been found
She will too disappear
Into the empty sound

10/25/11

Erica Borges

Eternity

My age in eternity
My body in stages
Forced to be unnatural...
Hiding behind walls
Cold walls
Where love cannot live...
My body ages
Merely stages...
In eternity.

Erica Borges

Faith

Mouth full of
Shit.
Your ass sits
And defecates the green.
Stifle the cycle.
The air you breathe
Goes to the ticking of a dying heart.
But the death can be the start
And the start can be the now
Not tomorrow.
There's already been
Too much sorrow.
The loss of our home
The loss of brothers
Sisters
Fathers
Mothers
Enough.
These robots that try to protect...
They can't even use rightful dialect.
They just...
Pollute our bodies
Steal our spirits
Take the light away from our eyes...
Make us act as stiff as they
To survive in the grey
But I have faith...
I do.
I have to.
God keeps whispering in my ear
In my dreams
This will be over soon...
Patiently I wait
Necessary virtue.

Erica Borges

Fight!

Global peace
Resuming love of nature
Serving the one and only light
Is in our hands.
Not in the hands of politicians...
Corrupt souls
Who serve darkness.
No.
It is in our hands.

Erica Borges

Free

Freedom of mind
All that is found
Is the torture of the body.
As a butterfly
After finding its wings
To only crash on ceilings.

Erica Borges

Freedom

As long as you accept
To be treated this way...
To be enslaved...
They will never grant freedom.
For their hearts are still foolish
And their minds childish...
Just as a child needs to be disciplined
In order to be good,
Small souls are in need of the same.
But spiritual discipline.
Discipline solely of the body,
Brings no wisdom.
Therefore...
When we care for ourselves
And leave cynicism of love behind,
Relearning what it is...
And how it truly feels...
We can reclaim our minds
And demand the freedom to use it.
Demand freedom.
And to not carry contradiction,
Do not support the oppressors.
Sacrifice during transition,
And you, along with all others,
Will be rewarded.
Mother Nature awaits.
Patiently, it awaits our return.

Erica Borges

Grey Sale

Soul for Sale!
Vagina dry
Face pale.
Come take a piece
Come feed your hunger
Come.
Whoever has the most
Green paper in hand
I'll give as much as
My God can stand.
I got it for free
From birth
And now I sell it
Like sheep
Sell fur.

Erica Borges

Hey There,

Be confident in your love,
And anything is possible.

All my love to you.

Erica Borges

Hypocrisy

You...

You...

You...

You...

You...

You.

You!

Me?

Erica Borges

I Am A Thousand

It's easy to ignore evil when you don't have to live through it.
Running away just save your own life.
That is not what I have learned from love.

Erica Borges

In Love With You

I thought I was in love before.
I thought I had met love before.
I thought...
Thinking can be deceiving
When the heart is not
In the right place.
With you,
I didn't have to think.
My heart whispered to me
Your beautiful name.

Erica Borges

In Shadow

The corner,
Behind the wooden board,
A woman stood.
Her face in shadow
In no want of light.
Laughed from darkness...
Not as in night.

Erica Borges

In Space

The space around me,
Is much larger than the space I occupy
The escape from one to another,
Leaves nothing significant behind
Just space...
Eyes that travel through
Hands that touch the blue
Mouth that tastes the fruit
Hear none in silent space...
In contaminated quietude...
Where blowing curtains try to soothe,
The hostility of truth.

7/17/12

Erica Borges

In Time

Waiting for light's guidance
To bring you close to me again.
You are awake,
So I will wait in patience.

Erica Borges

Inevitability

Ahead of the rest.
No other choice
Than to sit and wait.
Watch the pillar collapse.
See the heads of past leaders,
Fly around the bodies of the living...
Of the screaming.
Truth postponed
By the statues of stone.
By their empty promise of hope.
Centuries in the making...
Inevitable trillion dollar ship sinking.
The seas full of blue
Where light shines through...
Will swallow the remains...
For God's words will not
Go in vain.

Erica Borges

Injustice

Before this life killed me inside
Now I see beyond the ugliness and find beauty
I find beauty in EVERYTHING
I am blessed
I am BEAUTIFUL

Now you want to tell people
People who I chose to love
That I am empty?

You are making my life a living hell

Erica Borges

Inside The Cube

The noises on top...
The false judgment imposed...
I will never stop...
Never stop...
The body is an illusion...
And death is rebirth.
You do not see,
And believe you cannot be taught how...
That is a lie...
A lie...
But I am tired now...
And need sleep.

Erica Borges

Inside The Cube II

I dream of a home
Where spiritual growth is rewarded.
I dream of a home
That embraces me.
I dream of a home
Where God is felt by all.
I dream of home...
I dream of home.

Erica Borges

Jim Powell - In Insoluble Crisis

When mornin arrive, I manage a clean face to match the finely washed clothes fo the day. Make me feel I'm off to a good beginnin

But this seemingly fine risin has got me thinkin.
Ma mind just ain't coherin...

I've been awake by a giant bird.
This ain't no regula chip-chip birdie. I see it's bigga than a hawk, but not as large as those runnin breakfast-fo-twenty-egged bird.
It like to stare. Its biddy eye always followin.
So I took on the decision of shuttin the drape.
Couldn't hear the giant fla away, so I'm guessin it's still waitin on somethin.
Hopin it's gone by sun down.

What has got ma thoughts all scrambled, is ma respectable boss sayin there was no need of me bein at the shop. He said in calm sense - "Just this one week, Jim. The slowin down here allow me to discount a body labor. Take the time to RECUP. We'll see you the followin Monday."
"Recup! " This ain't no language that is to be used by a fine boss like himself.

What is I supposs to do in this house fo entia week? Weekend is fo restin, but mo time than that give idea fo laziness!

I supposs I can do some work on the house.
It's a fine house, but could get some new color, new organizin...It would most certainly take me mo than two or three sun rise...This color is on this wall now fo well over ten year! It don't look fresh. Now see, this neva botha me. Too much restin time give room fo craziness!
It sure could use organizin...puttin things from one place to anotha in a organized fashion. Nevermind that. Seem very foolish. Guess I can do a lot of composin.
That'll straighten up and out ma thoughts...

I hear wing-flap.

Erica Borges

Jim Powell - In Manageable State

See in the basin of my principle now as more of a basis for my comfort, I see with much, I should say GREAT clarity, the need for no discourses.

