Poetry Series

Edwin Cordero

- 83 poems -

Publication Date:

October 2013

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Edwin Cordero on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

A Calamity Strange

Keep
What you say—
Maintain
The name.
Symbols
Don't define me.
Treason
Is paid
Through tranquility.
Consider me
A calamity
Strange.
You,
And your rites,
Are a type
Of craze.

So,
While you hold
Those
Lies,
I
Will uphold
The
Night.
See
It unfold—
The
Bright
Only blinds
The eyes
To
Demise.
I'll
Set alight,
Aligning
The right.
You've lost
Your minds.
I
Can't be confined
Or dined—
Rather die
Than
Lie.

Being
Stripped
Of
Mine

Is also

Stripped
Of
Your kind.

Edwin Cordero

A Cottage Thunderstorm

I met a girl,
And she was fine,
Dancing in candlelight.
It changed my world
When she declined
The jewels in my eyes.

Another twirl,
Another guy gets up in line.
Her skirt unfurls
As the night deepens our sky.

Outside, it's raining;
I feel it coming on.
This humidity's suffocating—
I won't last long.

Why do thunderstorms
Have to ruin all?
The dew begins to burn
My lucid hands as I call.

This is the right number
To take me past this
To my home.
It doesn't matter what occurred—
None of it can be solved.

I last saw that girl
With a guy dancing behind,
And another one in front of her thighs.
It appears that they'll share love for one lonely night.
Outside, the sky seems so bright,
So peaceful, and so alive.

Edwin Cordero

A Dip in

I had a dream I slept in seams,
And my life was given away.
Strangest part was how I beamed,
Until noticing how far I'd strayed.

It was not irrevocable—
It could all remain the same.
My secret leaking was improbable:
It could all have stayed a game.

Yet, sorrow hit my heart—
Upon feeling purity gone.
I could no longer claim these stars
Were meant for only one.

Edwin Cordero

A Fantasy

I dream of a place so lively
That death ceases to be.
Here, with interactions hearty,
No one wishes to flee.

She loves for more than face,
Her betrothed more than waist,
And all do not consider waste
Hands held at steady pace.

No excuses here found
Terminating youth and sound.
None hide underground
Below flowered mounds.

There is no such pain
As that of life in vain.
None play doctored games,
Then opt for change.

That was it, and clear I saw
How we clawed above all
Making this reality
And that a fantasy.

Edwin Cordero

A Time To Rise

This is the time to rise—
When clouds cover the sky,
And dark thunder rolls by,
We hinder bloody night.

Seize wind on swings;
Make it play as a violin.
Cup rain into drinks
With drops of dirt for gin.

Let moonshine be a sign
For wine truly of time.
Humidity conditions life;
Our temperatures are ripe.

It is our time to rise—
Bathe in rivers' height.
The Sun's rays will light
Our souls until we bite.

Edwin Cordero

Adieu

She assumes that I'm dying to see her soon.
Just cue in that attention, Won't you?
We're fools in this maze without a clue
As to who in the blaze bids us adieu.

Forgive us for forsaking that silver spoon,
Or ignoring how your every whim it woos.
It must have been the grimmest news
To know there are limits to whom you do.

Enough of that, though—enough of rue.
Pat my head as if our friendship were true.

Edwin Cordero

All Want to Be the Only

All want to be the only
Ones donning silk robes,
Ones fawned at in droves,
Ones king of the throne.

History's tale, is it not?
Look at all the havoc brought,
Then ask if it's for naught.
No, not for naught.

For if the coin falls from loin,
If those slain are in vain,
What is there to gain?
Where is there to aim?
Who is there to join?

Edwin Cordero

Alloyed

What I'd do for another whisper from that voice,
Pleading, bleeding, calling out for my choice.
Say' it'd been the wrong waist—a waste
Within horses of troy, chasing a pace
Now void.

Rejoice.

You've taken this, ran away with it, coy.
Can't stop to think about any other toy.
Sensed the outing on a hunt—being prey
Sounded fun; the noise
Brought pleasure to the poise,
Once begun,

Alloyed.

Edwin Cordero

Always Beautiful

Thought of us as always beautiful. You and I
Before the skies first burnt our eyes,
Back when in our minds were no present lies:
Every previous time.

A present, one of a kind, has been
Slowed growth—Admire
How then it was thought we'd never die.
These bodies, rotting, would feel alive.

An extra chance, additional hook in line,
Would come, land, through the book of sire.
Father, who art thou in remembrance, choir,
For the hymns have failed to freeze fire.

I stare at my hands,
As a student suggests their shake never ends.
What a weird thing is this, in the end.

Edwin Cordero

Am I Human at Night?

I have two sides.
One I like,
And one I despise.
Marked by life,
And enticed,
Am I human at night?

So characterized by their gestures
That it is metal to chew.
If in life there's a heaven,
I must tell you, it is cruel,

As it allows what we go through,
And condones what we do.
The earliest chance at death
Would not be too soon.

Then again, why live?
Why exist in the first place?
It'll take all life to forgive
The existence of my birthplace.

Edwin Cordero

An Apple Tree

I used to speak with an apple tree—
She was ready to please.
It was time for her fruits to be
Eaten in Thanksgiving.

