

Poetry Series

Jose F Rosado
- poems -

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Jose F Rosado(November 27,1948)

A Brushstroke On The Lake Made By Dying Leaves In Autumn

A brushstroke on the lake
Made by dying leaves
In autumn;
Sinking to its depths,
Taking refuge from the light.

Visions cast upon the waters,
Colors seeking for the darkness,
For the grays that winter offers –
Germinating in its womb
Budding greens that are to come.

(January 2005)

Jose F Rosado

As A Child

As a child
Lost in the woods
Of my own accord
I wandered
On well-trodden paths.
Under arching boughs –
Over rocks half-peering
From the earth below.

Up steep banks I scampered.
Towering oaks offered their trunks to me.
Fingers finding fissures
In their rough bark,
Feet finding footholds
On steadfast roots
Reaching far into the earth.

As a man
Lost in the woods
That I know so well
I stumble
Through bushes and brambles
And briars
That grab and pull
And pierce and cut.

Breathing hard
I stop
To suck on bleeding fingers,
Staggered at how the woods have changed,
And wonder where
And when
And how
I got lost along the way.

(Fall 2008)

Jose F Rosado

El Agua, Las Piedras Y El Rio

Como se desliza el agua
Entre las orillas del rio
Rompiendoze contra las piedras
Sin queja, llanto, o gemido.

Ella le canta a las piedras
Para tenerlas dormidas
Y mientras duermen y callan
Les acaricia la cara
Con manos tiernas que engañan.

Y las piedras no lo sospechan,
Se entregan agradecidas.
Mientras el agua las destroza –
Poco a poco las desgasta –
Y se las alimenta al rio.

(Abril 2009)

Jose F Rosado

El Caudal De Una Vida

Floto

En las aguas negras de la noche
Sobre sueños y memorias,
Ambiciones y temores,
Sobre orgullos y penas.

Me encuentro

Poseído por un caudal inaguantable
Que supera aquellas fuerzas
Que tiran hacia las orillas
Donde reside el descanso.

Me lleva

La corriente a los extremos,
Donde la turbulencia esconde
Los excesos de mis triunfos,
Las mentiras de mis derrotas.

Tropezco

Contra las piedras inmóviles,
Colocadas por el destino
Solo para mostrarme
El dolor de la existencia.

Me desprendo

En un salto libre,
Que me lanza hacia el espacio
Por un momento suspendido
Entre la luz y la espuma...

Sonrío...

Caigo,

Y me recibe una pozeta
Con brazos líquidos
Que me envuelven y me abrazan,
Que me tienen, y me quieren proteger.

Desciendo

En las aguas negras de la noche
Entre sueños y memorias,
Ambiciones y temores,
Entre orgullos y penas

Recuerdo
El salto,
Y la luz y la espuma...
Y aquella sonrisa
Que yo in día poseí.

Jose F Rosado – 27 de Noviembre,2010

Jose F Rosado

El Círculo Del Tiempo

Cayó una gota de tiempo
En el jarro de mi vida,
Desplazando así otra gota
En otro tiempo vivida

Empujada sobre el borde,
Deslizándose por el jarro,
Llegó la gota al final
Lanzándose hacia el espacio

Y yo miraba esa gota
Pensando que la perdía,
Como un sueño de la noche
Que se borra con el día.

¡Y que asombro! ¡Que sorpresa!
Cuando vi que la gota caía
En ese jarro repleto
De donde mismo venía.

Cayó una gota de tiempo
En el jarro de mi vida...

Enero 2013

Jose F Rosado

Esta Noche Voy De Fiesta

Esta noche voy de fiesta
Como todo un Cordobés,
Con traje negro de pana
Y botas nuevas en los pies.

Voy en rumbo a aquellas cuevas –
Tu te acuerdas donde es.
Donde bailan los gitanos
Y primero te besé.

No pienses que busco recuerdos,
Pues ya casi te olvidé.
Voy buscando amores nuevos,
Pues hay mucho 'onde escogé.
Ya casi no pienso en la noche
Cuando primero te vi,
Bailando sobre el tablero
Y te acercaste hacia mi.

Como un fantasma viniste
Mirándome `entro `e los ojos
Por toda una eternidad,
Y cuando ya no podía
Mirarte un momento mas...
Te sonreíste modesta y preguntaste inocente
Si yo sabia como palmear.

El guitarrista rastreaba...
El cantao ya gemía...
Y yo casi que moría
De vergüenza y alegría
Al ver tu cuerpo girar.

