

Poetry Series

**Carlos Gutierrez**  
**- poems -**

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**Carlos Gutierrez(10/23/95)**

# Across The Room

Watching you look across the room,  
And to only find despise within your sight,  
Makes me wonder if saying goodbye,  
Will come back and haunt me,  
And force me to pay the price.

Your smile still holds the antidote to my sorrow,  
Your lips still sends shivers to my spine,  
Your body I can still feel it in my dreams,  
But I can't find it in myself to forgive you,  
When you cry with arid eyes,  
And when her name still lingers on your words.

The magic has never lessened,  
I still desire to hold you near,  
I regret making you feel obliged,  
To protect me from my fears.

But human mistakes are to be forgiven,  
I've prepared myself to forget the past,  
Look ahead to the unpredictable tomorrow,  
And to do everything and anything in these weakened hands,  
To make you mine for a lifetime,  
Or a just a fraction of an hour.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Alternate Reality

A petal for a kiss,  
A rose for an eternity.

Unlikely people,  
From unlikely worlds,  
Are never meant to be together.

As I lay my head on the whitest of pillows,  
I find myself lost and wandering around alternate realities.

In this made-to-not-believe world I play pretend in,  
I imagine that you would ever love me.

Countless roads and an infinity...

Of ever boundless possibilities...

Our bodies may be trembled and shaken by storms,  
But even when it rains or snows,  
Our bodies interwine and lock to embrace the change of an unpredictable  
weather,  
And while I can't promise you the world,  
I can always promise you forever...

Carlos Gutierrez

# Always Here, Always Watching

Stuck and blinded in the space of a memory,  
Running the yet-to-be plays in my head,  
Walking into the always number one room,  
Laying my eyes on the most obvious of people,  
Putting on my puppet show,  
Pretending that I'm unaware of gazes.  
But savoring the sweetness of the spotlight.

I dance and smile,  
I act oblivious towards the most important person in this room,  
I smile some more.  
My eyes skip his seat,  
Automatically.

But my every twitch, is centered on him.

I only imagine,  
And that increases the volume of my ridiculous joy.

I talk to my friend,  
I think she notices something different in me,  
I'm only half paying attention,  
To this unnecessary and utterly pointless conversation.

I like to think that I'm playing with him,  
Maybe even worsening his attraction towards me.

But deep inside,  
Where no one has ever seen into,  
Not even myself.

Lays the truth that is hidden in my unconscious.

The stabbing and sickening truth,  
I understand I'm only playing myself,  
And maybe even worse,  
He's probably just playing with me.  
While I don't even notice....



# Amore Mio

Amore mio,

Close by or continents far,  
In my mind you live and linger around.

Like a butterfly in a net,  
I hold you delicately so your wings won't ever break.

Amore mio,  
You are the leaves in my tree;  
Without you I can't ever live,  
And if fate's justice hammer will keep us apart,  
So let it be,  
Because amore mio,  
It will only strengthen the spark sheltering in our hearts.

With you by my side,  
Who foolish enough to be against me?

The magic of the stars,  
The blue in the seas,  
Seem to be gone without you  
Like a meadow missing flowers or a pond with no weeds.

Amore mio,  
Whisper in my ear,  
Delight me with the knowledge that will ignite every light in my universe  
And wash away,  
Like footprints in the sand,  
My every haunting fear.

Amore mio,  
I love you, like I will never love another human being.

Carlos Gutierrez

# And So, With A Strike Of A Key And A Swing Of The Eyes...

And so, with a strike of a key and a swing of the eyes, the storm was freed from its cage.

I have felt its bone-chilling breath on my neck,  
and I experienced the torment of it's acid rain on my brittle skin,  
yet the despicable mindset of Sir Fuzi Fazi is exponentially more catastrophic.

(He has allowed me to be burdened by the agile precision of the storm's sting,  
he has embedded me with a demon's jealousy and has imprisoned me in the  
chamber of self-despair, yet he remains in flawless perfection.

His angelic aura shines through the dimmest, most obscure of caves,  
and his radiant eyes evanescence gray clouds in the sky.  
His impatient smile gives life to the day,  
and his immaculate walk makes way to the heavens, yet I remain in anonymity,  
even to myself.)

And so the rain fell, and the thunder roared with the strength of a giant.  
And I fell silent to the claws of fear, and succumbed, in eternal slumber, to the  
perpetual monotonic dullness of nothingness.

Carlos Gutierrez



# Audience

I've searched far and wide,  
For the kid that lived inside of me a long time ago.

I've dug holes through my chest,  
I've seen into mirrors,  
To only find the empty corridors of my soul.

I was once happy, joyful, and careless.  
Now I'm bitter, cruel, and cold.

I miss myself, sometimes a bit too much.

What can I do?

Where can I search?

Who should I look for,  
In times of despair?

My answer is simple,  
I must perish.

My breaths have turned heavy,  
They strike me to the floor  
With every inhalation,  
And excruciate me even mightier,  
With every exhalation.

It is too bad that breathing,  
Which helps us circulate oxygen,  
Has to come in pairs.

My inept mind can't describe what I feel,  
It may only seem like an accident to the audience,  
But to my eyes,  
It's ever so real...

The show has grown closer to its conclusion,  
The stage is all set,

The lights have been centered,  
And there's a gun on the table.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Bff Love

Best friends,  
Roaming the streets;  
Careless teenagers,  
Waving to the people they meet.

One hugs the other,  
They feel something is there;  
It all feels right,  
Everything together seem more than fair.

They decide to keep walking in their embrace,  
Even when people look and stare;  
Nobody will ever break them apart,  
And for haters they won't ever have a care.

They've waited so long,  
They've held everything deep inside,  
Now it all pours out;  
Their faces gushing out pride.

So much time lost,  
All wasted;  
So many moments they could've enjoyed together,  
Makes their every move hasted.

They're young,  
And so naive,  
But they have each other  
So, when in doubt, they can believe.

Everything becomes perfect  
Nothing else can match this power,  
And like a granny's garden,  
Their hearts are filled with love and flowers.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Bubbles In The Air

The bubbles in the air,  
Float aimlessly throughout the atmosphere.

They dance their invisible dance,  
With an audience, that doesn't own eyesight.

The bubbles in the air,  
May be too miniscule  
For the heart's content.

They might not excite the senses,  
But they are always there.

The bubbles in the air,  
Rise and fall,  
Feeding and nurturing,  
And bringing back to life,  
The many breathless hearts,  
That have suffocated in the emptiness of countless days and nights.

The bubbles in the air,  
You may have taken for granted,  
For they aren't flamboyant  
Unlike some circus show master,  
But we haven't forgotten,  
And we will hold on to them,  
With every breath we take.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Come Back For Me

Silence.  
Says.  
More.  
Than.  
A.  
Thousand.  
Words.

And.  
It.  
Has.  
Talked.  
To.  
Me.

She.  
Said.  
That.  
You.  
Are.  
Gone.

That.  
You.  
Left.  
Without.  
Saying.  
Why.

No.  
Goodbye.

No.  
Letter.  
Or.  
Note.

Just.  
Vanished.

It.  
Might.  
Have.  
Been.  
Me.

Something.  
I.  
Did.

Something.  
I.  
Said.

But.  
I'll.  
Wait.  
Here.

Here.

The.  
Place.  
Your.  
Mind.  
Has.  
Erased.  
And.  
Forgotten.

My.  
Arms.  
Wide.  
Open.

Will.  
Never.  
Close.

My.  
Puckered.

Lips.

Won't.

Move.

An.

Inch.

I'll.

Wait.

Until.

Forever.

Ends.

And.

A.

Day.

More.

For.

Your.

Return.

For.

I.

Cannot.

Leave.

Behind.

The.

Past.

As.

The.

Past.

So.

I'll.

Crouch.

In.

This.

Corner.

Over.

Here.

Don't.  
You.  
Forget.

And.  
Then.  
Once.  
Again.

When.  
You.  
Enlighten.  
My.  
Days.  
With.  
Your.  
Life.  
Again.

I.  
Can.  
Go.  
On.

But.  
Until.  
That.  
Day.

I'm.  
Frozen.

Hoping.

That.  
You'll.  
Come.  
Back.  
For.  
Me.





# Coming Home To Real Love

I pull out the burnt spoon  
Bring out the blade  
I'm all alone and so soon  
The agony will be washed away...  
Call me foolish  
Call me psycho  
Call me whatever you want  
But these are my only escape routes  
When my world crumbles down  
Falls on me  
Crushes me with it's weight  
And when it does fall down  
Nobody knows  
It's all inside where you can't hear a sound.  
People think you've got it made  
That you have it all  
But if they only knew, that masks and facades over up the truth  
Hiding your real weakness, that with just a pebble you could fall.

People are so oblivious sometimes  
They feel something is wrong  
They do wonder why I always wear baggy clothes  
But yet they can't quite put their finger on it  
Of what happens behind closed doors  
Another day  
Another dollar  
Another bruise on my arms and a bigger one on my bone collar.  
This is how I'm greeted home  
By my truest love...

Carlos Gutierrez

# Cotton Space

This lamp is always shining,  
It has never abandoned this dusty room.

The room is quite the size, though.  
It is thirty kilometers and half a mile with three-quarters of a centimeter long,  
And nine feet and thirteen yards with three cups of width.

The lamps shines dimly in the vast blankness.

It's a dark flame that burns atop.

Not a black one,  
Just dark...

And hanging upside-right sideways from the wall,  
Stands a man with crippled hands.

He's said to have lost all his senses at age two.

But somehow, in someway, he manages to feel the heat from the lamp;  
He also sees the reflection of the flame's ember along side the cotton walls.

But I see nothing...  
I feel nothing as well...

He points towards my left and horizontal point-of-view;  
I am still unable to spot this 'lamp'.

He grabs my frozen hands, with his crippled one.  
The texture feels abnormal,  
Even to me.

I follow him,  
Unconsciously...

Then he holds my face,  
I stare at his blank eyes,  
And hold them in place.

