

Poetry Series

crisobal Benjumea

- 57 poems -

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A flower is sold

Not because of the economy did i fail
because i was neglected in an inhospitable land near an orgy
i held the hand of the spirit in my pink gin
i was able to force to accept the reality of the thorny path through weeds and rose
bushes, and me

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Being in bed with your girlfriend is better than being in a snow storm

But when the sun shines the snow flakes turn to water, and my heart melts when she touches her body with mine and we become 1 and 2 makes 3, i feel affection, when you want me i feel released from prison, i feel absolved, requited whole, i feel part of you and the future is rosy

i am awakened, i was a stranger in the night, now i am found

when i feel your flesh i feel terrifically enjoy going down the path of loves ecstasy

the mystery of the flesh is revealed

do you agree to feel nice these earthly paradises

i move in passion rest in the green field

to the climax of the tourist trip to the planets the stars

and you heal this shadowy body with your love

your beauty illuminates my dark spirit

i have all of you every shadow as we walk through the glittery city

in the forest the music of the violins charms me shows me her the goddess the immortal astarte

cristobal Benjumea

Come Closer My Love Its Better Than Being Separated

take me to the top of the mossy highest mountain
or to the forest
come closer to my warm body pleasures unknown, i reveal myself i withhold nothing i
give my body to you to enjoy these earthly paradise. a land to be discovered,
i found joy i found you, i found love,
I have passion for you give me your telephone number, before i go in the snow drift,
i'm on fire you better throw me in the water. burns for you, i accept you, my thirst and
hunger are satisfied me who is not easily satisfied give you rubies emeralds amethysts,
topazes, diamonds the hardest stone that survives the night, of loneliness, in the
shadows i find your body travel all your corners, under the moon whatever the jews
haven't sold, over coffee.
i told the truth for a while but this is not a family it's a wall i love your body your spirit
talks as the white doves fly through the blue, burns a hole in the picture
tapestry,
your spirit rises in the foam,
who has the keys to heaven

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Death death life love

Ive been condemed by a rainbow, everytime the cock crows
im lost im going home
its warmer than the storms
i like the bell on the train
the wheels going round
just kidding
i love the forest
the manglar trees
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Extacy

the thorns of life being a bit too sharp nonetheless i found myself im thy ladys bower, consumed in raging fires, like from ancient timeless ages, fire that adored antique vows..... enigmas of extacy, can one really grow young in cruelty, the inevitable decent from heaven, found me swimming in lake como. I that open myself to winters foam, i must learn about botanical flora, the bees and the iguanas, i must fly like an eagle, no orienteur, patience with science, the torment is sure, one moments rest in the wind and another woman will bear me, rosegarden, i drag myself appendix of the heart, jack london, pasion the milk of your verses in the rose garden fills me without being able to overflow i look at images of engravings in hatchette, after the dawn i lead this flock across the universe listening to opera, and waltzes, there is a band of dressed up vaudeville comedians \at the edge of the forest.

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Face to face with her

Lotuses inspire harmony, me to sing

a gypsy song, im so high on love so i can reach the stars

listen to the music the solemn music of the spheres forest that

take me now and hold me with tenderness me

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How biology is important

My body is subject to biological phenomena

as i walk through the harvesting of the wheat field, i sing, the natural selective process
of picking a flower in the middle

involves the third eye of love, it involves a melody

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I Dont Like Huricanes

where did the path through the jungle go
to extacy amongst people that arouse the children to dance round the fire
the fire feed us brightnes and illuminates the palaces
where you and me will kiss and tell
the relection on the lake is warm

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I got lost in a lullaby everyone said come back down to earth

I like looking at the stars its better than looking at brown rocks

but ive learnt the many angles of a rock

they guide me to the ancient lake

oh snake where are you going

rythm where are you going

to the forest or to the viridian sea, and evaporate and become the moving clouds

the trees fascinate me with their green

my sexual needs will be satisfied in the green valey where; love is

the red road through the limestone archway leads to utopia

love love love her love lead me to the garden of flowers

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I know how to open a door but I don't know love's address