En la oscuridad de las cuevas
Embriagados por el vino, guitarras y castañuelas,
Tu girabas, y girabas.
Me mirabas entre las vueltas.
Me quemabas con tus ojos.
Y yo consumido en candela

Salí al tablero a bailar.

Cuerpo a cuerpo,
Cara a cara,
Ojos con ojos, bailamos.
Tu cuerpo se deslizaba
Entre mi pecho y mis brazos.
Y enloquecido aspiraba
El olor de piedras y rio
Que de tus poros brotaba
Y mezclaba con el mío...
Y despertaba mis ansias, mis anhelos, mis deseos
De tenerte entre mis brazos
Y unir tus labios a los míos.

La música calló de pronto.
Oía solo un latido.
Pecho a pecho nos miramos
Con una de esas miradas
Que cala hasta el corazón.
Boca a boca nos besamos,
Y los labios deslizamos.....

Coño!
Que es lo que estoy haciendo?
Eso fue todo en pasado,
Mas de mil años atrás.
Ese beso ya no importa,
Ni lo puedo recordar.

Esta noche voy de fiesta
Como todo un Cordobés,
Con traje negro de pana
Y botas nuevas en los pies.

Voy en rumbo aquellas cuevas.
Tu te acuerdas donde es.
Donde bailan los gitanos
Y donde me voy a encontrar,
Bailando sobre el tablero,
Una que te va remplazar.

Con ojos ardiendo en candela,
Con olor a piedra y río,
Otra que despierta el anhelo
De unir sus labios a los míos...

Esta noche voy de fiesta
A donde primero te vi.
Voy a buscar una otra
Que me mire `entro `e los ojos
Por toda una eternidad,
Que me pregunte inocente
Si yo se como palmear.
Le voy a posar en los labios
Aquel beso que te di.
Ese beso que no importa,
Pues ya... ni me acuerdo de ti.

-Jose F Rosado Noviembre 2010

Jose F Rosado

Forgiving

Stand at the edge of a cliff
And watch the cloud approaching.
Anticipate its embrace
Loaded with moisture and dew.
Ask for it to nourish you
Where your mother may have failed.
Dewdrops on blackberry bushes -
Lick the thorns and accept...
That for the evil of anger
There's the virtue of forgiving.

(January 2009)

Jose F Rosado

From Ithaca To Ithaca

Full of hubris, I once thought
I could determine the way.
Born to rule, to be the hero,
I set out to war one day.
Off to glory, I left Ithaca,
Off to Troy, to make a name.

As I set upon the waters
Life tried pointing out the way.
But I knew, I knew much better.
I, the master of my fate,
Would take life and shape and mold it –
Make it bend to my illusions,
Make it serve all my delusions.
I would triumph, I would conquer
I would slay all who opposed me,
I would shape my life my way.

Now the years have passed.
They find me
On a strange and distant shore.
Heavy mist on the horizon,
Endless sea spreads out before me,
Mighty battlements behind me -
And the clamor from great battles
Now lie muffled in the grave.

Filled with dreams, I went to conquer.
Vanquished cities, slayed their warriors,
Took their treasure and their knowledge,
Took their women, fathered children,
Cast my seed upon the wind.

Now my victories ring hollow,
Empty cities with no life.
Crones have become of my lovers.
All their promises of nurture

Are now demands upon my soul.
And the children... they've all left me,
Forged their lives, set out their destinies –
They now worship other gods.

Troy is gone, destroyed, defeated.
I must stop rebuilding Troy.
Gods conspire, grab and shake the earth below,
Houses crumble, winds are blowing,
Thunderclouds rise from the shore.
Time will tear back down this city,
Mighty battlements to dust.
Blood-paved streets that flowed with bravery
Echo empty... vain and hollow.
I grow restless –
I must go.
I must set off home to Ithaca.
The past must die and be reborn.

Yet no sadness overcomes me,
There's new life that wants to live me -
New adventure, mighty voyages.
Life has plans and I must heed them -
Must accept them as they call me.
Life in whispers hands out wisdom -
Hush and listen to the wind.

It will lead me, it will lift me,
I will now rise up and meet it -
Be it my Dread or my Self.
That which I've feared and avoided –
What will not relent in becoming
Points out the way to my destiny.
I will oblige and become.

I will continue the voyage -
This journey back to myself.
There's a broiling sea before me -
Monsters, witches, riches, lovers,
Lessons, perils, dangers, glory.
And in the end there's my Ithaca
Half remembered, half imagined,

Mythic place from where I came.

