Poetry Series

Guillermo Veloso

- 247 poems -

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Guillermo Veloso (September 25 1962)

a chef by trade, lover of life, it's passions and pains.

47

12: 01
It's my birthday now
No one sings to me but
Crickets, frogs and night birds
My prodigal cat does not return
My prodigal wife in bed has turned
Yet I am at peace
The peace of night
It's "benign indifference"
47
An ignoble number? ?
What does it portend?
Half of what?
I am now half a marriage
I am now half a love
I am now half a life
47
 Alone and engulfed in night
Moon and street light now shine
Through a carefully spun web
The architect sits silently in the mandala
Snug in her deceit
I trace the lines and see mine
The nearby highway hums along
47
The world cares not
Nor do I
But…..48…. Maybe!

Guillermo Veloso

9/11

Autumn came early to the summer city;
Trees transfixed in flame
They fell as seeds / spores
From the dying trees
Ash and cloud
Steel and shroud
A quenching of thirst
A candle engulfed
Singular moment
Hammered into existence on an
Anvil of numbers
911
81
102
50,000
8
18
8000
300
5000
They fell as leaves from an autumn tree
The passion dance set free to fly
A final leap for the face of God
Born on angels wings and free of insolence
Quiet, resigned
Arm in arm
Delicate in the embrace of the eternal
And brought to earth's warm bosom
Phone calls
Microwave notes
Final moments in the fierce presence of now.
"Mommy I love you; Goodbye"
Beneath the same sky we share the same life, fears and fragility.
the same terrible moment; the same destined shore.
Autumn came early to the summer city.
They fell as seeds from the dying tree.
Born quietly; arm in arm, angels in flight; To the eternal.

Guillermo Veloso

9/11….Decade

We pack our time in
Bundles of 10
Each year a fractal of the greater life
Time and passage
Pain in nerve and bone
The shadows of their lives
Stain holy ground
The essence of their being
A part of our everyday smells
We move amongst the worms of time
Broken down to the simple core
A changed world
Yet oddly the same
They are among us
In the rustle of a leaf
In the empty space of a quiet moment
And the searing light of a
Newborn’s eyes

Guillermo Veloso

A Buddha at the Heart of the Rock

We fear a time that gnaws away at our days
Like some forlorn church mouse
We draw our lives into
Series of decimal places further and further from the one
Binary moments, Facebook moments, digitized and pixilated
Broken down to imaginary neutrons and electrons
Quarks and muons
An absolute zero that is only
The space between life and death
But there is more at the core
It spins there with
No wants or desires
No evil or good
No yes or no
It is here that I lay
Tranquil in your warm arms
Away from motion
And robed in silence
Still, whole and eternal
A Buddha in the heart of the rock

Guillermo Veloso

A Cold Vintage

The pain has past
The ancient tears of that century
Have dried and left only shadows of sorrow
The vines of gray you planted
Your lies
Have ripened
Vintage vinegar
Cold and pure

Guillermo Veloso

A Dangerous Rose

I picked a dangerous rose
Thorny, precious and sweet
Without blood there is no love

Guillermo Veloso

A Lesson in Love

Two swallowtails
Danced a dance of love
Aloft on a summer draft
Circling
Rising
Wings touching
Glances in the sun
Two butterflies
The briefest of lives
Forever entwined
Passionate moment
A chapel of flowers
A cathedral of light
A lesson in love

Guillermo Veloso

A Piori Love

In dreams / I formed you
In sweat / I gave you life
In tears / I gave you passion
In the heat / I gave you molten eyes
In the night / I gave you raven hair
In the morning / I gave you dawn’s smile
In the tremor / I gave you love
With the spark of infinity / I brought you forth

Guillermo Veloso

A Poem to Fit

I wrote this
To fit the small space
Of a last page
Enough room
For infinite dreams
Of wet tongues, closed eyes
Of passionate fountains and endless skies
Of the smell of your sweater
And the perfume behind your ear
Of your fingers in my hair
And the lasting glow of the setting sun

Guillermo Veloso

A Prayer

Anger is pain
Pain is suffering
Suffering wants healing
Healing wants love
So then..Begin with Love!

Guillermo Veloso

A Relativity of Love

Can Love be relative to the speed of the heart?
Can one lover move at the speed of light while another
Perceives a different world?
Love bends space and time
A friction pushes us apart then together on our orbits around the sun
We enter rips in time and emerge together
Young and moist as newborn stars
Kisses bend, expand and contract
Lovers spin, dance and explode
Loves at critical mass
Black hole where nothing radiates
Love cannot escape
And poems dance on the event horizon

Guillermo Veloso

Abandoned Love

A single lost rose
Abandoned on the road
Blood red on asphalt black
A discarded thought
A discarded poem
A discarded love
The edges of its petals darken
With each car that passes

Guillermo Veloso

After The Storm

Thunder ebbs
Rolls into mist
One storm has passed
And now silence
Envelopes me
Still
Connected
Rooted in soul
Connected
Air electric
Connected
A road to walk
Connected
Alone
Connected

Guillermo Veloso

After the War

“Speak to me of the man, Muse”
Sea tossed and
Tempest turned
Return to start
Center and lodestone
Poison weaned
Hydras and Sirens
Pandora boxes open and
Loosed on the raw skin of emotion
Tranquilty lies behind the frosty
Mist curtain of this storm
And guarded by the spears of a thousand
Suitors

Guillermo Veloso

An Angry Buddha

Finger in the ground
Still
Fierce moment
Contemplative
Alive
Aware
Passion
Passionate awakening
Spirit and earth tremble
No past
No future
Each moment is the past every second is the future
He rests on this fulcrum of passion, time and compassion
Balanced on a never ending pin point
Between the cardinal directions and the
Hungry mistrals of desire
Smiling and angry
In a field of blossoms
Reflected in the mirrored lake above

Guillermo Veloso

An Emperor of Fools

I wear the faded purple
An emperor of fools
An empire in ruins
On the crumbling bricks of my trust
Praetorians align their drinks along mine
Guard my precious frontiers
Barbarians pour in and pour more
Brittle laurels festoon my brow
As dry and faded as my dreams
My triumph alone under
A mute sun……
"All glory is fleeting…"

Guillermo Veloso

An End to Our Road

If I looked
It would imply that I cared
I will not search anymore
Truth which I need not seek
Beckons and
Hides in plain sight
One only needs eyes and the
Innocence to see

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella and I Dance

When darkness falls and
Night creeps and knocks about
This old house like an old mouse
I dance a dance of madness
With a child of wonder
All betrayals seem old and trivial
I forgive the trees their silence and acquiesce to
The gypsy wind that
Brought her to me
I close my eyes and dream
Of dreams dreamt

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella and My Writer's Block

Her life force
My indigent angels
Her sunshine
My moonlight
Her green step
My dark sleep
Her fresh flower
My blanched bones
And driftwood lies
Flowers in her pocket
And we go
The spinning sun while
Spring greens
This winter grey.

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella at the Trevi Fountain

By the Trevi Fountain
On a brilliant day
Busy procession of faces and places
Dustin Hoffman in Tootsie smiles in motion
Sophia Loren eyes…. dark and searching
She adds drama to mute scenes
Mouths the script to the movie
Café and pastries
Perhaps Fellini will call
In the meantime
The french fries beckon

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella Gypsy (Duende)

The bramble of her dark hair
Hides a gypsy faerie
Her duende
Full of violins
And mystic curses
The dance is ancient
Flamenco in the woods
A caravan of dust and
Faith
Twisted in myth
And clear as truth
Bone and rock

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella in Dreams

The winds passed
And clouds parted
Sadness passed though darkly
And my melancholy ground
In the grist mill of dreams
Her eyes are golden
Pain free and profound
A simple laugh and crinkled
Smile; I am free once more

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella in Her Tower

Like a monk
Illuminating the hours
She sits
Over pages that shine
Wisdom
In eyes that are
So young
Terrifying in her
Sagacity
Alienore
The Aquitane before her
And Kings to Conquer

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella in Progress

Her words form
Softly at first, missing a brick or two
But I see the frame
Her eyes come past a corner
Hissing and sharp
They carry meaning
Her hair has the feel of
An untamed ocean
Wild wind whipped and free
And her face
I see her now
There she is! !
Now I dream of its arc

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella in Spring

But by this grace of God
The gentle moan of earth would not be heard
On this spring day
The tenderness of green enveloped in
Impossible colors and the smile of a child
Her hair a puff of wind
The sun a golden arc that
Frames her skin
An empty canvas
Waiting for the brush
Life the palette and experience her paints

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella In The Morning

An embrace
Simple and earnest
Innocent and new
The smell of dreams in her hair
Hair black as crow
A sunny day beckons
Mourning dove coos
Life begins anew

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella Is Sick

Can I hold you?
Your comfort is my comfort
Smell of sweat
Wheeze and fever
I want to squeeze it all away
In my arms I am your father
I can see the sea, sail upon it
And envision the furthest shore
"You are a daughter of the sea"
In this sea I am your father

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella Moon Beam

She comes like a moon-breeze
Whisper and pure
Life that crashes about us; Eyes
Like diamond twins gleaming at each other in the
Asphalt star field
Its clouds and matter strewn and twisted in
Cosmic filigree
This light comes a zephyr
Becomes the mistral in her eyes
The black bramble of her hair
The ascension of a star

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella on My Neck

Something is motionless in the stars
At the heart of things
Peace has come in the star-painted night
Softer winds
Faded screams
“Something more immortal than the stars”
Our war has ended
Theirs yet begun

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella Snowflake

Born in January's soft snow
Drifting and dancing
Against the sky
Alone in her beauty
Unique
One of a kind
Falling amongst others
Laughing
Mad hair
Eyes black as truth
And settles on our life

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella’s Smile

Past the dark clouds of Saturn’s return
An impossible light
Wild
Unchecked
Undomesticated
Free
Like an unopened box
Full of promise

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella's Moon

Anabella’ Moon
Bella Luna
The hide and seeking moon
Lies behind wispy threads of summer night clouds
That wrap over her like a misplaced lock of ashen hair
While skittish rabbits, flop eared and under fence
Find a safer place to hide as bella searches the night for
New playmates.
But Bella’s moon/La Bella Luna
Laughs along in her secret spot.
Maybe tomorrow?

