Poetry Series

Poetheart (going)

- 147 poems -

Publication Date:

March 2013

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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1/2 Boutelle du Vin!

SHE

When i opened my first boutelle du vin you was on your second round like you said: a slight and dusty bottle But you sip your full wineglass so pleasently!

Telling me nonsense words of love I talk some advantage of you Asking you about your past how many loves i have to ask.

But you are not 2 Chardonnais still Rich, full-bodied and voluptuous! and stare me with your liquid rouge look just when are 1 bottle and twoo!

HE

Like the red blood the vintage told arounds my head your sweet voice flows such a sly wisp fo Mona Lisas coy grin you look me up and size again

If then we make sure a toast to your love lets give the most to cross the bridges; oceans and air A Chadornnay sip; a smile care!

Contributing Poet: TA Robinson

33 Minutes Later!

You ask me if i love you i just simply answer to you It depends to my time

33 alone

Remember you kisses to me? left me without one Excuse your arms around me lost by your hurry

33 on crowd

For just some minutes later I believe that you dont love me anymore! Few moments to you. A eternity to me!

33 in raindrops!

So 33 for you too!

A Little Bit Of Hope!!

all this time in deserts
no rain, just wind sand
undid all my dreams
I'm Sandy, moved and controlled by wind
but am no longer desert
No more than it was!
I wanted his love undid
Wanted to flourish, dried
When all was lost
I was taken by that same wind
The greenest places.
Goodbye to you, to all pains

Time to bloom!

A Muralha!

Por que Teimas? Porque não te entregas de vez? Não vês o quanto esse muro que tanto tentas desmoronar

é tijolo e pedra?

Mais forte? Mais antigo?

Achas que teu tormento, tua dor suavizam-lhe os contornos? Adornam suas paredes?

Não vês que é tijolo e pedra?

Cairá um dia?

Apenas o Som nela agirá Tal qual em Jericó!

Fica Mudo! Fica Inerte! Morto!

Nós te agradecemos! Separa-te de nós!

As lágrimas que verte vem de efêmero momento!

Mas se é água forte, correnteza violenta Um rio encontrando mar! Deixa sempre o caminho a nos mostrar E quando estiveres Cansado e o trabalho já todo feito

Deixe-nos em teu leito navegar.

A Poem To A Poets!

the poet see crooked and talk weird too like a drunk perdition in his insane!

No one can understand a Poet Just you and me, like poet we are

The poet say 'Dr. Jivago'? It means like a movie? No it means my love for you!!!

Or he asks yourself, Am I Evil? No, he does not evil I am in silence, affirm the poet!!! In silence never he will be

BONG, kick the can!!! WAR AAA RAW in silence he is!

Trapped in a tower a terrible place just for one second to rest like almost all of us

He said' I gone' but gone like no one gone with strenght strange and revolutionary Poet!

No one can understand a Poet Just you and me, like poet we are!!!

Always in hurry!!!

bit, bit, my heart beats hurry, hurry, my hands move about you, in you, around you

hurry, hurry, before my words escape me doing a good job, saying let you, leaving you and loving more

undone, undone, but my heart perfect clap, clap, palms of my hand

in your face, in your words, in some heart

Anelo Pescatorio

turned into decree

turned law his permanence inside me

Before

it was just a sheet blank

weak, fainted in words gradually filled by the action of

pen and ink

aging by the time

ink...

that becomes incurable sharp twisted

Now on a royal paper Seal State stamped

Anelo Pescatorio

firmly kissed

in my heart

Angel!

When you arrived To me you came meek covered by their spells

When I got to you I spreaded my wings followed you in fall

Who is stronger? a magical feather or a blessed wing?

I need to land land to rest and plumes down me to accept

you need rise in the air soar, more and more and search a bold Angel to dare!

As if i were.....

i'll no resist more all your love you wantedgive to me

love is my sin?

was?

Oh! i just can love

After you my.. i need dive deep in silence to complete the hole

inside me

Like a human i were

You and I could jump and die there, shady place and warm was?

sometimes i swimming on the surface seeking hope

like a woman did

searching for air

too, but

there, is sweet dark and....quiet. A good place to die!

Avenue of My Body.

you pick up your brush since gave up his words and draws a line and says that I am

I'm a bit more than that 2 dashes already enough

I take your hands and gently paint some words you no longer understands then I paint my picture

I'm a bit more than that 2 dashes not enough

then, by drawing on me which carbon paper to see if you remember Who I Am

I'm a bit more than that a silhouette is not enough

A ghost you say want something more solid? open your hands black ink seeping through his fingers

I'm a bit more than that invisible ink and so thin

Black and white really try scribble my Body So I am The pale line again

Being Poet

Infinite Longing! Hands together, but Poet does not suffer

he does not cry, He is Silence! He is a mirror of our life!

He align our pains with few of red and grays painting sometimes our griefs

Milky Way!

Ask for him in that good hour A pinch of colour

And he, having all such power gives to you and to me a little of rest and touch of blue

I just want only be poetry No pain, no loss I want all his words!

His counsel, His wonders I want to fill my chest And be pure delight!

Fill me in with All the magic in the world! wrapped me, take me Show me!

His dance She can heal me! She can transform me!

And tell me anyway Restest, come down, Now, here, we are equals today!

Better be Poet!!!

You should learn to share and share this love with me

You should give me more attention and you would have more affection

Loving for yourself is for the poet! I am not anymore! Turned normal person!

Demanding and in debt with love!

I'm also not liking!! I'll go back to being what i always was letters as lovers, verses as boyfriends

then I'll leave and let you you divide your time, shares your love and their attention Alone!! Because Poet is better to be!!

Better don't!!!

face me tomorrow when i have washed my face and removed my make up my face of lies

Face me tonight and what you'll see probably never saw before my face carving on marble and you'll never comprehends

Face me today and see my eyes of vulcan look only to my body empty and thanked for all this

I am unfilled and full of mist keeping my silence for such sorrow so face me the day after maybe i have returned

Blame the Wind!

There, between two pointed Rocks

vast plain to eyes see a solitary man stand still

the wind blows from the moorlands reaches him

pretending be her voice

fingers of death over your left shoulder

to give the bitter kiss

in the immense meadow

a solitary man keep vigil

waiting so far don't seeing this view between two worlds

where she lay

everything has to do with the wind

as it blows cold and cruel

over the relentless man

molded and carved by it. among the living sculptured man

there

embraced by memories

Now wrapped

for deadly dark souls

to give him hell

Blame the Wind!

A soul cut in stone

like the two rocks
at beginning of the scenes
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Blue Moon!

i am so sad to talk about you Blue Moom someone took you from me and now i have nothing to say about you I had many beautiful things to express When and how your Occurs When You take place for me and for love

But someone took you from me

Someone who do not know about us Me and you and never know How is beautiful When once in the Blue In a rare instant The tingle of Turquoise When i undo in love

But someone took you from me

And transform all my desires in pain
All your beauty in simple star
You are now inside me just like one astronomus study
I do not relate to you more
I do not depend on their influence over
you do not affect me in my day by days
Yours cyclical movement is nothing more for me
My tide hid in the ocean

Because someone took you from me

Now you are a betrayer Moon intense, but your blue stain my cold soul I was ready to dress my simple cloth white, for you Impregnate me of bright to show my demure body Under your powerful Azure

But someone took you from me

All my madness That I'll offer to you My tears and weeps and caress my wanton way for you transform When you Appear just for me Take place just for my love Reach me for my sick pleasure All that was gone

Because someone took you from me

Boca

Tudo que vai a boca é sensual! a bala macia, correndo de um lado para outro! o barulho gostoso do explodir de um chiclete! o abrir a boca de surpresa!

OH!!!

Tudo em sua boca é sensual! o limpar os seus cantos com o guardanapo o estalar de sua lígua quase dizendo sim o leve encontro de seus lábios um contra o outro!

AH!!!

Tudo em nossa boca é sensual! o drops que trocamos molhado nossos lábios batendo em leve encontro! nosso beijo!

Hummmmm!

Tudo em nosso corpo é sensual! o que vai a boca o que permanece nela a dança do que entra e sai!

UI!!

Brave Men!!!!

I like brave men those who goes to war and finally returned share with us your visions

I like angry men that dispute your honour and bravery in a table of bar sharing with us your strength

I like drunk men that spit their stories and say obscene language with your friends sharing with us yours laughts

I like human men that give all time the best and the worst and seal our hearts with a long kiss!

Broke Heart!

she broke hearts cowardly! creepeth yourself for her safety darkness

bitter, bitter taste came out of his mouth came in directly in your heart

Broke, broken, it is

But

broke, broken, she is

So, freezes she! snow into her soul! so, coldness over she!

Chest, heart and colour!

sultry is your hands pressed on my chest

Cold is your heart but warms up next to me

beautiful his eyes only when they deign to look at me

are green, are blue, are black? whatever, depends on love hearty in our hearts!

Christmas Day

~ M Morgan ~
Try be Christmas day
Jus ton this day
to taste to be be a better person
test, prove to yourself
eat the meat, drink the wine
supply your table with exotic fruits
Call his dear ones
Be God, epiphany in your afflicted heart
or be simple liturgical
A catholic Rite or christian manifestation
Be human on a solely day in your year

Now you will see Through your window

You can't get it, don't you?

Conan the Barbarian, Lucas the Destroyer!!!!

Inspired by a maternal love who lacks me some times (see the title, you'll understand) a negative poem to my dear son Lucas!

Living with him i learned more than i taught! How is important have warranty and insurance warranty for those objects that you like so much Insurance for this moments that you lose completely your head!