Forged in the fires of Ithaca,
To Ithaca I must in the end.

Childhood dreams of a strange city
First expelled me, now they call me.
But I live, I live the journey.
I had to leave to return.
Back to thoughts and dreams and choices
I once left so far behind.
Back to a life that kept living
Without my playing my part.

I will sail out in the morning,
Ride the winds where they will blow.
To those monsters, to those witches,
To those sirens on the rocks,
Raging seas and snowy mountains,
Boiling rivers, winding roads.

Time has come to face the stranger,
He who stares back from the mirror.
Welcome him home to my soul.
I need him for the long voyage,
I need to fuse and to bond.
I need his wits and his courage
To conquer the barriers to come.
To turn this loneliness to silence,
And cross from my life to my Myth.

Come my friends, true friends, to Ithaca
The sun rises, we must go.
The mist lifts and burns and vanishes,
The tide lifts our ship in the harbor,
It lifts our hearts to the challenge.
We leave to fulfill our destiny.
With or without you,
I go.

(March 2009)

Jose F Rosado

From The Depths

Feel what fuses and what forms
In the hours of the shadow.
Timeless shapes and shapeless thoughts
Up, from endless caverns rising.
Spilling, spreading,
Like a fog that clings to earth,
Filling crevices and hollows.
Wrapping roots and rising trunks
Sucking, feeding on this fare.
That well above the forest floor
Mighty trees might rise above,
Might spread branches to the light
And show their leaves
And take their shape
Unaware, with not a clue
Of seed and food and breath and thought
That gave rise to such
Magnificence.

(March 2009)

Jose F Rosado

Gemido De Un Corazon Herido

Con chocolate en los labios
Y una navaja en la mano
Te retiras en pies desnudos
Dejando huellas de sangre
Y mi corazon en un nudo.

(Abril 2009)

Jose F Rosado

Gently In The Night Come To Me

Gently in the night
Come to me,
Weaving among dreams and memories,
Breaths through veils,
Faint suggestions,
Loves I lived
But never were.

Wrap me kindly in your arms,
Caress me,
Say no words or whisper secrets
Safely hidden in the daytime
Deep in crevices and caverns
That protect them from the light.

Listen quietly to murmurs
Whispered
From the darkened room
I pass through.
Footsteps, voices, pages turning...
Are they echoes of my making,
... or budding truths that I deny?

Wrap your hand around the candle,
Shield it.
Let no wind blow out its flame...
Nor its light shine out too brightly
Nor its glow suggest the presence,
Of the beasts that may lay hidden,
Lurking hungry in the dark.

Let me breathe this moment,
Briefly.
Let me live in my defiance
Of those things that may yet come.

Let me take them as they take me...
Bit by bit,
... and chunk by chunk.

(April 2010)

Jose F Rosado

Gotea La Luz De Mañana

Gotea la luz de mañana
Entre las hojas del roble
Cayendo sobre la cara
De un niño...
Incierto y noble.

Buscando santuario en la sombra,
Contra el tronco escondido.
Aferrado a la penumbra,
Con ansias...
Aun no habiendo vivido.

Pero la luz no se detiene
Busca alumbrar sus temores,
Trae consigo las verdades
De la vida...
Llantos, risas, penas y amores.

Y el niño, abriendo sus ojos
Dejas sus miedos atrás,
Sale a la luz de mañana
Cauteloso...
Curioso, queriendo saber mas.

Contempla el borde 'e la sombra,
La protección de las ramas,
Toma su vida en sus manos
Sale...
Corre, se precipita hacia las llamas.

Y el roble, con la mirada lo sigue
Hasta que se pierde a lo lejos.
Tira tres hojas al viento,
Sonríe...
Piensa y suspira... Hay beneficio en ser viejo!

JFR arzo 2011

I Never Thought

I
I never
I never thought
I never thought that I would
I never thought that I would have a daughter
I never thought that I would have a daughter who would love life so much
Who would make me so happy
Who would make me so proud
And I Am
And
I
Do

3/7/06

Jose F Rosado

Icarus

Remember when I flew?
Sill-wet-wings wide against the sky,
Riding my own thermals,
Born of the heat of passion
And the winds of expectation.

Rising on hope and ambition
Through the pull of limitations,
I flew to a world of light,
Carpeted by clouds.
Pierced by minarets
Of endless possibilities.

Remember when I flew?
I was a god then.
Rising toward certain destiny
Free of rules and laws.
Free of somber gravity.

