

## Poetry Series

**rosalinda flores rosevoc**

**- 7 poems -**

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### **rosalinda flores rosevoc**

Rosalinda Flores RoseVoc is a freelance writer and a teacher. This is her third account on Poem Hunter.com.

She has written the "Stations of the Cross" in poemprayer.

In God's mercy and grace, the poet (Rose Vocations) has written the 150 Psalms (in first drafts) as poem prayers in a short span of time, while experimenting with various writing genre's and poems (structured/free verse) , linking the past to today's life and culture. Since 2009, she has been a member of the "I Share Community" (of the World Wide Web) , to the present.

Works:

Free Ebooks on Poem Hunter.com; Rosalinda Flores – Martinez; RoseVoc2

Books on Lulu.com

FREE Nugget Ebooks: Basic English Grammar; So Help Me God; My Bible Highlights; Prayer Prompts on 150 Psalms; My Psalm Proem Narrative; Falling In Love; Success Now; et. al

## **A Poem From A - Z**

A day of wonder waits  
Be God, my light dictate  
Come Lord, to me your aid  
Do brush, my fear, you bade  
Engulf your hands you sow  
Full moon thy fingers row  
Good days ahead let grow  
Healed hearts we live we go  
In days of bleak and gloom  
Jesu, dear one, be home  
Kneel light my body be  
Look up to thee I plea  
My sorrows cooled in love  
No hate but love above  
Oh Father, joy, I pray  
Pray all! Rogate! Be!  
Quiet seas air fire earth  
Rise, thy light, rebirthed  
Sing angels choir be lamp  
To heaven's kingdom come  
Umbrella daisies strummed  
Vined honey grapes, aged rums  
White sweet ambrosia melts  
X'mas joy, God with us felt  
Yellow gold, rest in night  
Zion come, day's Holy light.

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## **Blankets**

Sheets, layers of shelter  
Cradling babies, cuddling in sleep  
Nap sack for a journey  
Mantle for atoms

Thick, furry, thin, and crust of earth  
A horizon woven, a nest of clouds  
Or arms that rail to sky

Mat in a wake  
Shroud of the dead  
Holy linen of Resurrection

Orange, white, yellow, and green  
And reds from a hymen

7 blankets washed  
on a Tuesday, hung on sun rays  
Sweet suds of soap, anoint my hands.

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## Colors: Painted Texts

Maybe, red ocher is the color of  
Theology. Or blue as your shirt and  
boots. Down rolls a canary wing  
draping a stage, like curtains between

now and tomorrow. Your kiss is my  
benevolent utopia, down my navel,  
a sting like mint, and mine is pressed  
pink between your loins. We are full

of love. Our ferry cannot drown, it rows  
dancing suns, shafts of untarnished twilight  
and a rainbow after bliss of drizzle.  
Love gathers - dug in generations of

transient hues. 'I miss you badly! ' I send  
on my phone, 'I miz you.' Nights leave me  
cold without your thighs and more empty  
pillows. I drift to where you are, where acres

of trees grow clad in silver and gold  
nectar, whites and orange. My words peak  
glints of white light, a purple book etched by  
Ratzinger, shades of dear ones, halos of

Saints and martyrs, fireworks of elusive  
time blazing fire and tongues, reeling  
constellations of roses and amazons,  
bulk of history flourishing bright green.

Our ancestor's sturdy night graves' watch  
over, as black bulls of science must obey.  
I wait along pavements of fourteen stations;  
I wait along trails of skulls, in Nazareth.

I wait down fields of earth, on blessed  
mountains, on a plinth, only the angels see.  
Our hearts wondrous adventures whisper a  
prayer, placid then shifting a brilliant crimson  
etched on sky above. Have you ever thought  
my smiles are memories of your colors?

Have you ever thought my nights and days  
are shades of you? Hearts of red, God paints  
blood; bleeding drops of red, brush in me  
One Sacred Heart - brush in me.! Brush in me

that immortal color of Him. In the red ocher  
temple, I stay. Don't delay, please...