Her fruits were largely fresh
And not penetrated by any worm.
It was time for the world to mesh
Throughout her juices, turn by turn.

I invited her to join my family—
To forget about nature's plea.
Yet she couldn't resist that calling—
She denied me.

The crowds gathered in distress
About how I rejected the fruit they yearned
"I cut that tree down, " I confessed.
"And oh—she burned and burned! "

Edwin Cordero

An Incomplete Meadow Song

Is it best to leave words unsaid?
Would that be the correct movement?
Is it the most soothing path to take
When an unruly heart breaks?

It is my wish to speak of a meadow song
That was never fully arranged.
Some parts came together before long,
But it was never truly ordained.

Bad weather rejected the artist proper sight,
Thus he was left to compose at night.
When it was over, the Sun was perceived too bright
To merit believing its light.

Hence, he traveled with the storm,
Selecting sorrow as treasures to adorn
His meter and fever for scorn
All through to the morning.

When he awoke, he spoke, but was unable to believe
That his words lacked coherence in the breeze.
He cursed the faraway Heavens as a fiend
And chased eternally.

Edwin Cordero

Artificial Light

There's a certain sparkle illuminating the night,
Yet I should know it's a disguise.
Your kind has always lied through eyes
And pushed to the edge mankind.
Why would you even try
To seduce my inner pride?
It's enough to know nature presides
Over the momentum of life.
But again, why, when these lies
Are not but for the love of light?
Why, then, rejoice in captured might,
When you ultimately inject spite?
I suppose it's a struggle to survive.

Move on, Artificial Light.
Illuminate someone else's sky.
The night may not be bright,
But it's authentic in sight.

Edwin Cordero

Blow me Away

Say what you say—
Do as you may;
Love me in darkness—
Love me at day.
Give me a word kiss;
Whatever you make,
Make sure you blow me away.

And as I'm blown,
Don't call me on the phone.
When I'm in town,
You'll be close but not around.
Your future will smile
Or frown,
But I won't be in there now—
No way, no how.

Edwin Cordero

Cathartic Paralysis

Most of our lives are lived in paralysis
Metropolis to Metropolis:
It is never adequate.
This fixation on a catalysis—
A changing, ultimate catharsis—
Proves our nature as languid.

We fail to effectively relinquish
That vividly desolate image
Which lures us on pilgrimage.
On this search, we do not live.
Our research cannot fix
Unachievable bliss.

My life was intensified by an element—
That named woman.
I sought to understand the strands of hair
Belonging to bodies so fair.
Yet, now I remain adamant
About the measures of the Vatican
To patronize their secret lairs.
Their bodies are extravagant,
But, like Larkin, not fit
To satisfy my affairs.

Everyone has one, and then, upon
Disappointment, another search has begun.
The road continues down the slope, and then some,
But it never is done.

Edwin Cordero

Change of Mirrors

There's a mirror only clearly seen
When near and speaking admirably,
But, behind this, there's another far away—
When blinded, it distorts your face.

A prism's involved in every single breath
In your presence or absentmindedness.
As Dorian Gray, so many curtains are set,
But none may cover our mutual hideousness.

How beautiful we are around each other, though—
What a memory to be wrapped by your bosom's hold!
Too bad its lax, and the true temperament is cold,
For I appreciated the lack of open scold.

One held my arm, and another blew her love;
Female charms are as beautiful as doves.
One promised friendship, and then turned against me;
Male loyalty has valor like poultry.

Edwin Cordero

Days by the Seashore

What is man if not a shadow of himself,
And a shadow of every measure dealt
In sculpturing his torso's timely welts?

What is woman if not a mere seam
To be reminisced, stitched in memory
Appropriately where fashion dwells?

That is why all is swell;
That is why all we waltz—
We are all shells of ourselves,
Lying by the seashore.

Edwin Cordero

Dream of Lovely Japan

Lost all hope in the dirt...
Don't think flowers bloom again.
Held on to fertilizer...
Until realizing its earthy.
Take a shovel, bury me
Next to your undergarments.
Send the coffin somewhere foreign;
I loved to dream of lovely Japan—
Amongst all those cherry blossoms,
Earthquakes must be an awakening.
That should be the perfect comfort:
Reckless inaction.

Edwin Cordero

Drop upon Drop

Drop upon drop, fate bangs away
On imminent loss: liquid evaporating.
We only go up, condense our beings,
To unavoidably fall
Through insipid fleeing.

A cycle undeniable, casual
In how reliable our reactions are.
Failure to question all rituals
Tipping healthiness to lard.

Spars for a farce—
Wars through a marsh—
Horses that tarnish
Themselves at the smallest
Of sparks.

Bars for the heart—
Limbs in tar—
Are enough to collect
All beliefs, regret
In a jar.

Edwin Cordero

Each Day

Each day, I awaken to much the same things:
A reload of cases and beings
Followed by potatoes and beans.
Layered up, heeding lust down the streets,
The pace awaits severity.
These daily meetings,
Transmissions and transgressions,
Seek to alleviate caving feelings
Through remissions.
As much as I ignite the ignition,
The mission is still missing,
Writhing, unconsciously leading
Me on
Freedom;
King Kong
Holding long
After she's gone.