My Laptop, treasured by me in secret hidden passwords carefully chosen by Pentagon The enemy saw, waited and broken thousands pieces of my life in ground

(psychiatric hospital, please)

The digital camera, semi professional? That rare book which was stolen from the library? The English dishes? From my family? ???

Could seem incredible, but in one day, done The Barbarian has not pity!!!!

(no, not kill him, please)

Knowing your force and skills Your brother, in a desperate attempt to stop the destroyer gives to him my cell phone to dismantle. A joke!!!! OH! Ability. Has no time to stop! Just few minutes, all parts beyond

But this 'boy' has a future, say his brother!! (mother sedate) yes, quality control, if resists to him...... Mom, Mom!!!!!!

But despite these dire and maddening skills no warranty or insurance to support me! He is my son!!! And i must love him!!!! I think. Lucas, when you go to your father's house??

God exists!!!!

Considerations About Love!

A friend of mine!

trying understand me, asked me What your inspiration? I tell him! Is about love? Is about life? or how difficult the both can be?

So try be owner of one person try shut up all your screams pretend that he or she is yours and treat him like it something

Pick up your love and say you are mine! not for love but for my possesion pick up your son and with proud said he is mine, all mine

And have no doubt he goes far away from you and never goes back because love has to be freedom

Love has to be right to go And if you really love someone have to let him go and say I love you i'll be there if you back

Say to him, i love you But your hapiness came first near me or away from me So Go, i wait for you

So if really love is they back, because my love your love and our love has to be the right to go and back If he wants!

Creator&Creature

Lower my head entwine my hair in my face of marble

As you did

undress all my silks and some cotton kiss my neck

as you like

Do not touch me I remain look, Lifeless there,

creator and creature

hopelessly

trace with your fingers giving me life the silhouette on my back slowly and cautiously

Draw my form with his hands and take them to lips Kiss

I'm your dream or your illusion Created and now

Alive.

Dance of Death!

when Death comes the body get out to dance and shake itself with extreme

resistance

and

persistence

because can not more stop

This dance is only for the Braves!

WE that does not hear that melody

Still.

with fears over our heart waiting in a corner or fighting on a field or helping someone

Know!

we gave up in front of the face of eternity

WHEN

THE GREEDY HADES

arises from her throne with your catchy tune And START TO DANCE that 'Perfect Underworld'

Dance With Me!

I cut my foot!

i cut only in a delirious dance and, then, opened a vein my vessel of blood was contained by an white unknown man

I was rewarded! with 2 points for remember And 1 point in my soul by the stranger who stanched my blood hold me and told me you will never be real in this lonely dance dance with me!

Dare With Me!

Give me your hands and I'll want more than caress If you dare give me a hug Oh! I'll do more than a hug Keep counting! The enormous things that i want to do with you! Give me a kiss, Now! and i want more, more than a kiss Oh! What i want to do! with your lips and tonque inside your mouth Absorbinb your saliva and joke with your membrana walk and walk dance and dance my tongue on yours Even provoking a collapse Now, you are completely lost, cant do anything. Wants more? Glue on me like I in you and hold me I'll say to you dirty things whispering and gasping I know, you love that! Oh! give me your entire love And i will do more than love with you I will turn you inside out and tell you words in portuguese Just for you! cross through your entire body with my dance, OH! I'll get you wet and dry at same time And you'll ask to yourself one second just, is rain or wind The truth, my love IS i went through you inside you and so strong You did not see Accept that and dont want know why All this gift is for me and for you and because you dare with me And showed to me your face Oh! Count again!!

Do you Want a Candy?

Do you want a candy
Love?
Brigadeiro?
A rounded sweet
Made of chocolate
with Taste and flavoured
By condensed Milk?

Toasty and warm absorbing the heat melting slowly inside a hot shelter Filling your mouth with pleasure Until reach your heart

you will have Sensation of dizzy with some granulate chocolate Glued the roof of mouth so easy. And so much pleasure and tastes! Luscious! Visions and scents That Is the Food of the Gods! who nourishes your body and also your soul Melting all that sensations!

How does it feel Love? Such sweetness in the mouth ' Do you Want a candy?

Dont Ask Me How! (love Poem)

But i know your serious voice
the vibrant rhythm chord
Alegro sonata form
Vibrating in his throat
In a difficult composition
To cast you feelings away
Sometimes I do not know
Whether it is music or where is the poem
What comes to me is only words
But I hear your emotional sounds
deep on my frightened mind
inside my deaf heart

I am in doubt if you're Partitura Or if you are just a stanza does not matter if is symphony or one single verse I can feel it on the same way When you call my name So, please

Don't ask me how!!!

Doubt about Me!

Today i loved you on my table Chocolate cake

yesterday i had a tremendous sense of your absence syrup chocolate on my cake

But how about tomorrow I ate each slice and swallowed all the syrup

Tell me, how about the others day?

Drowned on You!

drowned in the sea of violins, swimming on heavenly clouds breathing in a Non-polluted air Lying by your side

Sea of clouds Diving of sounds Scent of Me On top of you

crazy loop on air brushing and stroke on earth fire consuming the spine I shall be delighted to come

Earth and fire wind and clouds sounds come from us I am happy in be with you!

Fascination!!! (think is love poem)

If god ask me about my sins
I have to say yes look for my skin
All the time wet for me and for him
love dwells on me

So i ask to him! Love is my sin? One way to put me on suffering here I pay, here inearth my trespass

Oh my God!
give me a sip of no love
intoxicate me of seven sins
Angry, greed, perhaps i'll should be free
Lust i already have within
dont worry about
and put on your list
love of me is the eighth grin
My only fascination, my love for him

Feathers!

feathers on me again and again first to fly and now to earth rest enable me to get ready and carried me through you anywhere there are feathers like you said! in me in you!

a very strange and intoxicating feeling afterwards, that you traced my body maybe i have gasp, of some lack of air! in high feather, full feathers you will be writhing with ecstacy Very pleasurable for me I feel extremely good you make me a path a invisible way

eagle feathers very powerful sound bird feathers very delicate for tight places or open places make his sound so soft Ah! My God!!! give me the name of that medicine! Feathers on me! Feathers on you!

Feeling Free

I need feel free and anyone can do that for me

I need my ours words back my entire soul and relax

to say what i want to say and nobody can reply You don't want hear!

so many beautiful words with some sense stuck on my chest You don't want see!

repressed and i don't know why! My pace my rhythm! I did not want to talk!

Lose, lost within my heart because you make me confused I did not realize!

You put me doubts doubts that i don't had You don't care

Now is like a peaceful place but not dare dive! Now i don't care, don't hear and don't see anymore!

Published today 12.10

Fighter!!!

they call me Angry Poet
I say, yes, and do a poem!
They said i am Ugly Poet
ok, i do my hair and turn my back
Maybe a stupid way
to lay my words?
Yes, i said, changed style
so many times...
Said i am unprepared, not education
But i am polite and love poets and poetry!
It is not enough, they continuous saying
Talk about men, about secrets?
Sex and misfits?
Yes, i say, so
Do you want to fight?
Better dont!
I am a Fighter!

Flamengo Team!!!

i am a little dizzy little muddled with the force of your impact you kick the ball to me and do your goal

1 X0

I run by green field to hold the white ball, firmly you kick in a dishonest way you are the top scorer what a stroke!

2X0

I try to spare me and move quickly towards back my place is not safe a direct free kick green and black of his shirt vibrates

3x0

but i am Flamengo my colours are black and red and never surrender run on my blood My nation is rubro-negra and certainly is not end this football game

First Time, friend!!!!!

From, Thinking and Love!

From to....
Thinking.....
Love! ! ! Someone!
This is a powerful verb!
Needs no preposition.
Love! Ready.
Without one, you can also.
They say someone is better
But it can be alone!
He fulfills his role well!
LOVE only when coupled
Loving Someone!
You can not love this, this, this.....
You can not love My, Your, Our.....
You can only LOVE! in You, for You
There you can!
Then, combine!

Jealous that Verb!

But it also has another verb.
What comes after the LOVE!
Think!
Thinking requires.... something that, in my, in yours, in our!
You also think.... From the Other!
Thinking all is wanting!

At that point! In this combination! The love does not tolerate such a preposition

Demanding that verb!

Then comes the

FROM! Birth from thee! Because you began putting together The Love

and finished with The Think!

Painful this verb!

Gardener, for your broken heart!

She, don't know your song!
Either the secret of your wind, that you commands!
Or the power of the rain, that falls when you dance!
And she don't know about your pains!
But she have the key!
Just as you had!
Then, always is equal share!
And she leaves it aside.Just for a Moment!
be more calm, more garden, more flowers.
but who will be by your side?
when you hold the pen?
Who will guard your kingdom?
she, who left the key? For a secret desire?
No, i think not!
You are some in some many times!

You are the gardener!

Golden Moon!

Celestial body, out of my atmosphere Move your way with divine power Elliptical trajectory in our body Nocturnal sky My infinite navigation

Lost in your attraction
That revolves and evolves quickly
A single cry mine is not enough
So, acts majestic force spread dark matter on me!

Makes me full of fluids tide With countless comings and goings While you are in heaven Aurum let me be Dark Moon amalgam terrestrial, crater that accept him in holy communion

Goodbye Poet!!!!

Very sad when a Poet close your book leave his pen and left us So we say: There goes, Aphrodite, Apollo, Hades find your ethereal Muse and make peaces with God

Because The Poet goes different

He goes taking all of us with him He goes but leaving your scrolls, hymns His Ilíadas, Odisseias For ever and Never

Because The Poet let us different

He dare to be absent without a motive confront dead and write the more beautiful Poem Poet's heart now beats alone!