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella's Shoes

Who’s tiny feet
Leapt from the sun
Touched the flake-diamond snow
Scuffed the stubborn curb
Ran down the naughty cat
Stubbed the fleeing fairy
Left the mud-fossil
Nipped the falling rain drops
Stepped on mama as she slept
Ran to daddy at the door
Kicked the goal that won the match
And slipped off to dream
Of stars, boats, mist, candy and balloons

Guillermo Veloso

Anabella's Summer

There is a quiet in the
Eyes of a child
Dark serene and true
Fresh from god’s womb
And ripe like a grape
Wine will come but
For now
Sweet nectar and sun-lit play

Guillermo Veloso

And Slipped Away Once More

Because she was hungry
We shared wet cucumbers and creamy hummus
Because she was thirsty we
Shared a pint
Played pool
Cigarettes carelessly dangling
Because Tom Waits played
We danced slowly
Embraced as secret lovers
Because ee cummings was on the wall
I knew her hands were small
And slipped quietly away once more

Guillermo Veloso

And Water (Tsunami The Voyage of the Children 2005)

Tsunami:
The voyage of the children

And Water

And water
        My mother
And sea
        Her womb
And tide
        Her lullaby
And wave
        Her metronome
And ripple
        Her caress
And foam
        Her scent
And spray
        Her essence

She beckons
She calls
She takes
Her children
A Cradle for them in the sea grass
A tomb for them in the coral

Yemanja
Oracle, siren, death
Mother

On this common day
In the moist quiet
In the Dark Deep
She will rock us to our last sleep
Gently she will take us
Back to her womb
Back to her soul
Back to our home.

Guillermo Veloso

Another Way of Winning

There was a world I built
On foundations of dreams and light
There was a vision I wept
Grasping at walls in the night
Roads taken and turns spurned
Opportunities beckoned, missed and burned
We all walk on paths of our own wander
We all have pains and decisions to ponder
DNA is a helix of life, a connector of dew
DNA has much to explain and the days are few
A greater thread is woven from this
A greater dream to realize bliss
And though it may never come
A dream dreamt is a dream won

Guillermo Veloso

April's Fool

Driftwood crab and
Wooden boats
Ancient spectacles
Memories tie and bind
Blood to blood
Young to old
Old to young
Photograph and the sea
His past in a box
Dry flowers pressed and faded

Dreams
Bones
Skin

Textured and tender
Weathered in the salty winds
of youth; now
Six foot under and
Forever at sail
In the eyes of the young

Guillermo Veloso

Archaeology

I scrape away the years
With a careful trowel
In search of precious artifacts
To give provenance
And meaning to this
Tangled stratigraphy
And find traces of me left after the flood
I find hieroglyphs and messy calendars
I find shattered bones and crumbling dreams
I find sherds and scorched stone
But I will not find me
Til I scrape sterile soil

Guillermo Veloso

Arroyo

To have been loved
To have been lost
To have buried a father
To have been shepherded by dissonant angels
To have been a man in full
To have beckoned the moon
To have prayed over the relics of saints
To have seen flowers bloom in the night
To sit like bones lost in an arroyo, dusty and mute

Guillermo Veloso

As It Should

And Adam looked above at the first
Stars, alit and new
Spinning and his alone
Scripture still unwritten and formless
As it should
No creator had shouted his name
No belief to stain the virgin dawn
No dew had fallen of midnight's tears
For no midnight had come and
The moon was free of its fears
Dark light and light dark
As it should
No holy screams invaded the sacred
Sleep of Adam
No heavy hand; no breath stinking
Of sanctity
Life, new and pure
Demanded nothing
As it should
Time marched on its maiden flight
Ticking its first moments
Time slept peaceful, remorseless
As it should
Abraham, his descendants and blood
Lay in distant books and dreams

Guillermo Veloso

Assad the Reaper

One by one they feel
The cold sharp blade of indifference
One by one they fell
Gathered up by
The smiling reaper
Like stalks of wheat to be bundled for
The long march into dark
He breaks their faith into spectral hates
And divides their souls
He waits for waiting is his task
He sits at the table empty but for blood
And gorges on a million dreams
Left floating like chaff
In the hot dead air

Guillermo Veloso

Assad The Sandman

Mist came after the thunder
Sleep came to us all
All the children
Lay in a row wrapped in cloth
Like cocoons waiting the butterfly
That would never come
The sandman; his evil eye
Wrapped in smiles and trimmed suit; cold
He came and we slept
Never awakened as you looked on
No one looked, no one saw
Our nightmares run wild in the streets
Sleep peaceful in your bed
The numb and blind always sleep peaceful
You shall always awake from your dream
The sun shall always rise
Morning will always come
But not for us
We shall never wake up
And as we lie side by side
No one looked
No one came
No one cared
We are gone and never return
From the sandman’s sleepy mist

Guillermo Veloso

At Crickets Peace

At crickets peace
And frogs lullaby
I am tranquil on this smoldering night
Alone and still
As the day before I was born
I move now with the circular stars
And find stillness in the transit

Guillermo Veloso

At Night by Moonlight My Lovers Sleep

Only at full moon

Deathly pale

Moonlight crashes like crystal milk, shatters on the tide and

Make holes in the water to see below where

The madness of flies and saints lay

On an altar bathed in alabaster light

Her shadow remains a stain

Her perfume a shadow of scent that

Fades like memory

Only in this sullen moment

When quiet is sound can

True motion be felt

Old pictures seem to move on the walls

In my bones

Whispers, moans and

Thoughts like nervous monkeys

Chitter and jump

Close my eyes and I see her

Remembering I forget

Guillermo Veloso

Autumn Dusk

Dusky moment
This night, this
Boozy old broad;
Brushed her hair
Blushed her face with
The colors of autumn while
Her perfumed scent
Filled our heads and dreams

Guillermo Veloso

Autumn Morning

Broken and tired on
An autumn morning
I slipped on the golden wet leaves of a sleeping tree
With a fire locked in my bones
A resurrection free of faith
Plain and true lay at my feet
As myth melted away
Life was plain and open to
A resurrection of mind and soul

Guillermo Veloso

Await

I'm waiting
Here
Like Penelope awaiting
The wanderer
I'm waiting
Here
For the love that has traveled far
I'm waiting
Here
For your return

Guillermo Veloso

Backwaters

The light is striped
Through my shade
Time is warped, wrapped and bent
I can feel the whole of my life
Beginning and end
See and feel the ripples and rivulets
Find the backwater and stay still
Let the tides flow and pass
The rest will wait

Guillermo Veloso

Baker

My bread rises slowly
Thoroughly and with intent
It fills the spaces warm and bold
It hardens in the heat and crackles with
The slightest touch

Guillermo Veloso

Beach

Madmen stand in the morning mist
Shimmer like cellophane statues
Shouting hosannas and hallelujahs to the
Sea; wait for truth to
Arise like Venus from the green
The old crawl like crabs along the crooked line
Of shell and bone; moss and memory
Searching as well
But I find peace
In the breath of a wave as it comes
The sigh as it ebbs
Life bubbles and foams onto the shore like
Champagne from a glass
Dancing merrily on the crystal edge

Guillermo Veloso

Berbers

Reaching over dunes in the sandstorm that is our lives
We pitch our tents apart, lit by a desert sun that burns the sky
I sleep alone, far from the disdain of cold skin
Once we knew each other, like a brief desert shower
But in the swirling sirocco stained with red Saharan dust,
We were lost
Now we are Berbers, nomads of love
And home is never in sight

Guillermo Veloso

Birds Know

the days are warm
summer's dusk golden and lasting
trees full and content
cicadas last songs echo and shrill
yet the ground wears a
starling overcoat
a slight breeze
brings the scent of autumn
and the promise of golden hued redemption
in the death of the leaf
there is forgiveness
as birds well know

Guillermo Veloso

Blind Love

The poetry of blind man is not metered
In contrast hue or color
It is textured
In smell
In sound
In feel
 A light finger upon the breast of a lover
An epic is forged
On the shallow breath
Of a tender sigh
Of his unseen lover
And verses fall like rain

Guillermo Veloso

Brittany

My first
Terrible beauty
The wild coast of sea
So much like me
What will you look like
When the winds have calmed
And time has finished her work

Guillermo Veloso

Bronx Orishas

Old saints come now/Bronx orishas/ Raymond/Denis/Mario/ Manolo/guide this novice
I am fat/with wine/with food/with time/with doubt/but not with love/that I starve for

Guillermo Veloso

but you were gone

the movie lasted hours
the popcorn warm, buttery salty
like love
the light subdued and seductive
cherub moths bounced on the porch light
looking to loose valentine arrows
through the screen
the bed unfurled
the pillows fluffed
and candles to light the way.
the night was perfect
but you were gone.

Guillermo Veloso

Calor

I would trace the dew on her breast with my tongue/ I would feel the rise and fall of her breath/I take in her scent and lay quietly in the night/and sense her dreams as they dance over her/what would they sing? /wife /I would loose the jesses of our passion and let it fly/would she return an angel?

Guillermo Veloso

Can the Heart Forgive the Mind

Its endless wandering
Its fruitless battles / straw armies
Its senseless dreams
Its relentless motion
Its careless thoughts
Its loveless passion
Its restless sleep
Its mindless being

Guillermo Veloso

Cemetery

A late spring
Winds baste
The bony
Tombstone spine
Trees smile
Breathe beneath
Patient vision
Ancient trees
Silent guardians
Of the loamy dead

Guillermo Veloso

Chasing Ghosts

One a saint
One a rogue
One a poet
One a stone
One a boy
One a beard
One a tree
One the root
One the betrayed
One the betrayer
One the lover
One the loved
One the living
One the ghost

Guillermo Veloso

Coffee

The aroma escapes with a hiss
Aroma of dawn
Winter morning becomes remembrance
Mother and father return
Not the dead father or the wrinkled mother
Mother, father and I am a child
Toast to dip smiles to sip
The pot releases its genie
Time stands still

Guillermo Veloso

Colestown Cemetery

The entrance was built with
Haphazard bricks
Random as the lives
That finished here
Crossing over full circle
The sun lies just right and the shadows are perfect
A wind-willed hawk
Hoisted on a scaffold of light
Stones as comfy as down
Earth as crumbled as cheese
Life at dusk
And the world speeds blithely by
The dancing dead

Guillermo Veloso

Companion

Time
Eternity’s portrait in motion
Time
God’s mural in motion
Breathe / withdraw
Breathe / withdraw
Scratch your chalk lines
Walk with your companion
Walk with time
Hold its hand
Walk with your animal
Move quietly at dusk
Move in sympathy
Look quickly
There, did you see! !
It has vanished

Guillermo Veloso

Cuban Love

Sweet gold of
The sun in her smile
The scent of rum and sea
Her wave-tossed hair tangled by
The breath of Spain
Her back arched, sweat soaked and
Glistening under
An African sun
Taino heat rises through her
Her body sways, the trunk of a palm that
Quivers with salsa rhythms
Xango hides
The forest is
Tobacco deep dense with
Mulatto leaves to cover our sin

Guillermo Veloso

Cubes

2 cubes in a glass of water
Slipping by each other
Blind to the world
Trapped in this glass
With no feeling but the wet cold
Of our iced skins and dead memories