See, I took on the idea, after much thinking, that my way of walking is for its purpose only.

So I took on the decision for walking, when presented with its convenience, and not even for a swift moment to let my legs rest. Not even at the hard to predict sight of enticing woman passing. This is not to say my body won't see a moment for resting, this is to say I have taken on the idea to stretch its members when convenience presents itself.

This might seem like a big plan for a man like myself, letting go of composing for true quietness walking brings, but I manage the state of impossibility.

Erica Borges

Jim Powell - In The Rhythm Of Love

We use the eyes to see
And they see with much brightness
The way she flows on feet.
If God had given her wings,
She'd outdo the birds and the butterflies...

How beautiful the hairs blow...
Cars sending them wind when time to GO

Do her eyes see ma curved figur?
Or am I blurred out by smoke?
Don't know...
No mo lonesome me
I want mo!

Now she let herself inside the door...
Poor lonesome me
On dirt floor.

Erica Borges

Jim Powell - The Composer

Now that I've made an introduction of maself, I will allow maself to compose.
I live, as I have not mentioned this yet, in a small...I should say miniscule part of
the Great State of Virginia. Its location is in its tail, so the water don't come even
near. Not much of a fish anyway, guess I'm the sort that seeks lonesome comfort
between high decorated walls.

I should get to composin

I'll write bout ma...or Mr. Wick's experienss with his new pair of shoes.

Durin a weekend, that's when us folks get some deservin rest, Mr. Wick decided
it was time fo some new shoes.

He walked off his old pair down the street to the stor as to properlie say goodbye
to em, and to let the stor clerk see with much clarity the need fo a new pair.
"Can I help you? " - says the pretty clerk with sootherness in her
voice

"In need of a new pair. You see? " - Pointin to his TO BE on the
homeless shoe rack

"Oh my! Guessin 10? "

This was a savvy clerk

"That's right Ms"

To not go any futha into the stor story, I'll go direct to what came afta

Mr. Wick, stylin his new feet, found that a visit to his brotha house would do
them good since he hadn't spoke to him for a lil, but feelin like long while.

"Mr. Wick, your brother is here." - said the carin nurse to the much
older, much beatin, much wise brotha of Wick.

So he enta the nice lil home of an old carpet scent, and sees his brotha laying
quite peaceful in his elongated chair

"What's the reason? " - harshly but conveniently directly spoke from
the old man

"Oh, you know...stoppin by. It's lovely out..." - Mr. Wick was already
familia with his brotha rudeness

"So you come all the way here to tell me it's nice out? Outside where ma
legs don't take me no mo? "

Mr. Wick took a lil time to make things mo cheerful

"Look! Got new pair. Like em? "

"My eyes still workin...but um...come closa."

Mr. Wick seemed to be savin the visit - he felt proud

"Yea, yea...ok...I like em. How much? "
"Thirty-Five. The only ones on SALE"
"Goodness Lord! Did ya go to the one around the coner here? This one
close to the house? "
"No, went to the one near the busy highway. You know...that..."
"Can't believe...you knew you had the plans to come visit, and you insist on
that highly-too costly stor? What's with you? "
"I got a new pair..."
"No. No I don't wanna hear no mo."
"Fine. No mo."

I tell you, silence and a smell of passin ain't best be put together in an old man's
house

So Mr. Wick thought it wise to leave. So he did...in his low curved body, starin at
the goodness of his day - BLUE STRIPED WHITE shoes.

Erica Borges

Jim Powell - The Man Of Courage

Speakin of maself - thirdly
Is quite excitin

Passed the obvious simplicity of ma name,
There comes COURAGE
Yes, I straighten maself up for that word:
COURAGE
I get awfully tired of lowerin...

You see
I base maself on the currents,
And I find I'm quite outdated.
This really don't seem to botha me
And for what I know - that's real courage!

Erica Borges

Jim Powell - The Man Of Thought

What is said
Is no better than what is thought.
The mouth give exit fo thought.
The word - plurally speakin
Enter the mind fo thought.
This call fo no questionin,
It seek only obliged mannerism.

Erica Borges

Jim Powell - The Thanker

Mo days in this house of mine and I got to see how I do afta the day I put up a SALE.

Ma customer, in the profitable sense, have all manage to outdo themselves in a very sensible fashion.

I have to say I feel proud and my little heart goes on its beating in the most peaceful manner.

Sometimes I do see a change in its pace when I get the feelin the city smoke might be slowin it down, but I manage to recoverin with some herbal tea the stor provide.

Erica Borges

Lessons...

When you say what you have learned
It means exactly that.

But to the fragile, your opinion becomes theirs.

Erica Borges

Levando

Nao sou muito sabida
Ou muito futil
Sempre tem entrada e saida
Para o util e inutil

Vem para mais perto de mim
E fica mais perdido
Nunca tem comeco ou fim
Para os meus sentidos

E' tao melhor sentir a vida
Do que levar ela so' no olhar
Carrega como uma bexiga
Um dia ela vai estorar

Erica Borges

Limitations

The confined mind has no vision.
The eyes on the face...
Scraping the surface...
Forgot their rooted veins

The confined mind is bitter.
The fist punches
And never protests
It hates
And never protects

The confined mind is arrogant.
Crowded with small ideas...
No room left for wider thoughts

The confined mind
Eats itself
Swallowing the key.

7/2/12

Erica Borges

Living Under

I play with my hair
Seeing no other use for it...
My senses become senseless
Since my life does not depend on them...
My body swallowed by objects
Does not live in love...
But the ones around me,
Do not seem to care.
They seem content.
If only they knew...
A world where all is free.
All are free.
Where the body can become
The mind can evolve
And not conform.
Where the law
Is not studied,
But felt.
For we cannot understand
What we do not feel.

Erica Borges

Love

My love,
I live for you.
I know myself...
I feel the light.
And so, my love,
I know and feel you.

Erica Borges

M(\$) Ney

Money buys you liberty to live.
Money buys you ability to heal.
Money buys you symphony to create.
Money is everything.
Without money, I am everything.
Money buys what has been taken.
Money is a game of hate.

This ain't.

Erica Borges

May 20,2013

My awakening

Not to pain...