I met her sometime later
when she gave me her telephone
then it began the beginning
of what i hear you say
whell she eat all the creampie with strawberries, sugary syrop
then we whent home to the shadows
to the holes and contextual solutions for opening the seven seals,
to see the direction ov cupids arrows, and the doves being caught
by the gardener, in front of the fountains extacy
a miriad multicoloured flowers and a golden gate

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I love being in gardens strewn with petals revealing lovers fantasies, in the hot sun, never mind the solar wind

Love is a walk in a garden strewn with petals,

comunion with god

accepting his will

unity not loss and separation, union with the moon.separatio and loss

winning
we want to go to andromeda

chaos, advises the holy

the spirit is released on to her, so she can take you up not down

down to enigma of her body, and up to her extacy on the altar in the garden the sundial marks the time our love arrives, in the garden of mystic love

Should i be suspicious of what i want.

i love plucking flowers, surrounded by cypress trees

the mirros reflects gods will for me

love is good like hot chocolate

being in love there is less histeria

through the layers of darknees to the light, whilst playing the piano.

picking up the bullets destination the glittering city

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I love flowers, i arrange my bliss, my sunlight in the dark

I love violets, they remind me of the tropical land,

it makes me verry happy to derive something out of botanical phenomenons messages from venus, the scream of venus, her singing

, i just hope tat this magic reach tho worthy, and follow my testament untiill the dawn comes.the light will flood into every crack of the white marble sculpture, my apotheosis.

my greatest work of art me, and her the green and pink muse she is so sweet, creates a beautifull calm world and delights me, like in one of edens,

love might take me to her gate

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i love walking through the green valley, following the stream that flows to the sea where the red fishes swim to the purple coral reefs of the tropics...

mysterious doors of my perception suggest wicked adventures

life is the jungle like roulette but the milky way reveals the faces of the goddesses,
gathered round the fountain,

the curvature of her waist, is like a dove

reclined on the white pillows

we gaze at the pleiad constellation for a few minutes,

we pick roses in the garden nonetheless

, in love we wander to my ladies bower

in my room we touch, our bodies meet in earthly paradise

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I m high on love, in a green field

Love is created under the sheets
its in italian rooms, in the corners
but i allways put a cream cake on the table, and a row of candles, some flowers,
you are a force to be reconed with oh wind
love hides in a french restaurant at the edge of the white cliff
love is an aperitif for a bachanal in the midle of the ghetto
love is a survivable comodity, not yet being sold for 3 quid
its what nobility has never kown to white doves singing in green fields next to the lake
the lovers bycicles proped up against each other makes you smile
she makes me so happy, regardles of the lenght of a chain
there is love in a chinnese restaurant in hong kong, amongst the chop suey
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I rest in the green field and i move with the moving clouds

My pasiom moves me, direction utopia, the door is open to lovers
and those that seek loves way
the ones that are purified by loves trials
levitaing from the dust, becoming a starr
surfing the foam
i am the charm of passing places
the inevitable decent from heaven
i am the prophet reciting poems in terraces neighbouring the sea
an existence based on need not greed
an excitement necessary like the bread
i must be free from seeking the aplause of the world
my imagination takes me to the starrs, and down again on this planet for coffee
no more useless things
the necessary action is needed to reach the spirit
the spirit of the wind moves the sails
the suns heat affects the earth
no more layers of darkness
into the light
ilumination of the path
the spheres dominates the iguana
these personalities riseand dance to the music that comes from the milky way
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i thank you standing bellow your sandy neck

i thank god for his gift of you

This companion of the foam

the fecundity of the earth

the fountain of joy

smiling at your mirage

i wanted to posses your ephemeral beauty

The melody of your singing saturating redemptor take me to another land

far or near we can go quicker by tram

a meere distraction from the escape from the forest

an escape to the forbidden garden of the muses, that guard the stream

love made me do things

obliged me to perform, the greatest opera

his postumous creation

whose form amazed all

who looked

Some others hear

the emotion

draged me and the heart

to the celebration

the leaves of his tree

the vast universe, contrived

to raise and guide my lost soul

to feel pasionately holding your figure and its compositions of delicate, trances

tranformation of us peonies, to ecstatic forms compounded by tender kisses in the garden

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I think love is a vessel full of incredible god consciousness, and extacy