Edwin Cordero

Flesh in Chains

Flesh in chains—
Are you kidding me?
Is this a game?
It has to be.
Perhaps some sort of sadomasochistic flame
That extinguishes itself with enough pain?

It's as a picture,
Yet I'm lost in the frame.
Some coarse, mystic scripture
That has me wandering and wondering
If this is the correct way
To handle those deranged,
If our methods are, in fact,
Sane.

I'm tied to this;
I can't redo it.
We're lost in
A lethal influence.
These dog chains rattle
In confluence.
I'm losing my mettle,
Where's my endurance?

Our hearts beat faster in this tense spot.
Our minds' schemes fasten up to rot.
Is this a dream?
How unreal it seems
To be jotted under their Heaven's gleam.

There's no light—I find only artificial cold.
Their money might buy nice houses as you get old,
As your soul is sold,
As you're as an Eskimo,
As you betray your people.

Edwin Cordero

Free

You won't receive anything from me,
So stare—I don't care.
Your visions are incomplete.
Go ahead and gossip down hallway stairs.

There are those who don't prefer to be free;
Society's chains to them are pleasant dreams.
I rather avoid the nightmarish scenes
Involving being tied to those called "family."

Our definitions differ, Can't you see?
Nature's goal is to blossom, not to cease.
If a rose by the river is surrounded by weeds,
Should we let it wither because they all share leaves?

Edwin Cordero

Geisha

Why are women Geisha?
No, not in a white mask,
But in their breath and past?
What a confusing behavior!

These would-be entertainers
Practice seduction as a craft,
Returning one of many favors
To the wallet that can match
The Highest Bidder's.

Yet, to the rest of men and women,
Being in their presence is refuted,
Due to not being up to task
In economic terms, at last.

There is another type of Geisha;
One that succumbs to faces,
Dressing as a doll with make-up
And filling victims with hatred.

Women who cannot look past
The superficial layers attached
To one's true demeanor—
Denouncing any pass
Made by those who took a chance
At loving their figure.

What a confusing behavior!

Edwin Cordero

Haunted by Rue

In the moonlight, I'm haunted by rue;
At noontide, the waves crystallize us,
But how could this be if we were nothing?
I assume that is the freedom of inaction.

You said your body would be mine too,
If and when I'd come only inside you.
That should, then, be for him to discover.
I was before him, lower number as a lover.

When the streamline pulls out,
And everything is left to loll about,
You'll see the emptiness in being finished;
That precious image will have diminished.

Edwin Cordero

Hell's Fire

I've kissed a demon's lips
Amidst the loveliest mist
This life has ever missed.
To be remiss in reminiscence
Has extended the waiting periods—
Cannot let go of the figments, the essence
Of forgotten promises: evanescence.

Hell's fire
Hisses.

Lie before me, again,
Only to make it last, my friend.
In a world full of pretense,
That's how to begin
And end.

Hell's fire
Mends.

Edwin Cordero

Here Is

Light flickers upon the tank;
It explodes, vision is sank
Below the surface glass.

A beauty figure, of rank—
Wonderful woman, I think;
Here is life's utmost lass.

No, it's a crystal drink,
In joy of life it basks:
Here is the end of fast.

Wait, but it's fate in mask.
I see the sand land, lack;
Here is Grave's hour-glass.

Edwin Cordero

Human Construction

On one of my last strolls, I saw a mountain range and thought,
“The world's a painting, is it not?
What a brilliant imitation...
What exuberant delineation
Covers every single spot
Of beauty in all nations
As ingredients in a pot...”

A little after then, I stopped
And watched
The travelers in march,
Sullen, starched,
Dressed at large,
Joking, and whatnot;
Clothing formal worth noting
Or scarce and provoking
To cover the need for eloping
Through better jobs.

That was when the question was brought:
“Who's imitating—the world or the paintings...
Or are they confabulating to construct us? ”

Edwin Cordero

Ignorance

Someone tell me it isn't the truth—
Who could imagine a slaughter this magnitude?
People's passions viciously fused
For the worst of reasons to be used.

A war between ideas, far and near,
Yet both sides have reasons to be feared.
Populations ignorant of religion's steer—
Infiltrated by extremists in political careers.

How many must die before we realize
That punishment and "justice" combine to form a lie?
Humans are known for their ability to idealize,
Yet many still mourn their loved one's side.

Educate and compensate visionaries of a new world.
Do not hesitate, but make haste to unfurl
A tabula rasa engraved with messages of pearls
Hidden in the ocean, but longing to be murals.

Edwin Cordero

Ignore

A horse was unleashed today, as a sign of envy.
The goal was to shorten my day, excruciating time's ending.
How do we stop hate, pain, and ingrates of life,
Who would rather see others in strife than might?

He walked a gentle path, unaware that the move
Sought to lure his blood towards streets to ooze—
As if his death could improve
The incredible mess they deal with this afternoon.
A life of hatred only brews and brews.

It's never right to implore those bored;
Who chooses to adore such a futile chore?
Our paths to the shore
May be troubled by moors,
But we can always, eternally,
Ignore.

Edwin Cordero

Ignored by the World

Chase!
Chase it down
To the town
And back, if needed.

The pace!
It exhilarates:
The sound
And speed of a cheetah.

