Poetry Series

rosalinda flores rosevoc

- 10 poems -

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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?

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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 avocadoes.
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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Just How Can You Write In A Storm?

When your thoughts are not yours but the earths
When all you can do is wait
And grieve how others bear?

Just how can you write in growls of the sky?
And natures' anger and creature's woe
In waves of rain and thieves of grain
In turbulent seasons, echoes of pain?

Just how can you write, how can you think?
When words are sick, and you just pray
When sky is bleak and days are gray
When all's not well and the sun delays?

When your thoughts are not yours but the earth's
And your heart shakes like mountains
And your fear grows like mud,
You are an island in a box of chips

A drop of vaccine, an arrow in the wind
Tight hugs of air and hands that hold
Until in God's breath, bells chime!

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Love

Love so sweet of Sacred Heart
Opens paths to secret lights
Vain fright thoughts of gray
Eternal true light burns away.

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The Grace of His Light Saves Us

I hurried to reach you in your room of books.

There you were praying, anointing your blessings for us.

Your prayers and all our prayers unite in God's heart.

You said, "The grace of His light saves us! "

I worried. We worried. Be peace in Syria!

Be peace in all the world!

Prayers, big and small miracles become a concrete wailing wall,
a dome, the mountain of Moses, the sacrifice of Abraham, fatalities
of Job.

Prayer is Magdalene's incense, Solomon's songs, the widow's alms.

It is the sacrifice of the sick, life of soldiers, the cross of Christ!

Vocation!

Chants must surround the earth like angels.

I wish I were beside you in my lamentations.

Passing lights, neons of blue, green, yellow and whites,
in a spectrum of Theology I dreamt of you.

Last night, on the ninth day, in sweet September
with Santo Hannibal, we were there.

For zeal, in ten days of union, you came in my night of pleas.

"The grace of His Light saves us! "

I danced that you may see a daughter, a poem for your heart.

Angels opened doors, chanted as summoned.

Mats, soft and red, laid bare my womb.

Newspapers abound culture. Everyone read the texts.

My letters, wrote vowels of barks, like ancient
stones, a ziggurat!

I wept at your feet, before you, like Magdala to Jesu,

I kissed your feet.

You were there with the relics, a guru that always asked

me to write a hundred inspirations.

The Psalms came into what you hoped me to be, a bloody
hero of words, day and night a target of muses,
and bleeding drops of red.

I am a relic of the past sifting through time.

I am judge of the moons, spine and bones of literature,
here is the twilight of the gods and
golden hours and metaphors to your desk.

“Jesus heals, ” you said.

“Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.”

Tongues of fire in the room and a tiny hat on your head Pope Francis,
you, adorable as sunrise!

Brother Cyprian of St. Mary Magdalene speaks,

“Monks are man alone but united to all.”

My poem Imbroglio rhymes with Bergoglio.

Monkey George makes Marco and the children happy!

St. Benedict’s medal around our necks!

I remember you, dear Father, as two rivers come together.

Nuestra Senora De La Paz, pray for us!

“The grace of His light saves us! ”

Then you touched my head like a baby,
let anoint me words that kiss clouds with flames,

“Oracion por la paz en Siria! ”

“The grace of His light saves us! ”

Vigilia por la paz!

In a great circle of the horizon, all hands meet with God,
like forming halos of light with angels,
a zuni becomes a heart of peace en el mundo!

Layers of light, come!

Flower lights be after the rain!

Come, Holy Spirit, come!

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