

Poetry Series

Franco D'Elia
- poems -

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Franco D'Elia(November 1st 1985)

I lived in Williamsburg all my life, I spent some time in the military (US Army) , but I eventually found my place at parsons school of design and Gibbs, I will be publishing these poems come sometime later this year.

Beautiful Girl

Beautiful girl
I feel on the edge
and I wonder if you feel me
thoughts of it all
thoughts of love...maybe

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Better Day

And a dream
gone
and maybe for good
this dance
I shall never see it
for the 13th is of some luck
and for tomorrow
councils my future
and maybe things will be better

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Deja Vu

These things that plague upon me
they come with the moon
and with the sun
that these things happen
I dream them
and I fear no more

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Existence

Misguided in the stars
And we seek revelation and find none
The truth finds itself
In the chaos of this existence

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Experience

What does it matter now?
what can we gain in this mess?
some experience of something
and that is all
I feel it is

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False

Her beauty and her grace overwhelms me
and not one impure thought wraps the depths of my mind
but I'm afraid my reflection of her was false
my time gives way and hope her journey intertwines with mine
but freedom to feel this way was certainly enough.

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Infinity

A speck of dust
and we move
infinity
and it seems such

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It's Gone

And you relive the life that was so wonderful
And you think of the many times gone
But who can wonder
When will it all return
And you realize
It's gone

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Language

clarify

clarification

classe

c'est moi

I don't speak

that spoken speech

like, it rolls off the tongue

and it breaths on its own

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Look For

I live in my dream in you,
you see me in the night and wonder for in the day,
and when the afternoon comes
we look for each other again.

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Mind Game

And it looks dim
And tears shower
these
walls
gray color of you
And we play
again and again
Till this ends
sanely

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My Freedom

Over exposure
it lays in my mind
nonsense garble
and I write and write
no one stops me
and my freedom never wanes

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Of Immaturity

The old days of the immature have gone astray
Look upon the mothers gaze, her child a man in a day
Walk this step of one hundred times, each of us has yet to own
Know the love that sheds in a youth of pain that shows
And go again and live the life in the night, the moon that is full tonight
Oh sweet flowers bloom in the hectic noon that is of me and was of you
Go place the note by the garden door and look upon these days that move away
So away, this away, far away
The immature grow to men and women and see the plague that brings it to them
That knew of pain and knew of strife, this mother has no right
Bring the day that fly's this pain to go away
And to bring the birds that are not faint, in this life of immaturity
Oh this life, so long of this, what I don't know
Walking away, so silent in the day, the air comes with this memory, so free of
this day
Be it as it may and so as it was, long blocks tire my legs and such was this love
That does me no good but to tear and toil in my past that brings this pain, which
is of you
So let me live, and walk my long blocks, of those things of....
Of immaturity, the young boy the young girl
Grow to the adult of the cycle of the world that comes with each ego
That goes with each day; these old days are of new
And so all the birds and tress knew, that this day is new, and that this day is so
true
And that this day is here for me and not for you
For me, but I still ponder the depths of this tragedy
Why live in this now and how I wish I lived in that then
I still long for the past, sadly
Still, I long for those days of immaturity
Those days that were so long and those years that are long gone

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Once More

What happen to that angel, I remember seeing you once months ago?
And your hair and your skin, and it flowed, what darkness have you?
Who told you these things?

What would do something to make you feel unfulfilled?
What am I looking for?
What I found in you, what I search for, like this bright light, like this shine

And you were that, that bright shine, that glare I saw from a distance
It was happiness; it was gone and then found
A tear dropp in your mind, this thought of me and you, a tear dropp away

And it falls and it keeps falling, forever
Forever, I want to find you again, a happiness, all for you
For two people, I find it for you and all for you
In a year or so perhaps, maybe sooner

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Sacred Heart

something sacred,
something meaningful,
its earthly its search is earthly,
I search and sought. meaningful sought,
selfless and lovely, this meaning,
your heart a lovely sacred,
hopeful
dream
return,
I saw this, this meaning..... and when sacred comes,
it enters the day.

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Singular Dawn

Singular dawn
stretches from my sight
what worries do I bring myself to know
but the ones that come to me
and when in the past
what worries were there
but the one's of children
I found myself again
as the child I once was
and dream again until the twilight of day
feels my skin, and I wake
a man

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Splendor

This beach of dreams
these oceans that are forever
can I wake from this?
I don't know what this is
this slumber of feelings
Why wake from this splendor?
These dreams of air, of nothingness
Why wake?
And I continue this journey
Till I feel it is over
Till I dream of something, this nothing
That was your face
In this splendor of dreams
That ease these nights
That calm my soul
In an ocean that seems forever
But a forever that is just a dream

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Thirst

Drink this life
Tis was your own
This taste of an existence
Of a never ending cycle
Can it be quenched?
Can it be wondered why I am this way
I' am of this thirst
Of this life that cannot quench this..
But what is this?
But what is all that I long for?
What is it to thirst something that cannot be
That cannot be ponder in all realities, in all imaginations
What is this?
What is this thirst of life that I long for?
This life
This thirst of nothingness
Is of the reasons I' am this way
Nothingness this thirst is
Can it be God?

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To Lady

I don't know what you feel
or what you want to feel
or how you want to be touched
I run on blood and soul
my mind sees you
Affectionate
let me hold your hand and love you
and let me do it
my mind holds you tightly, some protection is offered
I just don't know how
don't know when
and I may miss you
again I'll see you in some other realm
other than this one perhaps

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West Side Thought

Can you ever live another day like this
The sun breaks away into the clouds
And what else can I do
..nothing
And when the end comes
Ill bleed again for you

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