Poetry Series

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- 52 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.

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.

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.

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.

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!"

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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!

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?"

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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Misao Fujimura

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.