Guillermo Veloso

Cynthia on Her Wedding Day

Travel back
Back through
Harvested fields of our youth
Reach back
Back through the warm sweat
And moist memories;
Where passion was tongue and
Love the language

I remember cold nights
Trembling in your arms
I remember days when life was a mistress
Inviting coquette
Coy and jealous
Her hair set free and the faint perfume of
Her femininity

So now you marry and
We share another bond
Yet all I feel
And all I remember
Leads me to a peaceful and tranquil oasis
A pool of calm that compels me
To gather red-warm petals of flowers and set them
On your new path
And beg eternity's winds
Blow you afar in love

Guillermo Veloso

Dark

Morning is peace morning is soft
The rip tide and labyrinths of dreams
Frozen by chemicals and locked inside like
The madness of a fly
The dreams of flying and sex that lace my night are put away
Neatly folded and readied for bed
Sleep wiped from my eyes
I awake; still I wonder what was real and what was not
And feel as though the dark is my only friend
Understands me
Caresses me
Awaits me
I am not alone even as I sleep

Guillermo Veloso

Dark Matter

My soul is lit aflame
by a million stars
a trillion souls my companions
awash in a sea of dark matter
alone in the crow’s nest
afloat in waveless oceans of time
and bent by gravity’s will

Guillermo Veloso

Dark Muse

This summer night
Thick with textures
A broth of mist and sound
Alive with bells / sleigh bells /
Mournful black streets are
Spun with webs of light
That move like the tide
Back and forth
It is the deepest of summer now
The fresh rain in the deep green
Caresses my feet though I cannot see them
My foot prints rise in the green
Eyes upon me
The compass in my head guides my motion
Continuity spins on in the cosmos
Revolves around this instant
That will never come again
Eternal and mortal at once
The companion I seek is a dark muse

Guillermo Veloso

Daughter, Forgive

Her days were
Whole
On Mexican tile and
Daddy’s slippers
Ahead a full life
Days without maps
Years without provenance
Years and debris
Memory is debris
Clutter and fantasy
In black and white
In crackled sepia
Never in life color
The tartar of bad memory
Calcifies and becomes plaque
Becomes part of the finished work
A life nonetheless

Guillermo Veloso

Daughters (Anabella and Brittany)

They are my light
Both wave and particle
Though rainbows betray
Their myriad colors
No prisms exist to
Separate this sun
Clouds part
As they awake
And dawn penetrates the day

Guillermo Veloso

Decades (Manolo)

Angel of death
Angel of sight
Sentinel to the hungry sea
To see the arc of the years
Through this dusty window

Recite a worn Kaddish
Two decades
Dried flowers in my pocket; an
Old mass card and
Picture memories

Memories that stick like plaque
To my skull
Stories that lap like waves
Bring your days
To this dry shore

You are young
On ships and shore
You are old
By ships and sea
You are mute in profile

Your bride
In gowns and mirrors
Your love
In flowers and silk
Your soul-keeper in her silent keep

A kiss goodbye
On the day of the fool
A kiss from above
In the silence of dreams
A kiss on the sweat-dewed brow

And this morning
As grey as the tide
Comes and goes
And your voice as
Bold as gulls and sea; comes and goes

These are coins
That the years have kept
These are the shadows of tears spent
We are all memory and dream
We are all minutes in the decades

Guillermo Veloso

Dew Drops

We are infinite
Dew drops on an
Endless web
Neighbors on a matrix
Of dream and
Frequency
Glistening, new
Touch one thread
All feel
Cut one thread
All fall
Love one and
All are loved

Guillermo Veloso

Divinities

These are the
Quiet divinities;
Sacraments in
Air and soil
The death of a sparrow
The worm-turned earth
A molted skin
And the cool
Forgiving rain

Guillermo Veloso

door open / light in

this spring door open
poets alight on the screen
dust from afar
bread rising slow on the board
breezesspillinfromequatorsandpoles
horizons beg
flowers preen
mingus pulls
monk is
davis does
coltrane could
sky is gray
sky is bright
sun is there
sun is not
Pain / Delight / Question / Answers
Ghost peppers and sugar

Guillermo Veloso

Doppelganger

She lives my past
Sins loves and fancies
My lies my dissimulations
My masks my prevarications
My nights my obfuscations
My smiles my masquerade
My goodbyes my pretense
I turn she flees
I see my life rewound before me
Karmic Sisyphus
Destined to be run over by my own sins
Hotel rooms and nights away
Dreams do not lie
Visions are not the property
Of madmen and saints
My bones scream and flesh resists
Faraway places and scenes draw me
Death or rebirths are the only exits

Guillermo Veloso

Dreams are Kites

Dreams are Kites
Alive in the night
Hidden out of sight
Dreamt in flight
They lose all control
They swallow my soul
Pay the ferryman’s toll

Guillermo Veloso

Drunk One Night in Montreal

I spoke French
Broken as high school
Lost in transit
Sipping along the dark, empty and yet welcoming streets
Not knowing if he was a madman or usher
We teased a life story from the night
French to Spanish to English and back
As if we had just met on a long forgotten shore
The dark houses handed us down past the fading street lights
Names are lost and the film blurred
We shook hands and parted
I stumbled, drunk on the way to someone else’s home
Yet sated on life’s little midnight snack

Guillermo Veloso

Dying

She is asleep / eyes open
Escaping/she is forgetting
She is dying
Wrinkles and age leave her / her lover remembers her as she was
He awaits behind the moon
With wine, roses and song

Guillermo Veloso

Earth

She waits
Dawn to dusk
In patient rust
She exhorts;
Live Love Die
And love you must
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust
She rocks and spins
Empty arms await you.

Guillermo Veloso

Earth as Woman

Giving, full and ripe
Brazen treacherous
Jealous of her seas
Worn and new
Babies at the nipple
Thighs wet with the tide
Callous and loving
Pitiless and pieta
What secrets does she hide away in her locket?
Heart shaped boxes/at ocean’s bottom

Guillermo Veloso

El Viajante

El amor viene de lejos
Como los polvos de África que caen Cuba
Lo siento en las aguas antiguas que prueban mi piel
Lo siento en el aliento de una mariposa extranjera
Lo siento en la brisa que estorba la hoja en la madrugada
Lo siento en la luz que alumbra mi sombra desde
Ocho minutos y una vida
Y se al fin que el amor es viajante

Guillermo Veloso

Ellipse

Wind to skeleton
Travel to stillness
Stream to pond
Path to trail
Sea to wind
Root to leaf
Leaf to light
And it passes
Moon, planet, star, soul

Guillermo Veloso

En Familia

Blow the winds
Mistral dream
Of gull and crab
Sand and tide
Ocean tossed on the foamy edge
Then deep with whale fin
And pastel plankton
Down where silt paths
Swirl in grey
Hopped on mottled turtle back and up
To surface and sun
Open faced to the light
Wedded in frothy bridal white foam
An island lies in the mist
Burning with green passion
Wet with desire
A home in the mist
Bride in green
Only here can I rest
Clear eyed with true sight
Burning sight in
Leather hands that do not tremble as
Generations pass the blood of ritual like babies and wine
Stories and myth
This is my true tribe
Roots deep as the sea that
Cradles sea grass in its womb
As fierce as the dry golden plains that midwifed
Conquistadores
Here is my true tribe
Bursting at the belly of its prodigal children
Here is my blood
Here is my soul
Here is my quiet puddle in
Torrential seas
Here is the mask that
Waits the face
Here is the warm hand
Leather hand
Creased with generations
Here are the worn grey eyes, ivory
Clad with years
Here are the old become young
And babies become sages
Here we are sharing birth and
Death in the rolling centuries
By the sea

Guillermo Veloso

España 1936-1939

España
te encuentro
la plaza
arena sangrada
sangre de los decaídos
sus torres construidos con huesos y tendón de los caídos
toros sin dignidad. Asegurados de su destino
Cortaremos sus orejas
toros dignificados
gente derrotada
viva la muerte
la passionaria

the deafeated hand
lies open, pale and limp
empty of hope
desiring a task but wishing for none
it lies in wait of the tender other
hope:
a transparent horizon

Guillermo Veloso

Esposa

From the ends of the earth,
I have felt this wind
Bend my bough and stir my leaf
I sense the wave on my toe that began an ocean away
And know love is a traveler
A zephyr that alights on my heart
Eight minutes for the light to reach me
And an instant for dawn to come

Guillermo Veloso

Finch

Will you give me some
Small comfort
A tender ear to rest my
Aching complaint
A warm corner to nestle and curl
Away from the day
And its unwanted glare
An embrace free of passion
But welcoming and true
I am tired now
And like Darwin's finch
I have adapted to the loneliness
Though, I would fly away
If the winds will take me.

Guillermo Veloso

For Shari

Before
Before I was bone, flesh and downy warmth
Before I mouthed mama and cooed
Before I giggled and laughed
Before I could run and play in the rain
Before I could open my eyes and see the stars
Before the first tear

I snuggled in the hearth of heart and womb
I smiled in the sunshine of your smile
And rocked to sleep in your lap lulled by your gentle hum
You may think I missed the rainbow’s arc
But your love was all the colors of heaven in song

Now we are apart
And tears pave the way
Yet heaven and I are not far away.
I am the diamonds pasted on the inky black
The thread that mends the grief with the memory and the forgetting

Oh, how heavenly an angel in flight!

Guillermo Veloso

Forgiveness and Forgetting

A storm must pass
A cry must silence
A rage must ebb
A light must come
A new dream must be dreamt
A beginning begun
An ending end
All past fade
All present dissolve

Guillermo Veloso

Forgotten

You’ve forgotten
Those tender nights
When sweat was the glue
You’ve forgotten
The tears we shed
When we said
“I love you”

Guillermo Veloso

Fractals

Wine attracts neighbors
Voisin
Fussy yellow-jackets jealous of color
Giddy fruit flies bob in out
Of the hair of the dog
A wandering spider gathers
Its unruly train
Jays announce themselves
This day
This autumn day is colored
With these friends
A fractal of my textured life
All of us
Drunk on the light.

Guillermo Veloso

Fragment

Wine will/beer can/whiskey seems/rum should/vodka might/gin didn’t
Drinks/ doubts/drugs/loss/travel/night/talking to bushes/moon-wink

Guillermo Veloso

Fragment Max

Memories of smoke and talk/conversations asleep/love and lennon/ max

Guillermo Veloso

Funeral

I buried this romance today
Deep in the graveyard of my bones
I carried the corpse in my dream-draped memory / stiff and dressed in Sunday best
It was illusion after all
Fairy tale and daydream
I had returned from the sea and
All my trees, driftwood and oak / leaf-bare and sad
Aligned silently for the procession
Mourning as mothers and moon
For the fallen sun.