In her blue eyes i see beautifull sea coves in, they proclaim beauty adorns the earth, and a way to manifest god consciousness on this earth, it came in the form of a woman and she was created a vessel to transmit creation and its sacred entourage, god rage will be placated, redemption for the tortured hunger and thirst for love

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I Think Your Better Than A Pound

i love you i love walking to your tree of fruit,
it better than falling in a hole
and seeing the dawn of things
is the sublime future

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I want to be with you to the end of the beginning of our chasing of the moving clouds across the blue sand desert

Are you selfish am i selfish, ive prayed for the union of you and me, it is his will

inchalah

voluntad de dios

in a resatrant where the serve curry

because im not ashamed to say i love you, il even say it in the multicoloured bed of flowers.

ive been condemed bye a rainbow, i mean something to someone, the line that goes through the archway to cereation.

the biological impact of crossins dimensions has a beneficial e to the glory of the city

love is hard and steep,

its reward

the poor have all the love the rich all the hate,

if you dont help the suffering you dont serve god and you dont get the nurishing love of god i serve through her the will of god

and the will of the fountains in the growing ivy, in the patio of my palace

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I want to pick red fruit in the garden, despite the thunder and lightning there are some left

These withered petals are for you, they are red and green

i want your treasure that is god's will, my spirit is strong and if it's strong enough and create it will stop me from falling in black holes chaos god i serve you you serve god we make a new form digestible to cupid

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I Want You Alot

These dancing flames around the fire,
who do they inspire
the gods psyche
to buzz like the bumble bees round the green, and pink flowers
of many shapes
all wanting you, to dance
these smiling faces
proclaim blisses
dancing in extacy round flags
celebrating the necessary beauty
as important as the bread
or should i say
as important as the bread
the necessary beauty
fulfilling desire to reach for the starrs
entering the starlit trumpet heralded panacea on which the gods smile

smile its free and unfettered it caresses gods navel
so he can proclaim virtue
to stand alone on the altar of good taste, the celebration of the flesh on the holy altar

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I Was Caught In A Riot

i was caught in a riot, the fire went out of control
im hiding in a gold vault in Berlin
the ghosts are my friends
the sapphires are on a plane to flying to a forest island
thats all
or is it

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i wish his will forever rule

possibly his will rules the planets
what delicious melody like an apple
what is this music of the sphere, would find me in what mood to caress the iguana
what beauty rip the top of my can
enticed me to boogie, so I wouldn't regret
will me to act
what is his will is it the reflection in the lake
these dancing garlanded children
the upsurge of energy
propelling my body to new positions
in extacy
near the flags
the wonderfull music propels me through the jewelled pavilion
near the sand
the music you fell in love with during your childhood
what love endowed you with passion
the love that leapt over the barriers
and stole your heart
where is it now
did you survive the storm
that pretty girl has it
behind the veils
what stars guide you, what flowers do you have
did the morning not give you its rays
is it autumn, the harvest of wheat and oranges and what spirit
makes you smile, thaws your heat
who do you love

for me there was only one sun
loves delirium I welcomed as another memory of utopia
cattle, slaughtered cattle
what diminishes the wonder of you
the passion mingles with the bower of orchids

awakens me to reality
the east wind blows through the forest
don't let our love be lost
I deserves to lie like the ideal of flesh on the altar of the gods
you can do whatever you want with me just don't throw me away
although the wind dries your body
I have a home for your soul
shade so you can divulge everything of you
not abuse the opposite, unconditional love
all your flaws of the diamond, surveyed
before the statues and eternity
treated nicely
velvet floors
rubber heart
breakfast near the moon
and the blue sea

what would move in me
what form cometh
to delight me, with what solemn requiem as I gaze at the reflection in the lake
surrounded by green grass and forests

I follow the foaming stream to the sea
whilst they construct towers
in the foam
impressive mirage
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I'm Going Alone To Bed With A Few Ghosts

ive managed to get myself into a hexameter
life is unpredictable
cadaver who looks at the book not the ink
the ink really goes places, the valleys
the green field is a place of preparation for meeting her
elegant people, people, neat results,
the spirit kingdom of my white fears bed,
soft not hard
intercourse of souls
fraternity
love not hate
ecstasy of love
union not alienation
distances unknown
the unknown
the known
the end of the end beginning of a new world
music directed by a conductor and his wand
leading us to eden