The image strikes with the power of a fist,

There's still nothing,  
Just the cotton room all around.

I feel him though,  
He hasn't left yet,  
Not that there's some kind of exiting door anyways...

Maybe I'm the blind one,  
Maybe I've lost everything I had that was never in my possession,  
Or maybe, just maybe,  
I have forgotten to open my eyes...

Carlos Gutierrez

# Cupid Had Mercy On Me

I'd like to give away your smile to the moon  
So every night I watch it I can think of you.

I want you to understand  
That your love matters to me  
That by your side  
I enjoy the warmth of your embrace  
The nectar of your sweet kisses.

You're the reason I breathe every second  
I wish I could know what you are thinking  
I desire to be on your chest  
Until the sun rises  
And we have the lust to become a single person once again.  
That's when I realized that I love you a little more each day.

You strike me with your presence alone  
I can't help but to notice you when you enter the room  
I can't fight my body's desire to run towards you  
I'm weak  
I'm only human  
On your eyes I lock my gaze  
With my lips I write this poem on yours

And here I wonder what else we could be missing,  
In this golden twilight,  
In our lives that have lived through so much  
That have dreamt of the impossible  
And seen a million colors.  
And just as I hold you in my arms the truth sinks in,  
Cupid had mercy on me.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Dear Memories

Do you remember me?  
We went to school together,  
You probably don't,  
I mean,  
Why would you?  
I was as real to you as a little girl's closet monster,  
See-through as morning's blanket of fog,  
More invisible than a mirage,  
Yet, I still managed to hang around you as a creeping shadow,  
Stalking your every step like a hunting dog,  
Watching your every move like a spy on his victim.

I read and heard all your words with such eagerness,  
And from a distance I felt your very last breath as our farewell.  
Now life, fate, and destiny's hand,  
Have brought together you and me.  
To where you and I stand here hearing the same melody;  
Altos and sopranos tuned to perfect harmony.

Everything has changed,  
Now nothing is the same.  
The memories I had left behind burning in the past,  
Start emerging back.

I remember as if it were only moments ago.

Vivid as the stars,  
Bright as a sunset,  
I remember you,  
Walking by,  
Looking past me,  
Acting as if I wasn't there.

I know I was insignificant,  
but, what was there to do?  
If I wasn't good enough for you...

Carlos Gutierrez

## Dear True Love,

Dear true love,  
Forgive me, for I have been naive.  
And even in the circumstances where my tongue has been stilled by fear,  
My heart has remained persistent.

My voice might have been stolen by the grasp of safety,  
Yet my spirit attempts to untangle itself from its anchor.

Dear true love,  
Forgive me, for I have been given cowardliness,  
And have strayed from courage.

Please, I dare beg of you,  
Overlook my deficiencies and imperfections,  
For all I have has been bestowed upon you.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Demanding A Lie

There laid my own shining sun on the tan pores of my skin,  
and therefore I analyzed what people's behavior may mean towards my behalf.

I examined with detachment, for that could guarantee security in the truth,  
the actions of my beloved one, and the surroundings of the situation.

And so I did, with carefulness, and for the first instance, I discovered the  
cowardliness;  
the same one I had been confusing for adolescence shyness.

I am obviously not worth the hazard of honesty towards self,  
and was forced to be blended against the monotone visibility of the crowd.

And so my partner, whom I trusted with all my will,  
encouraged me to not fight fire with fire,  
but instead to mimic the cunning behavior of the rattlesnake,  
and lock on my opponent's dreary weakness.

My partner warned that it wouldn't be an easy quest,  
it reminded me that I would face 'people' peril as I uncovered my opponent's  
elbow joint,  
yet I followed its advice obediently.

And so, I have come to awareness that my mirror, my partner whom I relevantly  
trusted,  
has lied to me, for I have lamely failed to conquest my beloved's heart.

Carlos Gutierrez



# Encounter With A Giant

And finally I stumbled out of the cursed forest.

The place, infested by vines, moss, and death,  
Had left my feet weary and deteriorated.

I had stood in the frosty aura of rain as it pummeled me,  
And I had traveled on paths covered with butchery spikes of hail,  
Yet the blazing embers remained intact within my zeal.

Then a giant seemed to extract itself from the maze;  
He lagged and seemed apathetic at first,  
Until our gazes crashed.

He increased his pace,  
Even in the sacrifice of obliviousness.

He had been traveling from the same route I had just walked out of,  
Yet he appeared incongruous to the scene,  
For it was the way he had journeyed that distinguished him.

He stopped as soon as he fell right in front of me.

'This is what I own, ' he said in a condescending manner that shook my skeleton.  
'What is it that you possess, that can surpass me? ' he then vocalized while  
gazing around me, avoiding my glare.

His truck was mighty and towered over my head.  
It's obsidian color explained a sense of humanity against the forest;  
It could overpower anything.  
And even against the obvious damage it had taken from nature,  
It stood with authority and utter superiority against the trees.

I had thought of letting my frustration and hatred flow down my spine to be  
forever forgotten,  
But my head could not stand reason in a state of physical exhaustion.

'I got my shoes bitch, that's what I have.'

The man was clearly displeased,

Yet all he did was chuckle and even forgot to say goodbye.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Femur

I know how to skin a muscle to the bone.

First, you tear the high pitched cartilage to the length of a needle,  
and as you hold the knife with your teeth  
you taste the oozing plasma of the blood.

With the broken femur  
the rest is a piece of cake.

Just use your pocket knife,  
and set your flesh free from the crushing boulder.  
Now, you may have tried to weather it down,  
but the bone supports its massive gravity.

And as you are released from the boulder's angry, fanged grip,  
you notice you would've succumbed in the trench  
if it wasn't for my wits.

If only I would've skinned your humerus.

Instead, I had to satisfy myself with your femur.

Sad face...

Carlos Gutierrez

# For It Is You Who Has Killed Me

I dare to blame you for my death,  
For it was your eyes that overlooked me from between the shadows and have  
focused on the decorations of an altar,  
For it was your ears that missed the layers of my troubled voice and have  
concentrated on a stranger's sugary whisper,  
For it was your embrace that lost its meaning and has wandered off into warmer  
arms,  
For it was your words that gained simplicity and hesitation and have been lost in  
the pit of your stomach,  
For it was the love that enlightened me with a million colors and dissipated the  
terrors that paralyzed me, that was lost in its course from your breast.

I have managed to retain myself from considering my own being as guilty of my  
end, even when it was I that locked my heart in stillness,  
For it was you who directed your eyes in hatred and lowered my will to the  
serpent's nest,  
For it was you who heard my plead from between the boiling waves of misery  
and discarded its echo,  
For it was your fingers that had sealed themselves onto my throat when, in a  
moment of desperation, my pride engulfed me and my poisonous tongue  
betrayed me,  
For it was your teeth that chattered the language of my doom as my knees  
faltered and my frame scraped along the moist, crimson tiles,  
For it was you who has robbed me of the desire of a plain existence.

Yet, I could never banish you to the exterior where traitors are sent, and men  
are beheaded,  
For it was you who raised me ever since I was a foolish child.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Found You

Have I found you,  
On Rygar Boulevard,  
Walking with a white and red pill down your system,  
Looking suspicious at the quirky shadows of the night.

Have you been lost all this time?  
Have you been looking for me,  
With those baby brown eyes?

Have you taken the time to consider,  
That not all that falls has been broken,  
Nor anybody but yourself,  
Can fix the fragile drum on your chest.

Have you been smoking,  
Packs and pack of endless cigarretes,  
Making excuses,  
Saying it calms your nervous system.

Have I ever been as glad,

To encounter you on my midnight shift,  
Walking towards a trash can,  
Singing a one man opera,  
And whispering to myself the craziest of things.

Have I found you,  
Waving at me,  
Smiling with your baby brown eyes,  
Joining my song in the heart of the night.  
Carlos Gutierrez

# Hooker

You do the same thing with all them guys;  
You mess and play with their minds,  
But you won't do the same thing with me,  
Because I'll treat you differently.

I can make you bounce like a bunny,  
But first you gotta suck all my honey,  
If you really want that money.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Hurst To Be Gay

You talk shit about 'them people'  
You say they aren't really people.  
You think it's abomination.  
You offend them with your words.  
Do you even have a remote idea of how much that hurts?  
I've come to realize,  
'cause I've seen it with my own eyes.  
That you and everyone else oppress them.  
Slowly society takes their reason to live.

Have you ever wondered  
What you would do,  
if I turned out to be,  
like the way they are?  
Maybe then you would see.  
That one of them wasn't that far.  
My feelings are pure,  
of that I am sure.  
They are clear and strong.  
Yet you remark them as wrong.  
Is it because you're from a different time?  
And when I decide to tell you,  
will your feelings for me decline?  
You say you love and care about me.  
Will that change when you know?  
Will your feelings ever turn?  
What will I say when you ask me a question?  
One thing I do know,  
Of my resentment I will try let go.  
Even though a piece of me dies everytime you mention.  
How repulsive and sinful they are.  
Everything I do and say is a lie.  
And just like a worn out candle,  
Soon enough I'll run out of wax and die.  
How ignorant and barbaric does it sound?  
To punish and individual and put them down,  
just for being who they are.

It is not a choice,



if it was, I'd be an imbecile  
to have chosen a life  
that is only filled with the most abominable hardships.  
You say that what they are and feel is forbidden  
that's why I cover  
and keep everything to myself secret and hidden.

I didn't want to be gay  
And it wasn't something I found out about in a matter of a day.  
It took years of 'what if's  
and hours of questioning.  
Will you ever accept me?  
Understand that this is not the way I wanted to be.

Come on see past the illusion  
and make your own conclusion.  
Since what you believe to be true  
is false untill you know differently  
and don't do it for me or anyone else, but for you.  
Someday I hope  
that the truth will be freed  
and that you might be able to understand me.  
But 'till that day  
a liar and a fake is all I'll ever be...

Carlos Gutierrez

# I Read A Book

I read a book this summer  
The book was about you  
And honestly I don't know what to think  
But I think I know what to do.