I flew because I could.
I had become a god-bird;
A hawk in locked-winged break
From my past, my self,
My species.

Remember when I flew
And I thought that flight
Would last forever?
How the sun called down to me
To reveal the secrets of the light?

Even as my wings would soften
And I heard my father's warnings
Coming softly from behind,
I knew that soaring called me;
That my life depended on it;
That in this risky flight to heaven
Lay the answers of the light.

Remember when I flew
And came face to face with God?
The confusion and the fear,
The certainty and the joy,
The friction of all opposites
Searing, burning in bright light.

Shedding ambitions like feathers
Dropping from my wings... I fell,
Pulled by the glow of gravity
To the sea where fusion waits.
And I passed beside my father,
Flying cautious circles in the sky,
Calling to him imbued
With the joy of understanding:
'Don't ever forget me father...
And remember when I flew! '

(December 2004)

Jose F Rosado

Inmortal

Pido que algo perdure.
El aliento de mi amor, dirigido a los que ame.
Una palabra en la memoria de alguno que me escucho.
Una imagen vaga en la mente de uno de los que me vio viniendo
O que noto mi partida.

No puede ser que una vida acabe solo en cenizas
O que una voz se pierda en un silencio vacío
Aquí estuve para añadir, no solo para existir
Para pelear sin rendirme
No para desvanecer ante un viento caprichoso

Pero sé que hasta las montañas se desgastan con el tiempo
Las lluvias, a pedacitos se las llevan
Y las mezclan con el mar.
Igual mi huella en la arena
Con firmeza se despliega
Ante la ola que viene
Con intención de arrazar.

Pero eso es solo mi huella
Ya yo pase por ahí
Y lo que borra la ola
No es más que una semejanza
A aquello que la imprimió.

Ven, dime lo que perdura
No es mi cuerpo
No es mi alma,
Ni los pensamientos que yo pense

Apurate, dime pronto,
Que la ola se amontona
Y rompe sobre la orilla,

...Y necesito saber.

(Octubre 2008)

Jose F Rosado

La Búsqueda

Porque tu amor se perdió
Adentro de una botella,
Hoy vacío dos al día
Intentándolo encontrar.

2010

Jose F Rosado

Memories

There comes a time in your life
Where you grasp desperately
To time;
Dig your heels,
Grab its wings,
And attempt to hold it back.

This is when memories become
Like heavy stones
In your pockets,
When your footprints become deeper
In the sands you leave behind.

This is where you become cautious –
Afraid to let go and fly;
Where you need to push your hands
Into the ground beneath you;
Where your roots reach out for bedrock
Looking for meaning to grasp.

Holding on to time and breath –
Hoping to make them last.
Your fear overcomes your wonder;
Fear that the end will come.
That there will be one last memory...
And one exhaling breath...
Alone.

(December 2004)

Jose F Rosado

Moan From A Wounded Heart

Chocolate on your lips
And a razor in your hand
You walk away on bare feet
Leaving bloody footprints
Behind

(April 2009)

Jose F Rosado

Night Fears

I've been here before...
Not in the same place
But on the same edge
Of despair

I've seen thick darkness looming
Just outside the firelight.
And I've seen the eyes of disaster
Shine in the shadows beyond.

I've heard the rustling and snorting
Of hungry beasts in the forest
That would carry off a child
In a moment of distraction

I've kept the fire burning all night
Vainly vying for brilliance
Feeding wet logs to the blazes.
And only making more smoke...
Behind which the beasts could hide...
And approach.

I've waited the night out
Fighting sleep
And fear
And nightmares,
Fingers tight
Around a stone...
A comforting weapon
To deceive my dread

And then I've stared
With red-rimmed eyes
As the first hint of light from the morning
Outlines the trees against the sky,
Colors rolling slowly back
As the mist lifts off the ground

And the wildflowers by the forest

Look kindly back at my fears,
And morning blooms from the shadows
While the forest lifts its fern carpet
And soothes...
And beckons...

And the stone drops from my hand
And rolls silently into the ashes
And I look around the clearing
Half embarrassed
Half amused
And walk on through the living forest
Careful, quiet...
Not to wake the sleeping child.