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In The Green Field

the flowers of many colours,
the yellow ones are like a melody like a
waltz, others are deeper
colours like the tango
another dance the flowers inspire indolence

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Is this love, do we serve love or not are we employed or leasurely and inefective

You are the key to the flowery kingdom
you are to me like a beautifull palace full of red flowers
although still uravished daughter of time
i want to meet the goddess of love
within your folds i am inspired
to come out of the forest and look at the cristal stream that goes to the vast sea
the fulfilment of the prophet his words to fulfill
the story tells what i seek from love,

what love seeks from the green valley
the way to happiness
i would poses all loves wonder and treasures, and i would be in extacy always and all
the flowers would be mine
if the will of the lord were performed
i will be loved whatever and guided to utopia of love
it would be made clear
whatever it comands i obey
to wherever
it love is sufficient unto love
enough love to fill a truck
was given to me by a servant of the goddess will
love was there to be seen
consumed
like specialities at a feast
its invisible powers overpower all
to do its will
its kingdom enjoyed

thats why it exists
if there is want of it
then i will give it as much as i can
it is not for me to withhold
it is gods will
all darknes must be illuminated
the white light that iluminate the path
colours make up light, colours of our life, constituting our happiness the love we share
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It Is The Night

no not the stone of the daytime but the tender velvet of the night

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Its Great To Be Me

life is a banquet and everyone is starving, my greatttest wish is not let life and love pass you by, hold the hand of the holy spirit and let it guide you to her home, there is a fountain in the patio, the water loos like diamonds, they reflect gods heaven, the earth and the people decide passionatly to let it guide you up the steep climb to loves sacred altar of the winds, feed this lamp of love and you will be high enough to reach the milky way

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LOve is

love is loking at coloured flora for ten minutes,

All the flora the bottany, relaxing in front of a fire in a green field.

thse are better things to contemplate, than the death day of empires, the swoon of imogen,

reflected images, are allegorical

love is a fountain, to look at, the stars to reach, casiopea, casandra, andromeda, in the milky wsy babys are created, we are indolent ther full of love

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love is her

love is sleeping in minds of amethyst, drinking coffee out of oyster shells, in the forest
freedom to share you
waking up at midday
the wind converses with the lake, where adorable we gloat over the swan swims
to utopia
to the milky way,
to be happy,
wander round the orchard,
cupid speaks of, fantastic gardens of fruit, red cyan the magenta of my eyes, perfumes
like incense, magenta vine trees that almost cover the sky, the occasional exotic birds
follows its course, south
love is not hate, its love, walking through the green field through the manglar trees, i
desired the sun but love took me line went through the archway love took me by the
hand to a sacred place of red flowers

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Love Pour Your Light On Me, Im Not Here Forever You Are

Love come down on earth in the shape of bilitis, so we can make love not war and
comune with the birds,
i dont want to lust i want to love, i want to have love, the diference between desires
and necessity where is love guiding you to the yellow garden of shady vines covering
the doorway to her door, the key is in my hand so i can have you
what cures a brocken heart, the coloured fish in the sea

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Love rules the world, or it should be, sometimes things are a disaster

Love finds a way through all the space junk

and builds a fantastic palace, full with rubies emeralds, sapphires

and treasures accumulated

two lost souls united two spirits entwined in ecstasy

a clearing in the forest

another dream boat shipwrecked the against economical realities that you cant eat

physical spiritual

god tells me where she is

happyness is togetherness, togetherness is a human adhesion necessary like prawn sandwiches, its human comon impulses

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Me And You Kiss In The Wind, It Makes Our Wishes Come True

The joy of love is unsurmountable and is a special gift, of fire, the will of this creator, i do his will for me which is to spred a little happynes and the message of god have fun climbing up the tree of life,

to the stars, through the weeds to the flowers.

There are lots of ways to do it.