A prey
So Astray and
Bound by graves of
Unforgiving features:

Becoming Caves
Hidden about
The World Stage's shade
On Poor Syria!

Edwin Cordero

Income in the Bank

Sitting in the secretary's office, I ask
When they are hiring, or if the time
Has passed.
“You cannot replace those here, ” she says,
“Or in any other place, I fear, unless
A political dealer is your friend.”

Aghast,
Memories, of not long back, blast
Freshly into the present frame.
That man,
Colleague, fellow student, master
Of planning, knew when to grasp
At his supervisor's egoistic mass
And tame.

I offer my thanks
And leave,
Not regretting, although displeased
At the punishment on my attempts
Toward an honest path.
What's left to wonder? I guess
If the chunks
Of his soul sold are worth
Income in the bank.

Edwin Cordero

Inner Silence

Sometimes, it's better not to speak
Than to be judged for your words.
Excuse me for not believing in fairies,
I was raised by this dirt
Where some of the only things with wings
Are butterflies,
And the stuff of old men's dreams
Are lies.
See, we may never see eye to eye,
But I promise I would never categorize
You as good or evil, because that's a disguise.
It takes true talent to accept both sides.

Welcome to my world: I was raised in a haze
Where you remained in a book all day
Of fortunetellers' bid for power,
Until I noticed how we spent every hour.
It's an excuse not to pursue
A life worth living in this jungle's zoo.
The pain becomes too much to construe
A purpose without magic to rule.

Isn't it enough to see beauty in the morning sky?
I believe that if the truth were in everyone's mind
They'd huddle together instead of waiting for pleasure
In another life.

Edwin Cordero

It Was Only Ever a Glimpse

A glimpse at the mirror shows clearly
My blurry reflection.
Too many lessons have been tearing
At these senses.
The phase of glorified flesh ended,
Yet I never knew when it commenced,
Or where it headed.

It's grown nearly impossible to see the eyes.
I've always had trouble establishing “me.”
Lo and behold, what a surprise
That I've continued disfiguring.

Tormented and rejected by the lust of dreams,
My hate has drawn to sleep.
Who wants to awaken smothering
An impossible fantasy?

A clock keeps ticking,
And with this hangs fate.
They make it sound endearing,
But it's hard accepting you'll be late.

Suppose it fair to say
How confused I remained,
But at my dying day,
I was a different being.

Edwin Cordero

Jump Off

She loves to jump off
Every single precipice
At a sequence,
Abandoning one victim;
Always a diamond
Taken from a woman
With that vixen
Allure.
Those primal savages
Want to savage her;
She'll mine for it—
Amor.
Any cliff too high
Must want caves
Inside.
Only graves provide
Ardor.
She'll jump far enough,
Bury your love,
Take every treasure
You have and run off
To only search for
Another hilltop
And blood diamonds
Galore.

Edwin Cordero

Land

Our land has become Death's brothel—
Collection of soft hands and hardened muzzles.
Lives canned to display strength or gain muscle,
Splattering remains in joyous, endless tussles.

It has turned to game, wrestling
The sane to deranged—nestling
A thirst for revenge and rendering
These actions Heavenly dependent.

Our fear provides the rumors
Gearing towards cowardly tumors—
Rearing a supply of awkward humor.
For as we rise from fumes of
Imminent funerals,
The existential question comes to pressure:
What in life is there to treasure?

Edwin Cordero

Lighting The Match

Who would believe that a leaf holds such power
As to influence the quality of one's daily hours?
So repugnant is the nature of what we admire
That it determines the fate of all held truly ours.

You, leaf, dictate our lives to such a degree
That even husbands and wives may be determined by thee.
The young man who bangs leaves out of an old lady's tree,
And the young woman whose lips in deed cause ecstasy.

We may never comprehend the extent to which this mechanism controls us.
Inequality's reign never ends—as it remains impervious.
You know which alternative could be glorious?
If we all, one day, burned down the forest.

Edwin Cordero

Lolled

How many of us have you crushed?
About as many as you've sucked
The life out of.
That space separating love
From hatred lately is small—
Starting from answering
Your every call,
To having my ring
Not picked up at all,
And your ring
Brought back to the mall.
My name can be screamed
In much too many
Ways for me
To recall,
Yet I'll still vainly fall
For your shiny twin,
Lolled.

Edwin Cordero

Lost in a Sea of Beauty

I want to be free,
Lost in a sea of beauty,
Fleeing life's tragedy.

I have come to accept
That only through death
Will I ever escape the irony.

I will miss her,
Though I'm still unsure
Whether she's a figment
Of my imagination.

If death means peace,
Maybe it's meant to be.

Edwin Cordero

Lost in the Memory

I am lost in the memory
Between what was, what could be,
And what is.
A situation impossible to fix:
My own Rubik's ruby.

Thoughts too far away to foresee
Leave me shocked—wishing to flee
My death wish.
No contemplation survives amidst
Rigid bombarding.

So it is, in this spot so tiny,
That I continue lost until a thought reminds me
That I am still in the mist
Of inexistence—
That I continue lost in the memory.

Edwin Cordero

Loved

All I wanted was to be loved.
I thought I saw it through innocent touch,
But it ended up with innocence lost.
Now, I find myself searching out of lust.

One hand holds another hand—
I am too young to understand
That this rhythm is banned.
My love has to change.