(Fall 2007)

Jose F Rosado

Scattered

Inward –
Inward we fall
Like the silent snow
That falls
As they scatter our ashes.
Spread by loving hands
Over those fields
We wandered,
And thought
We loved so much
That we wanted to become
Part of them
Forever

Outward –
Outward we glance
From every spec of dust
We have become -
And see ourselves
In the wind,
And in the trees,
And in the leaves,
And on the eyelashes
Of our beloved
Staring into their eyes -
Seeing
But not being
Seen

Upward –
Upward we fly
To the heavens
Lifted
By unseen drafts,
Soaring
Over distant memories
Of possibilities
And lovers
Loved,

And others
Left,
And others
Leaving

Downward –
Downward we're cast
In great relief
And great
Release
As we float down
From open palms -
A journey to earth
That took a lifetime
And brought us back
To being
Everything
From being
Nothing.

(Fall 2007)

Jose F Rosado

The Journey

The journey begins in earnest,
Away from the wayward light,
Into dark corners,
And dark secrets,
And dark feelings of despair.

To find those heavy stones,
Long ago
Placed carefully
Over muddy holes,
And discarded colored ribbons
Once tied neatly 'round your heart -

To places where breath had failed you,
And your mind had taken cover,
And your eyes had turned rebuffing
The dark secrets of the truth.

Eyes, once closed,
Now opened
By an unfamiliar will –
Your own...

You offer yourself to the sacrifice,
Like a virgin to the knife
Of an ancient Mayan priest -
To pry open your chest, removing
Your beating heart, and holding it
In front of your eyes
To see.

And as you die,
Your beating heart
Still beating,
Is placed in another breast,
Reborn...

Virgin no more –
Raped in gusts

By the endless winds of knowledge.
Receiving your heart of mystery
No longer furtive in the dark.

Reach out and take your new burden
Of freedom
And truth

And fly...

(January 2005)

Jose F Rosado

The River

She sits by the river
With her toes breaking the water
And she wonders at the current
And the paths where it may lead her
And she prays that it will take her
If she had the will to dive in
But she fears it may be deeper
Than the thoughts that seem to drive her
And she feels a certain sadness
That she hasn't jumped in sooner
And she feels a certain panic
That perhaps she will not jump in
That the river will keep going
Past her toes that break the water
And the current will keep flowing
Past the reaches and the prospects of her life

She stares down at the water
Carrying leaves and twigs and branches
Carrying dreams and hopes and wishes
Round the bend and past the island
Disappearing from her vision
But engraved like grooves on granite
In the wishful, longing visions of her mind.
And she knows that life awaits her
And she knows that she must summon
All the will that has escaped her
All the strength that she possesses
She must slip into the water
And the current it must take her
Or it just may keep on flowing
Past the reaches and the wishes of her life

And she knows that it is fated
And with strength and will and panic
She leans out above the river
And she lets her weight just pull her
And she plunges in the water
And she feels the current take her

Like the hands and arms and bosom
Of a kind and caring mother
And she lets the river guide her
Like her father always sought to
And she looks back at the shoreline
Where her childhood and her safety
Stretch their arms as if to reach her
And she knows that they're just memories
That her life is down the river
And she lets the current take her
And she feels the strength inside her
And the river it keeps flowing
Toward the reaches and adventures of her life

(January 2009)

To my daughter C. going off to college. Good luck - you'll always be my
Sweetiepie.

Jose F Rosado

The Seeker Of Love

We look for love in another,
Seeking the one who loves,
... who's within.

Love is not need; it's acceptance
It does not project, it observes.
It holds no expectations of someone,
It simply feels,
... and celebrates.

Seek, search, you will find it,
But start the search in the soul
Look at your eyes in the mirror
See the love that's deep within.

It doesn't come whole in a package.
It isn't all in one place.
Bit by bit all around us.
Scattered stones
In a field.

And the field...
After such a long journey
...was always found in ourselves.

(May 11,2008) To J. - Happy Mother's Day

Jose F Rosado

The Wall

Who are you there, on the other side?
At times I hear your faint scratching,
your movements across the thin wall.

For a long time
I thought you no longer lived there.
One day, long ago,
I just stopped hearing your noises.

You were louder in the old days.
The stomping of your feet
as you moved across the floor
resounded through my room.
I knew you were there.

You used to scream back then –
sometimes in anger,
sometimes in warning –
always in passion.

Even over the cacophony
of your many visitors
your voice always stood out –
booming across the wall
in supreme confidence...
as if you had all the answers.

Your voice called to me
and I would sit countless hours,
my ear pressed against our paper-thin wall,
hoping to understand your strange language,
to gain your knowledge,
your largeness,
your noise.