Guillermo Veloso

Geckos Climb

Geckos climb
Pasted on the walls
Silent witness to the day’s progress
Weed Wackers and Cloud/ cat and sun/ aquarium waterfall and creeks edge
Silent fisherman hauls in his wooden catch
Day passes in silence....
The days are slower as a child
Quiet as the world labors...
The sun is gentler and the birds are friendlier
As the old come out to play

Guillermo Veloso

Good Morning to My Life

A golden morning
Syrupy light shimmers
Desert heat as shadow
On the wall
Green is infused like sun-lit tea
And brews as my bird-choir alights in song
Another morning in many
Another awakening has come
To have been here at all at this simple moment
Is the most improbable of miracles
Humble yawn and the day begins

Guillermo Veloso

Haiti Endure

Proud people
Proud spirit
Who have seen the whip and known the fire of freedom
Who have thrived under a searing sun and enveloping sea
Who have bent under iron but never broken
Yes the ground has shaken
Orisha and earth conspire yet
These who have born pain with strong will and sea air in their nostrils
These proud of L'Ouverture
Will not pass tears into tomorrow
This life is for the enduring
Endure

Guillermo Veloso

Hammer Hammer Hammer

The hammer
The nail
In sympathy
One uses the other
Until the crucifixion is complete

Who will suffer
At the fulcrum
Between
The good thief
And bad

Freed from the tomb
And the stone wall of death
Risen and bathed in tranquil Jordan
Who will feel my wounds
And believe that I ever lived?

Guillermo Veloso

Heresies

I walk this way
Guided by a morning star
Recite my little heresies
About this life I chose
As if I had chosen anything,
My life or the path I took
As if I could choose sun over rain
Or a love eternal

Guillermo Veloso

Holy Moment

Connected in dissonance
Riding the common wave
Both particle and wave
Trapped in a matrix of thought that builds the frame
Stuck in collective memory
Slave to a constructed instant
Reduced to desiccated words and their emptiness
How do we breach the walls of existence
When we are our own guards
And our lives our keep
Outside a sun blooms and falls
Outside space and time dance a tango of love and passion
Curve to the delicate motions of an unseen finger as it
Draws across the black silk of dark matter
It points and prods in dream
Sets the top spinning over and over
As we revolve around fear and laziness
In search of holy moments

Guillermo Veloso

Husband and Wife

Lives a filigree of moments
Ebb and flow a sea with no shore
Our bed is sargasso / dead calm and lust-less
Smiles and cousin-kisses are trinkets entombed in this tangle
Horse latitudes
The sun does set in this Tropic

Guillermo Veloso

I am a Thief

I am a Thief
A cheat
I steal minutes that do not belong to me
I steal moments meant for someone else
I allow the night to parry the day
A child’s dream
A baby’s vision
A wife’s devotion
A mother’s care
The true owners of this life?

Guillermo Veloso

I am Not So Bold

I am not so bold as that
To cross minefields without caution
To cry out my dreams and bare all
To sing alone on the stage
To tell a well worn joke or cozy poem to jaded listeners
To say I love you across an ocean
And hope for a response in a bottle
But oceans have risen and fallen
And winds have come and gone
Still there is time

Guillermo Veloso

I Cannot Mourn This Love

Smells on your coat are not of home
Dreams together or smiles or I love yous
Empty eyes and silken lies
Silence wrapped in silence
Connections and fabrications
Time away hardens the heart like plaque
But I cannot mourn this love
This child I cannot see
A sun will break on my winter face
A morning frost shall scour this grief
From my eyes

Guillermo Veloso

i like this season

i feel the breeze that comes
with your breath the shift in
temperature that comes with your kiss
there is a turning on its axis the world
seems to like and autumn light
pours out like honey over the fields
i like this season when you shed your green and
become ahprodite in gold and bronze
wine deep and love profound
the grape is pressed its essence wets your lips
i like this season.

Guillermo Veloso

I Was Old Before I was Young

Dropped like a bull from the womb
Three steps from the tomb
An oak in the acorn / the fire in the wood
Waiting for a lover to find me
Across the years and towards a dawn where
A nervous sun rises to stand where moon has stood
To shine light on the gardenia’s wilted fragrance
To once again embrace as one in passion’s dance

Guillermo Veloso

Inchworm

Wrapped
In
Silk-moss
Caftan
Inchworm
Hangs
By thread
In the thin
Mist
Of the
Eastern sun
Tricked by the light
And the
Jester-wasp
Fat for the
Waking birds
Quietly chirping
Of the dew dipped day to
Come

Guillermo Veloso

Is Autumn Our Middle Age?

Is Autumn Our Middle Age?
Twig, vein and leaf laid bare
Soft sway, rustle and quiet rage
Now naked to sun and air
Stripped of summer’s sinful green
Radiant Colors true and proud
From tip to root now sage and lean
But too soon for winter’s shroud

Guillermo Veloso

Is Is and Was

Mathematicians, alchemists and impertinent children
Paint, tie and taunt the earth
In webs of numbers, symbols and imaginary castles
With hubris and religion we sell imaginary empires
Stomp
Cry
Only to be washed away by the indifferent
Turning earth
Earth is. is..was
Turn with the earth
Move with its waters
Live and die in its bosom
And lie indifferent to the spinning stars
Is Was and will be……

Guillermo Veloso

Las Razones

Tu sonrisa
Tu niñez
Tus pecas
Tus ojos sonrientes
Tus ojos ansíense
Tú rabia
Tu furia
Tus labios
Tus besos
Tu pasión
Tu olor
Tu pelo
Las razones

Guillermo Veloso

Last Dance

She awaits her dance/she is patient/she knows many faces/she has known the wind/she will wait for me/no rush

Guillermo Veloso

Leap

The page lay empty before me
Like a magical canvas of dreams awaiting sleep
Years lay before me seducing me with hope
A life still to live and lovers still to love
All that is required is a leap into the lips
Of the eternal

Guillermo Veloso

Letter to You

I wrote you a letter
By hand
My hand
Where blood flowed
From the heart
My heart
To the tips of my nails
That grip this pen
And feel the ink
Flow onto paper as thoughts
Like tears
Stain the page

Guillermo Veloso

'Life's But a Walking Shadow'

Tales told by idiots
All bluster and show
Life's brief candle
Is all we will ever know
Nothing is everything
And everything nothing
Show me the playground
And proceed with the spinning
Let the play begin
And play begins anew
Let us be lovers again
Like soft spring flowers when they grew

Guillermo Veloso

Lorca Blooms

Who knew where Lorca lay on his final day
Where the duende found its rest
Only fire blooms there
Persistent and impatient

Guillermo Veloso

Love Letter Hidden

I want to walk with you in this sun
Slip through the winds that swept
Across the ages just to touch us at this moment
I want your hand gently tucked in mine
Sharing the shy sweat as a leaf gives beneath our careless steps
I want to say I love you in a language only our
Eyes and noses can only decipher
And let the birds give witness to something forbidden
Hidden and ours

Guillermo Veloso

Love Lost

Love lost
when is love lost?
When fallen kisses and caresses
Are shadows on the neck and lip
When the other is no more
When the fire and spark that drove the piston
Are embers alone.
When all that is left is that tame salmander
Unscathed, uninterested
Passion is not to be fired or cooled
It is and no more.
It is in the taming
That love is crucified
On a cross of time.

Guillermo Veloso

Love Me Now or Love Me Not

The sky is filled with comets
On the way to the world
An impatient sky at dusk
Birds drift like falling autumn leaves
On fickle winds
Life is on the whole is indifferent
Either you dance and drift like dust on this
Blushing sun-kissed sky or
Sink silently into the yielding loam of your sadness
My days dance before me now
The bad, the good, the we don't know
Our past dance is song and faded pictures
The force of youth is behind
The truth of our days lies ahead

Guillermo Veloso

Loves Unspoken

Can love be written
In a book of hours
Stenciled and illuminated with
Scrolls and lace
Or is it meant to
Remain mute; without words
Eternally seeking that which cannot be spoken
And that which makes it thus
A flame that flickers and consumes

Guillermo Veloso

Lying in Dreams

Dreams do not lie
They deceive and distract
They weave, expand and contract
They lead us away
They lead us astray
From truths that do not die

Guillermo Veloso

Main Street on Moorestown

Gas-lit and lost in
Time
A Ghost horse
Hitched to the watering post
Neighing
Belching
Anxious to gallop
I sip my espresso
And dream

Guillermo Veloso

Manifest and Gospel at 50

Seeking youth I lost age
Seeking passion I lost love
Seeking insight I lost truth
Seeking a partner I found solitude
Nature
Her tender sighs and soft breaths
Shall be my muse;
Universe
Her motions and fidelity
Shall be my lover
Above these
I will seek no other

Guillermo Veloso

Many Birds (The Abandoned Nest)

I came upon a fallen nest
Left to dry and alone on the ground
A passing rain had but for a moment given it
Brief life
And I wondered
What scarlet cardinal, azure jay or resolute robin
Had returned to find this empty home
Once downy warm with egg, twig, and spittle.
Once a home once a love once a life
Many birds mate for life
Some do not

Guillermo Veloso

Marrow

To say this thing
To feel it said
To release a thousand years from
A bottle
To say this thing
To strip it to the bone
Clean the bone
To the marrow
Spoon the marrow and spread it on toast
Warm and ours
To say this thing
To feel it said

Guillermo Veloso

Mayfly

Now on the gravel lie
River rock and mayfly passion
A moment alone
A sliver of solitude
Allows the passage of
Caravans of thought
Dream and debris
Drift in and out on
Spendthrift tides
Set in motion by the weeping moon

Guillermo Veloso

Me

Deep where there
Are no mirrors
Where there are no
Echoes
Is where I am not
Only a still voiceless
Voice
Only a soul
Not mine
Not yours
Possession cannot exist
Silence
Has no master
And stillness no mate

Guillermo Veloso

Memory Muscle

In the dark, scotch in hand
Muscle memory
Memory muscle
The freedom of age
Freedom from youth
Freedom from immortal fantasy
Freedom from whispers in trees
You know the names on the tombs
And they remember you
This has a finish and there
Is a peace in that.
No tears here
I saw the maps in my youth
Nights alone in the dark
Hands of the old
Hands of the new
Hands of those to come
And I know
This has not been wasted time

Guillermo Veloso

Monde Ancienne

Moon lights
Ghost snow
Warm chill of silence/quiet statues/ the gallery of night/
Old road wrinkled warped worn and torn
Old friend mute and loyal
Walk with me in the comfort of years

Guillermo Veloso

Monet's Table

Monet at his Table
The soup is first
Gone in an instant
Rush the tender bitter greens
Cepes and chanterelles glow on the plate ephemerally
The rabbits sacrifice in a terrine is brief
Cezzanne’s bouillabaisse can wait
The split melon is the last
Then
On the Japanese bridge
A world of color and subtle heat erupts
On an untouched canvas

Guillermo Veloso

Morning Mass

Astonishing
This pulpit of sound
Every bird a preacher
Every preacher a prophet
The sound of this mass
Rises me more to the crux of the thing
Than any celibate monk
Here, the infinite arises like
Vapors from the dew
With no need for fear
Starling, mourning dove, cardinal and robin
"Rise now…this is your Cathedral"

Guillermo Veloso

Morning’s a Memory

Memories lap
Upon my dream-shore
Like the morning tide
They stain my sands
Names, faces and glances
Fade and emerge
The heart races and eyes twitch
Across time and place
Until I am left
Quiet in effigy
A Plantagenet
Reposed in
Marble stillness
And wry smile

Guillermo Veloso

Mulitiverse

As the sun sets over my horizon and rises in another
In fossilized dreams
I taste you
A mute love
Fleshy and pink
A quiet corner of a forgotten universe
Kisses and caresses in the shade
Of an unrecognizable sun..