Edwin Cordero

Lying in the Shade

The shade of colors delineate
A taste of odors below her waist.
Chaste hors d'œuvres come before our main plates
To decorate the borders for escape.

I think we'll all have an order,
In its most primal, innate state.
Make it rare, so we can bear
Our putrid, human fate.

Continue putting it out there;
It's life, and it's only fair.
Let's all eat it without a care
Until it soothes our crude fears.

Edwin Cordero

Misao Fujimura

A boy writes dying
Thoughts of lost love on a tree
And leaves it mourning.

Edwin Cordero

Monotone

He walked up to me,
Shook my hand,
Then began
Rants
About past
Events—
History.

Strangely,
I stared,
Wondering
If he were
Aware
That lady
Called him
Crazy
Next to me
For walking
Past the
Unemployment
Line
Multiple times.

“Twenty years
Ago,
Such and such
Was here.
No es lo mismo—
Government's cleared
Our opportunity to steer
The economy
Alone.”

Conversation ended
Monotone.

Edwin Cordero

Never Atrophied

I now know much—
Perhaps too much
To ever be happy.
Sorrow is the norm
With which I adorn
Desolate valleys,
But beyond that—I yearn
To earn life's trophies,
And that is a beautiful feeling
Never atrophied.

Edwin Cordero

Never Known but Always Told

Never known what passion is,
But I've always attempted to find out.
It's stayed an invisible luxury,
Never relenting in being roundabout.

Passion remains a magic bliss,
Which only in movies exists—
That shared between six lips
In an onscreen kiss.

Passion stays alongside all holidays
In the ways it washed my brain.
Just like Christmas—When it came,
You knew that you were in for pain.

Never known, but always told—
Passion is a gift forever delayed,
With movements swift in change
In order to shackle the sane.

Edwin Cordero

Night Dip

I dipped into the river
To see
How many shivers
Would free
Me
From all these
Meanderings,
From morbid
Reality.

She dipped into the river
At ease;
The Sun did not live up
To be
Warmth in
The breeze:
Just a source
Of gravity.

We dipped into the river
To flee
The cause of our break-up.
Inevitably,
We
Seem floundering
Into uncharted
Territory.

Edwin Cordero

No me dejes

No me dejes;
Jamás ni me dejes.
Has sido una fiebre
Lenta, ardiente.

Desde que nací,
Y ahora,
Que mi vida muere,
Te seguiré siempre
Hasta la muerte.

No puedes;
No lo entiendes.
Esto se presiente—
El mundo viene.

Estaré allí,
Cuando el día llegue.
Diré, “Ayer te vi—
Sabía quién eres”.

Cuando el mundo
Rompa fuente,
Y se bajen los muros
En todo ambiente,

Será el lugar
Para reclamar
Que fiel fui
Al verte llegar.

Edwin Cordero

On to the Next One

So many paths—
No one right direction.
Slowing at last,
I've come to learn lessons.

Every single day that rises
I fear is my end.
Someone halt it all for a second;
Let me catch my breath.

On to the next
Stop—
On to the next
Block—
On to the next
Shop—
Life doesn't stop.

I've lived in fantasies
For way too long.
This world's reality
Is to never be loved.

We're slaves, ants to be
Burnt up.
Our graves are trashy things
Not picked up.

And when the magnifying glass
Does come,
Then, you'll know everyone
Moves on—

On to the next
Stop—
On to the next
Block—
On to the next
Shop—
Life doesn't stop.

Edwin Cordero

Opportunities

We look beyond
To a future life,
With progress becomes
A beautiful sight.
Misery yearns for some relief
Found in life's opportunities.
Mysteries we seek,
When all is bleak;
Solutions to be
The magical key
To unlocking all that's not well—
The promise in our wishing wells.
Can you smell as you inhale
Through the curtains veil?
It's a tall-tale world—
Disguising what we feel.
Striving to find that one deal,
Unknown behind the secret seal.

Edwin Cordero

Paradise

Paradise is not all it seems.
There are limits in who breathes its breeze.
These buildings don't belong here;
A few tourists don't see our fear.
The beach limited by who perceives
Beyond the walls that block Natives
From Palm Trees.

There's Anguish in the news due to all the blood spewed.
Those with power languish for dollars by the hour.
Young adults' lives are limited by the law's curfew.
A young poet seeks to dominate a language's valor.

No hopes or aspirations for a nation without jobs.
One that cuts funding to education for rich cowards.
The Third-World pleads for a piece of food rations,
Yet inequality threatens peace through provocation.

It is unknown to where the world shall head.
History's library shows a pile of dead.
The fact that humans permitted this dread
Incites me to fear what lies ahead.

Edwin Cordero

Perfect Consumption

The time has come
To be undone—
Rejuvenated.
Crime has spun
One alone,
Infatuated
With rebirth;
Rehearse
The hurt
First—
Thirst's
Curses
Lurk
Worse,
Ever
Evolving,
Revolving,
Controlling,
Consuming
Hearth.

See what I see through a flames' burst;
Heed the smoke's billows out of frame—
Nurse
The rhythm to the pace at a place versed.

Edwin Cordero

Pine-Winter

I find myself lost without place to hide.
The pine-winter frost fails to justify
Where I'm at,
What I've lacked,
And those decisions that can't be taken back.