I will write another book about you  
With words that jump out, shift-shape, and bend!  
A version a hundred times better  
In hope that this fractured heart I hold in my hands it can mend.

You know I still care  
I still feel everything that I felt in the start  
I can't forget you, and never will  
I still love you with every beating pulse within my heart.

Carlos Gutierrez

# I Will Never Let You Go

Your eyes may not be water pure,  
Your lips may not be rosy red,  
And your hands may not be cotton soft,  
But you're still the most flawless thing I have ever seen.

Your words may not delight forest birds,  
Your walk may not be model-like,  
And your hair may not be dark as night,  
But to my soul, you're everything I may ever need.

Your face may not have been chiseled from stone,  
And your skin may be pale as bones,  
But you're still the only being I desire to be near.

Your soul may not be peacock bright,  
Or have different shades or lights,  
But at night, it's you who I want to hold on tight.

You may not be scientist sharp,  
And your way with words may not really flow,  
But let me tell you this in case you didn't know:  
I could never let you go.

Carlos Gutierrez

# If Anything...

If I had love,  
I would breathe a kilo tonne of carbon monoxide particles.

If I had good looks,  
I would jump down a building and drown in a sea of jagged rocks.

If you ever loved me,  
I would abandon you, without a doubt. Then I would cut my throat.

If I had happiness,  
I would cry,  
and then I would kill myself.

If I had something to live for,  
I would throw myself into a pit of acid.

Then I would reach my own special Nirvana.

If I had riches, and gold, and emeralds, and rubies, and sapphires,  
I would throw myself into incoming traffic.

If I were cursed and damned to hell,  
I would wait.

If I had you,  
I would kill you, then I would eat ten casks of aspirin.

If I had intelligence, honor, or a sense of humor,  
I would starve myself.

If I had any of those things I wouldn't be writing this.

Carlos Gutierrez

# If Only One Day

If only one day I could  
Make your heart raise its pace  
If only I could learn your formula  
If only I had the power to daze.

If only one day I could  
Make you feel what I feel  
If only I could  
Share this love that kills

If only one day I could  
Make your hands tremble of delight  
And on your lovely face shift your breathtaking features  
If only you would let me enter your room through a window at night.

If only one day I could  
On your lips burn a mark  
With the touch of mine  
And in your heart ignite a forever lasting spark.

If only one day you would  
Give up your life for me  
As I do for you  
At last, my existence will exit torture and become free.

If only one day you would  
Realize that you are the oxygen in my air  
That I can't breathe in without your being filling up every square inch of my soul  
And I am never prepared.

If only one day I would  
Have the courage to say  
How much I uncontrollably love you  
And to admit that without the last piece of my puzzle, day by day I'll slowly start  
to decay.

Carlos Gutierrez

# I'M A Disease

Possesor of the prayers and the Golden Hand  
The man who lives in the floating sky  
Whoever you may be

Some call you God  
Some refer to you as Lord  
I've even heard some call you Alah

With shame I must admit,  
This was not the way I thought we'd meet  
But for a broken and damaged person like me  
It's so hard and nearly impossible to believe  
In such a phantasmal deity  
I have run out of options  
I kneel down and with sudden conviction I pray:

I have a single request for you  
Hand me a miracle, a changing sky  
Listen to my pleading shooting star  
Make my only dream come reality,  
My single goal and ambition into truth,

Make me belong!  
Give me a place to fit  
Where my differences will be embraced  
Completely fill my emptiness  
And hand over to me my own universe  
Somewhere I match and fit the mold  
And where I can finnally let my real persona unfold  
So many times I've been revoked  
Like who I am as myself is just so morally wrong  
So I've hidden in layers of made-up sheets  
Do I belong to this Earth, you say?  
Maybe I'm not the only one who's insane  
Like social garbage and living scum numerous times I've been thrown away  
By societies most superior leaders as of today

My best friend's family thinks I have a disease  
They won't even let me visit anymore

I'm just a brokenhearted soul  
Foolish and naive enough  
To hold on, to an already lost love  
I have a malfunction  
Yet, I cannot be fixed  
I am marked forever  
On my forehead the words "Disgrace"  
And a sign that says  
"Do Not Stand Less Than 10 Feet From This,  
You Have Been Warned! "  
Tails my shadow

Suddenly I get a hideous and malicious thought  
Maybe life isn't worth living  
There is nothing on this Earth but grieving  
I suffer everyday  
So miserably that I can't take it and need to die before the end of this day...  
I wish I were hard and strong  
A giant like Goliath or like a wall made from stone  
But I've crumbled and fallen  
And glue can't forever keep me whole  
Little stitches keep me together only for so long  
But so many people would agree  
This is the place I should be at  
I deserve a big house with a nice view to chaotic hell  
And burn there  
Piece by piece  
Hair by hair  
'Til the ends of eternity

I dream of being in heaven from time to time  
It seems so pure and innocent  
And untochable from any diabolic or morbid thought  
That's why humans like me should be kept away from dreams  
I hurt myself with hope  
Dissapointment hurts more than a thousand needles  
And hundreds of glass shards  
Sticking into my body, my heart, my soul, and my mind.  
There is no point of dreaming or hoping  
My life is useless  
I am not good for anything  
I deserve death

More than the people in jail  
Because at least they fit in somewhere  
Where I, am disowned by the outcasts  
Nowhere else to go  
But to the outskirts of the very edge  
To the endless abyss  
Where my only friends  
Are now darkness  
And silence  
At least, they accept me  
They embrace me  
They keep me company  
When everyone else gave up on me  
And like an orphan,  
Left me to my own luck

Well let me tell you,  
I will never let go  
I will hold onto life  
With my fingernails  
'Til I can hold no more  
I will pray and pray and pray  
Until God grows tired of me too  
I know He'll abandon me  
Like so many others have  
Because I'm a piece of grotesque ugly shit  
Not even flies dare to come near me...  
And alone I will stand  
If that is my destiny,  
Then I shall gladly fulfill it  
And I shall live with darkness and silence until I run out of breath  
Because even when the rats and the cockroaches gave up on me  
I learned  
I listened  
I adapted  
I hoped  
I would never change my life I had the chance to  
Because at the end, you only get one,  
One chance  
One body  
One mind  
One heart



One soul  
One single living life  
Where nothing can be taken back  
And consider these last words  
As my official goodbye.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Jealousy

The light from the barn makes a perfect isosceles triangle;  
A sign that the doorway is unquestionably open and somebody is soon to return.

I await as I sit on the primrose colored boards,  
And count the planes gliding by the amethyst colored sky.

My thoughts deflect reason,  
As I embrace conformity.  
My body rejects the feeling of inferiority,  
While showering itself with a bucket of pity.

I hear her mumbles and moans,  
As well as his grunts and purrs.  
My attention then catches the protests of the barn,  
As it shakes and jerks in a rocking motion, announcing the climax of their encounter.

Later on I heard that she took a ride on his joystick,  
And I found myself jealous.  
Of which one of the two?

I still haven't figured it out...

Carlos Gutierrez

# Let's Get Down!

I'm getting kinda tired  
But I don't want to get some sleep  
Imma burn you with my fire  
And then we can go real deep

Skip the stupid drama  
Let's not waste my time  
You no longer is the angel you were for your mama  
Now you're a dirty, little, old slime.

I know the real you  
There were so many walls  
I had to get to  
But finally you had to dropp to your knees and fall!

I'm the boss of your femur  
I own your soul  
Some call me an evil demon  
And now you have to walk naked because I have eaten your clothes!

Let's dance to the lusty notes we call sound  
Let's kiss in the fire sky  
Let's get down!  
Let's, with our honor and dignity, burn and die.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Little Swan

Tinted with discord,  
Is the voice of the people.

Little Swan approaches Swan Lake,  
His petite little head is gazing down.

His wings are missing!  
He said they were clipped off and sold to the merchant in town.

He has wandered off to the Forbidden City,  
He didn't listen, so unusual of him.

He wanders idly around this pond,  
Not longer able to fly, he is forced to swim.

He holds onto life,  
As branches hold on to leaves.  
Fallen berries and baby egg fish,  
Sustain his diminishing heartbeat.

He is engulfed by torment and shame,  
And his eyes seem to permanently search the ground.

He helplessly watches the other swans take off,  
As winter begins and arrives.

He is given no other option but to stay behind,  
For he cannot, ever again, touch the freedom sky.

Little Swan's heartbeat is barely audible,  
A sign that he is letting go.  
No more pain, no more sorrow,  
His tiny heart will ever show.

Spring nonchalantly returns,  
And with it, the alabaster swans.

Something has changed,

They feel it in their feathers and their inside hair.

Suddenly, they know,  
They know that Little Swan is gone.

They search and search,  
But Little Swan,

Is nowhere to be found...

They seek a trail and even the most minuscule of clues,  
But eventually they fail at their hopeless attempt.

All the swans can ever do,  
Is hope that he has found relief.

This could've been avoided, you know,  
Everything could've been the same.

If only Little Swan would have seen the danger,  
And stayed away.

Because...

Tinted with discord,  
Is the voice of the people.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Long Gone

I'd jump from the highest peak  
I'd kill a thousand men  
I'd forever shut my eyes and close the door to my brain  
I'd stop and diligently search every car and plane  
Just to get you back again

Here I am  
But you're gone  
I lost you and can't get back on my feet  
I keep looking through deserts and forests  
Double-checking, the path I repeat  
But as far as the eye can see  
There is not a clue that looks like you  
Uncharted territory is all there is  
If only I knew  
Where the universe hides creatures like you  
If only I would have tried harder  
To treat you better  
To have made things right  
And to have kept you besides me  
Only then could I peacefully come home  
But now it's a little too late  
And you're long gone  
Never to return again.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Mary's Screams, Have Been Quieted

Blobbly ponderer of little girls' screams,  
Positioned and cocked securely the rifle he had won at the county fair,  
And shot a bullet like an arrow through his homeland village,  
He aimed aimlessly searching for an emotional release in a human's stiff angry hair.