Guillermo Veloso

My Future Lies in the Present

This fierce moment
Its arrogant teeth
Gnaws at my past
And grins at my future
With bones and sinew
I am here exposed and true
What can I hide from eternity that it already does not know?

Guillermo Veloso

My Garden of Broken Things

I hold this chalice virgin, but
This glass is already broken
It shines radiant in the light
My garden is a garden of broken things
Lives like glass already broken in youth
The wounds I suffer I suffered in the womb
The sun I gaze upon rises in the dark and falls at dawn
The end I embrace
Lives in the precious moment
And so releases me

Guillermo Veloso

My Guardian Saints

Rogues
Drinkers
Poets
Strollers of light and color,
In the morning, aflame, I feel
A strange feeling of company and care
A vision that laps at the shoals of my horizon
A tide that slowly appears with no moon
To guide its machinations
I hear music
Ethereal fingers trace the outline of my life that comes at
This solitary instant
A flash of movement behind me
A sudden wisp of air
My arms are light as they lift me
I am light
My ghosts file in a row, a passage of memory
Tidal flow that leaves its fossils trapped in mud
Like ancient tracks of insects, birds and twig
Light now, sifts through the sepia fall pastel
An ebb and flow of tear and light
Old photographs record a happier time
Times of tearful happiness long washed away in the grey tides
Now I await the return of my saints
To drink a toast and spin light into gold

Guillermo Veloso

My Love Asleep

Lips like plums
Burst and beckon
Wet and ripe like the sea
The geography of your body
Curves with the earth and moves with your dreams
To follow is to explore
To explore is to love
You awaken and wipe the sleep away
But I have left and hidden in your horizons

Guillermo Veloso

My Melancholy Horses

My melancholy stains the day
Litters these streets empty and hollow of sound
This heaviness weighs on as
City horses myopic and deaf
Plod through my dreams
Morning light is wrenched dearly from every drop of dew
Every kind word you loose holds a glimpse of sun light that I must drink
Lest I dry out and drift away on a fickle breeze

Guillermo Veloso

My Most Excellent Complaint

Our love has no dignity
Love apportioned in grains
Like sand through an impossible hourglass
Minutes strangled in their crib before they are
Even born
Stillborn and blue in the apothecary's jar
Who can remember the graffiti
We left on the clouds
Carved with our passion
Who can see the we
That we were
When we were we
And life seemed an unending canvas
Ripe for the brush and sunlit paints
Now unfinished with only the patina
Of the dying oil lamp
That is our cage

Guillermo Veloso

My Planet

I ride the voracious light of amorous Venus
Planets align round a moon in distress
Spinning quarks rotate in chaos
Beautiful chaos
Purposeful chaos
Meaningful chaos
To what end?
Restless and bored
A faulty plan leaves clouds in my coffee
Parted at dawn
Tossed at night
Return to start another day

Guillermo Veloso

My Wound

In this garden
I tend my wound
Prune my memories
Water my loves
And travel countless miles
Beneath a careless sun

Guillermo Veloso

Never at Home

Never at home
Never at peace
Never at me

Fear in the corners
Shadows in moon-less night
Rustle and whisper
Liquid and night
Dreams at play
Dreams in the way
Dreams that sway

Love in corners
Love in acts
Love and lovers

Chasing Poe
Chasing his woe
Chasing his moan
Virgin child
Virgin woman
Virgin death (the first and last deflowering of death)

Guillermo Veloso

Night

I screamed my name to the night
Waiting for the echo that could save me
I found the arms of an ebony mother in autumn dress
Cool and blind to color and sin
In this lap I lay my head and sleep

Guillermo Veloso

Night Alone

A bed mourns
The loss of shape
Empty shadow of you in the moon’s oblique light

Guillermo Veloso

Nijinsky Laughed

Nijinsky laughed
As he flew;
High as birds
Wind became dance
Sounds became dance
Sex becomes dance
Spring and passion became dance
Dance became poem, wordless and true

Guillermo Veloso

No Mind

Reed
Thrush
Damselfly
Still reflection (in the)
Still water (of the)
Still pond (in the)
Still light (of the)
Still sun (on this)
Still day
And for a moment
All became one
Quiet
Pure
Brilliant
Still

Guillermo Veloso

No Words Can Justify

I followed the branch blackened
By the moist morning mist
Followed the bumps, slashes and curves
Followed it to the end
And the last golden leaf
And the last golden word
Slipped off to the wind
I smiled and walked away
In silence

Guillermo Veloso

Noble Truths

And noble truths
Shall return to the maker
Mortar and matrix
Nihilistic in the
Singularity of the
Moment snuffed by wet fingers
And Silence

Guillermo Veloso

Not For Torment

3 flies took my measure
Around my thumb
As children play
Heads up turned to a sky more shore and sea
Than cloud and air
Upside down in a world
Senseless by design
Where love is bought and sold
Time spent and lost
Where the heavens awash in grey,
Allow black and white to come out and play

Guillermo Veloso

October Sun

I drove; a vision of
Holy Spirit trees
Flamed and spun on apostolic streets
One after another in a broken line
Of autumnal fire
and October sun

Guillermo Veloso

Of Love

And of Love
What will they say?
Passion at night
Caresses in the day…..
Bathed in its own light
Set forth on its own way

Guillermo Veloso

Old Man And Rose

Old man
Tends his rose
The wind-drift grey road
Speckled in pink and white
Is a mosaic of his years
Each lost petal a careless year
Each drop of water a shed tear
Each snipped stem a lost moment
Each bloom caressed, a lover's touch
Each unopened bud
A promise of lovers to come

Guillermo Veloso

Old Rusty Moon

I opened a torn box of memories
Folders, moth-eaten notebooks and yellowed photographs
I rummaged about looking for lost muses and mute lovers

An old rusty moon poured like sand from my dry pen
Tears poured down and gave life to parched pages
A candle burned the past away
Hot to the touch and better now for the pain

Guillermo Veloso

On the Bay

On the Bay
Sun rained light
Crashing upon the waters and
And shattering like
A million shards of
Brilliant glass
Each reflecting the
Glow of angels
And the beauty of now

Guillermo Veloso

Only Child

Two twists of pepper
A pinch of salt
Adrienne Barbeau and life is good
Funny movies on a quiet day
Glass of vino on slow days as slow days should
What a head of hair on this one! ! !
I need a brother I think..
No friends on my own..such a loser eh?
No no no it’s the family
And why is she breast feeding in the mall?
Por el amor de dios! ! !
Is she gay
Not sure but he is! !
Life is an opera with big tenor moments
And this is the one.. the clock ticks
And the food gets cold
Suddenly an empty room
Acting out the parts
Laughing, crying
Defective and authentic
But we drown good..
Then again TIMING..IS..EVERYTHING….
And sometimes
And sometimes you just know…….
So good night my love
And see you soon……

Guillermo Veloso

Papa and Sunday

I smell the caldo/ham and cabbage/chorizo and beef/potato and grelos/scratchy record/ Pepe Blanco and Carmen Moreno/tie and apron/scotch and soda/cologne and tool/papa and Sunday
These are not the smells of the grave
Memories alive, fresh and colored

Guillermo Veloso

Patagonia

Have you ever seen the sun at midnight?
Have you ever felt the cool rain on a cloudless day?
Have you ever run your toes through the tall grass on a city street?
Have you ever made love to a lover on a loveless night?
And my lover lies besides me a million miles away
At the end of the earth

Guillermo Veloso

Peace Be With You, My Brother

You have bitten my arm and
Drawn blood
Peace be with you my brother
You have gnawed my bones and
Eaten my leaves
Peace be with you my brother
You have withered my mother and
Stolen the years
Peace be with you my brother
You have taken my wife and
Left with my trust
Peace be with you my brother
And now life is good
Full and drunk
Pain part of the arc
Love is free and easy
Love is pulled from the dark
Sun is warm
Rain is fresh
And years flow
As years and water should
Peace be with you my brother

Guillermo Veloso

Penelope

You have bought me to this place
Penelope
Far from home and unrecognizable
Now torn and ripped by Scylla
Swallowed and spit up by Charybdis
Only to wander aimless again
Between crag and shoal
Are these the years to come?
Round about a maelstrom of sadness
Venture in search of the other
But remember always Penelope
That while others came, withered and faded
I was here in flesh, blood and bone
And remember me as the downy snow
That fell through your dreams,
Softly with smiles, laughter and love.

Guillermo Veloso

Petrified Things

For I am a child of the sea
Though I roost on land,
Tree is my canopy
Earth my deck
My sill is an ocean of petrified things
Crab, Wood, Shell, and Glass
Turned in the gray foam of the sea
And I as these petrified things have
Been turned by the sea, scoured and polished into
What I am….and will become.

Guillermo Veloso

Promise of Dawn

The dawn brings the smell of sea
Winds born of angel’s wings blow at the door
They shake a Lazarus tree alive with wings
The taste of salt, foam and shell
The dawn brings the smell of the sea
And angels bring dreams of tomorrow

Guillermo Veloso

Quanta

Time has arranged itself
In neat bundles
Orderly
Strict
Domestic
A house
A family
A fading love
Each moving in random
Orbits around each other around in
A hollow nucleus

Guillermo Veloso

Questions

What prayer can I say?
What incantation can I speak?
What evocation can I profess?
What worlds can I dream?
What life can I bring to fruition?
What wings can I unfurl that
Will take me aloft and away?