So, I stare and see the sound;
I hear a bristle
And turn around—
Christmas trees glisten,
As they're smitten
With unrequited love
Never to be found.

I'm left to ponder why,
Oh why,
I've never accustomed
To the ground.

Edwin Cordero

Pure Survival

There's always a wall.
We waver through the call —
No way to escape this place
At all.
Our masses stand tall
As they end up buckled.
Who wants to win the game?

Shuffle.

Hand in hand at malls,
Love shows it's dismal.
Who's first to lose a glance?
The balls
We have till dawn
Hide our lovely chaos,
Because they're beautiful

Freedom.

Their orders far fall,
The dresses come back on,
And we're left to die
Lost,
For what was thought
As a remedial
Turned out to be futile,

Insatiable.

Edwin Cordero

Queen of Sensation

She walks in rain
Domain to domain,
Exciting veins
While taking the reins.

There's no such thing
As shame associated—
She ignores the pain
And gamely fakes it.

Her lips have fame;
The ultimate curators
Igniting flames,
Turning liquid into vapor.

Men owe her favors—
She's owed their lives
For resisting the temptation
Of telling their wives.

The Queen of Sensation,
Title to which she abides,
Describes the rhythm
Of her sensual thighs.

This Queen isn't fooled;
She knows it's a lie,
But from her early youth,
She was taught to satisfy.

Edwin Cordero

Roses Without Thorns

My apologies to you, Rose,
For misunderstanding
Where we were to go
Or what would happen.

You had been plucked long ago,
But desired to fasten
Yourself on solid soil
In the hopes of lasting.

My tears pour through
For what you chose.
A beauty for all to view
Disrobed.

No thorns on their clothes;
I am left to suppose
That you did it to cope—
Cloaked.

Now I understand that's not what you were to do,
But you have to remember that I was young too;
I had not a clue to foresee the brew—
And save you.

I can imagine those men up in the stands,
Passing wrapped roses from hand to hand,
And you're left in a trance, once again,
Until you wither and are forgotten.

Edwin Cordero

Saw the Salmon

Saw the salmon swim up river:
Their journey was over.
Shivers seemed to strengthen
That move forward.
Perhaps senses were lowered
As a last cushion to hold;
Maybe, it was part of a flow
Meant to go.

They were followed
By death more than me.
She glanced, admiringly,
In tender glow.
They released, were swallowed,
And she pranced at ease.
She knew what I know.

Edwin Cordero

Self-Esteem

Here lies one door I should not have opened.
Someone saw my riches, and they were stolen.
Whatever may happen, this remains unspoken.
No one must know what it is provoking.
The battle may be found where the smoke is.
A king cannot be crowned without blood to soak in.
It is in that cup that he drinks to choke with
All on his own without chance of forfeit.
Catch this thief, I beseech you to!
Look at her teeth, because she is see-through!
Nightmares plague me under these blue moons,
Reflecting brightly in rivers at noon.

Someone lit fire to my meadow in a morning without rain.
I saw what could happen to my Kingdom and writhed with pain.
Forget that thief—let her keep what she took!
Why choke when pride and belief are mistook?
Finding hearts drive many briefly insane—
In fits of anger destroying all in range.
Regrets I see that of history create books—
A never-ending cycle of rivers and hooks.

Edwin Cordero

Snow Mountain

Up on this mountain,
A clear fountain
Distills water.

Up on this mountain,
The snow covers
My Asian cottage.

Hiding in it,
Shuddering,
At that image.

Who would've thought
After all the scarce
Populace pilgrimage

That I'd be visited
By this distraught,
Wretched demon.

Nightfall's on the horizon
As I peak through blinds on
This wagging figure.

Blowing the candles,
My body trembles
As a mirror.

To hear him calling
In mocking fashion
Is the ultimate trigger:

“You should have gone
For that liaison;
What a coward.

Spending time
Writing poems
To freeze fire—

Tell me, is it not
That she haunts
In nightmares?

You should have sought
To have popped
Her idea.

Why bathe so just,
In water distilled aloft,
Only because it's clear?

It's much more fun
To dip in mud
At the rear.”

Up on this mountain,
He causes someone
Cloaked to appear.

Up on this mountain,
That waist is fastened,
Only to reveal

That here—
She is smiling
In the worst of hauntings.

Edwin Cordero

Stop in Awe

Have you ever stopped in awe
At just how lucky and disgraced
We are?
Seas of faces barge in bars,
Selecting poison, coitus—
Lives of choices
Scarred.

Those alone are not the only tarred,
Set alight, marred by the world.
By far, accompanied folks disarm
Themselves for being held in arms
And told,

“That for all of life's lovely charms,
You're the one worth knowing well.
I'll be rough, even if it causes alarm—
You're worth being damned to Hell.”

We watch, stop, and search
For life's frenzied farewell,
Even though it's all dirt
Surrounding an empty well.

Edwin Cordero

Stormy Night

I'm by the sea
Next to crying wind,
Which ceased to be
A peaceful breeze.
Vacationers are running,
And I begin
To hear sirens
Warning me.
Yet I stay—
I stay and wait
To hear the ocean's
Currents break.
Yet I lie myself in place
To await the end
Of unruly fate.