But to the reality of both worlds

One prohibited, the other prohibits

This awakening has given me joy

Enough joy to make me laugh as I once did in the beginning of my time

Enough love to carry the pain of those around me and not just my own

This love that frees and enslaves me

And I cannot regret any moment after this awakening

Because my intention was one

To tell the beautiful land under our feet...the skies above our minds...

Thank you.

Thank you for the wisdom you have given me

Thank you for the pink flowers from your tree

Thank you for the gentle touch of wind...wind that embraces my flesh that caresses my soul

Gratitude.

Love.

Erica Borges

May 21,2013

Yes.

No.

Yes, I will cut my nails.

No, not the toes...

I like them long.

I need a body that is...strong...

As strong as a feather

As fast as a black panther...

Black panther...

I wonder what one would say to me...

I wonder what it feels...

I wonder what it is...

I have never seen one.

I have seen a feather...

I have seen creations that carry them as protection on their skin...

I have seen ducks

They walk. They fly. They swim. They eat. They drink.

They seem patient...

I know they have extremely sensitive hearing from having a pure soul...and they move...oh they move so graciously...

I admire all birds just from having contact with a few of them...they are beautiful.

I have seen trees. I have felt them...

Trees...

The branches. The leaves. The roots. The thick skin where many others crawl...it stays put.

They seem patient.

I have seen butterflies.

I have seen dragonflies.

I have seen horses.

I have seen squirrels.

I have seen raccoons.

I have seen grass.

I have seen clouds.

I have seen sun.

I have seen moon.

I have seen me.

Erica Borges

May 22,2013

Brain was up for grabs...
They thought it was for brags
Some thought it was for styled bags
Some don't think, just drag...zzz

Erica Borges

May28,21014

The emptiness inside me
Is never quite empty.

But to see life is a brighter light
Is to see deep inside its beauty.

Erica Borges

Meninas De Azul

As meninas de azul
Deslizam no altar
Alta montanha de Iná!
Fazendo com que os seus pés
Virem caules calmos na imensidão de sua fé.
A fé não se acaba com a declaração de Deus.
Há sempre questões a serem postas à dúvida.
As lindas meninas de azul
Bailam com suas almas elevadas
Cada uma em sua pura individualidade
Em perfeita sintonia.
Em luxo de almas ricas.

Erica Borges

Mensagem De Humildade

Mal entendido

É sempre uma pedra no caminho.

Nos diversificamos entre solos do nascer,

Porém passas apenas como uma breve caminhada.

Viva a vida pequenina diante dos seus companheiros.

Vivendo em imensidão diante de Deus, todo poderoso.

Respeito é digno de quem se faz ao merecer.

A gratificação de Deus lhe entrega a grande boa alma digna.

Erica Borges

Mensagem De Precaução

Vivemos em um período
De Calcas.
De arcas voadoras.
Onde o mal não sabe mais
O seu encaixamento.
Esse instante é precoce
Aos demais que alimentam-se o mal.
Não se deixe enganar jamais
De suas malícias que estendem-te ao abismo.
Deslizem-se dos pensamentos prejudiciais à alma.
As quais enterram seus valores
E fazem de suas lágrimas degeneradas
Um cálice de sangue.
Muitos instantes são essenciais
À recuperação da alma.
Um começo novo
Entrega ao corpo uma nova direção
Na qual pode-se seguir
A luz divina de Deus.

Erica Borges

Mensagem Do Término

Sem mais vestígios de uma era.
Aproximando-se à um fim.
Término de uma cláusula
Das distantes e refugiadas almas.
O sombrio frio que fizestes com que os avanços
Fossem apenas solidificações do espírito ao objeto.
Faremos agora um novo começo
À um pré determinado fim.
Saibamos então a gratificação de servir-mos à Deus
E que não nos perdemos em elogios passageiros.
Vejamos com nossas boas almas a presença divina de Deus.

Erica Borges

Morning Light

Purple dust
Caressed by wind
Touched by skin
Gift of the skies
To all, not only mine.
All is never only mine
No indication
That it could be otherwise.
All that is mine,
Is inevitably yours.

Erica Borges

Morning Of 13

I've died so many times
I forgot who I was
And all the useless words
Coming off of your tongue
I chop them
I crop them
I send them off to
A dark spot
The rot stop
As I travel in blue
As I marvel in ocean
Can't stop what's in motion
Can't stop the emotion
Can't stop devotion
From swimming through

Erica Borges

Nao Sei

Artista e' assim...

Invalido valido pelo povo.

Vive de reconhecimento improprio...

Propria do povo.

Sabe onde fica mas nao sabe se fica...

Depende do povo.

Um eleitoral gratis caro.

Um concelho bom do mau.

Fica la...capengando...cuidando de sua fortuna.

La na urna dos pobre.

Erica Borges

New Day Of October 14,2013

This is story about a girl named 'Lucky'

I want to say 'bye, bye, bye'
But I have decided to stay

Because of beautiful 5 year old.

The End.

Erica Borges

Nightmare

Fortune.

Fame.

Poor.

Lonely.

Same.

Erica Borges

No More

No more allowing myself to be blind
No more!
No more poetry or video or post
No more!
No more cries into the darkness
No more!
The privacy of my life now
And forevermore!
Exposure
No more!
Living the way I choose
Yes, and more!
Memories belong to the past
And I choose to live presently
Knowingly...
Thus painfully.

Erica Borges

Note

If I leave the concrete
My body will live a lie
And my words, which reflect my soul's state
Will not communicate the truth.
We are all living under the same sun
And the pain of one is the pain of all.
No person should suffer the consequences
Of another's choice to ignore the light.
I want to freely serve God,
But I can't.
I am not allowed to serve God.
I am obligated to serve ignorant men and women
Who have given themselves the idea they have to rule others.
They believe to be better than others who are quiet and humble.
These are mean and selfish beings.
We cannot allow this to be our ongoing reality.
This is not fair to the people who wish to do what is in their good nature.
The more perfectly you give up your soul, the better?
This is not the way.
How many more have to come to send the message?
How many more will reach extreme points of expression?
How many more will suffer in silence waiting for a safe place for their soul to rest?
Are there not enough struggles and lessons to be learned from being human only?
Why ruin what is pure and beautiful with the black fingerprints of money?
To see an adult become cold and cruel is just as painful as seeing a child losing their innocence.
It is not possible to feed the ego near a tree, which stands tall and gives its leaves rhythm or in an ocean that is larger than the land your feet are resting on.
We are with God at its fullest when we are in nature, making us as close to perfection as our humanness allows.
No person enjoys this concrete reality.
If one does, this person is only under the illusion they are a part of something great.
We have to put what is humane before our human flaws.
We have to be more demanding of ourselves in a spiritual sense, not materialistic.
And more importantly, our souls need to trust God.