Guillermo Veloso

Quiet Dinosaur

The thesaurus is a quiet dinosaur
With no word for love
She is a solitary word and of her own
As it should be

Guillermo Veloso

Release

Death comes easily
Best to get on
And do this thing
A thing they cannot steal
Your life cannot be stolen
Your last moment is yours alone
Release like the last breath, easy and free
What is behind the veil
Mysterious burka of eternity
Dark beauty
My tribe will set me free in full flight
Tossed to the elements
The four corners to expand
Cry no more
Love has taken a stroll amongst the flowers
The garden breathes gardenias, pollen and scent
Aroma of the last day

Guillermo Veloso

Renewal and Return

I will move cautiously
In this new country
And explore this redemption
With delicate steps
In the end
We are masters
Of our silences
And these worlds that
spin between our words

Guillermo Veloso

Right of Return

You beside me
The scent of your dream
Haunts the blue-gray night
The slight touch of skin
The right of return

Guillermo Veloso

Rosy Glasses

I awoke in secret
To spy on her
To see her dress
To see her dry her face
To see her body fresh from dreams
To see her unadorned lips
To see through closed sleepy eyes
And remember

Guillermo Veloso

Said the King and Seer

A star will guide us
Said the king and the seer
A star will take us
To all that is dear
Yet the path is made
In the travel of its stones
And the destiny it holds
Will be held in its bones
This horizon at night is lost at its edge
We must feel for its geometry
Lest we fall of the ledge.

Guillermo Veloso

Samsara

Afternoon
Syrupy light flows through
Oblique blinds and
Falls on an autumn rose
It removes itself from the world and
Splashes on the darkening petals

?
Shall we say hello
Shall we meet again
Shall we discern
Love in a single moment
Can we return to the moment
When the moment was born
Shall we remember and
Love anew
?

Let us introduce ourselves now
As friends and lovers
Let passion fall
As light falls on the rose
And allow our souls to
Mingle on this soft afternoon
Born, wondrous and radiant
Again

Guillermo Veloso

Sea

The sea takes its lesson from the sands
Realizes its purpose in the shoals
Accepts its destiny in the unending tides
Carries the hope of the sun in its currents
And dances behind the piper moon

Guillermo Veloso

Secrets

My darkness falls on the page
As moon-lit shadow
Dawn is spared the black
Day is numb to the night
Hidden like seeds,
All my secrets scatter in the light

Guillermo Veloso

Self

Where have you been?
I've waited all these years
You set off
So many odysseys
So many people so many places so many nights
So angry
So selfish
I have been here all along
Waiting
Waiting for you to silence the voices and see only me
I am here
I have always been here
From those moments alone / the crib / the night
I have always been here
Can you see me now?
In the moment between sleep and dream
Between breaths
Between blinks
Between alone and love
Between life and death
I am your only true companion
I am your angel
I am your minder
I am you in the mirror
I am you
And you are me

Guillermo Veloso

Shadows and Masks

My confessions would be the envy of hell
If hell was my mind

But mind has become hell
Imprisoned with no exit
Alone with my many shadows and masks
In the end very alone
Do not follow I will no longer beckon
In an instant I have slipped away….

Guillermo Veloso

She

She
She is there
Behind the veil of mist that is desire
Awaiting / passion / in sensual dance
Flickering candles
Music that whispers
Warm first kisses / skin at play / poems unsent / flowers in bloom / the gaze of the moon
Eternity in her silk-black eyes

Guillermo Veloso

She Shuns the Page and Pen

I
She shuns the page
Ignores the pen
Only the wordless train of staff and beat
Words have no fire for her
They do not arise in her
They do not awake in dreams
Words have no fire for her
They do not leap like basilisks across the page
There are no birds
There are no metaphors
Words are creosote
Words have no fire for her
II
Archaic words
Newborn words
Ancient words
Future words
Words that harden in centuries
Like coral dressed in fire
Only to release
A million words into
The current in their ardor
III
Feral words
Raised by wolves
Nursed by wild teats
Milk fed words
Left to fend for themselves in the night
These words are skinks
Shiny and gone
Lift the leaf and you will find them! !

Guillermo Veloso

Shoes

Time passes/shoes grow/extra shoes/shoes move room to room/shoes are shy/shoes hide in boxes/shoes go to work and return/shoes take the first steps/shoes kick the cat/shoes play and stumble/shoes warm and slide/shoes slip off to make love/shoes wait in the closet/shoes wait at the door/shoes demand attention/shoes catch the tears/shoes sleep beneath the kitchen table/shoes dream of school/shoes shine for weddings/shoes walk slow at the end greened with grass browned with soil and get put away to remember.

Guillermo Veloso

Skin Has Memory

friction
brushes
gloves
leather
wet leaves
lips
tongue
tingles
tickles
sweat
fire
ice
dust
A tender kiss on moon-less nights

Guillermo Veloso

Slow Memory

Memories are slowed
My Mind the Sap
It’s trap
Echoes in the moment bounce in mitchondrial dream
Reverberations in space, trunk and root
My feet in the rappahonack
Drifting on the patomac
Tripping on block island
Sliding down the pyramid
Hand prints of the maya
Max and john lennon
Dave in the box
Virginia of the Bronx
Virginia of the verse
Virginia of the mountain
Papa with clams
Papa with women
Papa with food
Papa with wine
Papa on the bed
Papa in the box
Raymond on the street
Raymond in the box
Francis in the bar
Francis in my dream
Lucy with her question
Lucy with my dream
I absorb my moments
My roots my senses
My trunk my life
My leaves my hands
My soul my eyes
My soul comes and goes as
It pleases
It visits it’s past
It gauges it’s present
It dreams of it’s future
My seasons
as warm long friends
calendar a misused amusement
My days metronome of life
My years a symphony
My centuries eternal prayer
I breath life on this rock
I take death in my roots
I give back that which belongs to all
On the currents of my breath.

Guillermo Veloso

So Many Years

Left alone to play in the rain
I kissed her tonight
As she dreamt
Her voice stared across the dream
I felt the stringent pull of time
I know and knew this for
So many years
There is no surprise on this trip
The end has always been there since the beginning
And love
What of it?
If it hides and plays
Can it ever be yours?
Desire is the beast
And possession its bone..
But in the dark of a cold winter night
I kissed her on a cheek and bid
My nightly farewell
Because I knew and know
Candles flicker and extinguish
Flowers wither and
Memories fade into dream

Guillermo Veloso

Somewhere Far Away

Somewhere an ocean spreads on a sleeping beach
Somewhere a wave falls red with krill
Somewhere a blue whale leaps in scaffold breach
Somewhere a tern paints an arctic sky
Somewhere the day is quiet, golden and still
Somewhere a man faces his death and asks why
Somewhere a pie cools just baked on a wooden sill

Guillermo Veloso

Son (Liam)

Quiet tenderness
Tranquil soul
Stone still
Stone thought
A library of thought in his
Gentle eyes
Beneath an ocean roils
Beneath an epic is forged
Beneath the hero wanders
Waits with quiet masks
And worlds to conquer

Guillermo Veloso

Son, Forgive

How many tears have I missed
How many monsters have gotten through
How many balls have sat un-thrown
In summer grass
How many years have I let slip
Sitting still by the light in my window
Poison consuming
My soul.
My son
My sun
Forgive

Guillermo Veloso

Spring Companion

What is the cardinal singing
Its rhythmic chortle
Flame red, proud, alone
In its vernal leaf
Feels the drip of the cool rain run
Down its spine and slip off its feathers
Senses the worm beneath the soil
Moving and sliding through the moist earth
Feels the faded last breath of winter
Feels the motion of earth as it twists
In its well, the sun as guardian
Peers down through my shade as I
Pen these thoughts and keeps me company
As I break and molt these worn feathers
My rosy down and pink wonder

Guillermo Veloso

Spring Mass

The twist in my side
Like an unwelcome touch
Marks a mortality
Felt with sincerity
The cardinal chortles a mass that I
Am not prepared for
Starlings quiver and chitter in their pews
This church of God spins beneath
My congregation of
Birds, trees and bugs

My generation in motion passes the old and the new
Looking back and looking forward
Still this church of God spins, still
I would be a puddle gathering the rain
I would be as earth and gather bones
I cannot cease
I am not cooed by mourning doves
This procession shall pass
And all will follow

Guillermo Veloso

Still Life in Blue

Flowers and mysteries plucked in spring
Daughters and fairies flow and sing
Light pours like wine
Grass rises to catch your step
It’s ok to whisper on a day as such
It’s respectful and humble
Words are ripped from my mind
Torn and reformed in thought and dream
They cradle my fallen head
And caress my sullen spirit
I am floating now
Above a village of worm and quiet motion
There are no bells here
No church or temple
No parishioners or faithful
Light is as it is and gathers no followers
Time is not present only progress
A progress of sun, moon and wind
This is a universe
Of scent and touch
Of song and movement
Solitude arises from this moment
Plants war in gas and root
A quiet war
Far from the sea
Far from our world
Far from our lunacy
Is no one but fools saints and madmen allowed these views?
None but fools saints and madmen need know
I will sleep tonight and
Think of these things
Morning will come and the still life
Will be complete

Guillermo Veloso

Subtle Moment 1982 NYC

subtle moment
silent street
Bridge; Man
Frozen in mist

Rum Soaked and Mellowed
The Sullen Sailor
Weary Torn
A Cotton Man
"When will she come? "
where is that hair, that smile
that tacky coat?
" So long now.....
Time has separate rooms
For the quilted mind
Antique leather
The smell of cigarette, perfume and tears
Smells, comfortable that point the way home.
So many rooms in the house of thought
Lights grow dim and fade as the fleeting night greets the timid dusk
Sun.
Sun fails and cracks
The concrete veil loves the night so.
Thinning day paints and dapples the water
Ebb and flow sets new canvasses and brings forth new artists
Sharp pencils.

Morning now
A ship passes
It's mourning dirge
Honors the passing of the youthful night
The heavens smile and a new dawn is born.
"How far the love we seek
how precious the life we share
How dear the pain we rent
How fleeting the life we leave behind"
At the hem of eternal angels
Singed wings and stung eyes shed tears that fall to the warm womb of summer
Rain and tears fall from grace above
" She will come today
That smile, that tacky coat"
As he walked away
The bridge felt still
The dirge faded
And time, weary, found a room.

Guillermo Veloso

Summer Ends

Enjoy these last blooms;
Drips of light
For summer is a
Fair weather friend
We fence and parry
The sun's glaring bite
Blinds our eyes and fools
Our sight
The stars so starry
Are jumbled in another sky
And autumn's golden fleece
Portends another lie

Guillermo Veloso

Summer Nights Loves

Sunset;
Molasses /Auburn /Summer
Heat; sweat
Choice; the taste of a lover or the touch of heaven
The fruition of love
Love Bears fruit
Sweet figs, mango, papaya and peach
Cicada rhythm
Cicada buzz
Brubeck takes five
Summer rains
Mango love
Aphrodite /Prometheus/Charon
Sins of the self/
The night is feline/supine and lithe

Come, come, orishas
Saints of passion
Consecrate this hallowed ground
Moist with sweat;
Stained with the lover’s dew

Entwined linked and fused
The senses of symmetry synchronicity and serendipity
Electricity quantum and true

Shall we be as Plato’s dead and know the end of light in a blazing instant?