We love him and want to hug him he is great better than klenex.

th

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My nose is horrible im going to get it changed, she wont like it and i want them all

The adventure of going to the garden and picking the red passionate fruit is a sensual experience, an ethereal moment
but we must rid ourselves of the applause off the world us love4 birds of the moving white clouds blown by the wind of love to eden, the green valley that leads to the green field by the spring the cristal water reflects the blue sky the white mountains can be seen in between the hils, and the re is a statue in limonade of a goddess siping a lemonade in bikini

the sun shines on my shadow,
im singing in teraces neighbouri g the sea
i wander un influenced by the wind to the forest
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Please stop sending me love letters ive got a boyfriend and hes 88 feet tall

Please stop sending me love letters, where are you are you in the garden. What flowers can you lick in this the altar surrounded by hazelnut trees, i can see your spirit but were is you body is it vexxed, my garden gate is full of ivy, my shadoww lives there, the shadow of paradise, the playground of the sun..... etc

in the clearing of the forest is a ticket to a vayage through the universe to the end of the begining.

, the solar winds form an incredible fortres, and burn the wings of my fre se, that holds you

my tenderness frees your silent prenancies the squire the triamgle has less lines than the square and penetrates you

the river is less abundant than the sea, but is more beautifull, pure and sweet., and reflects god will clearer

Walk in the green field to the iguanas, and the night and

lets go to the forest where you will reveal yourself to me acording to the book,

its really good to have friends but your inane happynes is a vexation everytime you go to the supermarket why dont you stay in my bed andf live on air and the moving clouds and passion

And cadavers

love me and touch fire,

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promethius free

I could be free promethius,
what would promethius do, free to do what
to laugh, and sing and smile
to be like the wind, on which god spills his petals
to smell the fragrance of the petals
to sing a song we have never heard
A what gentle trumpet prophesising the disipation of light into the darkness
What would promethius do free, long for A caress lost in the wind.
He would open up the book of love.
kneel in the garden, the sun drys his tears, what elocuece would he know
What art confesses, what abbysm
Promethius free would sing what the sea says.
what is welcome to the cavern
what invisible form in the cavern careses spontenaiety
what lamp of love needs feeding, else the fire burn out
What bufalo in the cavern needs my fingers rubbed through his furr
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rebirth

I am prepared for the dawn
i have been reborn in the flowerpots
i got drunk and saw god,
now i have god and her love is worth two supermarkets
my imagination created a vessel
To fly through the universe
the joy of seeing a bunch of flowers grow
is the supreme delight
is the destiny sung by the goddess in a balcony neighbouring the sea
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rebirth in front of bouquet of violet flowers strewn by the muse

helllo i still love you

you know how mouch i loved you

i loved you like a vision of eden that filled my head

but you tossed me away like i was a saddle all ready

it was done surgically perfect

i broke his heart in 2013

may without clouds june decapitated

with all the gore of a corrida

alls fair in love and war

i disapeared through the buhes of gohsts

to utopia, a room filled with plastick dooll

she is looking good for beauty, we will pay

falling into the abbys meant a rebirth of me to another planet

in the shape of promethius unbound

this is the poets harness of beauty

All moons are bitter

I disipate moons in dark lagoons

Loves retribution will come again. it a new form

Amangst the amaranths

Amang topazes we will know the extacy of beautys call to the soul to submit, the animal its ideal splendour.

the gaps bettween us do not account for closeness, or tenderness
or eden

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Redeemed love, flourishment of the altar of flesh

Were standing in the mirror which reflects the will of god

the upstanding forms of white marbles, emblematic of on the green grass field

they emanate love

a gift of god to humans

that leads to your golden gate,

and your phisical presence inspires me to boogie amongs the lilies

i am so joyfull, its great, happiness reveals new horizons, of blood red skies joy fills
my cup til it overflows on the painted tapestry beneath

i walk down the tree lined road, my forehead touches the sky

i give her love, she gives me love, this is the waltz in the rain, then wedance the tango
and reach the shores of the island of jungle.