That was many years ago,
when I was convinced
there were paths and destinations,
and I was positive

your language was learnable,
and I would learn to speak it,
and understand it,
and one day my room would be full of visitors,
and noise,
and my voice would boom above all others
with the serene loudness
that brought the clamor to their lips
and peace to my heart.

But one day the sounds subsided.
Maybe you became quieter.
Maybe my ears grew deaf
to your particular noise.
Maybe the view out the window
became more interesting,
more germane,
than the sounds across the wall.

The colors thrilled me –
and as I stared at them in hopeful wonder,
I saw patterns in the abstract
and believed
I could see the solid in the swirl,
the material in the mist,
the concrete in the colors.

I didn't hear your noises then.
I thought you had left.
Sometimes, I forgot you had even been there.
Sometimes... I thought you never had.
My voice now boomed in my ears.
I had no time
for listening to walls.

Fascinated,
I saw the swirls, and colors and mists
gel into an image of perfect clarity.
The answers lay before me.
Back then, I would rather choose
a moment of perfect vision

than an eternity of ambiguity.

In unblinking wonder I stared,
congratulating myself
for my wisdom and fortune...

Until a wind blew
tiny specs of dust into my eyes,
and I blinked,
and teared,
and looked up
and saw again the swirling mists of colors,
and my chest pressed into my heart,
and I understood the illusion.

It has been very quiet since then.
I no longer hear my booming voice -
only anxious gasps
and disappointed sighs.

Even in the humming silence,
I heard no sounds across the wall.

But one day,
I thought I heard something -
the soft swishing sound of your sole across the floor,
your fingers scratching at your temple,
pages turning in a book.

Vaguely, I remembered the noise of years ago -
the confidence and certainty they contained,
the promises I heard in them.

It is different now.
The noises are quiet,
more tentative - as if you were listening to me.

Who are you there, on the other side?
Why are you so familiar
and yet so different than before?
What happened

to your gilded days of glory
and absolute certainty?
Are you also learning, as I did?
Do you now know
that wisdom means living
with vagueness and doubt?
That peace comes from both,
caring and chaos?

I know who you are now – God,
and you are as confused as I am,
and you seek, just as I do –
and you can be as lonely as I.

The wall between us is thin.
Are we ever to meet each other?
If you need me,
will you ever call out?

Or are we to spend eternity,
two frightened men,
our ears pressed against each other,
listening through a paper-thin wall?

(November 2003)

Jose F Rosado

Tu Lo Que Ta Tosta

(recitado al estilo de Luis Carbonell)

Oyeme nina tu me tienes, loco con el veniva
Me tienes hablando en chino, no te entiendo ni pa na
Ya tengo falluco el coco, en rumbo pal majalla
Tu me cambias como el viento, vas de calma a tempesta
Ami me pareceme mijita que tu lo que ta tosta.

Me dices, te quiero darlin', te llevo a ti nama
Despues me cuelgas el bejuco sin niun 'bye', niun 'como esta'
La proxima vez que me hablas es un cuento y ja ja ja
Y yo todavia pensando que estas media encabrona
Yo no se pero eso me dice que tu lo que ta tosta.

Yo no se si te das cuenta, pero tienes tremendo maja
Es un tipo que te quiere, y te dice la verda
Todo te lo resuelve, es lo mejor que hay palla
Te aguanta tos lo paquete y no dice niun ji niun ja
Si tu no te das de cuenta, tu lo que ta tosta

Yo no se de tus sospecha, no hay ni razon ni na
Lo que pasa es qu'ese tipo, el te quiere de verda
No lo trates con desprecio, no te pongas tan pesa
Date con un canto en el pecho, ten cuidao que se va,
Si no lo agarras mijita, tu lo que ta tosta

Vete a ver al pi-siquiatra y suelta la jutia ya
Que esa cosa, tu lo sabes, no te alluda ni pana
Oye mujer no lo jodas, no lo trates e'aministra
Aceptalo como viene, que igual que viene se va
Y si dejas qu'eso pase....
Ahi si que tu ta tosta.

(Julio 11,2007)

Jose F Rosado

Whisper

Stillness...

Stillness, still.

The dark surface of the water

Calmly, quietly in wait

For the breath of Wind

To crease it.

Lines of ripples where it passes,

Whispering to the silent depths.

JFR – March 2009

Jose F Rosado

You Lived

In the fleeting moment of a memory,
You live your life.
At the end all you have is the memory –
The exhale –
Moments seen in the ethereal,
Vanishing like smoke,
Unique to you
As no one else... you lived.

(December 2004)

Jose F Rosado