Guillermo Veloso

Supplicant

You are the deity
And I the supplicant
You are the mystery and I
The believer
Before there was mist
There was stone
Before there were lies
There was truth
Your lies are askew
And the truths you mouth are
Suspect
The comings and goings of
Your dressers are linear
Tracks easily seen and easily followed
Yet I am a believer
A supplicant
Of love and loves
Home; a desert cave for
A desert saint
Your coldness my manna
Your betrayals my scripture
Your absence my rapture
Your silence my gospel
Your indifference my faith

Guillermo Veloso

Syrian Haiku

Blood flows under bomb blast
Concrete tears nightmare fear mothers hear this
Child dresses doll in black

Guillermo Veloso

Tend to Your Garden Mistress

Tend to your garden mistress
It lies fallow
And in need of tilling
You, thick legged in the bush
Seeking the mortification of vine and thorn
What penance can you find?
Pain; forgiveness?
The red-rashed past
That blushes your thighs
Is burned in sin that will not fade
And your confessions rise as thin smoke tendrils in
The dark with no trellised
Ear to cling to

Guillermo Veloso

Tender Moment

Tender moment
No embrace
No practiced gaze
No scripted page
No contrived map
No cynical expectation;
        Tears guide the eye
        Pain reserves the visage.
        That which is not sought
        THAT WHICH WAS NOT BOUGHT
        That which was not caught
        And all that was for naught
        That which has not been wrought
                Hangs delicately
                With tender grace
                On the still tender winds
                Of an instant in time.

Guillermo Veloso

Terroir

Scars on my heart are
Maps to my soul
Where once I dreamed of return
I survey the natural terrain of love
And find a poisoned terroir; its bitter vintage
No destination for this life that lies ahead
I followed a rainbow to its end but found the pot missing
Treasure, blood, love and hours stolen
Now I seek a path
A new route
Miles and miles ahead

Guillermo Veloso

That Day in Picasso’s Studio

Le Demoiselles de Avignon
Formed in a mind in many places
Form is lost and misplaced
Trapped and formless like cut flowers
Form is construct and must by nature
Be deconstructed. Be destroyed
Beauty comes in wave and particle
A wick was touched to the fuse
Universes appeared virgin and new

Guillermo Veloso

The American Hand

Well-worn rough
This American hand
Creased with soil from cotton fields and asphalt
Calloused with trains, skyscrapers and baseball
This hand is smooth from
Molding a nation
Set fire to freedom while cracking the whip
Breaking black backs and raising hope with words
It is fierce it is still
It has torn mountains in Panama
It has seen sunrise in Manila
It is Berliner loved and scorned
It is buried in strange and faraway places; cross and star
This American hand is still young
Two century teen
Rambunctious, impetuous, looking to get its way
Awkward in many ways
This hand is still warm and ready for the weak, weary, unwashed
Eager to grasp at a future
Still unwritten and full of nervous energy
It is reaching for stars
It is swimming with quarks
It is putting pen to fresh paper and writing new stories
And lies upturned, open and waiting

Guillermo Veloso

The Bad Day

Robbed Now
Of all that is to come
Of an end in the arms of love
Of growing old in company
Of a second innocence
Of my heart
Of old moons
Of summer silences on the porch
Of my smile
Of a baby’s welcome home
Of the tears left to cry
And a soft kiss on the day to die

Guillermo Veloso

The Catcher Has Passed

The catcher has passed
Phoniness is echo alone
The rye is quiet, still / no sound
Alone in the woods and
Away from the unwanted gaze
Holden has slipped away
A smile across his lips and the world moves on

Guillermo Veloso

The Compost of You

Lay down now
In the grass
Lay still
Slow, with no purpose
Lay down
Now it grows
Light comes in green and gold shafts
Soil moves beneath you
Bed in motion

Worm grub and maggot
Gather at your feast
Fat with sin
Fat with tragedy
Fat with compassion
Fat with lovers
Fat with slow dances
Fat with Monk at midnight
Fat with life
Fat with you
Flesh is flayed
Scraped and peeled
No more hates
No more loves
No more jealousies
No more masks of fear
Dark is light but light is Dark

Here you are now
The compost of you
Old beet root and bone
Bone laid bare
Truth laid bare
Self laid bare
You
Now
Leave

Guillermo Veloso

The Compost Worm

Love with no skin
Is there a greater sin?
No passion-blister
No love-whisper
A turn in the bed
Marks the minute and hour
When love’s sweet cream
Is churned butter
Bitter and sour
Left alone to stitch a moss blanket
Ponder
Thunder and stone
Sinew and bone
Mortality….
The clock mocks
Time crawls
Shawl becomes shroud
And I
Unblemished by lip’s caress
Left with a love
Turned by the compost worm
Til it becomes a stranger and something less

Guillermo Veloso

The Face in the Mirror

I allowed myself
To be myself
Never realizing that I have
No self to allow,
Only a face in the mirror

Guillermo Veloso

The Fierce Now

I sit here and think that the past has fled
and yet it has never left.
You in my arms and passions aflame.

Guillermo Veloso

The Flower of Power (Syria 2011)

A child’s head
Burst into a
Sinful rose
Leavings its mournful petals
In tender arms
Such is the flower of power…..

Guillermo Veloso

The Ghost Inside

Photos like masks hang in the hall
How many masks have I worn and
How many bodies have I traveled in?
The face in the mirror wears
The years well, I think
The ghost inside;
Gentleman
Poet
Peasant
Fifty
Bones and self
Fossilized
I roam with the traveler
And seek a quieter shore

Guillermo Veloso

The Heart Of The Rose

my heart longs for a vision of us
entwined at the heart of a rose
embraced
enmeshed in a web of love.
I dream and the fantasy of your kiss is made real.
Love, but for an hour I would be lost in your moment

Guillermo Veloso

The Hour

As we spoke,
The summer warmth caressed
The hour; the black night
An hour as black as figs
An hour that defied the moon’s angry vigil
An hour that cried for it’s rightful place
An hour that demanded
An hour that commanded
An hour that spoke of centuries
As if it knew them by name
As if the wind itself set the minutes adrift.

Guillermo Veloso

The Lakes of Titan

The lakes of Titan are cold and still
I swim in the deep blue ripples
Watching the methane clouds drift overhead
The spinning
Rings of stern Saturn
Keep watch and company as I,
Alone on this cold world
Far from the sun
Far from those I left behind
Far from the distant dreams I dreamt
Far from the fragrances of paradise
Weep frozen tears for frozen flowers
That will never bloom again

Guillermo Veloso

The Lender

I seek the lender of time
A key to a door I cannot find
Just a small loan to tide me
Just an hour or two here and there
But the interest is high and I cannot afford that pound of flesh.
My mistress eyes me. I cannot hide
My mistress seeks me. I am loath to join her in that cold embrace. Yet I am compelled to watch her eternal grace.
I am here mistress; my last true love.
We have two mothers in this life
Mother of womb and mother of tomb

Guillermo Veloso

The Long Season

Winter has come
Poets are uncrated, unpacked,
Like ornaments
Adventures and cookies are warmed by our dreams
The world sits beyond the glass
And trees sway softly
In the black

Guillermo Veloso

The Lost Moment

We felt those Antilles breezes
Part the palmy leaf
We felt the soft night tide
Slip slowly upon the beach
We stole whispers in shadows
Moon our confessor and stars
Our witnesses
This moment and this moment alone
This instant and this instant alone
All that is observed and all that is hidden the
Heart shall forgive, the
Moon will absolve
The love of the moment is the greatest of all
She must withstand the furies of a thousand thoughts
Hurled in anger and couched in stone
She must hold firm in the storm as the eye passes and
The maelstrom returns.
Time devours the moment's resigned offering
Time passes like the storm
And time shall return
The moment lost is a
Moment reclaimed
Only to be lost again
A sigh in a lifetime of breaths

Guillermo Veloso

The Lovers

The lovers embraced
As thieves in the night
Stealing precious moments
Under eternity’s listless eye.
A dust speck in the wind knows no motion;
A moment frozen on the tapestry of time
Begs to remain forever thus.

Guillermo Veloso

The Meeting Place

Lips
Lush
Brush
Flush
Blush
Hush
The kiss

Guillermo Veloso

The Murder of Love

There is a murder
In the theft of love
Dreams, scents and memories
All fall victim

Guillermo Veloso

The New Pollinator

Asleep my youth, flesh and appetite
Under the sun-devouring clouds that shade
The oak
Skin like cicada, buzzing and crisp
I have but to bury myself for 17 years
And leave my after-death, dry as shed skin, walk forward
The new pollinator, blood up and steamy
As summer peat
This new fish, feeling its unused dorsal fin
Sliding in a sexual river, carving canyons and rushing
To the sea
A new Adam, cutting through the green vine, fingers out-stretched
Touching all, electric, bold and
Reborn

Guillermo Veloso

The Private Life of Birds (Birds Will Do it Anywhere)

Wrapped in the
Blind passion
Of feverish abandon
Tumbleweed of
Feather and beak
Love on a bed of
Wheel, steel, girder and brick

Guillermo Veloso

The Scar

Its time to go
The moment demands it
Passion has slipped away
And left its delicious scar

Guillermo Veloso

The Stages of Forgiveness

The end of rage

The end of possession

The end of ego

Forgiveness

Guillermo Veloso

The Steel Grey Eye

See this morning
New
The sunflower and morning
Dew
A dream mid-wifed in heaven
Of a Lazarus father and his steel grey eye
Of names on his lips as he struggles to
Speak
The soil caked hair and crumbled box
Skin and bone the smell of death
Worms of time
Worms that toil to bring flesh back to the
Maker
Taker
Jowls fall / pennies fall / the white hair falls/sandy flesh falls
Cold dream/fierce in its stubborn form/shaken and worn/
I awake, colder
Bolder

Guillermo Veloso

There is a Death

In the loss of love
There is a slow murder
In silences
There is a sad hue
In a passionless sun
There are many days left in
The sentence imposed
Who knew at the start
Of this journey
That the mourning would begin so soon
And birds would sing the sonnets
At dawn's behest

Guillermo Veloso

These Twenty Stars (Newtown)

Let this time come
Let this time pass
Quiet and still now
There are twenty new stars in the
Heavens
Shiny, new and
Glistening; diamonds
Of mother's tears
A constellation of angels
To gaze up to
And give pause to our
Dark night

Guillermo Veloso

Time Enough

Time Enough
Just a minute
And the day's toil begins
Time enough to breathe eternity in the smells
Of this old house
And listen to the hum
Of the world as it turns
Yet again to face the sun
Time enough time enough

Guillermo Veloso

Time The Minder

Time is the metaphor
Time is the nurse
Time is the minder of all things.
Time demands many loves and many lovers to
Satisfy the wants of life/ the needs of death.
It was a sound I once heard;
Of songbirds and baseball
Of rock songs and baby coos
Of the autumn rustle and winter rush
Of soft nights in the arms of lovers
Nestled in the tender embrace of the winter night.