i come closer, you come closer, love is consumated like fire consumes the we stand in
the palace, this is the solemn requiem of the universe

my hair is full of ladies hair pins

im petrified of your long legs, of your absence

the stars giude me, casiopea resounds and touches me, on my journey to destiny

i love you let me closer, aall these rooms are filled with hope

my interir is filled with light

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Sometimes Im Happy Sometimes Im Sad

sometimes i sit in the shade of a tree amd i look at the blue sky
its nice to choose sea shells when im by the sea at the waters edge,
the moving water, the wind has passed and when i enter the jungle in the cleaaring
there is a violin, the muses of the music of love, charming flowers that fill every nook
ad crany in me, loves power, inspire me to think of the milky way, the music fills my
head with sirens, in venice

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The bridge club

Those who have strayed from the fountain in the green field,

go to have coffee, and watch the moving clouds in peshawar where thy can be
annointed by the brahma prophet of the ancient rites and postures, the good one.

the others stand in the wind till sacred venus comes like a cascade.

the rest are slaves

some follow tutenkhamon, he of the full belly

ye has the keys to the best club the orifice club

the rest of the flock, are led by pan, number 1 th atom in the infinite blue, the original
torrent of originality which has spoken at length to the winter foam, and we go to the
green field with flowers exotic ones, me and her and loves gohst

the rest go to the white bridge.

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The Feast Of The Reptiles

Rarely have i seen such beauty
Or tasted in truth such a secret of life
I said goodbye in an awfull way
Such was the monument to beauty with no shadow
I say goodbye to beauty, a sort of opera
But my destination is stricter
Is in the dark, night before the morning light floods, the ugly stones
The iguanas
Made of sandstones
A lighthouse in history
Part of the landscape, of trees,
I percieve the winds direction
Goes rom one place to another
Moves
I move towards you
Your house is a palace devoted to bliss, and happines
With future firmament not without form
A mixture of darknes and light
Operas i love
Your ink grazes the centre of life
Oasis that make the desert
I prefer the jungle

Or the green plateoux

The breast of a damsel obsesses you
Your eyes swarm

Jungle jungle

The city is burning

The plants photosynthesize, and transform light, photosynthesis to produce more organisms to populate the planet.

Into a shape

The universe was created without form

And it was void

But not null

The reflection of the water was his will

To be executed on this planet

The people were also a manifestation of his desires to accomplish,

Us transient sheep that cross the universe of the sacred imagination

Of the prince

In the rib of the antichrist

Gordian knot

White starr

White guards of the lyrical outpouring

On me

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The fire in my heart it quivers to your music

My friend
of what i know so much to know
like an inn after the desert, forest, and
the cavern, that listens to the wind
told me where you were
you and whatever mood
i like lightening, and the smiles that i love
i cant give up
now i am more
than a servant of the museum of many pictures
i old a holy grail
tenderly i would like to trat you
and put down my swords
to catch a moment with you

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The language of our bodies when they entwine reveall new dimensions

The joy your body gives me fills me without beig able to overflow

i dragg myself apendix of the heart

history is made

in the green garden full of roses and violets

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The riot of senses the angle of entrance, a trance. the orienteur is the sun the casiopea constellation is action

Drifting again the horror is my orienteur to the centre of the apple, this universe can accomodate me

revision of history defines the amount of people leave for other satelites

of life in casiopea

small emblematic fragment, entertaining voyeurs in motion like us an the whim mof the solar winds, entertainment on this our humble box near the milky way

o lighthouses above the silvery sea, the fish exist and they swim from one place to another place,

anywhere god likes, they like to, through a vast dimension,

gravity is sudued, love takes it on a journey

to the land of the white pillars

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The sea

In the valleys there, were full of ghosts
the rudder of my sailing shipp vered me to a harbour with a name
i followed the moving clouds
to see the land of the muse
the earths precious coves
inspired me
to laugh
cristobal Benjumea

THE WIND

THE WILL OF THE WIND IS TO REVEAL DIVINE WISHES TO CHANGE US INTO a new form to sail the ocean to the FEAST OF ABLE, SACRED IMAGE OF THE CREATORS wishes of good, PARADISE.