Be home soon.

'Kirye eleison. Kirye eleison.  
Christi eleison. Christe eleison.  
Kirye eleison. Kirye eleison.'

'I miz you badly!

I really, really miz you! '

Sends my message, paints my heart.

'Luv u, baby! '

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## **Dare Me To Love You**

Dare me to love you, in the spaces of my imagination where there is no reality.

Dare me to sleep with you and chain me to your heart.

Dare me to seek out adventures of life where our mouths suck each other's tongue.

Seize me not to think, but only love you.

I will let you touch me now.

All those years we've grappled to remain pure.

The flesh grows old, but then blood would always be clean in a spectrum of rainbows.

Your colors are elegant to me.

Your vivid sense of loyalty and stand illuminates salvation.

Our houses keep me.

They make me strong as a bull, but scared as a baby when you go.

When would you come back?

When would you sing out your heart?

When would we read again, then stop and kiss?

Our emotions will not furrow, I tell you not.

I would not allow it.

God has built you an android beating.

I live from time to time, newly created.

My poems forever will speak of zeal.

It is meant for you.

Dare me again.

Be with me on the subway, in the library, in the park or kneel with me side by side.

Dare me to love you.

Seize me not to think, but only love you.

I will stay.

I promise.

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## **Fierce Love**

Once we made love  
and again, a concession of love  
my homage to Love.

His eyes were pleading aplomb. His heart, adoring, stunning even the rain. His hands were quick that held my breasts. He could not speak, my hands, he kissed. He closed his eyes, his heart searched warmth. His mouth chanting, nailed me down. Our tongues kissed, we whispered love, a roar of life, away from strife. Slowly, every letter of his yearning, etched in me, bent enough, to carve radiance and chronicles. Every letter of his moan, his name, a music of quiet. Both of us were tied and isolated a minute, isolated in spaces of rain, a minute. We drowned, letting go of our doubts to a flight, like vines flawless of departures. We chanted on air, of sky, of Genesis, a cabala of generations, a reborn of fists. Soon, a grave, our breakable flesh will sleep, but unfading love in Grace shall arise fierce.

He loved me.  
And again, a concession of love.  
Do you still love me?

/arrowtarget. Rosevoc2. May 23,2013

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## **In The Summer**

Wild pretty flowers around, small ones in pink and yellow  
easily ripping and fading in the summer heat. Even the pool

boils like hot spring. And big ants eating mangoes and avocados.  
All, happy tanning their skin and riding a boat. Splash! Splash!

A lush of greens in the forest cooling drowsed mouths, sips thirsty  
throat! Colored swim suit, sandals and glow- in the dark nails trot

the beaches, and oh boy, they are beautiful! In the summer, everyone  
is away leaving the house. The house becomes vast, except for cool

babies like angels. The babies make noise and speak in fairy tales, we have lessons. At  
home, clouds of dust gather, up tables and cupboards

and altars, disturbing the silenced sun. They let the frogs croak  
"Clean up, clean up in the summer!" On a Thursday,

one dream comes true. You know I love the rain, and on a Thursday,  
along Liverpool, it rains. First only drizzle, then big rain drops

then rain showers, then a lot of water from the sky like  
God taking a bath in the summer? I am walking and I am

very, very wet around 7 PM. No soul around, except running cars  
accompany, I - wet from the rain, back home, my garments

dripping small bubbles in the summer. "Dear God!  
It is funny! Is that the concept of getting wet in the summer?"

My dream becomes real. It is funny. LOL!

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## **Inspiration**

I have been waiting for you. Last time, my books and keyboard damp,  
I thought you were there. I have been waiting for you all day long.

I thought you'd come or if I slept, you would wake me up. At dawn, how  
I longed we could do all those tales and secret whispers, yearned I,

for you. You were so far away, but I believed you. Come to me, come,  
like small thuds of ink and a deep sea – immortal, bursting and free.

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