Storming in his mind,  
Was a tornado of eruptions that boiled the temperature of a thousand degrees,  
The little girl's chants and catatonic songs,  
Only contributed to the volcanic lava sea.

Blobby couldn't supress his wrongly done deed,  
He had shut her up in a moment of time,  
Relief was granted upon him like water from a cloud,  
Only to find his relief catastrophic, and not at all conciously right.

Blobby had let himself go,  
And just as he had done before,  
He followed his instincts,  
Ran out the door,  
And was never found or located by the villagers of Mary's screams anymore.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Mission Accomplished

You wanted me gone  
You wanted me dead  
Now I'm broken and more than ever alone  
Mission accomplished.

I was so demented to consider you were true  
I decided to think with my heart, not with my mind  
And so I started to fall in love with you.

I loved you with a fire blazing and strong  
Without considering, I would have followed you to the end of the world just for you  
But sadly, what's done is done.

You lied to me as if I were a kid  
And, foolishly, I believed  
You were everything I wanted, I even saw you in my dreams.

Now you tell me we have to part ways  
There's nothing we can do  
I can't bring you back, there's nothing left to say.

You seem to have moved on so easy  
I thought we were inseparable like we completed a perfect thing  
I was stabbed to my core, inside of me deeply.

Now the world has lost it's colors  
It has lost it's circle shape  
And they cannot be brought back by any other lover.

I know you don't want me  
I have no other options,  
If I'm not myself, the who would I be?

I think you still deserve to know the truth  
Even though you broke me, even though I suffered beyond any adjective can describe,  
I'm still in love, and I still need of you  
Mission accomplished.



Carlos Gutierrez

# Mourning You

Left mourning  
Left here bleeding.  
Broken heart, open wounds.  
I've tried and tried  
With all my might  
To get your image out of my mind.

Your words slowly devour me  
Piece by piece  
Vein by vein  
Swallowed in this nightmare.

I agree with you on one thing though  
I deserve all the blame  
Half the truth is still a lie,  
So how could I believe you?

I can't buy your love  
But I still pay a heavy price for it.

My fingers reach out to you  
It's the last thing I think of  
To keep you here  
But it's too late and you're gone  
Leaving behind traces of a memory  
And this monster I'm tuning into.

I can try to close my eyes to not see  
But I can't close my heart to not feel.

Who is he in the mirror?  
With the crimson eyes  
The guy looks familiar  
But whom I sadly, can't recognize.

Where have you taken my old self?  
Where have you hidden my soul?  
Where did you bury the map?  
The one with the X marking the spot

I hear your voice sometimes  
But when I turn to see  
There is no one there next to me  
It's just my heart  
Telling me that you had to leave eventually.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Mr. & Mrs. Jones

On the vertex of an artist's wall,  
Also know as Mr. Jones,  
Hangs a lilac painting, upside down.

Mr. & Mrs. Jones are a couple,  
A very well set off couple,  
With no kids,  
But with plenty of reputation.  
Now Mrs. Jones' father is a locksmith.  
A very prudent one, if I may say so.

He owns keys,  
Keys in a bundle,  
Keys to spare and to lock and to unlock and to lock again.

Twenty-six keys, and not a single piano is around.  
There is nothing; you are nothing.  
Not a thing, a thing that became a no, a no that was turned into a something.

This is me, that is me.  
Who is me? Who am you? Who became we?

No one knows.  
Mr. Jones is unaware as well.  
And while Mrs. Jones isn't Mrs. Jones anymore,  
Well who is she then?  
No one knows either.

She just used to be Mrs. Jones,  
Now she's nothing,  
She turned to be just exactly the same as the rest of we.

Mr. Jones doesn't mind,  
But very unlike we, and us, and me, and you, and even Mrs. Jones herself,  
He isn't a nothing.  
He is quite something alright.

He exists,  
He breathes and jogs,

He turns and hops,  
He dances and smiles,  
Oh such a polite and heart-warming smile of his.

Mr. Jones; very kind of his nature to smile upon us.

He held my hand once,  
While I was still a something.

Now everyone that isn't a someone, but a something instead,  
Frowns, and curl their lips, and wrinkle their nostrils,  
At just the mere recognition that we are nothing.

This is you, this just happens to be me, and we, and us,  
And sadly Mrs. Jones...

'Oh hear that you silly kid? '  
Mr. Jones said to me once,  
'It's the something clapping,  
Oh let us bow down,  
Let us distaste this moment of utter hypocritical delight.'

'Yes,  
We the nothings love you,  
We need you,  
And we absorb you with our thoughts,  
How cynical,  
And critical,  
And meaningful,  
And lyrical,  
And beautiful,  
You,  
The nothing,  
Are such a miracle.'

And Mr. Jones swung his feet,  
And shook his hips,  
Until forever came to be.

Carlos Gutierrez

# My Gift To You

Protected in my hands  
Guarded by a sentinel  
Inside a hardened cocoon.

I keep it inside a golden chest  
A thousand miles under the ocean.

It is there that I keep my biggest treasure  
It has felt my sorrow,  
In an unfathomable measure.

Shielded by a million walls  
Protected from vicious thieves.

I've put a lock around it  
And thrown the key  
It is mine and sacred  
For now and perpetually.

Deep inside though,  
I know that I'm just afraid  
Terrified of more scars and pain  
So I've slowly disconnected myself.

That's why I find myself confused today,  
I feel different in a way.

You have penetrated my barriers  
And destroyed all my obstacles.

When you entered my life  
You freed my heart from its metal shackles.

From black and white  
To blinding rainbow  
You make me see the colors  
I had no idea existed.

So here I stand today

And with cherish, to you I say  
I hope you never have to go away  
Because my heart and I are here to stay.

Carlos Gutierrez

# My Own Ultimate Statue

And there I laid and squirmed on my stolen bed,  
Thinking of any sentence to own things I couldn't hold or see,  
I dreamt of dreaming...

Being everybody's afternoon fool,  
I stroke my pride with such condescending behavior,  
That ashamed the very grasp on myself.

And inside my dream,  
I was rewarded with tears of gold,  
That crystallized themselves into servants with black-top ties,  
And a two speared fork,  
To eat my forever-lasting sundae.

I danced and sang with the ability of a thousand artists.  
I was clapped upon and smiled at,  
From people whose beauty surpassed the number eight.

And then finally,  
I was granted a memorial to my own image.

A memorial with the ability to engrave my accomplishments, beauty, grace, and  
dignity.

I, as well,  
Was bedazzled by the marvelous carving.

I had everything I had before been unable to see or hold,  
Yet in my dream...  
I was still longing for the essence reality.

That was the time, and the moment,  
When I realized that a man is not a man-but is nothing more than dust and  
water--,  
Without his own delusion.

Carlos Gutierrez



# My Page

I stare at the blank page before me.

To think that my page is nothing,  
But everything all the while.

My fingers caress it's smooth surface,  
My mind fills the white with a rainbow.

A tear ruins such void of an imaginary painting.

Colors surreal,  
Such a desired work of art,  
That no angel can ever dream to paint or draw.

Jewels can't redeem it's worth,  
And it's beauty surpasses that of a firework.

My page is nothing,  
But everything all the while...

Carlos Gutierrez

# New Lands

All this time I threw into the chasm  
Living in a blur,  
All these years  
Surrounded by the masks  
So much hatred has made me blind  
Or I might have purposely closed my eyes  
But suddenly I see a bright levitating lantern  
Approaching me very fast  
In the shape of a drifting drop  
Reflecting the very own sun  
It has cut open my heart  
So I can love again  
It has boomed so heavily into my ears  
So words, I can finally hear  
At last, everything is a very loud and clear

It has dropped on me the sky  
So I can feel the world one more time  
And when I'm overwhelmed and need release  
I can ultimately cry  
To my soul's undenying pleasure

That person brings happy moments into my life  
That person is everything and more, of what I ever imagined  
It's so complex  
Yet it flows without complain  
It's something for my soul  
Something new  
And although I don't always show it  
I'm so very in love with you

The nothingness has been lifted  
The grounds have gradually shifted  
And they speak of a new start  
One outside of the dark  
One living amongst the light  
Side by side with the ghost and spirit  
Never, ever to part  
As brothers and sisters

Hand in hand  
Foot by foot in this young, yet erratic land  
A new beggining so gentle for us to understand.

Carlos Gutierrez

# No Pulse

Rip my heart out already!  
I can't bear the pain anymore.  
I thought I was strong enough  
I thought this misery I could handle  
Yet, today I find myself completely wrong  
I can't endure a single hit of your indifference.

Kill me now!  
Life without you is incomplete  
Don't hesitate  
This is what I need, this is what I want  
You two are soul mates  
Meant for each other  
And I'm just a piece of excrement  
Following you around.

You broke my world and my soul  
You luxuriate in their flavor  
At once ate the pieces  
Yet they yearn for your company  
Why does my love for you keep increasing?  
I'm a masochist.

Are you delighted to watch me suffer?  
Do you enjoy my screeches of grief?  
Do you find pleasant the sight of my endless tears?  
Thank you for your neglect,  
Thank you for your dismissal.  
My world swiftly collapses  
My sanity level relapses.  
I've lost my reason  
And in exchange I've gained madness.  
Where is my "Get Out of Hell" ticket?  
You must have torn it apart,  
And with it the pulse in my heart.

Stranded on the island of torture  
Feeding on pieces of shattered glass  
Drinking from the fountain of torment,

My life is living hell.

Compared to you I am worthless  
I have as much dignity and gracefulness of a crawling rat  
I'm just that pitiful wounded dog  
That you keep kicking and can't stop.

It's been a long while  
Since I've carried a smile  
You robbed me it  
And gave me grief  
You lowlife thief  
I was cursed to rot and burn in hell's deepest pit.  
That's where you told me to go  
But I'll meet you there  
'Cause you're mundane and wicked  
Just so you know.  
I keep having nightmares at night  
When the sun goes down  
And everything gets dark  
I wake up in sobs  
Turn to fetal position  
And cry myself back to sleep  
This hole you dug up, for me, is just too deep.  
I can't see anything down here  
There's no light  
Or hope  
Or life.  
It's just me  
And my demons  
Haunting my very being.

