

Poetry Series

anthony quiles
- poems -

Publication Date:

2010

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

anthony quiles(14 June 1953)

Born and raised in Brooklyn, and now residing in tuscan, Italy...

A Broken Heart

I give this to you,
because I can't use it anymore,
it's broken, shattered into a million pieces,
and I can't seem to make them fit anymore,
like a jigsaw puzzle... with no defining borders,
no outline to make it easier.

I give this to you because I have seen the way you can make things fit,
how you can sit back, and see the whole picture,
and fit together even the smallest pieces.

I give this to you, because in this moment you are the one who knows me best,
and I find comfort in your smile, your words, in you.

I give this to you, because I have no one else to give it to,
and I can't think of anyone else's hands that I would put
it into.

I give this to you, only because I want to,
it served me well, but serves me no more,
perhaps you can mend it and put it to good use,
for you see I can't use it anymore...

anthony quiles

Annabelle

complex as a French film makers plot,
as fragile as the petals on a rose,
delicate as a souffle,
as unchanging as the wind,
yet tough as granite...
complex in a simple sort of way...
Annabelle.

anthony quiles

E.L.E.N.A.

everlasting

love

eternal

nights

and... me.

anthony quiles

Her Love Like Ivy

her love wrapped itself around my heart,
like ivy,
clinging,
intertwining itself,
into twisted knots,
and each unforgiven moment like thorns,
pierce,
and hold fast superficially into flesh,
until there is pain with each beat of my heart,
till her love constrains,
restrains and defines each movement of it...

anthony quiles

Just One Moment

would you hold me,
even for just one moment,
I know you don't feel that way,
but, could you close your eyes and
pretend that it is someone else
and not I,
let me rest beside you,
feel the warmth of your embrace,
and as we lay in silence,
you could dream that I'm the one you
always wanted to be with,
to hold, to share, to have,
could you do this,
even for just one moment?

anthony quiles

Lavender Sheets

a rainy afternoon,
silky flowered lavender scented laced sheets,
as soft notes play,
melodic,
in four part harmony,
tunes sung in sultry voices,
remind me of you,
in renewed memories...

anthony quiles

Memories

i miss you, as time moves forward,
as night gives way to a light of a new day,
i remember you,
in a moment...
as still photos,
frozen in time,
playing out...
each one a beat of my heart like a drum,
each one a breath of fresh air,
I move forward,
looking ahead,
as I take the memories everywhere i go...

anthony quiles

Midnight

soothing her sorrows in peaceful dying blues
midnight succumbs to the loneliness etched on her soul with loves demise
with soft tangoes and false desire
laughing,
and spewing poisonous venom
a blue eyed scorpion seduces me into despair...-
beneath breathless desire
the pain of love diminished as flesh moves
end over end
upon unforgiving lies
scattering it
powerless in the shadows of life...

anthony quiles

Night Falls

night falls,
shattering smiles,
across the darkness,
as misty dreams slowly reveal,
loves desire softly fading...
illusion ly disillusion ly yours
to the bitter end of all my yesterdays,
stretched across the landscape of all my tomorrows,
sewn into the fabric of todays fantasies, and follies...

anthony quiles

No Time

no time for this...
it seems
the less I have to do,
the less time
I have to do it...

anthony quiles

Odds And Ends

heavenly tingling stars, awake beyond loves sight...

I like jam and I like toast, but I like to jam on the toast the most...

stars, moons, and rainbows, but mostly - dust bunnies...

voices searching for soft filtered love,

and vibrating hot desire, like alms in a beggars cup...

As rose petals surely die - i found hot desire: in your sweet voice, delicious soft lips, amorous eyes, fingertips, and love's silky dew...

Silky muttering mistresses, living in hot delicious dreams, with soft unbearable schemes, churning music- breathing – splinters, believing in vain, as love seething heart laughs...

roses - souffle

delicious - hot - silky desire - ending in silience -as love laughed softly

tonight - beyond heavenly silky soft curves - I will awake your desires - as we star crossed lovers touch...

hot desire - love flows - on soft silky skin - deliciously smile

laughing, wine-ing, silky glossy words, selling hot delicious fleshy desire as soft earthly passion lights love...

anthony quiles

Overwhelmed

Distant minds,
distracted,
confused,
and overwhelmed,
while embedded memories
stitch a tapestry of colorful hues,
delicious sadness a solemn banquet makes,
heaped upon a hefty serving of numbed love,
and hot desire.

Silky feelings
- tread bare emotions,
softly shredded from pain,
and agony,
taunt,
and play in the shadows,
and in the sandbox of time....

anthony quiles

Quietly

quietly,
softly in time,
my desires found passions
hot silky love,
along rolling curves,
like waves upon an ocean,
riding along
in a delicious sentimental journey,
in silence...

anthony quiles

Searching

searching,
looking,
ahead,
and tripping over those things I seek,
right in front of my eyes,
and wondering where they are?

anthony quiles

She

she plays among the stars,
a mystical, magical haven,
to keep at bay the pain,
and she a celestial body.
dark - mysterious,
impish child of the gods,
rides free in the heavens,
and gentle free falls to the
world below...

anthony quiles

Time

time,
illusions,
slipping through my fingers,
like grains of sand,
shadows slip past...
thoughts evade me, like the wind blowing in the trees.

anthony quiles

Time Passed

time passed,
moving along the way,
along cobblestone streets,
thru dark alleyways,
swirled around,
in hazy dust filled rooms,
at times in,
moments - moments,
aloft, alone, and against the grain...

anthony quiles

To Those Who Believe

to those that believe in the magic of a sunset,
the wonders of a sunrise,
the joy of birth,
a walk in the park,
children splashing about after a springs rain,
a meadow filled with wild flowers,
against a backdropp of rolling hills,
the allure of a summer's breeze,
that smile that leaves you breathless,
and a selfless love that bounds two to one...

anthony quiles