So go Poet Go, because you are different

Goodbye!

Today I said goodbye I do not know if only me get off the train! and give GOODBYE! They are forever? Or they wave back? Are they true? My, I think they are! Goodbye, kisses, hugs but Adieu! I say it with kindness cordially I am póet! Because people deserve and need a nice GOODBYE! It's hard for them too! So I'll give you mine! I gave you so much There goes my farewell!! Have a little weak, a little tired rocked by music But a beautiful and poetic ADEUS! Now, let me reap my green and then, goodbye!

H20 Plus 02

they are the fountain of life!

Which do you prefer?
Die immediately?
Be murdered slowly? .
take your time.
Don't worry
They always wins!!

High and low (the two visions)

All like secrets my friend Cristina also she prefers the secrets seen from above I prefer the lock

I see couples in bed kissing, fondling and sex unpronounceable words slaps, strikes, shaking the room

I am the eye of the look i am the eyes of the door

She sees the wind, the green She is the keeper of the heights She prepares the misfits And love them

I am the eye of the look i am the eyes of the door

I allow them to enter to dance and love But i am the watcher I sustain all his spirits

You are looking the skys
I am holding hers souls
I need Cristina be one time
Cristina need be me, sometimes

How can the children fall in Love?

PART I

when the boys are angry! kicking the ball with the friends take it back because he cant do a goal!

after all that beautiful play! was not your good day

when girls plays together so condescending he allows her to play their own game

And again takes back the little doll of Anne

Goes to home to hide beating hard his feet on ground! No games, no ball and no Me!

Someone whispered! No love too!

PART II

Anne cry ken and Jane calls her to play seek&hide

Has a woods with secrets paths and a lake

Ken recites for Anne under the gorgeous tree

He was in love for her!

Touch her face and kiss her tears

She sits and cross your legs over the green grass

She was in love for him!

That moment was a miracle

seconds of enchantment Fascination

Even Jane stopped her random jumps

PART III

Dont be frightened let that for my heart open the hands like i open my soul To You! Allow me to touch and kiss them My first kiss of love will rest in your hands and If LOVE grows it will rise until your heart If reach your heart it will quietly sleep in your soul Even when i am not more here!

How to be a good good poet!!! (answer to poetic Patrol)

Start reading: Shakespeares waste Bin (Chris), Tom Balch Erick99 (Paul), Kely Seale, Midnight's Voice (Thomas)

If not ready yet has more Robert Green, Stevie Tate Rick Elpers, Leafsailor(David), Nightmute (Richard)

Just for beginning this list is infinite

How much you read and feel and absorb more you learn your humble position in this orb

Maybe, when reaching the 80th Thinking, because we have a brain! When all Alices and all fairies have gone We'll see how much help they gives

And how boring we were!!!

How you took me!!!

i have another dance not a solitary dance but stranger music tonight a dance about places you and me in solitary space

you took me by your eyes

and I

I was prepared for you!

we talk so softly about love you hold me in your arms and I consented, it's so good! suddenly you left me!

i want to know why?

you have tears on your face his eyes springing up water and I'll never forget in my life like you took me in this song In this night!

Thanks!

I am a Clown!

some clowns sometime somersaults so you can hear the laughter and summer time with tears summit climb with fears

But is necessary

Some, something you have to be

A clown the laughs the tears please if you could without fears!

I am Carioca!!

I come from my Rio de Janeiro where all loves are possible I do not know if by sea or mountains or if the carioca way of loving

There is a freedom in our soul for love, for dance touched by the immense beauty that surrounds us all

we love, black and white rich and poor in our sands all are equals

pulled by 'S', talk nonsense but we are happy Cariocas we are

For everything we give a way And love Carioca is different to love any other

is wind and soft sand under your feet is sea green, crystalline, huge waves is the cold beer in the afternoon, the breakfast always in the same bakery

It's beauty that blind us it hurts of longing, like lost love but it always comes back

distance is short between you and total love my homeland, my sonnet the good mood, entire joy

Good Morning my Rio de Janeiro!

I am cold for that!

i think was in a altar that you eat my flesh drink my blood too like in a ritual

I am here for you devastating my all I am surrendering myself to your words

be easily to me Could you Please? dont make me Uh! or begin for you AH! Just pass over me and all is ok

Do what you do of the best

eat me so gentle love me so empty that i could be your winter the best i could feel

So, be cold with me be no one with me but be someone You are my love

be coldness distant love that i am too i am come with that

I Don't Know What Happens!

I see perfect rhymes faultless verses the sleeping beauty Words where no one has Poets saying like no one can say rhythms, sounds, letters harmony, balance and for all this phenomenal poets for all this talent be humble and Please, say a hello to them!!!

I Hate The White!

sense of emptiness on me! a lack of energy and no-love a lose of talent or a Big Faded blank That is now your presence

Blankness! Translucent, transparent until empty becoming hurts me you beeing white the short story that lack

A No poem that scares me Just a desert uncolored Not forgotten and still Insist in not being!

Being only Blank Hate blank pages absences of words vacancy of rhythm

Lose of such delicate skills Hate be alone!

I Need To Hear!

I want to hear.
how much your language is.
His way to express so soft.
And how English is so touching! And so tender! In your voice.
because my, is so rude!
and yours, is so spherical
and when I expected for one R
Always comes a Th
so smooth!
That's confused me!
that reminds me when the smoothness of your tongue meet mine.
And overcome and resign me!
Only in English!!!
two famous tongue can be meet.
mellow and back words.
Only for you, because your wet time i insist! And you have a beautiful weather!!! Can
unite drops and sounds.

Oh! No, beautiful language!

Oh! wrong again? ? ? What beautiful wet tongue!!!!

I Pass Away!

I died!
Thanks god! i am died!
For those who never fails!
Pass away for one who always judge others!
And more deep for who have not love!
Please!
Dont cry over me. Because, who, you, don't have love have to know:
Its a eight sin;
And, probably, me, i would not want you near my ashes!
Because i am being burned to pay yours prejudice!
And for me, its enough.

Then, leave me!

I Trust In You!

my dark side of the moon
i'll try to teach you
because i need you too seek
so, i take your hands and watering with
my lips and saliva
i feel your pulse speedy
i softly and reach your neck
and then seal my kiss
and take your hands
firmly holding my
and i come and goes
i give and received
my hands and kisses
my body...
in the dark side of the moon

IF!

....IF
Words hurts
Hurts and think well
think, what you say before
before, say and insist in Love Me!

Increasingly bold

When I release Which is repressed You can listen where you are the son of my joy

But I'm not satisfied!

I send to you the sound of thunder That comes before the storm in His desert. the sound before the big rain silences you And from now on only you know And so it is my pleasure That my awaking has Just Begun

And you say!
Well done!!!!
finally you go!
When lightning and falling
near or far
you will always remember me
with yourself, and think
OH! How can she pleasure without me! That Way!
Send to me such ray!!!!

Its Hurts!!!

Ui, it hurts!!! why? where the blood? where wound is? I see nothing!

Ui! it hurts! again and again you'll never see Even me

Ui, your grief is my too? your tears what side is our suffer? my right side is your left!

I've been Hacked!!!

i've been hacked, hacked cut, cutting my gentle words my kind heart HE cut my fingers my ideas too

in a crowd of sad poets Made me me in pieces try to speak for me For some For all of us!!

He has no ideas to cut He has no talent to cut He has only a hacked soul

he does not know what love is And LOVE is our task Because Poet we are!!!

Shard of blurry glass he is Shard of limpid crystal we are!!!

January 26,2011until......

And I'm thinking of wars. Although, one, understands nothing. So I share what I know. A country called Syria that calls for democracy. Living subtracted from their civil rights for almost 40 years. Passed from father to son the power. And an entire population, a generation of dumb slaves, humiliated, without rights, calls now for free! Who can help? Who can stop the worst of wars, which is a civilian? destroying over each other until nothing remains. Until someone asks... What's left? Where do we go?

Then comes the application of human rights, the famous Geneva Convention. But it seems that war is deaf to such international appeals. Doctors Without Borders, Red Cross, working almost alone, in another war, to save lives. Are attacked, can not be fixed, the conflict is also nomadic.

And in this way, the innocent perish. The sons of war, babies, mothers and fathers of war. The blood of an entire people poured out of greed and veneration of power.

Emerge also international interests. Some help others destroy, and more guns and fewer supplies. And fewer hospitals and fewer professionals. Finally, fewer lives.

How many chances throw away, how many dead Gênius, how many silent poets, writers, teachers, humanists.

The world loses again.

Jump And Run!

I asked to you you said: we have so much to burn! so we will not regrets!

TIC! TAC!

You offered me one sweet and renewed soul i give you only fears and cold!

TIC! TAC!

The Clock did it its sound

We cant hear anything We did not want see nothing Only you and me

TIC! TAC!

your words so afective! my moods so distracted! our hearts so connected!

TIC! TAC!

I came so close A music on air A movie so sad!

TIC! TAC!

The hands of the clock Jealous of us that sounds again

TIC! TAC!

the time reigns claim for our hearts insidious night!

TIC! TAC!

So, go Jump togheter Go run togheter Time now is mute and happy!