I've lost my will to live  
I'm slowly letting go of life  
Without you by my side  
Is just impossible to survive.

My heart stopped beating  
It stopped living  
Then how can I still touch and walk?  
How can I still breath and talk...?



# Owl-Onyx

The residence around me has been found guilty,  
They've worshiped owl-onyx himself.

Now I find myself uneasy to even mention his name.  
He's the one that began the war of the skies and the cores,  
And he's the same one,  
That is said in legends,  
That will end the war within its inner self.

Why is this a big deal, you ask?

Well, its not!

But the residents of my non-residential residence should be punished still,  
They should be ridiculed,  
Like the moronic beasts they are.

Such a joke,  
Owl-onyx,  
Such a mesmerizing, and idolizing, and hypnotizing, and beautifying name.

Goodbyes were made to the residential residents of my surrounding residence,  
Around noon, just when the moon hovered at its highest point.

We waved and cried,  
But really,  
We just clapped and smiled,  
Very deep inside.

I'll miss them with my thinking thoughts around the thought center of my  
imaginary mind.

Yes, that I can do.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Pathetic Human Death

I can already hear the whispers  
I imagine people staring  
People passing on rumors  
Of a topic so immoral and daring  
Quite a nice topic for evening gossip:

'Did you hear about them?  
About their son, he's different.'  
'Oh Darling, yes I did.'  
'I feel so sorry for them,  
They must feel so ashamed.'  
'Their only son.  
Oh what a waste! '  
'Oh Darling, I would never wish such a calamity,  
On anyone,  
Not even my worst enemy! '  
'What an embarrassment to the parent's.'  
'Can you imagine him walking down the street,  
With his '  
'Oh Darling, let's not be disgusting,  
It's a fine evening.  
Those immoral pests shouldn't bother you.'  
'Oh Darling, you're right.  
But it just sickens me to the core and irritates my stomach,  
To only fathom what they do at night! '  
'Sharing the same bed! '  
'Ugh, I would be beyond ashamed! '  
'Holding hands! '  
'That's not normal, that's why I can't understand...'  
'Kissing in the park bench.'  
'Shopping at the grocery with arms clenched! '  
'Ugh, don't make me throw up! '  
'Picking up and smelling daisies and sunflowers.'  
'But, forever locked in hell's ember tower.'  
'Oh Darling, you speak of the thruth.'  
'Well of course I do,  
Who did you expect you were talking to? '  
'Dancing in hell's blackened flames.'  
'For being freaks and not being in shame! '



'For not holding back sinful feelings.'  
'For not curing such a corruptive illness.'  
'For not stoping once to pray,  
Because maybe God could've washed away,  
Such a diabolic topic of which we discuss today,  
But while we rejoice in heaven of God's holy rays,  
They will rot and burn forever in hell's fire bay,  
For chosing to be of the body,  
You have decided to be gay.'

The past is left behind  
Like dust in a race  
The present is a mold  
In which we direct our lives and decide where to go  
The future is inevitable  
Like the sunrise at dawn  
But after time keeps the rhythem of her ticks and tocks  
We start to comprehend  
That the present has turned into the past  
And the future is our present now  
We are just playing an already lost game  
As the universe's minature pawns  
Where the prize is us  
And the winner is Death.

Death is positively assured of his victory  
That's why he gives us our whole life  
To prepare for it's arrival  
Because the aftermath of life  
Is our pathetic death.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Perfect Present

I want to give you the biggest gift  
A rare one, hard to discover  
Shielded underground by any means  
Or one only found in mistifying dreams  
Something sweet or maybe something delicate  
The one you've always lost because it was underestimated  
Or maybe you didn't accept it because you're too polite  
The kind that you open and can't help but cry  
You're radiant, joyous, and intoxicated in happiness  
When it finally hits your anticipating mind  
With flashing fireflies and the whispering wind upon my shoulders  
I get a wave of courage  
Take your hands in mine,  
And say:  
Your love to me is essential as light is to the eyes  
Or as gravity does her galactic dance  
With the clouds of stars and Mercury  
I couldn't care less if people won't accept that  
I know in silence you still protected me  
And if even if exhausted,  
Your smile would never be selfish enough to leave your face  
Tomorrow I'll be leaving  
And I'm taking with me your presence  
So it never leaves  
And so I can always carry it with me

I want to pass on to you  
Something that will change all the views of yourself  
A hidden dream or maybe never found,  
The kind that you can't open in public  
Because the biggest gift  
Belongs only to the two of us.

And if the end would reach us right now  
Let it be in fire and flames  
Just so our death reflects what I have always felt for you  
Burning passion, heats of love, and wild a blaze that will never be tamed  
Let it remind us of the countless nights on which sparks were made from our  
bodies

And let us recall how they flew up into atmosphere  
Until they reached space and one by one dissipated  
At the same time as some faraway star,  
And bring finality to our lives and our heartbeats altogether  
I wouldn't have wanted it, any other way  
And whenever life holds you back air,  
You can have my breath  
Denied, stolen, and never given back  
Love that talks in front of me, screaming in your eyes  
I point to your chest as automatic as I can count to four  
And I whisper in your ear so oh very slow  
" There you go "

Carlos Gutierrez

# Prayers

Under the pyramid lays a worker,  
And on top,  
Is a statue.

The infrastructure is fifty-seven percent clay,  
And the statue is one-hundred percent papyrus.

Floods rise,  
And floods die.

And eat the structure,  
Inside out.

No ritual exists without the co-existing of a devil.

The gold, we eat,  
But the satisfaction is endless.

We pray above and we pray below.

And those prayers fade,  
Into this round global world.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Psychology Class

Walking into class, there I saw his flawless self,  
With such simple clothing and not a worry in the world,  
He carries himself with a crouched back; he has nobody to impress.

He sleeps all class long,  
Yet he keeps up with all the classwork,  
He has no one to talk to,  
He just sits back and relaxes.

I try to pay attention in psychology,  
I don't want my hopes up,  
But my eyes always become uncontrollable,  
And they end up gazing at him.

He catches me most of the time,  
And I start to panic,  
I bet he thinks of me as a stalker,  
Or the weird kid in class.

I notice myself unconsciously acting different,  
All the things a person can do to me,  
I can't help but to feel weak.

We also have lunch together,  
And I stare at him too many times,  
He looks back at me,  
Such a confusing expression on his eyes,  
His beautiful and soft killing sight,  
And when he looks,  
It's almost like he knows what I'm thinking,  
Which confuses me even more.

I hate having feelings that will clearly not be returned,  
But,  
I can't help who I've fallen in love with.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Reality Of True Love

Everyone is looking for love and happiness  
Nobody wants hate or pain  
But as humans we have to understand  
That there cannot be a rainbow without rain.

We hope that our missing half will come knocking on our door  
That they will walk in and that's it  
But the reality is that true love is so much more than that  
And to find the right match takes a plethora of rejection, blows, and hits.

In our lives we have to walk so many different paths  
We have to try and fail and try again because at the end love is more than  
worth the sacrifice  
And it's so much better to try and fail than to fail to try  
We have to open our eyes and realize that what matters is on the inside; such  
things are not reflected on a person's looks, age, religion, gender, race, or size.

We look for love but at the end it just ends up finding us.

Everyone is looking for love and happiness  
Nobody wants hate or pain  
But as humans we have to understand  
That there cannot be a rainbow without rain.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Realizing The Truth

I gave you everything there was to give  
To the point where I 'm in debt with myself

You were my guard and my teacher  
You aided me and taught me everything I know  
If it were for me  
I would never let you go

I gave you my complete trust  
My heart hung in your hands  
My senses were overwhelmed by your touch

I closed my ears to people 's words  
I never listened when they said  
That you were wrong for me  
And that you just wanted to use me

But as time slowly ticked on by  
I heavyheartedly started to recognize  
That people had always been right

It wasn 't just the fights  
It wasn 't just the constant omissions  
And the lack of compromise  
It was the indifference you showed me

The vicious slurs  
The betrayals  
I 've gotten so used to them  
I know it 's not healthy  
But just to imagine your departure kills me

Or so it did

After all I 've been through  
After all you 've gotten me into  
I 've become stronger  
Every slap in the face from your tounge  
Only made my skin thicker

Every humiliation  
Has only made me wiser

And as lost and confused as I may be  
I stand here alone today  
Nothing is the same  
But nonetheless I look up to the sky  
And things finally hit me and I realize  
That the moon continues to revolve around Earth  
And the sun will always shine.

Carlos Gutierrez



# Rocky Ground

As I susurrate my final words into the rocky ground,  
I realize that there was never anything to live for after all.

And as I sucumb into the bloody truth,  
I begin to search,  
For the window that leads to my heart,  
Yet all there is to find,  
Are sharpened thorns and needles.

And as I recall the memories I've left behind,  
I remember the path I've traveled through,  
And become aware of it's unimportance,  
Yet if I hadn't voyaged on it,  
Nobody would have.

The finishing line is in sight.

And as I susurrate my final words into the rocky ground,  
I realize,  
For the very first time,  
That there was never anything to live for after all.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Rotting Corpse

As children play with their toys  
As a puppeteer goes up and down with the strings  
I was used over and over again as if my insides were nothing but void  
Hypnotized by the snake's hiss and kidnapped by the eagle's wings  
I gave you my naive heart  
Without much given thought  
You promised me the universe and the stars  
How can I say I saw it coming?

You tore my veins to pieces and fed vultures with my bloody flesh  
My corpse was left somewhere vaguely familiar  
Yet completely unknown to my senses  
By instinct I bring up my walls  
And build up my fortress defenses  
Repeating over and over to myself  
As I loved you, I will never love anyone else  
I make a promise and take a bow  
You were my first and my last  
There isn't a human soul that can penetrate the shield I have now  
Love and life are only now a faded memory of the past.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Rukkie Is Good

If I were to jog down this unicorn,  
And rotate this sheet,  
And then eat the essence of no words  
I would end up at Rukkie's door.