Trust the one and only light, and it will provide. This is true faith.
Then our problems will never be as worrisome. And no pain will feel unbearable.

Our bodies will move in grace and love will never be simplified or questioned, it
will be a way of living. It will be living.

Erica Borges

O Que Sei

Sei da dor
conheço-a bem.
Vejo tudo na superfície
e muito, muito além.
Entendo da vida como sempre entendi
e irei entender.
No riso e sorriso encontro
a pureza que nunca deixou de ser.
Minha vida é a jornada da minha alma
que se enriquece ao se estender.

Sente o gosto da fruta cheio d'água
e o ar fresco da madrugada...
o que nada muda, somente agrada.

Erica Borges

One Of Two

It practiced once
And you followed twice
A slave to it you are
Serve with all your might
That's dispensed to your soul
Serve the angel that never served you
Let it have its fun...
To then be saved by the light you shun.

Erica Borges

Pass The Door

Out of my door
Ground not floor
Sky not ceiling
Cold not heated
Expending my feelings
And I am relaxed
My battery life counted
Music in my ears
To set the mood
Love and no fear
Nothing has bit me
Yet

11/12/11

Erica Borges

Path Of Words

Only under the sun
My eyes see all colors
Only under rain
My body is cleansed
Only under leaves
My lungs are filled
Only in the presence of birds
My mind can fly
Only under stars
My wonder can travel
Oh dear knowledge,
Of facts that leave humans in the cold.
Oh dear,
Why couldn't you simply learn respect?
The wisdom of men so close to God,
Could have taken us even closer.
But we have gone into the cynical path
And have left trails of blood
Where steps cannot be imprinted.
These hard, metallic roads
Where only holes are made.
A world made for the convenience of machines
A world made for machines
And no space left for my fragile flesh
No space left for God's beauty
No space left for beauty.

Erica Borges

Pavement Day

One more end to a day
One more day.
The sun heats up pavement
The rain cools it off
And the cars keep riding on it.
Its passengers use shades to block sunrays
And wipers to shoo away raindrops.
All to come to a single red stop.

Erica Borges

Piensas

Los criticos de mi persona

Son los criticos de las personas que hacen el bien.

Vivas tu vida

Y trates mi videos apenas como algo que puedes tener para una idea ou un entreterimento.

Lo dinero no estas involucdo en mi situacion, intonces sabes que no tengo males intenciones contigo.

El camino del odio es el camino de la perdicion.

Erica Borges

Poem From Beautiful Soul

'The truth is that...

I AM.

It may be that you

disagree or have an opinion.

AND I will remind you of mine.

You can be and do whatever...

And so can I.

By the way...Just because

You believe you are correct...

And it may be that others agree,

I want you to remember I will ALWAYS

DO, SEE, BELIEVE, AND BE ONLY ME.

Respect isn't a privilege

It's a RIGHT.'

- Astar

Erica Borges

Poetry Book - Spider Web

A Choice

Better to lack food
Than to lack truth.
Rather perish in body
Than in soul.
Better to walk naked
Than to walk empty.
Rather be silent
Than to speak falsely.
Better to accomplish nothing
Than to achieve no virtue.

Walk for Shelter

Each of one!
One of each will,
Will walk!
Some up, some down, some inside...
The hill.

Millions of flags will flutter in the wind.
Swinging pieces of cloth on plastic sticks.

And the division of territories,
Will keep each group in a box.
Tiny boxes.
Big boxes.
Tiny boxes next to big boxes.
Some boxes will have no box next to them.
Some boxes will be in the shape of a boot!

The ones who walk down,
Will be the ones swinging their flags!
Each with an individual flag.
Made of cloth and plastic.

The ones who walk up,
Will have a big flag!
Made of silk!
To place on top of the hill.
So the rest,
Each individual flag included,
Will know its place.

And the ones who walk inside,
Will have no flags.
No division.
They will be free!

Houghton Lake

The large body of water
Surrounded by man-inhabited land,
Lays quietly in its depth.
But once a year,
Uninvited guests cover the surface
And quietude sinks into the sand...
Uncontrollable laughter,
From inebriated mouths,
Contaminate the air.
Boats, simply traveling...
...As cars do,
Drip their fuel.
To let the waters know,
Which animal's been there.

Buy Happiness

Oh the ones who care for dress
And read books on happiness
Extend their arms to touch glass
That separates them from the price tag.
Habit of absolute no harm,
They say,

Where the subconscious lies remain.
No harm in buying happiness,
They think but will not say...
Not even common wisdom
Fits in a programmed brain.

The Toombstone

I saw a toombstone
Lockated in a garrden
Behind a white mantion.
And on it,
The letters T R U T H was marrked.
Exactly in that orrder, honestly.
And the toombstone was not nicely kept.
I say this be cause it was covered...
In dirrt.
Like dusst,
On a book no one everr wants to read.
So I'm shur the people in that mantion,
Don't spend much time out side.
Be cause if they did,
I'm shur they woold clean that toombstone.
I'm shur they woold.

1% Small Souls

Arrogance,
The epitome of ignorance,
Lives in the eyes of those
Who have small souls.
In which a mansion,
Can't compensate for.

Everything that is created
By the small souls,
Is tinted with arrogance.
They don't know how to create.

They can only project division...
Continents, countries, states.

What a sad world for those
With estranged souls.
They don't know any other way to be.

As a baby doesn't know how to speak yet,
A small soul doesn't know how to create beauty yet.

1% Small Souls II

'Invest in the future! '
They advise you.
Invest in your death bed!
They despise you.
They...
The king, the queen.
Their ego splattered on currency.
Their fine cuisine on a silver platter.
Oh, small souls...
We're not angry anymore...
We're beginning to feel sorry...
Because your story ends here.
And our souls will live on...
You are weak, small souls.
'In God We Trust'
I wouldn't be so sure...
God is with the oppressed.
There is no room for God,
In a mind filled with greed.

1% Small Souls III

Understand that
Without possessions,
They will be naked.
And it would force them,

To have a personality.
It would redirect them,
To good.
So do not attempt to do,
What they would.
Physical force,
Separates you from good.
And you no longer would have it
By your side.