Lately!!!

```
I 'm insupportable!!!!
Reading, running,
Playing, crying Loving!!!!
Un-pleasant person
She reads excessively (he says)
More still Runs (she makes)
And loves! (they want) ......
I love!!!!
yes!
The words, all the peoples!
Now that I can
I love until the postman!
And I also joke and when I fall down
I cry!
Des-honest person, She is!
She did not loved me?
She did not lived only for me?
She did not run only for me?
Insensible this woman!
Do you want to know something?
I discovered that I don't love the prepositions!
Also to the pronoums!
The personal are the worse ones!
Better to be without.
poor of connections but free!!
Only the verbs, the gerunds, the past participle.....
AH! !
And pronouns?????
Only
You and I!
Revolutionary person!
Poetheart (going)
```

Learning Fast Poetess!

i was thinking like poetry can be more than all. More than you, me, more than a pleasurable book. How poetry has changed me and make me a better person. A beautiful person. More confident, more sensual and open to life. I have no more fears. I left them behind. Its logical that i suffer still but when pains comes i always have your words my words and all poetry on the world.

Is a New World for me. Not so new, because dwells on me since i was born. That madness by the letters and rhymes. I recognize that feelings. Feel that my whole life. Just needed a push. A endless push. That keeps going and dragging me. Thanks God!

I have improving myself. Each tears i drop. Each disappointing i have. Each ache that touch my heart. I am better. I am stronger. I am a Learning Fast Poetess

.All my life i learned so many things.and fast! . For what? Talk many languages, or write very well or be the first on each prove that i have to do?

For What? ? Be the best with a solitaire heart? That nobody could reach?

No, not anymore!

I have one love, yes. Bigger than other love that i had. So fall in love for me like me to him, So welcome and warm like a kiss of a man. I have poetry. She dry my tears, comfort me in bad moments and is true to me all the time. Forgive my sins and make strong!

then to whom should I thank?

Thanks!

Legend of Untrue! ~me and Soul~

Comfort my soul
By listening the voice
Your softness so tender
But only just an old legend
A lie told in tales
I found and lost
In innocent mind
Once I remembered
But now I've forgotten
Let it burned, burned in time
A legend of untrue by you

How many sounds
One lie can be interpreted
For later have to be elucidated
In front your eyes

Too weak under your lies Ashamed, i cry

Twist your lies Around your tongue Making words trapting smiles With tricks hidden behind teeth As much you say love me in a kiss Fooled again for another myth Perhaps fool is myself Your lips are softest knife Sharp enough cut my chest Stealing my love away After breaking my heart Unreturned and wasted Bruises marked, unhealed And pains written in scars Remind me a tale by you About A legend of untrue

How many round
One lie can be recycled
For later have to be realised
In front your eyes

Ashamed, i cry I was fooled Not again

How many faces i skipped To hide my all inside from you and past Not to awake Blame you not As fool is me to believe you

But you remembering my pain Your forgiveness still remain Just put me far distant From another myth Love in lies To be told Again

Dont be my misery Be now my mercy Just forget me For who i am what i was To you

Release me From A Legend of Untrue A myth in a kiss by you

.....

Letter from a Poetess to a diamond earring!

I hope I can answer your letter correctly because Paul, I do not write more in Portuguese, so wherever you are aware that became his farewell letter in a english poem.

So long after his memory had come back to me in prose And you know I do not like prose.

Simply fell into my hands.

Your letter lies.

Appeared not know where. Perhaps to revive his memory long ago buried. Then in my poor lyrics, will now only my answer to your excuses.

Still dwells here some bruises!

I forgotten you completely. But, since you stubbornly returned I must replies to you. That's my poem for you.

Letter from a poet to a diamond earring!

You gave me a Diamond Earing so Beautiful and Bright that night.

Why get out with the tall and blonde woman?

Its all right!

And the manager of Hotel

hold me so tight!

Hope you don't mind!

And my diamond earing shone in your room not so bright!

Back to the hotel

you claim for my forgiveness!

I put my mask and said, yes,

just throw up on your face once it was two diamonds Bright.

You have to sleep on the Lounge!

And

When the sunlight come
On airport, i was

without one single tear just going to nowhere that was our love affair!

And

How about once was a diamond earring So bright!

But i want to know all this years passed by and i need

How did you went to your chateau? .
Yes, how?

Because in

Dust was my heart to

and

the diamond earrings
! once so Bright

Poetheart (going)

Letter to Mr. Dorian!

Dear Mr. Dorian

I am surprised each time i saw your book. Very. Even being the third time that i read you.

Apparently you still cause amazement and controversy. Spanned the centuries.

We're here more hedonistic than ever and our picture remains well hid. Painted with dark colors. Our decay reached a limit and even you could not even guess. And at the end, your picture was not so ugly.

And

Your cross over the century and make me suffer. Because i have to reveal my life's style. Reading you!

Even you being dead you inspire me Mr.

I opened the pages of your book again and something was lost.

Your ingenuous Picture!

You are so beautiful Mr. Dorian, with your sweet out fashion sins. Hanging on ours halls.

Don't punish yourself with griefs or guilts. We live now in a decadent way, in fact it is modern.

Your vanity, hedonism was a glance, a vision of our future. And the Victorian society that you fought so bravely oh! You help us so much! We are between You and the nothing that we create.

We walk a little but just because we are obliged. At heart, we are the same man and woman from the past.

The laws, full of morality and restrictions on our behavior, keep us on line. Rules over us and dictate the limits of our freedoms. We are good by force not by humanity.

as I say, we are like cattle, all going in the same direction. It is still forbidden to think much. But a little you can.

We can not more smoke Mr. Dorian.Is not politically correct. But we can be well succeed and grim all under ours ambitions. And the culture of narcissism is in vogue too.

Now, all women are equals. You have to do a big search to find something natural on their body. Strange no? But is true.

And You thought that your age was so conservative and pride!

How you are so naif Mr. Dorian. But thanks, you open the Gate! Some of us still have a brain but no one like you.

That on my humble opinion.

Well i am going on my way now. Better not explain to much because on this time, we can not express themselves freely. Although they say the opposite. But it is better not to risk.

No, no Mr. Dorian, not the government now the big corporation Mr. But is too much to you see.

Longing from you Mr. Oscar.

Letters and Words.

I'm feeling so alone without the letters!
Without the words.
The paper which i write impose to myself limitations.
I don't like border lines.
Shorts spaces twisted my hands. Distracts me from such needed affection.
Always the paper, the space and words! My love!
forget my cliché!
My fragility or my weak to deal with.Can be?
Words fail me again? lacks to me again?
What can i do if they don't meet each other?
Re-invent the past?
You suffer. I know.
And how many times that happens
More still hurts me too.

Please, baby, turn over the page.

Letters of love between Poets!

On this days seems impossible Letters of love between lovers!

letters of pure love

remarkable feelings

that capture our

courtship!

in one single moment!

Oh! sorry! are you not poet?

Are you a man so worried?

or a woman so empty?

But the letters come and go

without your approval

or advertisement!

Yes, its exists!

Incredulous Perfec Human!

Love captured in a unique moment

far away your expertise

and judgment.

Beyond this world

exist a brief to breath

I write and

he writes

we write.

and for you

so lonely and empty

i say,

attention in love words

it might transform you

and awake your sleepy heart.

Oh! Just

Hear the poets

the music that comes from them

read your words

Be fragile and cry

like i cry

but keeping reading

and you will die!

a sweet death but feed you heart.

That's what poetry is

Poets and feeding souls

cultivated

on they strange and

secrets fields!

Linhas

Meu Amor Por favor! Você pode me devolver Aquela Sombra? Nublava seus olhos

Talvez tenha esquecido onde guardou. Está bem aqui! Obscureceu tanto, encantou tanto Que não vês!

Sombra pequena, curva Linha Pálida que tu vias entre meus seios! Lembra?

Era o seu Equador Mais acima, semi-Sahara mais abaixo Tropical A sua topografia desenhada em mim!

A minha geografia! guardada em seus olhos Sou sua linha que une dois pontos Linha férea, que leva e trás

Sou limite de águas Linha comum a duas superfícies Eu sou Os caminhos marcados na palma de sua mãos!

Lost in the Blue!

I sowed our love in grains in sacred earth so nice, gentle, reddish

And i forgot, looking the blue! Look the red, claim you!

cultivate you among forest and woods so bigs and so beautiful that withered you!

I am looking the blue! Look the red, said you!

so many forms to till you to lacerate your veins to explore so many gains

But i forgot,

I am looking the blue Look the red whispered you!

so many ways to handle you watering you, loving you but, i forgot my ground.

i am looking the blue Look the red stammered you!

Lost you lost me in blue lost we at all.

Math! (fun poem)

I hate myself when i love 1,2,3 i want 3,2,1

I hate more when is 0,0 and 0 i need 1%

And for not kill myself with all this math! I erase it and start the count again

Where that I stopped it??

Milky Way!

somewhere is complete someday you too and so at full speed you are filled up of life

Others moments the Place is empty, and again, faster for following the rhythm you search and nothing to find out!

Don't worry about that! Me too! faster and harder upstream, downstream

And Came on!!!

You are like a Milky Way sparkling and glowing Even the Hubble would not get you! like infinite stars you remain All our way!

My Deranged Mind!

if I am in my solitude or even i feeling sad its because my touch don't reached you yet

My tears are following yours desperately seeking A way to escape this enamored affair

And to pine away and finaly die!

Time takes me and you conspiring until now to make us days and months hiding one of another

But we are seconds and minutes I am minute hand I don't know about you, love but i am in rush!

'My face blushed my body shaked and quaked in my deranged minded'

Exhausted,

I dont realized not even you, who invented many hours for us And so, it was late, it was night and....

'My face blushed my body shaked and quaked in my deranged minded'

My Dream!!