Rukkie who is the creator of me,  
Rukkie,  
Such a mesmerizing thing...

I ask for Rukkie's forgiveness,  
Without rest nor hesitation.

I plead Rukkie to think of me,  
For I long to linger in this precious mind of Rukkie.

Rukkie may not be very intimidating,  
But Rukkie is not to be underestimated.

I cry...  
I cry at Rukkie's image.  
I sob...  
I despise something I should love...  
But I love something I should despise...  
Rukkie has always been a contradicting person.  
But I'm not Rukkie, so I could not say...

Rukkie plays on the summer breeze.  
Rays shine upon Rukkie and I just watch with enthusiasm.  
I know Rukkie likes to play catch, and hide and seek, and pepper mint claps.  
I can only be flabbergasted at the beauty;  
The complexity of the games,  
It's... adequate for Rukkie.

I believe Rukkie is good.  
I adore Rukkie as I could not adore a single object in this mantle of blank.

I feel something for Rukkie,  
It's neither affection nor hatred...  
I love Rukkie,

Yet, I deny Rukkie every change I get.

And in some other morbid ways,  
I adolize what Rukkie represents

A maniac and a clown,  
But Rukkie is also a lawyer and a thinker,  
And has also majored in blasphemy.  
And while Rukkie is my twin and at the same time a stranger to me.  
I still believe that Rukkie is good.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Run For Your Life

Fear had rapidly poisoned my veins,  
and as soon as we had started running, I prepared myself to fall behind;  
I slowed my sprint to a jog in the frigid, bleak rain.

I looked ahead,  
and I saw my kindred desperately, from danger escape.

At once, I looked behind,  
yet the shadows betrayed no one.

I claimed for my sister in the obscure gloom of the night.

I immediately encountered anxiety in her brown, worried eyes,  
and it only took me a fraction of a second,  
to have her thoughts thoroughly identified.

She, as well, had diminished her pace.

We had just lost our father, and I knew that the possibility of her losing me,  
was more than her fragile, shriveled heart could bear.

Yet, even in the naiveté of my youth,  
I could reminisce and fill my heart with content.

My feet became poised for whatever malignant presence crawled at our heels,  
and I embraced it with might.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Shadow Time

It was around this time of day when I saw the shadow.

I saw a shadow tearing the sheet of linen that covered my porch.  
The shadow bawled and shrieked and howled with every ripple on the mantle.

It was noon...when I saw that shadow.

The shadow who follows the hungry and appeals to the scammer.

It had been abandoned in the middle of the street, with no one to fall behind with.

Oh that shadow cried, and it cried, and tore the linen sheet with every claw.

It was neither human, nor animal, nor object, nor anything.

Just a simple curving shadow.

A shadow of a piercing blob,  
or maybe a tearing peak.

Suddenly, the shadow turned to me.  
Then, I saw its massive empty eyes;  
they were filled with nothingness,  
and showered me with a breath.

I felt the hairs on my arms begin to rise,  
then they fell,  
and rose again with the solar rays.

We were dancing,  
dancing to the moonlight sonata.

And I bragged about my penmanship immediately,  
making even the shadow,  
ashamed of its powers.

Then we discussed my disease.

And it offered me a cure,  
it said that no shadow could ever bleed to death,  
nor stab itself with an invisible rapier.

So I joined the shadow,  
and I lurked in the tails of others,  
and rejoiced the sun,  
as it could no longer damage my frail skin.

And so we haunted for its master,  
and searched for a home,  
a home where we could talk and have Negro tea for dessert.

Or maybe Scottish cupcakes that would fill our bellies.

And so I slowed my pulse,  
while at the same time I decreased my penmanship down to a big, scary-looking  
0.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Shelter Of Cold

The harshness of winter  
The way it holds some of us together  
The mode that we perish in secrecy  
The manner in which it hardens the most luminous of hearts  
It's bitter wind burns our skin  
It's aurora beams of light do grant happiness to the eyes  
It's blank scenery makes us wonder  
The marvel of life  
It's a method to remind us  
What heaven may look like

The frost on buildings and trees  
Look so petite  
Yet furious of their existence  
It tries to hold them back with impotence

So many have been taken  
Only a few have survived  
When this supernatural betrayer  
Freezes their blood and sneakily ends with their lives.

Now to live in such a horrible extreme  
Might appeal to few,  
But to me,  
It brings numbness  
Oh, so comfortly  
If only numbers could demonstrate  
How many times the cold,  
Is in my mind  
The infinite nights  
That I've dreamt of the poles  
Every second of my life,  
I desire being in such an icebound paradise  
White is everywhere  
White is inside of you, her, him, and me!  
White makes all the things good, better, and alright  
It has fallen from the heavens  
It has fallen for me  
It has fallen not as rain



But as in an arctic dream.

It makes my glacial heart feel supported  
I know I am not longer by myself  
I have found my soul mate in nature's way  
So many others have walked in  
Just to take everything in me and then walk away  
The garden once inside of me  
Wiltted,  
Then sands blew inwards  
What was before fertile ground,  
Was eroded,  
Then, after sinking in quicksands,  
A sea was made from all my incessant tears  
This sea was different though,  
There was no undiscovered life or shiny blue glow  
It was perpetual and sinister.  
At last, came the icy snow  
I had become a different person  
An irrerecognizable face  
Suffering in silence  
It's better here though,  
There's so much ice, and ooh so much and so many flakes of snow!  
Although, I never imagined myself taking cover in here,  
But, when my heart was demolished, this is the only place I was allowed to go

Carlos Gutierrez

# Some Kid That Is

I may have adored this one person more than an alcoholic conceives his booze.

If being honest,  
could only be smooth.

Now, he has escaped my grasp,  
Like leaves fall from their branch.  
I've vanished more blankly than this mirage he never felt,  
And I'll be forgotten,  
Like footprints washed away by the sapphire waves,  
On the chalky, gritty sand;  
Wondering about my ghostly impact on such a person.

If my wishes are only fatuous,  
Then let me sin and let me craze him,  
Until it's abnormal.

He has engraved himself with no intentions maybe,  
And perhaps my thoughts are only an invisible burden upon his sturdy shoulders,

But he's so symbolic,  
That I feel as if I could withdraw without him,

He may be just a kid,  
but this kid,  
deteriorates my health with every fantasy.

I desire the feeling of inferiority,  
The crush that reality blew on me,  
As I realized his immaculateness.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Somebody Called Yourself

The magnitude inside of me  
Shakes and trembles.  
It stirs up mountains and gravel,  
All beginning with the dropping of a pebble.

My fiery heat can melt a diamond,  
Yet, it is somehow manageable by you.  
The way you hold the scorching flames,  
And sing to them captures the intensity.

The ziz-zag rays penetrate and bury anything in it's way,  
And eventually,  
They disappear throughout their walk.

The race hasn't yet begun,  
But already, the winds march towards their goal.

The massive stormy waves,  
Swing and turn into the ocean bay.

All in all,  
This is just the start.

Now magnetic pulls may break apart,  
They someday lose their force,  
But I'll continue to attracted while at the same time repelled,  
By somebody called yourself.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Sometimes... Life

Sometimes...

When you are searching  
For the path of honesty

Life

Makes you walk

The road

Of betrayals...

Sometimes...

When you are seeking  
Truest love

Life

Makes you wear

The sandals

Of hatred...

Sometimes...

When you need  
To be yourself

Life

Makes you travel

The train

Of disguises...

Sometimes...

When you long  
A bullet

Life

Grants you

What you don't require

Feathers...

Carlos Gutierrez

# Soon We'll Be Found

The windows crashed into bitter shards of lonely confinement;  
the wind blew sharp against the torn emptiness of my carcass.

My sight paroled the clearing,  
My ears grew frenzied with excitement,  
Even my skin found itself electrified at the mere thought of current events.

Teeth shook along the putrid insides of their cage,  
Yet the event they warned of was exquisitely marvelous.

The grass turned inert, for it was nothing less than a god walking upon it.

To say that we had strayed from our sanity upon entering the haven of the  
clearing, was beyond our rights.

Our throats were to be shut as soon as our eyes were unstitched from the leather  
of our own ancestors.

Yet, there stood our feet on that clearing.

50 summers later, peace found its way into me.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Sour Cream

While eating sour cream from the refrigerator,  
I stumble into the light that hangs upon the switch of Maracuya.

I'm instantly,  
Dragged into the dreams of a million before and to come before and after me.

I reopen my eyes,  
And the sour cream's jar lays broken upon the furious floor.

The tsunami that comes afterwards,  
Is only a predictable measure of common sense.

Mother yells.

She's warned the sour cream many times now...

How... dutifully.

She comes now,  
With a broom on hand now.  
And we wait.

I hold my breath,  
As I encounter this... creature in it's wild-like habitat.

I observe; such a convoluted skill.

I see what I've seen.  
But what ignites the questions at night,  
Is the wonder of his thoughts in mind.

It's anybody's but nobody's guess, but mine.  
But I don't own such a prerogative.

I'm only left with the parasitic questions...

And the hope that does not understand mixed signals.

I return from the void once again.

And mother continues to yell.

The sour cream did it now.  
How purposefully.

I walk around the glass shards.

I see what once was as something that was never anything now...

The leaders of some are the demons of others as well.

Repressing is such a bitter-sweet skill,  
One not to be tampered with.

Because it all becomes stored in a jar.  
Inside a sour cream jar...