The tsunami fails to come,
And I'm undone
By the extensive wait.
I approach the ocean
For its sake,
And then I am awake.

Edwin Cordero

The Bat

The bat oversees the entire village,
Blindly, wildly reaching for berries.
Down below, by a couple's cottage,
No one knows a legend's flying.

He had terrified many into pilgrimage—
Made them stock their flock with crosses;
Unknowingly rocked capes now vintage
Years before this very hunt had happened.

This flight led to a colorful window-ledge,
Where a young lady was spotted within,
Staring, counting ticking seconds ahead
Of their unfortunate passing, it seems.

The bat snuck past her now-busy head,
Stretched out an arm, opened the fridge,
Took some berries and even some bread,
Fluffing pillows before she went to bed.

Edwin Cordero

The Bay

It should have been more.
It should have been less.
I feel so rotten about it.

This fragment of friendship—
This montage of union—
Extinguishes fumes of disillusion.

Is it possible to pave a way
For two souls to exchange
The happenings of night and day

Without solace in fray—
Without envious decay
Eroding its rocky base?

Edwin Cordero

The Bind of Sleep

I bind with sleep in the depth of my mind,
Where I find, and attempt to keep, treasures of mine:
Time wasted, feelings faded,
All the love,
And all the hatred,
Which rise and decline
As chills down my spine.

I lie to myself awake,
Open-mouthed and feeling
For Feeling's sake.
It sends me reeling
Destroyed, irate
With the coy dealings
Of Fate.

I die, and die, until left with only life
To face until truly late.

Edwin Cordero

The Downed Kite

Once upon a time, a man desired a woman.
She was perfectly sized, with eyes blue and clear.
What a pleasure for his mind to imagine
Holding on to her beautiful behind so dear.

Days and nights passed gathering his might
To tell that lovely sight what he felt.
The man approached that woman flying a kite,
Which right there and then fell.

Standing behind her, and speaking of love attained from afar,
Her striking silence provoked pain in his heart
At knowing not what she felt, or if she comprehended in part,
How her beauty's spell refused to depart.

She turned around with a face so covered in scars
That the man preferred blindness to witnessing more.
He ran away, then drove full-speed in his car—
Leaving with nothing to adore.

Edwin Cordero

The Heart

The Heart knows not of love,
But of the blood within its pumps.
No one quite knows love at blunt—
Only the coveted Brain does.

The one that can be altered,
Sheltered, and sponsored
In order to function
Towards love at once.

A Heart only suffers
The rise in pressure
Of every single measure
Aimed at its stump.

For as we engage in pleasures
Of trifling Earthly treasures,
It inevitably ends with a lesson
On someone's Broken Heart.

Edwin Cordero

The Last Bird Song

The last bird song heard
In this forgotten flesh
Is one of sorrow, worry, and regret;
The whispers plea across the trees
To say goodbye to me,
Finally.

“We all fetch the same bets—
Take part in the mesh to survive it.
Although that can't be had,
We are glad to continue the path
Or find ways around it.”

If what you assume is true,
We are all inevitably subdued.
I've queued life's clues
And found beauty in blue.
Let it be what it may.

“Choosing to be gone in May?
Why not test fate by joining hate? ”

I'll tell you why—I rather be late
Than never arriving at a place.

Then, they just flew away.

Edwin Cordero

The Last Call

Ring, ring...
Your family's calling
It seems;
One last battle,
Using all of your strength,
Is all that's needed
For the pain to cease.

Or perhaps it's the other way
Around,
Yet you must react to that wretched
Sound.
Yes, I know graves find our caves
Out,
But there's so much to be done in fetched
Hideouts.

Where's liberty by Vieques' sea?
(You'd love to blow kisses at an evening breeze.)
I bought you a lamb—if only you would see
That life is changing for our family.

It all reaches us, but I believe
There's no harm in procrastinating
Our departure—What we could be
Before the rug is swept under our feet.

Edwin Cordero

The Lucky Plant

Did I ever rant about my Lucky Bamboo plant?
Lucky, of course, because it needs no land.
The world is scant, although a sycophant,
And this beauty needs not a hand.

It's similar to me, I'd say—it can't tolerate the Sun,
At least not through direct exposure any way done.
Left to revel in dark, this plant discovers most fun
Without the need of anyone.

That's not to say it doesn't suffer alone—
The lack of nutrients does cause harm.
But it's best to be short-lived than be sprung
At the whims of everyone.

Edwin Cordero

The One Who Kept Me Company

I'm unable to enjoy a day as today.
It's always been away;
A failure to attain the void
In the mind's pathways.

As Time passed I became
The same as those insane—
Wishing that miracles would change
Life's undoubtedly cruel games.

Happiness—we're both going down.
It was Sadness who stayed
When you were not around.
I'm staring at these lights of the town,
Wondering of those who played
With you as I drowned.

Edwin Cordero

The Sea and the Lighthouse

Moon, strengthen the tide.
Seas of regret and pride—
Faith, the lighthouse of my life,
How do you shine so bright?
I will never let sight of my ruby go—
May be drowned if the false truth unfolds.
But, even then, freezing in the ocean's cold,
Memory will light our hearts as we together grow old.