I caught her hands and hold it in your back I make a knot They say it is a love knot and you immobilized by my words and my wishes, knows... i want to paint, each of your fingers each one of a color each color with your own poison

Painfully traversing your body

gently dripping colours and all have to migrate to his heart just in case you have forgotten that is my simple way to reach your love Suffer you, suffer over me Its so new, i know, but you are new for me too But is my dream, a newborn dream So, please my love, give without any resistance your hands to me.

My first tongue kiss! (sex poem (smoother))

We just left the club, I was 16 he 25 All night without any kiss, just stares and beneficial interference of friends. All kind of music played, that i still love. Dobbie Brothers, Marvin Gaye and OH Close to you! At this time i was so romantic. Now, just romantic!

And I think to myself tonighit will be The night.

All friends a little drunk, and we went to Copacabana. To eat boiled corn, sold on the sidewalk just before dawn for insomniacs, passionate peoples and beijoqueiros. Until now we do that. Try walking at dawn in Rio de Janeiro with his love. Love shines and dispute with the beauty of the sea and you feel so free with all that wild blue yonder at his feet and a gorgeous mouth to kiss. Unforgettable!

Halfway there, on the beach of the Flamengo, my friend who was driving asked me to take the car. So very grateful to glimpse one more night in my life, I took the wheel and stopped at all red lights.

And my Cat by my side sliding his hands lightly on my legs.

watching! ! The red lights. Oh! The hands yoyo more. Slow down, slow down! OH 3 couples on this Chevy and I had to ask them to open all the windows, mine just was not enough.

Praia de Botafogo and hands on my thighs.

- I have to come quick, only to cross the New Tunnel, Babilony slum and more...... Copacabana and finally my panties.......

Totally embarrassed, i parked the car and finally all out in search of the famous corn. except me, blocked by two wonderful hands between my almost there.

Very strange excitement came so warm and wet.

Very good also.

I took his hand gently from the inside of my dress and i opened the door, jumped out of the car. We were walking down the sidewalk of Copacabana hand in hands. Without saying anything. Suddenly, he holds me tight by my hips and without permission puts his tongue in my mouth. Quickly and strong like he was kissed me before. OH! Not a gentle kiss, with slightly moistened lips, mouth half open, rubbing each other, giving me a feeling of immense pleasure.

Oh! invading my mucosa and seeking slow my tongue.

Tilted back my head, looked me in the eyes stared me and kiss me first with kindness. After all was my first tongue kiss!

So I had to teach him how to kiss me because i dont want missed that night.

My kiss is consensual, the two sides should permit and should be pleased. But it has to be slow, wet. The tongue must first walk through the lips and with increasing distress, go exploring savoring another. Until the kiss needs more. More intimacy allowing the body total free do express itself.

And hands should circulate through the body, shoulders, neck, hips. Sliding, completing

the bale. Breathing and kissing.

The body joins and should do a dance of desire. Slowly, mixed, wet mouth and get soaked legs. So dance for me!

The kiss was not as good and the night was saved by corn and he still has not learned to kiss. That's what the people say!!!

My Geometry!

I know that's not pleases you! So skin and delicate!!! like something invisible. Naked! Only what remains is the contour! That you make. And what we can do with a line? Only one? Ask to mathematician! He said that i have all geometric lines. Form, size and others things. Ask the astronomer too! was him who has mapped the stars and planets, he said, that i have, Left some surface still, that you did not pay attention. That could be draws over there. New design! New hands. OH! Even to me its was a surprise! But, they sees my empty design and lines And! dont blame me! Was so good!!!! Expose my entire space. So reveal. My empty. My angles twisted and be real. And, what they discovered about? That's between the mathematics and astronomy. So sorry!!

my love, disturbs, troubles and hurts!

disturbs you?

the kiss not given the caress lost the silence, this solitude the anger contained

Troubles you?

what might have been and sorrowfully was not? the kiss glued the furtive embrace our sensual dance

Hurts you?

the pleasure that you not sense the body forgotten and warm the scent of woman on me the memory of ups and downs the flesh wet

I ask to myself if you still wait for me and hopes that i will be more valiant than you and be affected by the same faults..... Because my love, disturbs, troubles and hurts

My Tears are not Limpid!!

My tears weigh it seems like stones are not jewels or pure water Are Hurt!

are not poetic as the poet's words nor beautiful as his pace Are rude!

soak you with sadness insist on being there dirty water of sorrow neap tides

still water rainy season body of water In tears I drown myself

Not limpid or crystalline dirty with my grieve A vessel out of control Trembling in my heart!

My Tears for you!

When i try to forget and again i am lying to me So; my first Tears in Paris are given to you!

When my thoughts, smilling, Oh! I am safe and my soul dreams that is free but in chains she is So, my second Tears in Paris Claim to you!

When my heart is untrue to myself i insist and believe in So my third Tears in Paris come to you!

When i am forced to see what really is my chest a warning do So, just know all my Tears of entire world drain to you!

My Will!

The will to love leads me to you

the will to live asks me to come back and makes me not will to love you!!

My.....

My fragility is not differ from yours
I am more delicate or more sensitive
my debilities not reside on my body, in you

your fragility too!

My weakness is my heart wild In the same compass who beats in yours

your weakness too!

My softness is shield in my chest the return of your echoes that was blowing up in yours

your softness too!

Thanks to you Thanks to us for so many imperfection All my, all your, all ours!!!!

No more words!

i have no more words in fact they run away from me this is payment for my sins

my entire life in few days my entire love for few moments this is me and my soul

again and again sucked by the current dragged between knots and strings

ailment on my soul i am prone to this my sin want cut me the hurt

take away my pleasure and delight my words in return for so, forever and ever mute!

Nothing More!!!

nothing more like was
no one like you
and i want just a tear trembling on my eyes
i want it back to me
too many that you have stolen me
and wet in sunlight bathed yourself
once they have dried
anything less than this
nothing more than you can gave me
nothing less than i had
Just you in your tirelessly love
And me on my swinging move

O Segredo Da Moça!

Ali, ainda bate o sol! Exposta então, A claridade de seu recato Quarto claro, cama feita.

Manhã!

É cedo, ainda. Mas algo guardado Na alma, na cama. Lua minguante se faz ao dia

Ela espera. Infinito aguardo.

Nem bem finda Luz É finito, também o pudor da Moça!

Não são as tardes!

Já é noite.

O Noturno!

Ela logo vira regato Lagoa! Aproveitando-se dos espasmos lunares Anoitecida, está a moça!!! Arqueja, anseia! Vira novelo de lã! macio algodão!

E nem bem Noite findou

Já se ouve pelas Ruas Som Sem Vergonha! Som Orvalhado Som noturno perdido do segredo da Moça!!!

On Cage!!!

She is on cage now! you stole the game and put her on a little space. So she is very angry and naked, just on your calcinhas. waiting for you. Yor eyes are not more light brown, are yellow like a leopard. waiting for one moment with you! Alone, face to face. So You comes, triumphant!!!! And say some silly words like 'how you chase and catch and hunting' Bla, bla, bla

She waits you finished. Because she knows how to win.

Your hunting eyes are over her!!! coveting, desiring your hunting, like no others.

SHUT UP, don't cut my wave!!!! Continuing! The cat!!!

She moves, slowly, in your direction. Hard task, because you put her in a little cage. No space to stand up, so she have to crawl over. Not totally, she was all four, going in your direction. Your hand on the bars.

She starts your run away. And lick one by one of your fingers, feel that sensation was almost died to you. Her tongue involves each one to them, and you start to be exciting she can see that. You stare her trying to find the key of cage and put her out of there. She bring you to her, arms and hands are out of the cage, touching you, there! You don't know if found the damned key or just feel this heat involving you completely. So you give up and make a option to just feeling the moment. You are on your jeans and she open it, with delicate movements. Put her hands over you and make you more near.

See that!!!! Feel that!!!

Your hands are on her bum bum, doing round and soft movements and she is watering you all around, you; very hard but just started. She brings you until your mouth and suck you so lingeringly that you almost come. So stops and you ask, Oh! No, please. Bringing her until you, trying lick yours breast and she allows. So start our dance she in the cage you out. You squeezing strong and she licking you more and more. So when you almost there.....

Your mamy, toc toc toc, son, came to breakfast!!
- Oh! Mammy please!!!!!

One's Soft Silver String!

The well is full but it not overflows a draining mechanism Keeps it Leveled

the seed of the desert stored inside the chest sleep, does not germinate but is ready to sprout

Awaits the the well leak!

lost love, bad memories their defenses, pain perfectly filed and labeled with all sorts of excuses

The desert awaits for ruling

The body sick the killer mind the lack of love for inhumanity false kisses, false words so kindly treasured by impunity

Await the excuses ending

Oh! So many waits and i need a flood of water One seed to sprout before someone touch one's soft silver string

Opening of a Kiss! Sonata!

The Prelude in Ré Maior

the sound of a Kiss depends of your bliss that starts of my lips you stand in awe for me? bound on your knees?

Breaking a Chords!

daring a little more the sound of my hands Oh! Playing your strings you heard that last night the move fluent and fast

Quick ropes now!

My sounds are infinity they Drip - Found your tips smash your ears now is a hit.

Symphony

Sit, my Darling relax your legs and body open yourself for the sound the sonorous waves that entangle us

Final Move

Playing upon, the Music So sweet hover under us Are you asking? what is a sound of my kiss? Oh! My Love is Your total mysmooch bliss!!!!

Orpheus

I, that never wrote a verse

I, that live between words and that's require from me explanation.

I, always in love and always so far away.

I, that so difficult to accept for.

I, so hard to be include in....

I am more Amy than Ray....Warning you Mr.

I am resolute, determined, to be lost. I am lost well...