Guillermo Veloso

Tree Is My Animal

Tree is My Animal 7/09

Tree is my animal
And I burst forth from the soil
Past root, worm and grub
Unfurled now my leaves seek mother sun
Nourished and illuminated
I stand neath Methuselahs
Father old and true

Aged moss (ancient moss)
Comforts and warms me
Vines find shelter and comfort along my bones
Mother sun still sings
And centuries have past
But as a new nest appears in my arms
Oh I know I have much to go
And I am now Methuselah
And stand next to my father old and true
And watch as my young sapling grows neath me

My love is alone
I am alone
I stretch to touch her leaves and tickle her branches
My poems I send on the wings of birds, butterflies and bees
I feel the scent of her in the perfumed pollen born on wisps of wind
Wherever you are my Love
I will find you
Though seeds may scatter
And leaves grow few
Though centuries may pass
Here I stand

Now
Tendrils touch
At long last
A Moorish lattice of leaf and bark
Filigree
A canopy of lovers to shade
Lovers from the unwanted gaze of mother sun
Our songs sung by birds at play in our tender union
Our union complete
Til centuries wither our bones
Then to earth
A loamy death to share
This union and
Alone no more

Guillermo Veloso

Two/Sanctified

Two Hearts as One
Two Lives Entwined
Two Breaths in a Lifetime of Sighs
Two Souls Embraced in the Dark
Two Flowers at Play in the Light
Two Lovers in a Lover’s Dream
Sanctified

Guillermo Veloso

Un Sol Amargo

De suspiro a escalofrio….
La sombra de mi alma blanciada por un sol amargo
(from sighs to chills… the shadow of my soul bleached by a bitter sun.)

Guillermo Veloso

Una Cepa Fría

No me puedes lastimar más
Las lágrimas ancianas de ese siglo se secaron
Dejando solo huellas de dolor
La viña de canas
Que sembraste
Cosecharon un vinagre frío hecho
Con mentiras de
Pura cepa

Guillermo Veloso

Una Rosa de Paz

Te mando una rosa
Sin forma
Sin perfume
Solo tiene envuelto en sus
Pétalos mi amor por ti
Solo crece en mi corazón
Día a día
Año por año
Ofrezco esta rosa
Para que regreses
A mi cama
A mi lado
A mi vida
A mi corazón

Guillermo Veloso

Unattended Loves

Love under cover
Love understood
Love understated
Painful Love
Anonymous love
Unrequited Love
My whetstone awaits the blade of your silences.
On tender sands
Our emotions stand
On shifting waves
Dreams are slaves
Unattended loves are
Harried doves
Sent in flight
Candles flicker in the night
Only scent remains
Only memory stains
Only tears rain
On this desert of fear.

Guillermo Veloso

Unbound

The slavery of emotion
The illusion of desire
The lie of life
The deception in her eyes
The façade of this house of cards
The dream dreamt

Guillermo Veloso

Under The Moon's Gaze

Love comes easy,
Like this
A motion
Free of me and you
Skin in unison
Breath, movement and
Ripened passion
While the blushing moon
Gazes through the drawn
Curtains of night

Guillermo Veloso

Undone

Pilot/ lost on the shoals / mist and fog / the pilots house is empty / the wheel unmanned / jetsam and flotsdam in the paddle / threads come undone /

Guillermo Veloso

Unwanted Company

Anger is a fidgety partner
Jealousy a sticky companion
Loneliness an enduring mistress

Guillermo Veloso

Vellum

We can change
We can scrape the vellum
But the shadows of what was written cannot be erased
Banished with a wish
Still…
Embrace the shadows as such that make up our whole when the moments are tallied
And the game comes to an end. The true sum will come forth and burst into posthumous bloom. 'When the evening of this life comes, we shall be judged on Love'.
St. John of the Cross

Guillermo Veloso

Vernal Sky

Starlings shrill like breaking glass
And moments are lost on the wind
Opportunities for love pass unseen
Unexplored, tears form iterated icicles
A bed unruffled and untouched
Detoured years
Quiet moments seem yours and comforting
Alone to your thoughts; your dreams,
Hang motionless in the sky
There is a freedom in the open sky
A blue heaven of cloud, feather, and bug
To shepherd the sun to the moss covered earth

Guillermo Veloso

Voices In The Other Room

The cloud draped moon
Like an old oil lamp drifts
Behind the leaf- bare trees
Winter breezes are voices
In the other room
Whispers
Of things and family
Of death and neighbors
Of loves and secrets
Of stars and calendars
Of sea and grave

Night has a movement
Independent of the heavens
Kepler and Newton have no dominion here
And shadows are free to dance

Guillermo Veloso

Waiting

My fields lie fallow now
Un-tilled.
Geese form a
Black-necked picket fence
Poised to fly
On the given day

Guillermo Veloso

Were I To Die Today

Were I to die today
Bathed in this light
Awash in spring and
Anointed by this gentle wind
I could not cry for the spectral life and its
Flowing years
Tender green and dreams of
Dandelions
I can cast off this mask and stroll away……

Guillermo Veloso

What Carbon and Water Allow

Smoothed like a gemstone
Now alone in the mine
Grey and full
Left to my thoughts and dreams of yesterday
Left to a now that is here and gone, playing hide and seek with
Masks and plays
We are what our muses allow
We are what carbon and water allow
Memory is harsh, memory is persistent and memory must die
Time to break the skin and emerge once again
Time for last blossoms
Encores, eternal, ephemeral, etcetera,
Coffee stains and notebooks
On this grey dawn
Bring chilled birdsong
A cardinal seeks its mate at dawn's soft Kaddish to night
Lone in the bare branch, (as am I) who could have known
But time, that I would be where I could be and left to turn in the breeze as the last fall leaf
Stink bugs lie in their stink bug grave on my sill; hallowed carcass of a hollowed life
Left in the jungle at Mayan dawn,10 foot down with ghosts, calves and snails
Naked at dusk, covered in ancient dust and now a feast for gnawing bites

Guillermo Veloso

What is the Language We Seek?

What is the Language We Seek?
That burns our tongues
Speeds the heart
What are the words that remain unspoken for lack of translation?
A new dictionary
New thoughts
New emotions
New quests
New centuries
Dancing we lay a path
Dancing we follow the path
Dancing we walk the path
Never looking back
Never looking forward

Guillermo Veloso

When Autumn Came This Summer

Dusk came
With the lonely dirge of a dying cicada
Carried mournfully on the disguised breath
Of an autumn breeze
Geese and robins ready their bags
Quietly in the still hot
Summer morning
While we slept
As we awoke for our coffees and
The matins of the falling leaf
They were gone

Guillermo Veloso

Where Has Your Touch Gone?

Passionless love is platonic love is hollow love is cold love is senseless love is colorless love is empty love is incomplete love is cowardly love is unattended love is ……
Can I be inside you without being inside you?

Guillermo Veloso

White Butterflies of St. Bart's

The soft caress of a lover's gaze
Captures forever this
Mystic scene

Caught in the maelstrom of
An Antilles breeze
Held aloft on a whim
Risen, dancing
Impertinent angels
Precocious and wary
Children at play in angel's field
Innocent as the world's first day

Now
Flee unwanted attention
Passions so strong
To make the dream real and
Paint our world in
The colors of love

Guillermo Veloso

Winter Becomes Spring Becomes Summer

</>The fruit of summer’s passion
has ripened
Withered on the vine
Fallen to the ground
Awaits
The benediction of the leaf
The white shroud of winter

Alabaster tomb
Icy and sure
Soon to give resurrection to bones
Ivory and worn
Bent to the will of a memory
Cast in richer times

Now in the melting trickles
Ephemeral threads give rise to the bursting flowers
Bees descend in hordes to deflower the virgins of spring
Hot tongues to split the forge
We awake and beg our task
To see the face of god or feel our lover’s touch?

Then, we shall set fire to
This summer cauldron
Boil this witches brew;
Love (Yes it is spoken.)
Or shall we flinch and fear the
Consuming flame.
Sparks are faeries that tease
Rise up upon the spirit of the wood
The courtship of trees is carried on the wings of butterflies and bees

Guillermo Veloso

Winter Boats

Winter boats are
shrink-wrapped ghosts
haunting the docks as
they await the sea

Guillermo Veloso

Wishes

I have blown
my dandelion wishes
and hold them fast in my hands
lest they blow away

Guillermo Veloso

Words

In progress
Words
Words progress
Words lemming like and anxious
Find their way to the tongue
tongue; the genesis of spoken thought
the creator of song and sorrow
the path of no return.
Words swim and prance
Words sing and dance
Words sting and prod
Words prick and last
Words present and past.
Words reveal themselves
Unwitting ambassadors
Marionette prophets
Mouth piece of the soul
Dummies on unforgiving laps.
Words leap to the void
Words lend form to the moment
Words decompose in the harsh dry winds
Time.
Moment becomes dream
Dream becomes memory
Memory crawls upon our
Worn, bark dry limbs
Memory and moment
The discarded skin of a cicada
Decades in birth.
The rotten carcasses of useless words
Lie strewn
Skeletal witness
Harsh testimony
The futility of definition
The senseless struggle to describe
And document.
The loneliness of true passion
As it writhes
Circumscribed by prescribed convention
Wrestled down and held in the grip
What should or should not be said.
The unspoken truth is a fury
The unmentioned passion is a sun’s ray
The unheld moment is a passing wind’s
Eternal glory.

Guillermo Veloso

World Ahead

World ahead cares not
Universes awaits the limp flesh
respirating the airs of eternity
Night comes and goes
Day rises and sets
World revolves turns and gyrates around our emotions
Nucleus without importance
knuckle down our ancestors in the past
Felt this pang on trees and savannah

Death comes easily
Best to get on
And do this thing
A thing they cannot steal
Your life cannot be stolen
Your last moment is yours alone
Release like the last breath, easy and free
What is behind the veil
Mysterious burka of eternity
Dark beauty
My tribe will set me free in full flight
Tossed to the elements
The four corners to expand
Cry no more
Love has taken a stroll amongst the flowers
The garden breathes gardenias, pollen and scent
Aroma of the last day

Guillermo Veloso