Carlos Gutierrez



# Still Waiting, Still Hoping, Still In Love With You... (Rookie Poem)

I wake up with a pounding in my head  
I start pouring rivers of tears

I had a dream last night  
So amazing  
I hold it deep within my heart  
I cherish it with my all  
Inside the dream,  
You loved me  
We shared the perfect moment  
We held each other  
For what seemed to be forever  
And kissed  
You said you wanted to spend the rest of your days with me  
That you would always protect this magnificent thing we have  
Now I wake up to reality  
Where you don't know I exist  
I miss you, so terribly bad  
It's making me want to tear open my chest  
And burn myself with a cigarette  
That would hurt less...  
I still miss you  
Although you were never mine  
I miss the glow in your shiny eyes  
They melted my knees  
Your dreamy pink lips  
Just their thought makes my mouth water  
The way you walk as if you rule the world  
Made me stare at you and drool  
The silliness of your smile  
Was so contagious,  
Making everything you said extremely hilarious  
I remember you saying 'Hey' to me once  
My heart nearly stopped and died  
You know I'm alive!  
I, of course, wrote that in my diary  
Described it as the best day in my life

Nothing could break us apart  
We were magical and powerful!  
But then I saw you together,  
Reenacting my dream  
Holding each other  
Kissing...  
I can't describe what I felt that day  
It's as if I were walking half dead  
My eyes felt heavy, as if I were tired  
My legs started to fail, like I had left my body  
I directed myself forwards, yet I was frozen in the spot  
Like zombie brought back to life.

I wanted to drop to my knees and suffer  
My every drop of hope I had of us  
Evaporated in seconds by... you  
Then the two of you were over  
'Okay, ' I said  
'I won't think about you any longer,  
You already caused enough pain.'  
Yet, again... there's somebody else  
Who stands in my desired place  
Once more, despair crawls every corner of my mind  
I can't believe I still held on to you  
When I'm not even close to worthy  
To have somebody as beautiful as you

I wish I could get you out of my dreams  
It's haunting me  
Isn't it weird how such a beautiful thing can cause so much agony?

Sometimes I pretend I'm talking to you,  
Yeah, that's how bad it's gotten  
I'm delirious  
You have me crazy about you  
I have no repair,  
And we have romantic conversations  
About how much I love you  
And how much you love me  
I fill in the gaps placing my words in your imaginary mouth  
I feel content  
Call it my way of filling in for the loneliness

I feel like a creep sometimes  
I know all your schedule  
All your classes, who sits next to you, (I stare at them with envious eyes)  
I try to walk close by you in the halls  
I open my ears wide just to hear you speak  
I memorize everything you said  
I talk about it with my friends  
They notice it's kind of weird how I'm always in your business  
I said, 'Yeah, well what did you expect of best friends? '  
I can't believe I made that up...  
I'm so sad to look at  
I don't deserve to be alive  
That's what you told me today  
And that's why I'm writing this poem  
I can't fathom why you would treat me this way...  
Well, I can  
You don't love me  
You don't even know me  
I'm just so obsessed  
Still waiting for you

I wake up with a pounding in my head  
I start pouring rivers of tears  
I had another dream of you last night  
And so far that's what you are and always will be  
The human I love  
Without restriction or control  
But most importantly  
The most beautiful soul  
That forever haunts my every dream...  
Yet I still love you.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Tears Of Blood

I left and came back again  
In a stupid way  
I love the feeling of pain  
I wait for my eyes to open someday  
It's something I need  
To live without you  
Otherwise I'll continue to bleed  
I've forgotten what's true  
By believing all the lies.

If you are the devil  
Then steal my soul  
For you I'd happily burn in inferno's deepest hole

When people tell me you're a mistake  
I tell them not to correct me  
Because all I ask is for you not to neglect me

I've followed your path  
So don't tell me to go a different direction  
When all I ask is for you to give me all your affection

Have you ever loved something that isn't yours?  
It's harder than it looks  
It's something you can't learn  
Because love isn't a subject found in books  
You have to experience it  
And enjoy it  
And then suffer and cripple  
Get back on your feet  
Wait, rinse, and repeat.

It hurts just to think  
I see your face in my mind everytime I blink  
I can't help but to hide in the dark  
Not wanting to be talked to or seen  
I put walls around my heart  
You don't know how hard it's been.

In the corners,  
On my pillow  
I endlessly cry  
Shedding tears of blood  
Wondering if the pain I carry is strong enough to die.

Yet, I keep making the same mistake  
When I was already replaced.  
I keep wanting more  
Your face I got to adore  
And I don't want to let you go  
I wish I could forget  
To have never known  
What it's like and how it feels  
To love an addictive person like you

But one day I won't love you anymore  
I will have moved on  
And let things fall where they belong  
Because although we seemed right  
We are different in the things we do  
And one day when I sleep at night  
A single tear won't be shed for you

Carlos Gutierrez

# The Beast, The Lady, And Myself

I want you to meet her  
The good looking blue-eyed lady  
Yes, the one with the olive skirt.

She doesn't live around here.  
She's an intruder.

Yes, some people got quite some nerves.  
They show up wherever they like  
Not thinking about the dangers that crawl here at night.

Few have seen the saber-toothed beast;  
It only shows itself when it's hungry...  
For revenge

Some say it's a werewolf,  
Others say it's Bigfoot.

Nobody really knows,  
They just say it's something you should stay away from.

Anyways,  
That lady stole something from me.  
Something I cannot live without

But no!  
What she has stolen cannot be given back.

It was the fair man's heart  
His gaze now rests upon her figure.

Oh she looks holy, doesn't she?  
Well, what do the beast, the lady, and myself have in common?  
It's quite simple in fact:  
We desire his passion and heart,  
But she has stolen that  
Therefore I will avenge my heart  
With the taste of theirs.

Because who would have thought  
That I loved him?  
And that I will be the one to end this all.

Carlos Gutierrez

# The Curse Of The Unwanted

Weakness I carry with my move  
I'm apologize for my ineptness, sorry I am limp.

I claimed an enchantment,  
With a foolish mind,  
I was conjuring happiness,  
Pretending it was mine,  
Calling out to it,  
Inviting love towards my door.

Yet who I lusted and desired,  
Has been taken from my hands,  
Kidnapped and blinded,  
By the magic of her touch.

So here I sing and I cry to the heavens,  
As I await,  
Yet once again,  
To receive the mercy of a goddess.

I've been granted pity and shame,  
All attached from those who stare,  
And call out to my name.

The curse of the unwanted  
Is to seek the unreachable.

Robbed within my sight,  
By the taste of her lips.

Yet it's not his fault,  
Or even hers to say.  
The blame is on me,  
I can accept that.

A cryptic arrangement of words,  
Is little of use.  
There is not a word in the dictionary,  
That will lessen the hurt.



So let us keep running away,  
Let us continue our game with fate.  
And I, as a coward, will continue on to hide forever,  
Let me pretend, that we together, are beautiful.

Carlos Gutierrez

# The Day Of The Solstice

Twisted by the power of a word.

Fingers that run through the imaginary,  
Outlining the contours of an invisible shape.

Rivers galloping through the sky,  
As I shed the torments that imprison my heart.

My pores, my beats, my eyes,  
Are all put on hold,  
As I await to be released,  
On the day of the solstice.

The sun, the moon, the stars,  
All witnessed my incarceration,  
Yet as incompetents they cannot be described,  
For my fate was all set from the beginnings of time.

My arms bent and tangled in snake-like knots,  
My torso twisted by this word.

A word utterly simple and easy on the mind

Two syllables inside it's foundations:

Now understand, my yelp is a cry to the good,  
And realize what you say after an encounter to be polite.

But one thing do not ever forget,  
Don't underestimate this monster,  
Because of little matter is how many chains you tie around my neck,  
And of no matter is how much venom you inject into my veins,  
I will always,  
Always,  
Return...

Carlos Gutierrez

# The Maid

You've got your luxury cruise ship  
I've got my messed up car  
You've got a fancy pool in your backyard  
I wear used clothes and for fun I play with cards.

Your house is so beautiful and enormous  
While I live at some dirty ass apartments  
You go to exotic islands for vacation  
I don't even know the meaning of such words.

Your hobbies are wine-tasting and sky-diving  
Mine are whatever I can afford  
Pen and paper are just fine  
Words splattered with ink  
And scattered around make me smile.

Your living room is filled with strange artifacts from foreign countries  
You have a personal chef on speed dial,  
While some days when I can't afford to ride the bus or gas  
I just have to walk to the store for several miles.

You glance at your reflection on your artificial lake  
Man! You've got everything  
Looks, charisma, money, possibilities, sense of humor, money.

I try to glance at my reflection now  
But I can't find myself  
All I see besides your perfection is a peasant-looking dude  
I wish some of your luck could rub off on me  
Dreaming that someday rich and powerful like you I can be.

You've got this maid  
She cleans your house, your dogs, your clothes; she's even close to wiping your  
ass.  
"Wait, what was her name again" you say  
You're too busy paying attention to the color and style of your expensive tie,  
Because, heaven forbid, if it didn't match "it would be social suicide".

Man! Rich people got it easy

You have employees working for you  
Following your every order as a crucial command.  
"I love your artificial lake! " says your friend  
And for once I can agree on something with such an arrogant human being  
It's shallow and dirty  
Reminds me of you  
And remember the worn out maid?  
You have to,  
Actually don't even try or bother  
It wouldn't do us justice  
'Cause that maid just happens to be my mother...

Carlos Gutierrez

# The Pain Of Hope

You are so beautiful  
and flawless,  
you are perfection with a cherry on top.  
Your smile is so cheerful;  
your eyes so mesmerizing.  
I am helpless.

It was love at first sight;  
my knees betrayed me.  
Your face perpetually shines with light  
and everyone seems to agree.

Gosh, even your name is perfect,  
yet I don't think you even know mine,  
but I forgive you,  
and I'll keep looking for that sign.

I keep my hopes down;  
I don't want you to crush me  
because you can now.  
Sometimes you do,  
when I look at you,  
and you can't spot me.  
I guess I just don't stand out,  
I just blend in with the faces around.

I know somebody that likes you,  
or at least I think so;  
they have more chances with you than I do.

I just want to be loved,  
its all I think about at night.  
I can't give up hope  
because I know everything will be alright.

In my arms you belong;  
my bed our new home.

Just imagine, you and I together

another part of my imagination,  
and although it hurts to hope  
I will never give up  
on my love.

Every time you walk past me I freeze,  
every time you smile I can't breathe,  
Every time I look at you I fly away.  
I'll be in space for the next few days.