My feelings, my acts proved to myself.

But remembered Mr.

That's you who plays harps.

And think that you are Orpheus!

My songs and words could be better than yours!

They slide soft and tender.

Yours, claim to seven strings.

and resolution.

But you can not give what you do not have to give.

But me, Ah! what i give is what i fell

i dont need seven strings still. Mr.

Our Black Bird!

who's singing in the worst hours? for remember our guilts and sufferings singin his lament for all of us in your observation tree if you are not there, he is there seek us by our eyes And deeply found us with your dark feather with your nightly hug.

Pale Lines!

my Love Please! You can give me back That Shadow? Clouded into his eyes

Maybe you forgot where you kept. It's right there! Much overcasted, but enchanted you do not see!

Small shadow, curve line pale between my breasts! Remember?

Was his Ecuador Above, semi-Sahara lower Tropical your topography took shape on me!

My geography!
Sustained in your eyes
I'm a line joining two points
Line rail, that leads and back

Am limit water
Line common to both surfaces!
I am
The paths in the palm of your hand!

Mirna Morgan

Para você Marcela!!!

Somos, filha, o passado e eu estou exatamente onde você me colocou.

Não dei um passo a frente tentei, mas não consegui e ficou esta marca

A minha partida não foi de corpo foi de alma

E a sua permanência não demorou em lhe cobrar!

Sinto muito! Já não estava mais perto gostaria de voltar inteira mas quebrou o que jamais poderia ser quebrado

Derramarram e profanaram o que nos era sagrado

E, quando olho para frente apenas é um anúncio do que sempre foi

Minha dor, sua dor nossas dores!

Partir, Pensar e Amar!

Partir para.... Pensar em..... Amar!!! Alquém! Verbo poderoso esse; não precisa de preposição. Amar! Pronto. Sem alguém, também pode. Dizem que com alguém é melhor Mas pode ser sozinho! Ele cumpre bem o seu papel! AMAR, só conjuga quando Amar Alguém! Não se pode amar aquilo, isso, esse..... Não se pode amar Meu, Teu, Nosso...... Só se pode AMAR Você! em Você, para Você Aí pode! Aí, combina!

Ciumento esse Verbo!

Mas tem também outro verbo. Que vem logo após O AMAR! Pensar! Pensar requer.... algo, aquilo, no Meu, no Teu, no Nosso! Tem também Pensar.... no Dos Outros! Pensar tem todos os Quereres!

Nesse momento! Nessa conjugação! O Amar já não suporta tanta preposição

Exigente esse verbo!

Então vem o

PARTIR! Parto para longe de ti! Porque começastes conjugando O Amar

e terminastes com O Pensar!

Doloroso esse verbo!

Please, Broken My Heart!

Feel free baby! He is now pure silence. But it was, wildly and uncontrollably. I had to warn you! A dreadful task! You as an Angel, Angel of the thousand words; Angel of the thousand loves; Angel who protected so many broken hearts! have to interrupt his sudden fall To find myself In the middle. Because, baby, that's why where i live! Restless, no doubt, here and there! Unforeseeable and without fear of falling. Open up your wings! OH! Honey Falling.... Will make you so well!

Poet Heart!

I was wondering about us
If realy love is or infatuation is
Or if your realy love left you
You need to satisfy your desert heart

My heart demand be fulfill up too no regrets, no demands Is open and free a poet heart, sweet

I've reached my destiny with my words so long disguising my grief. Now i have a voice by my freedom in words

So i thank you for your kindness And your truly heart sincere If, true love is Dont forget, it's a poet heart!

Published today 17.10

Pretending you exist!

hovering over me your sickness of blues

you are a ghost that orbit all around

the path of a heavenly body doing play with my grief

my moon's courses

insisting to stole my senses

celestial dust that

came to visit me in a gust of wind

I will accept!

i will go wade through down the stream

on my bare feet

refreshing my flesh at one dash

waiting for you on the right side on my watercourse

Pretending you exist!

In my mist

Protocol!

Must have a protocol!

Before assaulting a heart! a little sorry a rest of love is also good!

You can not go around wearing colors, loves, words!
Kept in the secret of your heart!

Wandering around! Reckless, slowly delivering emotions, hopes and beauties.

Must have a protocol!

Ask for a permission! Warn to her with gentleness And don't introduce yourself without air greedy, avid to see What a few verses did!

Look at me

I'm sleeping without resistance not knowing how to share with you right now my empty body, my entire soul!

Resonate You?

Resonate You within me? His words resonate sounds as well sayings? His writings resonate for me? bombs exploded in beautiful love!

My lyrics resonate for you also? Or silence in my paper is silence in your soul? Do not tell me that Or silence instead on my words.

Ressoa em Você???

Ressoas Tu dentro de mim? Ressoam Tuas palavras como sons bem ditos? Ressoam seus escritos para mim? bombas explodidas de lindo amor!

Ressoam as minhas letras para ti tambem? ou silêncio em papel é silêncio em tua alma? Nao me digas isso! ou silencio de vez em minhas palavras.

Rest In Peace! (for fun poem)

Rest in Peace! its a joke? ? ? Who knows? I know, with all my diggings!

Dead for thousands times and no one single rest So well buried but not finally dead

Sorry if i disappointed! this time with a bouquet of black flowers To put on your perfect grave!

Rest in peace! ha, ha, ha

Safe Place!

I was full of sadness i sank my cry at bottom not satisfied i wanted free my imortal soul! And Took off all my clothes my diamond and one gold ring and put it on together in a safe place!

Safe Place?

Saracen woman!

I'll see you there weaving in the rock turning the wheel continuous and numbing using your hands sticking your fingers weaving yarns in his unfinished story

trapped, lonely I'll see you there

No need to be Mother or Wife An enchanted Moorish sitting on her stone bewitched guarding his treasure for herself

forgotten, dreamy I'll see you there

causing nightmares singing their songs telling their stories leaving their children in the window just to see the pine tree rocking

no chances, forced I'll see you there

passionate for your lost love being what you dont want to be draw into wires spinning sitting on her tinny place and embroidering!

Goodbye Mom!!

Schedule Matrimonial

Poetheart (going)

- Love, one more article. Among the many who we have. Peculiar and singular moment would be! whit a precise obligation to sustain the ceremonial instant. Really? ?? (she)
Will be call 'the dialogue day'!
What a fantastic day doesn't it? And? ? ? (she) You can talk all that you want to me! Even call me insensible! (like de music)!! hã! (she) As for me.... I am here, baby, only hearing you and understanding! Can be start now? (she) Now? ? ? Oh! my love, comes the second article! It could be after.... No. (she) Ah! And, don't forget the beers baby! Tchau!

Secret Lullaby

Balu Balu, Lilith-by come and take my soul if i not dream tonight you can do nothing at all

My cradle is shelter of your hands Balu Balu, Lilith-by leave this soul alone forget your infant body

I still pray my religious songs Balu Balu, Lilith-by choral of hands singing I mourn

Secrets in Lullaby, stay away your breath of me

Seus Beijos!

Sinto tanta falta dos seus beijos. Sinto, mais ainda, dos seus dedos. A memória, devagar e gentilmente percorrendo minhas costas. Buscando com avidez a minha marca. O macio do macio. As covinhas, pequenas, entre os meus quadris! Uma a uma. Descendo.

Eu também lembro quando você me virava Apenas pelo seu prazer Par ver se na minha face encontraria a sua resposta. Meu rosto, Meu Amor, é o retrato do seu desejo! E nesse momento, eu fico inerte! Eu me transformo em folha. Em pétala.

Eu recebo e dou!

Silver Moon! (??? Poem)

Moon is bright silver when it hits me Is lilac when fire reaches you Toxic when she reached the membranes Deadly when my blood absorbs

Better be simple Moon Night Without poetry without Love When moon want to be more than she should be Deadly Moon in me dissolves silver wires

So Many

It's so weird!
so many shades of green in my mind!
I fear one, other
I love? Green, gray?
Green, green
green cloudy
clear, I Followed It
My heart is red! And... do not match!
So many shades of....
Could be blue
Gray may be
'm lost in so many colors
Where is my sound To complete this picture?
my colors, my red, my Suffer
My Lord, my North, snow in me
under other color on to me!

So, you want fight???

So, you want fight???

This is the rules:

I run first and you try catch me the little two colorful cakes the judge!

Our area, all the house so i can run freely for you can not immobilize me and take advantage and lock the door

So, prepared??? Now!!!!

I run and you get me easily no, no, no....again!!!!
i escaped like a crazy twirling my body and kickin your lips

throw me on the floor Stop!!! The little ones supplicate you are out! you distracted i am running away!!!!

Some object and straight on your head Oh! Sorry! Mam's present? Dizzy? now you on the floor!

Give up, now, i said! but you don't and jump on me grab my hands like claws i can't move, so a punch

Now a crystal Vase! sorry! was from daddy?? heavy in your face Ran into the door

You equally fast, block and bypass No way, so i pray a pretender way

And you gentle give me a hug i am thinking in a route to escape

ONE RING!

I get the balcony!

two Rings!

I meet the ground! UI!

Three Rings!

Where I am? Silence! Oh! the Two little colorful cake has swallowed my poem my only victory over you!!!!