Alien Perspective

For humans,
Life is a strange process.

Many of them find excitement,
On certain days marked on their calendar.
First, they divide themselves into groups.
Each celebrating on different dates,
This thing called 'Holidays'...
All according to a single belief system.
Yes, they all believe in the same thing.
The belief system is based on one emotion.
Yes, that...
But they believe it's not enough,
So they divide themselves.
Each group believes in a variation of this single belief.
No, they don't see how it's all the same.
They even kill each other over it.
It's truly an abomination of the mind.
Why do they continue with the absurdity?
Well, the humans who are the worst out of the bunch,
Control the rest.
So they seem to not care about analyzing their own mind.
The larger bunch of humans even came up with a saying...
'One bad apple spoils the bunch.'
The entire race seems to know this,
But they keep trusting the 'bad apples'
To make decisions for them!
It makes absolutely no sense.

Let's go back home...

Alien Perspective II

The mind of humans today?

Oh, yes...

...sometimes I forget they have one.

They have put a stop to evolution...

Yes, I am serious.

It seems that they decided to regress.

The 'bad apples' trick the rest,

Into believing they can't take care of themselves.

So they all keep a very immature mind.

And when a human does reach maturity of mind,

They see him or her as a saint.

Believing they could never achieve this type of mind.

It is sad...I agree.

The little helpers we sent them are thought to be bad.

The fungi that helps their minds evolve...

The 'bad apples' made it a crime to eat them.

I tell you, it's a situation of complete absurdity.

Alien Perspective III

Books...

They have a bunch of those.

They have creative books...

And instruction books.

The instruction books are predominant,

In this big institution called university.

It is not helpful at all to humans,

Because these books guide bodies...

Not minds.

They are under a master mind,

With the wisdom level of a two year old human.

Why do they continue to obey it?

The reality of this immature mind,

Has become the reality of all.
How an immature mind does it all?
It spreads itself through light.
Yes...
Darkness disguised as light...
A plague for the mind.

Alien Perspective IV

Oh yes,
They have computers.
But you see...
They are using it as a mirror.
Correct, a mirror.
Mostly the younger humans...
This place in their web called
Face Book...
I guess the name is appropriate...
This place in their web is like a mirror.
They stare at their own faces projected on the screen.
But they don't realize,
That they could use the computer for their advantage.
Yes, exactly.
But they just use it as a mirror...
Just staring blankly at a mirror...

Consequence

Where are the ones,
Who have woken up?
I feel so lonely...
I feel so lonely...
My mind is relentless,
But my heart feels the absence.
It is lonely...
It is lonely...

Consequence II

In a male dominated society,
Women go hungry.
They look behind buildings,
Inside of buildings,
On top of buildings...
And all they find,
Are humanoids in a suit.
The gardens are empty...
No more men for women.
No more real human men...
So labels have fallen...
And women find peace with each other...

Humanoids...
One more plastic creation of the small souls...
It is not enough for them to pollute mother nature,
To take lives,
To speak falsely...
No.
They had to turn men into humanoids.
Leaving us women alone...
Single travelers,
In this illusionary cemented life.

Will

On top of a flower,
I will examine its lines.
On top of a flower,
I will make it yellow and blue...
Coloring under the moon.
My eyes will be...
My body will be...
My mind will be...
Only love will be unchanged...
Love only.

Written in August 2012

Erica Borges

Poetry Book II - Anew

Book Opens

Several upon a time,
In the shadowy, cold sphere
Observed maliciously a people.
Sensing a heaviness in their minds,
That spread through entirely.
However,
It was in one corner only.

On the Verge

Silence.
The palpable cure
For a brilliant mind.
And patience.
The palpable solace
To acquire one.

In the Path of

Sensory lines
In the sense of, mine
Search for an answer
To the sublime.

Center of Earth
In the way of, me
Preach an answer
To reflection seen.

I stumble and wobble
Across the patterns...
Meet the me
Meet the answer.

As in Title

Round, the circumference
Satellite, interference
Interference, as in question
No, as in exclamation
The face of it, as in periods.
The space of it, as in one period

Assign

I used to carry a sign.
Thin as hair, brick in weight.
So many letters cramped,
In a limited amount of space.
It was sealed, stomped a stamp.
And concealed a thought exclaimed.
Nothing much, when much is nothing,
Merely leaves in pain.

Below the Nose

My mouth obeys.
No more than the rest.
Stationary it is
When not asked to kiss.
Dancing it is
When asked to.

Shaped

Cube, life in many.
Linen drapes

Case, staircase.
Sit v-shaped.
Fragile and heavy.

Stubbornness

Yours, not mine.
Mine, now yours.

Children's cry
Not mine, yours.
Inside cubes
Crashing on walls
Not yours, mine.

Lesson

Babies who scream,
First for victory!
Continue in speech.
A way to teach.
Babies who laugh,
First in way of silly,
Continue to teach.

Pupila

The black in eyes,
To see.
Massive, compact.
Universe in sky,
To see.
Universe in me.

Daydream

One more rest,
Into dreams I fall.
In my waking hours,
I dream, for all.
Hope in the form,
Of anew.
Closer to life,
Closer to you.

Erica Borges

Poetry Book Iii - Pupil

Iris

You are so beautiful.
Look how detailed you are...
Iris galaxy surrounding the core.
The beauty is not far...
It is not possible to escape...
The beauty you are.

Oppressed Color

Dark layer on top.
Stronger than the light.
Hard to understand for some...
The natural courage.
But do not question what is...
Your dark beauty is not simply beautiful...
It is a gift from natural courage.

"Do Not Copy"

Find your own.
Do not be impatient...
It sits in your depth,
Waiting for your wisdom to arrive.
No need for envy.
When there is only beauty...
The beauty that awaits for your wisdom
To arrive.

Light

You work with it,

It works with you.
You choose it,
It has already chosen you.

To See

Another human...
A variation of who you are.
But if the mind is imprisoned,
It is not possible to see...
The pupil.

