

## Poetry Series

**Edwin Cordero**

**- 35 poems -**

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## **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

## 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

## **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 bid you it is cruel

To allow what we go through,  
And to permit 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

## **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

## **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



## **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

## **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

## 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

## 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

## **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

## **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

## **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

## **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

## 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



## **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 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 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 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, 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

## **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

## 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

## **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