THE DIVINE REALITY, VISIONS OF OUR EARTHLY HOME OF HUMANKIND

THE VOICE SOUNDS OF GODS BLISS,

GODS DESIRE HIS LOVE FOR US, TAKES CARE OF US, PROTECTS US FROM EVIL,

TAKES US ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY OF HER COUNTENANCE CONCIIOUSNESS

OF HER PHYSICAL APPEARANCE, HER DESTINY, CHANGES HER FORM INTO A BIRD, THE EXTENT OF HER BOUNDLESSNESS AND COMUNION, SPEAKING TO WITH THE STARS, SUBLIME ASPIRATIONS TO BE REBORN INTOHER DESIRE TOTHER SPEAKING REACH EXTACY

tHE VISIONS OF HUMANS DESIRES FOR PEACE, prolific HARMONY E\ARTHLY BLISS BEAUTY THAT HAS NO BOUNDS NOT STRUGLES OF HAPPYNESS

cristobal Benjumea

this gift of ambrosia you give, treasure

i want to share ambrosia with you under a sheet
prety cool, worth the journey
through the storm, god is my witness, he is there every step of the way
he sifts the devoted from the kleenex
the loyal body of whirlind efimeral power dealers
forever switchig the material reward
in my cave there is only me and my shadow
come and taste me with a botle of ambrosia
we will swich the cards an lay our love in the firmament
passionate victims of the gods
waiting for lift off in the clear light of the moon
mission completted
the bread has been eaten
the bewitched fools, have met their doom
the conoseurs of gods love
have their pleasure
a moment in paradise
the guilty will lack concience of their actions in the eyes of the all powerful servant
those who love the asphalt
thir life will be hard
for those who sit amongst the roses will witness compelling miracles
those who love god will be, and rewarded
theirs will be the fire
cristobal Benjumea

Union

Oh spirit please remove any obstacles that come between me and her. So there is union and peace of 2 souls found, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

So that the the sacred ceremony of love can begin.

We can be delicious food for the feast of love, the harvest has begun and its time for reaping.

At last we can be loved, and taken high in loves dream fantasy kingdom

Were we can forever embrace, and makes feel the pleasure of endless kisses, devotion and service, to that most deserving of affection, us

Us that needed healing, and joy, take us to the green fields.

So we can dance to the tune of this love affair

Begin the venture of sublime joy

Illuminates our loveless ways to a bright future.

Our experience in life was a good one

We have many tales to reveal, we show the way through the unknown jungle

To the oasis of love.

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well the sweetness ball balancing on orion

I don't mind telling you that I will never envy the sweetness of your nights amongst
the coloured lights

I too would be a hurricane

but carefullness and beholding the secrets of the dim universe

glory enough, a special occasion

to unleash the tigers

with sharp teeth

I think they jump over the abysses too.

the quantum, waltz has them in the thrall

ecstasy at 20 rupees, a coffee, let us be grateful

for being closer to the truth

who cares about the envious others

they are not us

white marble statues with veils

but who does not like eden

who likes crows

whatever stirs this form I have

when love holds me

there is always thunder

is this the oasis

will god bestow his grace

on his helpless devotees

dance garlanded at his feast like we were possessed by a compounding rythmthe
beautiful parade, of antique actors

t

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What the dervishes reveal of the voice of god in the forest

Democracy has its victims

the black holes of war heroes

can i see destinations or concentration the distillation of our dreams poured on a world that depends on greed in order to function its ecstasy,

Not imagination and the many jewels inside you, the sapphires, the rubies, the topazes, enigmas of ecstasy.

when you reveal yourself in the club to the ancient actresses from forgotten theatre demons swinging silversabres in the universe, i

ii mee, ride in a spaceship the very latest fashion, and hold the banner, you grab me, baby puppie from hell

falling through the blue sky

i sit down near the wind another woman eats me

you love my passion, you make corners for me to disclose myself spine to u, pluck your tree

your happy your passion floweth and compels to compound moving clouds.

that pour on your garden

its was good, but just a klenex

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when im with you i feel consoled

The closer to you that i am the more consoled i feel especially when i touch your body with mine, and i flourish like flowers growing

I want more mam

to heal this fallen leaf

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where does it end, where does it begin