Written October 07,2012

Erica Borges

Prayer To The Sky

First we are born
Into the world
A new home
And our bodies grow
Then the good and bad flow
Through our minds
Helping...
But most often
Interrupting our souls
Everything we learn
From others
And on our own
Stays forever with us
If I ever taught you to hate
Or not to trust
Or to not love the right way
Bad and good intentions
He sees right through...
And I hope I can be forgiven
Before leaving my aged body
Living to be somebody
Die, and we go back to being nobody
Let the spirits travel
Back home
A place where we were
Before entering the world
Before shivering in the cold
Before mistakes were ever made
Before the shrinking of ourselves
To fit into a body that doesn't quite fit
We all want to be ready
When it's time
To say goodbye

4/7/12

Erica Borges

Procedimento

Nas falhas vísceras do nosso corpo
A alma estende-se ao incomodo próprio.
Sente-se que vai desabar ao chão
Sem mais nem um sentido ou razão.
Vivenciamos a obscura multidão
Que só se encontra na escravidão.
Tenhamos que seguir em boa fé
Nosso desapontamento do ser.
Na nossa vida que passa em faz de conta de ser
Na existência explêndida do simples querer
Na fonte eterna que acolhe-se nos olhos
Dos nossos filhos e filhas ao amanhecer
E ao entardecer, fechamos as janelas
Visitando o nosso bem querer.
Para que nunca percamos a esperança
Do nosso querido corpo antecedendo seu falecer.

Erica Borges

Puento De Vista

No puedo tener una mente limpia
Quando tenes tanto odio.

Estoy haciendo las cosas de mi coracon.
Tu odio eres tu cancer, no mio.

Erica Borges

Purpose

Every tear,
The rain can heal.
Every bruise,
The earth nourishes.
All light
Darkness steals...
The sun and moon
Return in sight.
For all pain
Felt in spirit...
Does not go
In vain.

Erica Borges

Raios

As gotas de inverno
Estalam ao tocar
Gelado do inferno
Da mente morta para matar
Beleza fúria da estrela solar
Envoca o espírito de se amar

Erica Borges

Reflection Of A Shiny Object (*)

Make as much money as I can...
That's my ideology.
Let the blood drip through
These dead fingers...
My money is as dirty
As my mind...
I don't care about love
Much less making it...
I don't know how to love myself...
Much less how to love someone else.
I live for the green...
I'm so lost...
This is all I got...
How can anyone love this?
How can anyone love what I've become?
I underestimate myself...
But no!
I can do so much with money...
I can travel around...
The people around me,
Will envy me...
And not actually travel with me...
But I'll make them envy me...
You don't understand!
I have nothing left!
Best things in life are free...?
Ha! No such thing!
The good has a high price tag on it...
You buy it...
And then...
And then it becomes yours...
All mine!
Yeah, all mine.
Mine...
Mine...
Am I sounding like a two year old?
No...
I need to get my share!
You never know what can happen...

There's nothing else inside...
Empty...
Why?
Why do I feel so empty?
So angry?
They just would never get me...
Never...
They seem like good people though...
Oh, but they probably didn't have it as bad as me...
I have a reason to be this way!
They don't know what it's like to be me!
Because they're not me!
We have nothing in common!
Nothing!
Well...
We look pretty similar...
Have the same emotions...
But no!
We're very different!
Different stories!
If only I could have all the money in the world...
I would make people bow in front of me...
Kiss my feet...
Since there's no god...
I can play god...
They'll fall for it...
They always do...
Ha! I'm so clever!
I can barely contain myself!
...
You know...I just don't give a f***!
I don't give a f*** about children!
I don't give a f*** about women!
I don't give a f*** about f***ing trees!
Trees...chop them up and make me some money!
Ha! I'm so clever!
I hate those savages...
Those hippy a**holes...
They don't know how good it is to have power...
That's why they don't want it...
Yeah...that's exactly why they don't want it...
They just like listening to rock and roll...

Touching each other's hair with those dirty hands...
They're so stupid...
Seriously...I don't know how they can live with themselves...
You know? For being so stupid...
And dirty...
With their dancing...
And singing...
What the f***, right?
Grow the f*** up!
Get a nice car, nice house...
Travel all over the world...
Never look like a loser...
Never!
So embarrassing to be poor...
Damn...I'd rather die before being poor...
But how do they look so happy without money?
They're just stupid...
Yeah...that's why...
They don't get it...
Just don't get it...
Their nature, spiritual talk...
So boring!
They do create some crazy sh*t though...
But no...they're so stupid...
I don't even get that crazy stupid art...
Idiots...
They're idiots...
Yeah...
Hum...
Yeah...
And f***ing women...
I make them my wh*res...
Yeah...women are such wh*res...
Dumb little wh*res...
Yeah...
Yeah...
Ah...whatever...
What the f*** am I doing talking to a f***ing mirror?

Erica Borges

S Ee

H

M

I

L

Y

-E ternally

Erica Borges

Shiny Shoe

Shiny shoe
See the light reflecting on
Your shiny shoe
See your pretty face on
Your shiny shoe
Get your shoe shiner to
Shine your shoe
Throw him a couple of bucks to
Keep shining shoes
Muddy, dusty, worn streets cover the shine on
Your shiny shoes
So you go to college, get a job, have kids to
Keep the shine on your shiny shoes

10/12/11

Erica Borges

Sick

Inside.

Insightful.

Confined.

Troubled.

I signal to myself

The signs of loss.

I begin to have faith.

The cycle repeats.

Give. Take.

Waves of terror.

Calm ashore.

Continental grounds.

Worldly perceptions.

Oh stop.

I begin to escape.

The lines I toss.

I signal to myself.

Troubled.

Confined.

Insightful.

Inside.

Erica Borges

Side Effect

I have learned
What it is to conform.
I have learned
To dismiss the unborn.
I have learned
To obey blindly.
I have learned
To live silently.

Now you step in confidence
Where I danced in protest

Now you laugh in arrogance
After I laughed in distress

Now I know
To close my eyes in fear
For now I am truly blind.

Erica Borges

Simplicidade

Soube da verdadeira motivação

Sei de nada.

Queria ver a vida inteira

Vi nada.

Então abri a porta dos fundos

Senti tudo.

Erica Borges

Singular

Carrying the light
In darkness
Until my last day.
Both the truth
And the lie
Living...
But I see now
That I can only live
For me.
The ones who choose
The comfort lies bring,
Will never use their lives
For change.
I can count on my will
Only.

Erica Borges

Small Mind Over Beautiful Mind

Small Mind
Over
Beautiful Mind

Each pill I take,
For loved ones sake
And not my own,
My body and mind
Slow ly
Break.