Edwin Cordero

The Search

If I'm lost within my own soul,
Which high command may rescue me?
The worst silence is one found alone,
Although surrounded by the ocean's breeze.

Edwin Cordero

The Spark of Confusion

By the stairs, there's a fancy black lady,
Shopping for straighteners and magazines.
Her hair is dyed blonde, her eyes green,
And she wears the whitest dress I've seen.

Her bible is of glamorous, golden colors,
Bearing an elephant sticker on its cover.
She caresses the hand of a cowboy lover
And dismisses employees as too far under.

This driver's license she boasts for all present
Classifies her ethnicity as a white lament.
No wonder the census made no sense—
What does it mean to be Puerto Rican?

Edwin Cordero

The Sun Rises Again

The Sun rises again,
Shedding itself over hills.
The clouds dissipate
To clear its way
Through.
It runs the same trend—
Spreading influential thrills
Over mounds that steer the fate
Of walking graves
Anew.

I cannot stand the mystery
Or the coincidence:
Actions that bring misery
Are of no consequence
To the history
Of existence.

We walk towards where?
Is the finish line anywhere?
Do we even care?

Edwin Cordero

The Travel of Evil

Evil goes as evil knows,
Victim imitating craving,
Replicating tantrums shown
In past events, only lately.

Evil roams as blood flows,
Inheritance in the making,
And people cast ivory stones
To keep it obeying.

Evil's woes are never told:
It's invulnerable to baiting.
The filthy stash of skin and bones
Weeps as it's arranged.

Edwin Cordero

The Wheelchair Spins like Life

These wheels spin
To stares engulfing grins.
No one wants this thing;
The blatant rush drives patience thin.
She's a child, a baby—not worth discriminating.
However, her similarity to adults is irritating
Everyone and everything.

I sink to think of all that could have been:
Our family achieving the American Dream.
It's turned to regret, repenting all those things
Which blurred right and wrong to this brink.
It's all ready gone to nothing.

Edwin Cordero

The Work Ants

Sometimes, I feel like a toy.
No, not a real boy.
Joy comes through me
Until I'm broken.
Nothing is spoken.
Riding in a convoy
Filled with choice,
We share the same void:
Equal poise to avoid
Life's true noise.

Edwin Cordero

Tiger Eyes

A deep stare into the tiger's eyes
Reveals emeralds desired, yet once denied.
The stage of unholy fire in winter nights
That determines who has or loses life.

She's a tiger due to the danger
Associated with any loving behavior;
For as much as humans adore saviors,
Their truest love is that of hatred.

Keeping a tiger imprisoned should be a crime:
Freedom is the purpose of nature's time.
Feeling alive is the rarest kind
Of emotion to possess and enshrine.

Edwin Cordero

Torture

Lessen the pain, lest we
Miss the array.
Listen, meaning
Has no name.
Lessons, teeming with
Us in frays
Relegate, delegate
Fate.

Kindred, bloodied face,
Stitch wounds, abate
Punctures, pictured taste:
Vengeance anomaly.
Mercy, for me, pace!
Think of spoils, waste:
Family in crates—
Tragedy soirée.

Stretched out late,
We've seen a lake
Not worth drowning.

Edwin Cordero

Unique

She's quite unique:
Always heard, but never seen.
They don't appreciate her beauty—
Particular in the features they seek.

I questioned her last week—
Asked about her sacrifice.
She said they knew not what they possessed,
But that the love of one would suffice.

One day, she will be admired,
Delighted in love aloft.
Then, they will know what was lost,
As they exhibit a fire of desire,
And that fire is put out by her frost.

How fitting would that be?
As fitting as night after day.
No more bidding for beauty.
May her love never stray.

Edwin Cordero

Unsatisfactory Dreaming

She said she'd think of giving taste,
Yet only found myself in dreams—
Apparently too chaste a case
To satisfy her being's needs.

She told this story angrily,
Like I deserved definite blame
For her imagination enduring
Unpleasing, comic tease in shame.

My bad, yes ma’am, find fault in me,
Since I was there to touch
That precious vault incredibly—
Not merely feel it mush.

You poms could view my best,
Or close to it, I bet.

Edwin Cordero

What May Be

Sometimes, I question myself;
What if I were to have you
And no one else?
Would we hold true,
Would those years on the shelf
Turn your taste to sweet fruit
To be drunk in gulps?

It is only when passion has knelt
That I comprehend the ruse;
You're an image, begging for forgiveness,
Utterly confused,
And that I may be to you—
That I may be to you.

Edwin Cordero

Wistful

We're numb to those scorned homes
Within this dome that condones
Their destruction.
They're strung at the brink of forlorn zones;
Writhing clones to diagnose
Without action.
We're occupied adorning pink floors, doors, and phones—
Preferring to be alone and shown
Wistful abstractions.

Edwin Cordero

Wretched Wings

Weathered wings doing wretched things
On my life, wringing everything.
I hear him breathe, as a disease,
Slowly consuming.
I'm not he—no—I believe
It's a fearful illusion.
We were heading to the ceiling
In fusion.
The scream seized this body
In fury of confusion.
These toes curled,
Lifting the power in our world
To block the union.

I've never experienced such force—
Such voice.

She said I was laughing, last night,
To noise.

Edwin Cordero