Why did is there a possibility of drowning in the fountain, why did the extacy of love
crown me and made me phsyche,

what bird from heaven heard my call

and answered sweetly

i was as a fooll in front of beauty

I nnkelt before her and i said i find you bitter, and i swore at her

and today beauty is here in my pocket, of jewells

The memory of something pathetic

fields of wheat filds of orange groves

my garden with huricanes in the middle

calm in one of dantes circles

ever consuming and feeding the lamp of the wind

his holy comandment must come to be

to be or not tobe

to feel or not to feel the orange on the tree, threatened in the garden.

the circles denounce mirrages of her lips

endlessly coral red

the thorns on the rose bush clawed my phisical harnes o

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Who caan stop the flowers growing, or the grass, in the field

I walk through the green field, covered with violets
its beautifull to my eyes, messengers of the sacred venus
no longer will people moff,
at sacred venus
they must drop their silk scarves over the white marble sculptures in my palace
people stare
At the great variety here
there everywhere
still surrounded with chestnut trees
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Women are my saving grace my consolation

IM HIGH ON LOVE EVER SCINCE I WAS A LITTLE BOY PURE FANTASY, OPERA, MY LIFE
SCINCE THOSE CLEAR VISIONS OF INFANCY ARE A WALK THROUGH THE GREEN
BUSH

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VALLEY

NEAR A STREAM THAT FLOWS TO PARADISE

I CANT GET ENOUGH OF YOU I RELAX IN EVERY NOOK AND CRANY ILLUMINATING
THE WITH MY BLUE LIGHT.

YOU THE CREATOR TRAVELING THROUGH THE UNIVERSE

WHEN WE MAKE LOVE A MILLION WHITE DOVES ARE RELEASED AND WING THEIR
WAY TO A NEW KINGDOM

THE MOVING CLOUDS MEAN CHANGE

THINGS WILL BE DIFERENT WHEN WE CEASE TO SE THE FOUNTAIN

WE DANCEE DOUBT HIDES THE AABSOLUTE WHICH REVEALS ITSEF I N THE GREEN
FIELD FULL OF GREEN AND ROSE PETALS RELEASED FROM THE GODES

WHEN SHE WALKS DOWN THE LINE WE FOLLOW

WE HAVE THE STARSTO GUIDE US TO THE MILKY WAY

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your beauty is intoxicating

i cant get enough of you but when your twenty miles away your just a platonic love
we are just flesh and blood
a burden that comes between me and the mountain or the birds
the best visions
interesting alegories of patinum
what of his workings, emblems of his faith
the interior of our palace of love
foam
hate
love
i love the birds
the multicoloured ones
there freedom explains the lost world of our harvest
the theatre
non being verses being
affect affection,
effect,
cause, begining of experiment
reaction

dance in front of the love god
the perfect bliss
the stars are bright out of controll
so are we
to surf the foam
your neck of sand
stands in front of gods

the stars seem to be dimming
this inevitable decent from paradise
this fusion with god
this desiduous offence to our efimeral souls
looking for the form
we are the waste of time
the exploits of the universe are visible only to the discerning
your waist
our relative value is unbalanced with passion sometmes
but science foams unapolagetically remind us of the transitory
bodies lost in the universewhose direction
is nul and violently ardent
our everlasting love depends on our position in andromeda

my concience of him is paramount
he is a mountain
or a sea

i feel him intimately
who wants to be near the acropolis
camon girl
lets go all the way and it this way
atoms and no fusion
no golden staircase to your bower
and the tree has roots
although its branches reach freedom
of the birds
that see the many flowers that speak bewitching the sight
of the light

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Your love is like trench warfare

And id rather be in a tropical garden losst amongst flowers and hazelnut trees

inhow dread of the shadows of the sun
waiting for the dawn again mr jones, says postman pat

killing all your enemis my love drinking thir blood because i love you

an unsuspected time, and age of astonishing revolutions of the wheel

neverending etacy, the all consuming fire is enturage of my desires compounded b y
something more than agreable complancy.
i lerve your smille

your inname happynes is an ostacle to infinity, and the tought proces, anything you
find that is not censorred, delites my sensorial recognition of the power of love

love is not a kleenex

it isnt in the cereal packet

the satires in the garden of are increasinngly hungry, my senses are d

we will throw vesels of deligt through fine arteries tonight, in the velvet night that
compoundts my golden archway

give and recieve transformation to a bird

conference of the holy feast of love

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