Erica Borges

Small Minded Culture

Spreads an idea
Proclaiming itself to be
The truth.
An idea in its most
Simplistic form.
Spend all your years in it
And never get the meaning.
Keep questioning what the
Truth might really be.
And while returning to the light
You see life could have been more.
But if you breathe for more air
Returning to the life
That travels in a dark cloud...
You communicate
The message to the blind.
And only hope
It will be seen.

Erica Borges

Song

The bird can only sing
For ears to hear
For so long...
Then it goes back home...
It goes back home.
Where endless music
Fills the souls...
A free bird...
Where all birds are free.

Erica Borges

Souls

Low souls don't even
Touch me
Their leader...
I laughed at it
High souls
Guided me
But not even them
Come anymore
It's just me
And God.
The ones living
Who try
To escape light
Can't undo me.
They undo only
Themselves.

Erica Borges

System Down

Just lay back
And enjoy the show
Bring the credits
Nod in agreement
Shake your head falling out
Mend your fingers
Bend your knees
Eat 'em fleas

Erica Borges

Taking Time

The life of the one that slips away
Takes me into a new space.
I drag my days around
Up. Down.
I stay as stable as I should.
I mark my words as good.
Words that are few
In this everlasting time.

Erica Borges

Talk With My Love

I am not sure of how time is given in heaven
But I hope you save some for me.
You have left without touching my skin
And I live knowing I am without.
Looking down on us...
Making same mistakes
Inside the rotations...
This batch of the living
Lives for the preservation of the ugly.
And I do not know how
I can open their eyes...
I thought words would be enough...
But they took them
And claimed them
With spite...
Staying in darkness.
A thought fed to an unhealthy mind,
Does not produce fruit.
That is why, my love
I wait for a better answer.
Our works will be left behind
For those who seek light.

Erica Borges

Tenemos Que Acer Las Cosas De Acuerdo Con Nuestro Coracon.

I do not speak this clear a ny more.

You will never know what my deallio is porque no sabes como evoluio la idea de vida, LIFE

Intonces, no sabes lo que te digo mas porque estas in guerra consigo mismo porque no te evoluiste.

Tenes que aceitar todas las cosas de la vida, mismo no sendo la criacion originale de la energia eterna.

La energia usada para las maquinas es la energia eterna, pero no eres male se no eres usado al mal.

Intonces lo problema es divider la miente que te causa un dilemma. Quando tienes algo fuera de la orden naturale, tu mente...la cabeza no consigues mas funcionar de una forma pacifica.

Eso eres un juego de amor, no eres relacionado ao odio.

Comprendes?

Erica Borges

The Body

A piece of Earth
To carry light.
But is not always
Enlightened.

Erica Borges

The Dreamer

If only my wishes were like flying doves,
To then whisper in a morning flight
All the dreams I've had during the night.
As to give my wish a ground of reality
And wind to carry its own immortality.
I will wish. I will hope.
I will die wrapped in my infantilism rope.
To the care of the stars...
Night and day.
The security of our planetary womb
Which brings comfort and dismay.
I will die. This is as certain as what I say.
My eyes will close into the blackness of infinity.
My soul elevating as my body stays.

Erica Borges

The Guide

Coincidental...
Light's guidance.
Voice silenced.
Body held.
Light felt.
Your fate with mine.
Together in light.

Erica Borges

The Idea

Decidedly!

He claimed to be
The same man he used to see

What is there to see?
Undecided.

He felt the pages breathe
On his bare shoulders
Whispering in his conscience
Heart whispering in silence
As it grew colder

The cover is much too heavy
Heavy.
Heavy.
Much too heavy.
Heavy.
Heavy.

Undecidedly!

He claimed to be
The same man he used to see

What is there to see?
...

His hands touched
With sweaty fingers
The dirty pages on the floor
They have been torn
Hunched back, no more!

Decidedly!

He claimed to be!
He claimed to be!

What is there to see?
Everything!

2012

Erica Borges

The Journey Of Impatience

I found myself
In desperate
Tight times
And I was looking
And searching
And questioning
And answering
And while I was answering the sheet
On a possible time to recuperate myself
!
The page of pages
Disappeared.
My bars exhibited an exclamation point
And now I have to keep searching
And looking
And questioning
And attempt to put myself in the mind of you
To answer.
Now please,
Do not disturb

Erica Borges

The Message

Message

Ask what the message is.

My body serving my soul

My soul serving the Lord

Where do we go?

Now where do we go?

Become apart, as in a part of the show?

No.

I'll repeat myself...

No.

Erica Borges

The Spy

Lovely man
Turned bad
My lovely spy.
Now he speaks through
A limited amount of lines...
I'll never forget
My lovely spy.

Erica Borges

The Top!

They had
Square entries
For eyes.
Entries with locks
Barriers in the sock!
The key was lost
And not missed to be found.
But they did have drapes
Of exquisite colors
To pamper the view.

Erica Borges

The Wait

My chest rises,
A gentle blow from leaves.
Never abandons me...
Never abandons me...
No hate can undo me...
No hate can undo me...
Because I have you,
Beautiful tree.
Beautiful soul.
The beauty in me.

Erica Borges

This One Is For Alexis M.

Dear you.

How many times have we spoken through pages and not looking into each others eyes.

I cannot explain why I adore you so much. You have always been a mystery to me. One that I know everything about. Even apart. Even as time carries itself through suns and moons...going in circles.

You would think repetition would be on the bad side of things. But as we see, it keeps bringing fruit and healing hearts. So I will repeat to you once more...I love you. Thank you for being so gentle with me. Thank you for loving me in memory. We can't spend time together to create new ones, but we manage to hold on to what life has to offer us.

I was going to write a poem, but I can never seem to be able to do so with you.

It's always a letter. It's always casual and heartfelt.

I love you. I love you.

Erica Borges

Tile

.No meeting of the minds.

here's a hint:

LOVE

it's my way of connecting.

tu no ablas espanol?

Erica Borges

Time

Take steps back
To look into your past
You are still inside of yourself
What is lost is only to be gained
In multitudes more
Love is never lost
It is a continuum
And it thrives in forgiveness
It flourishes in the vastness of our hearts.

March 26,2016

Erica Borges

To Abstracto

Level on the mind.
One. No side.