Sonetto

My Sonnet is cantante, is vibrant as was formerly sing in Provance has no oitavas or métricas My love does not fit in such poetics

He finally speaks of my heart is the time who does not can measure the same time that can not I belie All the love that i have for you

I love you more often today subtly in love in displicente way who does want nothing, that only belongs

I love you in my imperfect sonnet I love you in verses my poorly done way But it's truly love my romantic say

Sorry, but i have to go!

tonight i was caught again by the cold and i felt so empty without nothing

And

lonely i am but i wasn't to be

All my rhyming all my poetry that you did not know and I could not give to you

More

i am still lonely but i wasn't to be

just for you- i could sleep to sleep one's last sleep But you made a tour letting me on a pathway

Once

Again, I am but i wasn't to be

I cry now my lasted tears i feel is drying up has no more water on me where you drowned so many times

But

I cant do that anymore wait like a dead flower on my hands adorned myself And I dried as a bone

Lone

not to be Sorry

Stealing your words

I decided to steal every one of your words because I can not replicate with mines His words are full and my, empty and poor one day I'll learn to say

i'll strip all of you what is immense and what is unwritten what escaped and stayed frost and heat

i'll join all i have within and do a poem to you

because my love is so strange that cant be put in words no shame no regretts just joy and pleasure

I have to put in secret all this love trapped for no one steal it from me and capture you and let me alone

So this needy letters All my tired love but no one second I am without you

Talk about Love!

I was thinking and talking about love and its various definitions. Each one has his love who resides within and not even you can understand There are people who love few, only for him to show, to use but it is all he has poor love, but even so is love others love so completely and intensely rich in love and poor in happiness. has philosopher of love against love for pain But we can not escape the pain and if love is just love and pain ah! please let me die of love I prefer the Poet of the Sea by Arthur Pessimistic!!

The Wreckage of Woman ship's

With one M he does much more than i am yours loving gestures Opened heart in my life!

One colour comes from his hands and i am painted for thousand times by masters That results me, in all shadows

One word to him from me and i am defined for love make my soul better than never

I am beautiful
I am printed
surrounded by your love

That is the power of your affection that you give me and My strong wave Is my answer to you

I shock my waters on you lick you and fill you with sand and salt that comes from a wrecked woman Ship who hers remains came to the beach

The Child!

If a day i was child bring in my heart such lies! the time I had was fled dance, ciranda cirandinha..... Hide and seek! but always on the run I was going to last floor The Solar four windows North, south, west, east From there, all view was possible The four winds helped me to turn pages

The library,

there lies, dance and play downstairs, on the street continued and I was part of

Cora Coralina Carlos Drumond Cecilia Meirelles Fernando Pessoa. weird girl

The crazy Poet!

The crazy Poet
did a crazy poem
when I asked the hours to him
he replied that his watch
was not right!
It had a headache
And his time was converted into 22 tears hours
I, no longer understand anything,
said to him
- Why Poet speaks the language unrepaired Forget the hours Poet, and their rhymes?
He said, Ah!, galvanize, crystallize and agonize
And I ask you again
And your love?
And Him to me: Broken, breaking
and enveloping

Now, try understand a Poet!!!

The End of Love!

This is my confession to justify my love for you so then I can describe your pain with my poor pen

writing black, which still leaves marks on paper but with power. when dealing with you! perhaps indiscreet or pride but always limited by love

Is not me who owns the magic it emanates from you! and so cowardly am I steal and I say they are my the indelible marks of his passion!

I steal, I possess! What is not my but all that is yours!

And I say it's mine! So I lie too!

and you are judged so harshly with such guilt, which was given thee by and then drawn by me! Blessing of the Gods!

But I steal, lie and I possess! all that is yours! And I say, It's mine!

Sometimes I'm your liniment Others live steam for their wounds and I cause such suffering.

Pleasure and pain mixed cherished

i am so sorrowful, Please, my Love leave your bags in the hall I do not lie. do not steal,

I own nothing

The Green Poet

He is fodder He feeds Rainy season Promotes other colors

Green finger Green Pen Green hopes

He is volcanic ash that nourishes the earth after punish her

Greens fresh salad Gray and colored 's friend!

The Hatter! ! (for child poem)

the hatter did a new hat with flowers using your hat cat so childrens you must do a watering hat for you too

All day long playing Amarelinha forgetting the bytes on line jumping rope, flying a kite In India we can play on street no fright so many colours the hatter says take your bike on my way

1,2,3 The hat's Flowers sing!

We now play on the moonlight
Hide and seek, treasure pirates bright
Where is your flashlight?
marbles, dirty and faces full of dust
Flying on Pakistan moutain K2 now
Come to house boy! The night calls
Hatter did another hat!
Girls comes to Bed its time
Bringig your dolls and flowers dead!

The Hunting

The Red Fox awaits
hidden in twisted tree trunk
colors from the hour of hunting
palette red
blood desired
drained, falling in drops
the seasons of death
there's no heart
beats of thunder
there's no mind
she showed red tail
FOX HUNT
Opened the gates of the aristocracy!
no dogs or horses
Men!

The Lie!!!!

She has been so loved! she needs not ask for more! and is anyway loose without love. Yes. Without care, affection??? Where are the words to finish this lie I dont know!!!

The Mouth!

Everything that goes mouth is sensual! the toffee run up and down, the noise to blow up a tasty gum, the mouth open in surprise!

Oh!!!!

Everything in your mouth is sensual! the cleaning of its corners with the napkin, the clicking of his tongue before you saying yes, the soft against your lips when they meet one another!

Ah!!!!

Everything in ours mouth is sensual! the dropp we exchanged wet through Ours lips moving slightly, Our kisses!

Hummm!

Everything in ours bodies is sensual! what gonna in yours mouth! What remains in it and All that comes an goes!

Ui!!!!!

The Poet Is Angry!

Came poet, came and talk to us about love!

Love?

Poet only talk about Love?

He frets himself in your talk! He is lost in his whispering! He is sharp through his words!

Beware!!

The Poet is Angry!

The Poetic Dance!

like a strife, he is in front of me like a challenge, he always win off me your words catching me like a punch Me, poor of me! like a gentle kiss

Having in your double tongue the curse he is the riper, brings the reaper to my heart cold heart, ferocious, determinate Took and shred my body, slashing my flesh

I was the clown, the war prize he lurking me I gave the rhythm, the tune of the dance he, the keeper of souls, the tower. In a cage, tried to escape, he caught me

My words, without force My intention running away Dance of death to me Dance of joy to him

What a terrible dance I with my paws him, lightness of feet And the music slide over me I just go follow by scent!

Who is the beast!

The Religious Rigor!

Talking to friends about religion and its manifestations, that is my conclusion, my humble opinion

Religião is faith and belief in something divine! Exceeding this limit personal and trying to impose itself by force, the notice is given to us by history.

Currently, groups say they are religious, and follow their fundamentalist beliefs that can't never be questioned or criticized. Your God is to make us all keep on our knees.

Fanatic Rigor!

Your application methods are Divines: death, terrorism, bloodshed innocent. He has no love for they lives, love is death. Our deaths!

Always existed in our world, evils men who believes in a barbarous theory: A new World Order! Based on politics or religion! Hidden, behind this theory, are the other worst Eugenia; human selection of who should live and how to live and create a purebreed.

New World Order?

Cambodia, Pol Pot, one quarter of the population dead;

Germany, Hitler, 6 million Jews and not Jews killed;

Chile, Pinochet. over 30 thousand prisoners, killed, tortured. The list is endless!

They continue attacking civilians, hiding in his holy words, and trying justify yours killing. For me, Satanic Laws! Satanic words!!!

The Secret of Lady!

There, the sun comes Then exposed, The lightness of their shy Room clear, bed done.

Morning!

It's early yet.
But something kept
In soul, in bed.
Half-Moon
becomes a day

She hopes. Infinite wait.

No sooner ended Light Is finite, also few modesty of the Lady!

Are not Afternoons!!

It is Night.

The NOCTURNE!

And more darkness comes down more creeks and Ponds!

Taking advantage of the lunar spasms She is the sleeping night!!! Panting, longing! Became ball of wool! soft cotton!

And more nigh walk.....

you listen in the streets Sounds Shameless! sound dewy! Sound nocturnal lost...

Sounds of the Lady's Secret!!!

The Signal

You talk about your color i tell you that is nothing you have inside all rainbow colors and a entire universe plant your feet on the ground launch your eyes to the blue And see! the needles are for only to the signal and injure your flesh and soul. Came on give me a hug

i wait for you with the colors of day!

The taker of Souls!

To the bitter end My soul was dragged dirty and bruised I became insult

'd better bury once my mortal and write my epitaph they took your soul! they stole her pen!

I was not so No voice, no hands without singing and charm then quieted my love

my words now have no more life became disgust and shame wrecked, shattered hopes

I was not so so pale, so dry so bitter so empty then they kept my voice

The Temple Of Love

She is prepared now For a journey, that surrounds all Pítia in your frenzied dance.

she want be free but she can't! Do you testify that?

your fiery body, silks flitted incontrolable, involved by fumes must tolerate, winging and whirling

Your mind, in sick mind was converted your body in wick, body was transformed your heart, in Loved place has became

she wants a relief but she can't Do you understand that?

was divided in 2 peaces for two Gods And conceal the secret of love one part dead, other ready to serve

for vaticinations and prophecys six senses purified by the ritual made her choise for love, a female white slave for him, confess secrets in whispers

She wants run way but she can't! Do you accept that?

She's Convicted for their extreme affection! for your God and obligations In The Temple of Love!!!

Do you believe that?

The Wall!

Why persist?
Why do not you gave up after all?
Do you not see how this wall
that you try to fall apart

is brick and stone?

Stronger? Oldest?

Do you think that your torment, your pain soften its contours? Adorn your stone walls?

Do not you see that

is brick and stone?

Fall one day?

Just the sound it will do Just like in Jericho!

Be Mute! Be Inert! Dead!

