

Poetry Series

Phil Capitano
- poems -

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Phil Capitano()

Dance With Me

DANCE WITH ME

Writing is dancing with words...

 a titillating tango with verbs delicious...

 a sultry waltz with rhythm and meter...

 a hot rumba with randy adjectives...

 a forbidden dance with unnamed nouns...

if this has not left you wanting more

then I shall dance with words no more.

Poetry is a pure passion play

of alliteration and words dancing alone,

quick-stepping, twin-tapping salsa,

seductive rhapsody in rhyme,

moving metaphors, measure and time...

my love is wrapped in this poetry

so will you please come dance with me?

Phil Capitano

Interstellar Dust

INTERSTELLAR DUST

Wrapped in darkness alone I abide
Underneath these starry skies.

Northern Cross or graceful swan
A billion years their lights have shone.

Swimming these dark matter oceans
I am filled with humble emotions.

Ninety-nine percent I cannot see,
So much is sought in luminosity,

Shrouded by the Uncertainty
And the Theory of Humanity.

Born of elements, the cosmic seed.
Then into the heart-space and all that bleeds

Consciousness, the I that sees
Struck by waves of possibilities.

So here I stand, my thoughts to rust,
Nothing more than interstellar dust.

Phil Capitano

Roses On The Moon

ROSES ON THE MOON

Midnight tickles your turned-up toes,
dawn scrapes your knees
but your head is already in daylight
kissing the setting sun and not me.
The scent of musk and the north woods
spark a scene then the rush...
don't believe everything whispered
under a sage moon.
Memory is the landscape,
longing the river that meanders
like a lost child in dream.
The waters lead to dried riverbeds
and forgotten photographs, flotsam
on the once raging river.
Suddenly I find myself nowhere
making sunshine out of oranges,
searching for roses on the moon.

Phil Capitano

Scar

SCAR

On her right forearm she carries a scar,
Symbol of the comet and the fiery stars.
Found at the crossroads, a scar on the map,
Didn't realize that her need was a trap.
Mindlessly she picks...she knows how to pick 'em.
When memory takes over does she ever think of him?
Remember the nights aglow with their fire
Caught up in the rapture, driven by desire.
Now she's burning bridges to keep herself warm
Taking full advantage of her nubile form
To get from men what she thinks she needs
And, despite what you've heard, she needs,
She bleeds from the scar that she feverishly picks...
Look long if you can she'll be gone in a quick.
So, when she scratches her scar does she think of him?
Feel a pain in her heart or laugh with a grin?
The scar that burns in her soul like a star...
When words attack they, too, can leave a scar.

Phil Capitano

She Is Nothing Like The Stars

She Is Nothing Like The Stars

She is nothing like Sirius,
But her eyes are the bluest blue.
Nor is she like Antares
Yet her skin has a warm, soft hue.

Her hair is like the golden Milky Way
Draped across the dark sky,
Unlike all the spectral jewels ever
Through the telescope spied.

Would she be like the Sun
I could not gravitate to her more
And still be as distant.
Like a wave never greeting the shore,

Her eyes never meeting mine.
She is nothing like the stars, except...
Expressed in time,
Light years away.

Phil Capitano

Soul Love

SOUL LOVE

There is no love like soul love,
no rain like a soothing spring shower

after a long dry spell. No one knows
for certain when the rains will come

only hopeful that it will replenish
the garden and not wash it away

in flood waters, the savage brutality
of Nature. When you see the clouds

approach don't run for shelter but
dance in the dust and embrace the joy

of every drop secure in the knowledge
that new life will spring forth from the

barren Earth and nothing will be the same
as it was before being touched

by the Divine.

Phil Capitano

This Mystical Heart

THIS MYSTICAL HEART

Do you know me? Not my worldly names,
merely form, the vessel...I see what others
do not, I feel what others may never touch,
the morning mist surrenders to the subtle sun.
Jumping in and out of existence, the anti-particle
of fear; need is scratching the back of rejection
while some in favour of blindness, preach. I am
drawn to you the way the shore beckons the sea.
Do you know how many years I wandered the sands
searching for the oasis in time? The flute needs
only wind to make music but what makes it a song?
Motion is the creative spirit, the harmonic breeze
moves across the openings and flute and sound
are one; a loving connection is why the shaman walks.
A Crown you chose over this pauperism,
tired of the fight; it is in the very struggle that
riches are found. Be like the Prince of Peace
and surrender to the laundry, there is no lifting up
when things are easy only trouble brings out the light.
Of the many lives within this one each death
has brought the sober terms and one by one they die
like the notes of a song, not the whole tune, a part.
Listen for the melody of this mystical heart.
Do you know me? I am the wind.
Be the vulnerable flute and hear with your body.

Phil Capitano