Erica Borges

To Be A Beautiful Soul

You wanna be a beautiful soul?
Stop working for the corporations/government.
And pray for...
Wisdom
Courage
Understanding
Patience
Balance
Love

Erica Borges

To Lost Love

I would like...
You to throw me up in the air...
My body twirling around its axis
Then slowly letting gravity bring me back down
Into your arms.

Erica Borges

To You

I will always
Be here for you.
Always.
This side
Has love
And forgiveness.

All my love
To you.

Erica Borges

Today's Day

All of my layers
Are piled under.
All of my pain
I do not remember.
Peaceful. Quietude.

Erica Borges

Toque

Abraça meu corpo
A matéria da minha pele
Ao comunicar à minha alma
O amor que percorre dentro dela
Que amor sinto
Desejos purificados pela beleza interminável
Amores no singular
Desejo único de se amar

Erica Borges

Trajectoria Da Alma

As boas almas encarnadas
São como flores do inverno
Raras. Lindas. Corajosas.
Entregando-se à vida
Deixando para trás suas pétalas deslumbrantes
Seu perfume flutuando em retorno aos céus.

Vida é a vinda e ida da alma
Que lhe entrega duas escolhas:
Uma clara. Outra obscura.
É um pranto de rosas
Onde a verdade alimenta os solos da terra
Seguindo a divindade de seus ciclos em seu amor recíproco.

A vida, vinda de Deus,
Enxerga a beleza exuberante dos ninhos, sua morada.
Ela entrega cuidados ao corpo
E luminosidade à alma.

A vida proporciona o que a mente concede.

Erica Borges

Trajectoria Do Corpo

Beleza do lindo verde
Vem-de da ponderosa divindade
Seguindo suas fontes
E tantos seus fluídos
Passando entre muitos,
Suas filhas e filhos.
Amor divino que enches, como alimento,
E socorre da sede e do cansaço.
Corpo amargo é sem sua luz
Que caminha para conduzir uma alma fria.
Deixem então seus corpos residirem onde há vida
Nos campos, nas montanhas, nos oceanos, nas florestas
Dentro do lar onde há o respiro de Deus.

Erica Borges

Tt

Talk about money

Talk about money

Talk about

Money

Money money

Talk about disease

Talk about disease

Talk about disease

Disease

Disease

When are you gonna start talking about love?

not pitty

LOVE

Erica Borges

Turn Away

Your house of 500k
With your 50k pay
Pay with old age
Pay with a still mind
Turn away your body
Feel the whips on your back
Feel the coffin's strap
But the young live in illusion
And the old live in servitude
Quietude
Glad they are given shelter and food
Feeding a body in a pool of blood
Sadomasochism in the prism
Trust the god of prison
The creator of limitations
The creator of boxes
The creator of insignificance
Their streets are weak
Their buildings are weak
Their light trapped lamps are weak
Their vases are weak
Their flags are weak
Their signs are weak
Their chairs are weak
Their tables are weak
Their beds are weak
Their cars are weak
Their pipes are weak
They all need a fixin'
They all need a repairin'
While the trees stand tall
While the sun shines
While the caterpillars decide to fly
While the cheetahs run in their spots
Where the self sufficient don't need a fixin'
Where the self sufficient don't need a repairin'
Live in this poor, weak concrete
And you are a slave to its needs
A plastic society that falls without its human touch

And the ones who fix it are the ones who suffer
A society where slavery of men, women, children is a necessity
How would it feel to be responsible for your life only?
No need to save the world
When there is only one savior.

Erica Borges

Unaware

I cannot grow
Wish
Where to go?
Desk
Door
Dream

Erica Borges

Under My Hair

I carry a couple
Couple of balls I carry.
They live in the depth of me.
They live in the crevice under my hair.
I found them outside
Under a summer tree.
And now they live
Inside of me.

Erica Borges

Understanding

Only love soothes
Only love
And I receive it not from those around me
I receive it out the door
I receive it from those far from me
Breeze
Water
Soft music
reassuring words...
i need love
and i receive it.

Erica Borges

Visible Future

I ran
From my cemented chair.
I refused to stop
And became almost invisible.
The ones playing in the back,
Can barely see me now.
Since I saw what was to come,
I decided to turn around
And grab your hand.

Erica Borges

Visita

Sentido de luz operária.
Falha de vista monetária.
As sensações visionárias
São imensidões precárias.
Visitem a vossa luz
Na qual à tantos vira imaginária
E sentirás a liberdade primária.
Entre tantos os fusos horários
Vejamos a morte entrelaçada
Ao que encontramos em prantos
Um pobre mundo temporário.

Erica Borges

Vs

Cancer:

- disease
- threat
- infection
- possible death

Idea:

- creativity
- invention
- growth
- reflection

Erica Borges

Waiting On You

I cannot wait
To see our minds arrive.
I will wait
As much time as you need
As long as I get to see you
And love you.

Erica Borges

What Time Is It?

What time is it now?
Time to shower
Time to water the flower
What time is it now?
Where are the pointers in the clock?
Where are they pointing to?
It won't go away...
Even if I smash it
Just another mess to clean up
And I don't think I want that
Maybe I do
It'll occupy my mind
Get it clean!
Everything clean!
The floors
My body
At least I think they'll be...
...clean...
And that's all that matters
Whatever I think
That's what matters
That's what counts
That's what's important
What I think
I think...
What I think

12/01/11

Erica Borges

Where The Sidewalk Ends (Ss)

Yesterday,
Sitting in angle position,
Out the window I saw darkness.
Not the shadow on green that covers the gray,
But the dark that fills the souls of men (wo) .
And as I awoke from sleep this morning,
Walking inside the water bed of bath,
It growled gently near me.
I fear. But I do not give it reason,
For it is unreasonable in its manner of showing the 'application of life.'

Erica Borges

Yes, You.

If you have a voice
And you choose not to use it
Because it is convenient...
Because your image reflects
A check mark...
A stamp from the small souls
On the surface of your head...
Then please reexamine it
From the inside.
Do not try to further build an image
By visiting a country in the great continent...
The problem is right here, darlings...
As soon as you step on their ground
And play nice...
They can see right through you.
Because you are representing
The small souls that destroyed their mother land.
So stop building a nice image for yourself
Your shiny ego...
And start questioning the root of the pain.

Erica Borges

You!

As long as you hate
There will be no peace

Erica Borges