We thank you! Leave Us!

Tears to shed comes from fleeting moment!

But if water is strong, violent stream A river meeting the sea! you reveal the way for us

And when you're
Tired and all the work already done
Allow us navigate your river bed.
bricks and stones on our head!

There Is A Warning!

I already warning you!
I do not have regrets!
I did what i could do!
that is what left to me!
And if you want to blame me. And continues.....
search hard and deeply in yourself.
maybe the cause, maybe, its within all of us
I refuse to be your shame
i refuse accept your blame
I refuse to be your chance!!
But, still, i can remove your grief
the same, that you want put in to me.
And makes me cracked. Like a crystal that can not be fragmented
Thanks to you! And for you i wish
Go to hell!!!

This Arterial Love!

This love one day will finished with me! they tell me, be serious in love but for me happiness and laughter red and wind!

My love heats and cools sweetens and bitter my small and childish heart beats strong beats straight against my chest and nonsense.

Oh! My Good!

this love one day finished with me! expands; shortens arterial blood! venal blood! Short route; phenomenal way

Oh! My good!

This love really finished me!

Those Days

You know those days when you awake and gives good moorning to the things? speak with lifeless and dead objects? ridiculous acts and thoughts. Then, you lose your love And ask to yourself Why? Because inanimate things remains consistent And loves need more than 'good day for you' Love requires something more!

My, now, is dead.Literally

To Expose Myself

I will love meet you before! before all! Before all people that i know and knew. would have been worth!!! And if could, i change that But, to be happy have a price! You take my hurts, within me, You, that i know by name not by sight. That is my price! And you are my unknow price! Now, i have to pay for it. Give-me one second, one minute but give me you all.

To Love or to Like?

How to Love?
To love is so much!
To like is so slender!
A interlude, a pause, again! I need a breath!
I can fall, but not in love?
i can like, but not enough?
Baby, can you decide?
Here, exist a fragility
sometimes comes from my veins
sometimes of my dizzy brain.
and i AM not who's complain!
this struggle even that put me insane.
But my heart claims!
Your right to beat in desconcert way!

Totally Bluebird

The blue is fresh colour that tranquilizes your heart put me on my deep dreams soothes me and you

When i dream Azure i dream with you dreaming like you sounds for the first time i hear

The bluebird songs on your branches Blue sedative drug of mind convert and tranquilizes me still on your flowering tree

wings opened into your celestial colour deep and deep is my fall sky deep in your blue

All that calm light because call me a bluebird deep down deep of your Blue

TUM! TUM! TUM!

I thought the beat of my heart was different TUM TUM TUM my THOM THOM THOM other!

I thought I just sought peace But white wings here, there also white wings!

I did not know, in my ignorance we were equals!
The line that separates us
Up and down
was only geographic!

I in my ignorance!

I thought I had the formula for love But TUM TUM TUM here TUM TUM TUM there too Glad and happy so, we can TUM TUM TUM go together!

Two Words

Two words
that leads me on
others, talk about me
Ardour and Ardent!
One is the fire in the dark
I grope with my fingers and tongue
Other, is fire, almost there!
In one of them i have delight
The other burns with desire.
And i have two lovers
one rests me, the other overflows
time consuming me gently
between two words
that keep burning

Because there exists two beautiful words.

Two Words!

A priest told me that Latim is a christian language a chill on my spine so cold.... My dearest friend so worried about religion in two i was fold your always bold daughter have heard the priest too and now she is taking her blue But priest! latim is a feast to my eyes! and i used it only two times! Benedictum Est? Oh! my daughter! And Cris my sweet friend we have to keep stillness as they say... nothing like a forgiveness for the blues drops in rain! AMEN!

Un Verre d'amour! No Thanks, just a glass of wine!

I was in Paris! You in heaven!

Un verre d'eau?

No, une tasse du Vin, sil vous plait!

crushed on earth under the feet?

No, just a verre du vin rouge!

But i have one

falling into oblivion

mature and

comme vous devenez une saveur fraîche!

togheter with the wine......

take your time and with sweet strokes

Peut-être Vous.....

Thirsty, to be calmed with dripping

juicy in your mouth

so deliciously runny

white and diaphanous

deeply, warmed up at your lips

red and dense

Body and strong spirit

In time to be one

Why not my love?

Un verre d'amour?

No, thanks, just a glass of wine!!!!

Unprepared!!!!

its my nature i was born like that no one trace to guide born without rule and compass ready to life with faith on my genes Thanks Dad!!! they dont give me one single add account just forgot i think so but some subtract account I dont like subtract nothing i like to divide take, here is my books hear, this is my sounds read it, and if you want, keep my words i can construct all again, so take it all, but unprepared I am for one world so prepared!!!! I am added, subtracted and divided.

But a immeasurable, unlimited deep form to love you! its enough? ? ? ?

Unruled!

They say: the heart is unruled!
Land where no one has command!
Grief, agony!
Liar! Cheater;
Pretender! Deceiver!
Beats! TUM! TUM! TUM!
Sometimes commited, some others at a loose end!
Impose itself, forces our selves!
TUM! TUM! TUM! TUM!
So many guilty. So many pains!
Impolite! Tyrant!
Starving! Desirous for love!
TUM! TUM! TUM! TUM!
And my? Oh my God!
He's walking around!
He's running, sleeping!
Created their own joints!
formed his own body.

Poor of me!!

Untamed Heart!

my heart had two sides one who beats for you other who beats for him!

which side should i follow?

the right side makes me insane the left.... kills me of passion!

Must be careful!!

CRACK! CRACK!

That sound! I recognizing! OH! My God!

is the....

Untamed heart!!!!

Vento, Ventado, Ventania!

Participei de uma ventania A maior de minha vida! Estranha variação atmosférica vinda assim tão de repente O que me causou? o pouco que me restou! Digo que tal ar, começa brando. Manhã, assim meio frio meio morno. Suave, tanto não se escuta Tarde, arde mais Açoita com mais precisão Noite, derruba, avassala, destrói! Mas eu afeita aos ventos habituada aos seus sutis movimentos logo, senti em meu peito que esse vento seria diferente!

Vento! Ventania! Ventana! Vem soprando do norte trazendo, agitado e inconsequente um calor exigente!

Frio e depois quente.
Vai levando
mãos e braços
faz redemoinhos!
ele Passou?
Totalmente?
E há de se submeter
a tal voracidade!
Leva tudo, nada fica.
Impera e domina
Vento estranho!

Vento impaciente!

Where are you?

When coldrain fell i wondered Where are you? Every dropp that soaked me and.... As you touched me at first

When the wind blew cold Antartic I wondered Where are you? I as so mild as you got me

When all the beauty hit me So powerfull I wondered Where are you? I am so wind, so rain and beauty of when you loved me!

Wind, Blown

I participated in a gale The greatest of my life! Strange atmospheric change Coming so suddenly What caused me? what little I have left! I say, that such air get soft. Morning so cool medium warm. Smooth, so do not listen Afternoon, burns more Whips more accurately Night throw down, overwhelms, destroys!

But I, I like the winds accustomed to their weak movements soon, I felt in my chest that the wind would be different!

Wind! Gale! Ventana! Comes blowing from the north bringing, restless and reckless a heat that requires all!!

Cold and then hot will taking hands and arms makes whirlwinds! he passed? Completely? And must submit yourself. such voracity! It takes everything, nothing is. Prevails and dominates Strange Wind!!

Wind! Impatient it is!

with affliction or affection?

climbing the mountain and the clock is showing not tick tack but the North but on the top I need the hours with affliction!

I shot some photos the moments that i lost Oh! the same path now appear hours! On my compass with affection!

With affection or affliction? I am a little lost here!

My clock does not regulate me more (ka, ka, ka i think)
My compass a little crazy always putting me into the ends on-line the time and the direction I go rising vertically and... without affection

Oh! damn!

I am now 1700 meters of height Peak of Itatiaia Here I see clearly my time and direction My friend tells me and if was not for me cardinal points i presume

I put my finger in my mouth with a silly face soak and well soaking, thinking fingers into the wind my geographic north or my magnetic south i just know

follow me!

with affliction or affection? Damn! Poetheart (going) www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive 153

Your Kisses!

I so miss your kisses!
I feel even more of your fingers!
the memory slow and gentle on my back
Looking eagerly my brand.
The soft cloth. The dimples, small, between my hips
One by one!
Down!

I also remember
When you turned me
Just for the pleasure
To see if my face would find
Your answer.
My face, My Love, portrays his desire!
Right now I'm almost inert!
I turn into leaf, petal.

I receive and give!

Your place is here! Dream Lover!

~ M Morgan ~

I have some curves, You know! Not so exuberant, But just right light, subtil you can go there! You can find! But, please dont forget Fire and Ice. YouI'll can always use Tango and Rock Oh! my! my backs, I crave for that! The more i want, more i see! anticipation! Ah! this sound so good to me yes, i am all tied up! This time my legs to With silk, yes, and i love your style! When you applies your touch and your tongue, all his knowledge of my body! all my shadows now glows and feel me in a lagoon! and you suck and aspirate Il that water! more you overflow and now only the kisses Lost and jealous for your second place!

Your voice!

i want the world quiet quiet enough to hear the sound of my heart when I hear your voice!

sweet, douce, doce

In three languages my love in three different songs
I hear the sweetness and the charm of her voice!

Your Wish

you wait for my words
My word to you.
But where is you tongue?
Much better than my.
Much wet than me.
I don't know if it is bellow or a little above.
Maybe, his tongue, moves through a single kiss.
Or maybe, throught silence words.
A breathe.
But its so good.
Breathe away.