We can be magic  
but 'till then I'll be the only lonely one.

I pretend not to notice you  
'who was that, that just passed through? '  
I try not to stare,  
but I'm so obsessed,  
and I'm so afraid  
to tell you the truth  
because I wouldn't want to embarrass you.

I see you around them  
and I wish I were them  
they're so crazy about you  
but they can't love you the way I do.

See the problem is this: I am condemned.

We're not even friends, I just hung out with you  
that night, with your date.

I wish life and love weren't so complicated  
this way my love for you could be demonstrated.

I miss you, but I never lost you  
because I never had you.

You can't be replaced  
I've tried that so many times  
but I can't ever seem to forget your face.

I want us to have a connection

like those people in the movies  
ha-ha, we can even share strawberry smoothies  
but we can't and we couldn't  
and it breaks my heart  
knowing we will always be apart.

Maybe it's not meant to be;  
we never got to see  
the infinite possibilities.

I still hold on to hope,  
although I do with the lightest grasp  
because I try to live in reality  
and events coming soon  
will bring my love to a finality  
when I part with the next full moon.

I guess you weren't the one  
but I know someone is out there  
waiting for me somewhere,  
somehow...

I will never forget who you are  
neither your careless touch  
that to me means so much  
and I want to say that I love you a bunch  
although it means nothing to you,  
although you are oblivious to the truth.

Its so embarrassing to admit  
that I carry pictures of you on my phone  
and I was so happy when I heard you guys split  
people say y'all didn't want to commit.

And even though I was rejected  
I know that I am young  
and someday my feelings will be accepted.

To my thoughts I have clung;  
my thoughts of hope  
that give me the strength to move forth  
and never give up

because I still believe in love  
you perfect angel sent from above.

Carlos Gutierrez



# The Suicide Scythe Of The Serpent's Soldier Swaying It's Seven Heads

As you climb down the stairs that lead to the underworld,  
As you walk into the trail of the dead,  
You find yourself surrounded by the ghosts of yesterday,  
And enveloped by thoughts of bitterness,  
The suicide scythe of the serpent's soldier swaying it's seven heads  
Follows your footprints.

They all await your fall  
They satisfy their appetite with your air  
And yet, you still wonder what you have done mistakably wrong?  
Well,  
You should know,  
You let them out  
You have done this.

The suicide scythe of the serpent's soldier swaying it's seven heads  
Follows your footprints  
And grants you a wish

Take what has been bestowed upon you,  
Two options: to drown or to burn?  
Impotence or pain?  
Suffocation or ashes?  
One thing is for sure,  
You will pay back what you owe,  
The use of the body,  
The cleansing of the sins deeply attached within your soul,  
And all because you're stained with mortality.

Look at your feet,  
What is it that your human eyes see?  
Is it the shoes of the messenger?  
Or maybe the toes of the poor?

If what you desire is an end,  
As long as you pay the price of the undead,  
You shall get what you're after.

If what you seek is to bleed  
Let the blood crawl from inside of you  
Into the thirsty ground,  
If that is what you so drastically plead,  
for.

If you are desperate to be heard  
The serpent will provide you with lungs of steel,  
The great ones stolen from Olympic,  
But let's be honest,  
They are too stubborn to learn what, or who, you are.

The suicide scythe of the serpent's soldier swaying it's seven heads  
Follows your footprints.  
Now frail,  
The suicide scythe of the serpent's soldier swaying it's seven heads  
Forces you down.

Jump, hang, drown, burn, bleed, fly!  
There's nothing to be afraid of  
After all,  
You won't be missed!  
You are one of the many!  
What is it that you are so reluctant to leave behind?  
Friends, family?  
Forget their faces,  
And let their memories fade into the dark.

They have gone astray,  
Just like how summer leaves, start to fade...

Where are they to rescue you?  
Where have they left to?  
Did they forget about you?  
Oh, kid, let them not matter  
(Don't pity yourself  
It's not worth the aches)  
Decide what is best for you!  
Let yourself, for once, be selfish  
Do it for your own sake.

The suicide scythe of the serpent's soldier swaying it's seven heads  
Laughs,  
Oh,  
You are pathetic!

Were you born from the bastards?  
And are you dying in sin?  
Did you commit the prohibited?  
Taboo, edgy, rough!  
That's what this is  
You shall never be forgiven,  
You don't deserve such a right.  
Because remember when you came home,  
And decided to end it all,  
So reckless and without thinking it twice?  
Well, what is there to do in the world of the living?  
Sleep, awaken, sleep, and awaken  
Again and again.  
That is the pattern of life,  
Mighty predictable and utterly simple.

Well,  
Let us learn from your past, present, and future mistakes,  
Let us feed on your remains,  
Let us talk and rumor on such an abominable sight,  
And all because you wished a finish.  
All on that gloomy weekend night...

Carlos Gutierrez

# The Triangle Of Our Hearts

Numbers on my forehead reveal the errors I've made,  
My heart and courage covered and masked by the tempted veil.

Now we all follow the unwritten rules,

Rules as empty as a mirror for a mole.

We seek for a leader to guide us through,  
When what we are missing is the knowledge we once knew.

This wisdom comes not from the senses  
And not from synthetic words.

But instead it comes from the hardwired system deep within.  
The one stained upon our skin.

The very one that cannot be cut, stolen, or given to say.

An unacknowledged gift for the ignorant to misunderstand.

A feeling that awakens at the dawn of life itself.

Slowly beating and rocking to the tempo of the ones that have lived before us.

The triangle that brings masses together.

Three words that shape our hearts.

Passion, commitment, and love.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Tomorrow, Yesterday, But Today

Tomorrow is only twenty-four hours away,  
And yesterday is only a memory from today.

I climb up the stairs that lead me to the first floor of a crop-field.  
I breath in the warmth of a sun.

My eyes are shut tight,  
But I can picture everything without cognition,

I see the horizon,  
With it's ambrosial colors,  
And I see the wheat,  
Sway back and forth with a chilly gust...

It's just like somebody has painted with immaculate precision.  
But there is more to the painting,  
A painting which carries an accent; a message.

A shriek of help scatters over the diminutive drips of yellow...

And the atmosphere collapses within itself.

Let it pour rain,  
But do not let us drown.

Vocalize a foredoomed chant,  
And ask for a miracle,  
But you can't ask for perfection,  
From a mere mortal.

Twisted in a curl,  
And positioned to decay,  
We place our memories of sorrow,  
Deep inside the hollow barriers of denial...

We forget and move one;  
Stronger people than before,  
Hypocrites of life,  
That hide in corners of glass.

Elude your circumstances,  
Elude yourself,

But,

Tomorrow is always going to be twenty-four hours away,  
And yesterday will forever be washed by waves of regret.  
But today, will always be today...

Carlos Gutierrez

# Us... The Average

Delicate and foreign is the beauty of the human spirit.

It enlightens a few,  
and reaches the fewer.  
Envied by the many,  
but sought after by none.

The complexion of the face and the body are of more value today,  
and it stings my body with dolor,  
to acknowledge that I lack of those gifts.

It was very well explained that normality embraced me from birth,  
and it will accompany me throughout every eye I blink,  
every piece of bread I swallow,  
and every potion I drink.

My features are bewilderingly normal,  
and my talents are giftedly common,  
which would make me incapable of content.

But one thing I do possess,  
and although it is untrained, naive, and possibly even worthless,  
is the awareness of self.

So I've started to release myself from expectations,  
and I've become ready to face the world with humanity.

Let the ones that surpass average go on and lead the way,  
because I will not follow.

I will stay behind,  
and crawl my way through with my bare, naked hands.

Let the invertebrates begrime their way through the sewers,  
and let the rich bribe their way through the piazza.

And let us, the averages, walk our way with stripped feet through the sand and dirt.





# Vital For Me

I've felt the electricity of your skin next to mine  
I've experienced the rush when I'm next to you  
My heart flutters like a hummingbird  
Blood floods my face and I turn boiling red

I've tasted the chemistry  
Between you and me  
I know you feel it too

And other people have seen it as well  
It's really hard not to  
Because I revolve around you  
We are pulled together by gravity.

When I touch you  
I die and go to heaven  
You know how to light me up  
And how to dim me down

So, what are we waiting for?  
If we both want each other  
Time is only wasting.

It's you who I want  
It's you who I can understand  
We read each other like books  
I've read you back and forwards  
And every word lingers in my mind  
Like a lovely melody  
With a diversity of notes  
That have forever marked me  
Each and everyone, with an individual tattoo  
That only reminds me more of you.

Without you I can't survive any longer  
I need your ecstatic touch  
And your velvet kiss  
They have become vital  
As much as air itself.

Carlos Gutierrez

# Waiting For My Angel From Heaven

I lay on my bed and I stare at the ceiling  
Wondering what is this feeling I'm feeling.  
I run my hand through my face,  
I reach my cheek  
It's that empty place  
Arid and lonely like a desert.

I begin to ponder about love.  
People say that the heart is the processor of emotions,  
But if that is so, then what is blood?  
It must be its messenger.  
It delivers the good and the bad  
It transports all that's happy  
And all that's sad.  
Well if that is the case, then you would find my life to be a void.

So, where are you to make me whole?  
Did you get lost on the way here?  
Will you ever even come?  
Did the fog make you see unclear?  
Won't you knock on my door?  
Will you leave me hanging?  
Come here, and take away my suffering, I don't want to feel this way anymore.

Illuminate my life,  
Wash away my rain.  
Brighten up my night,  
Tell me that life is not all in vain.  
Kiss my lips and tell me our love is strong  
That it shines and holds itself like gold  
And just like diamonds we share a bond that is indestructible.

Let me look into your eyes and get lost.  
Let me hold you  
And let me touch you.  
But most importantly let me love you with every cell in my body.

I finally figured out  
That you are the change

I walked in circles and around  
Just to put the pieces as part of the chain.

Yet I still have so many questions  
Where are you?  
WHO are you?  
When will you reach me?  
'Cause I believe you're out there  
Maybe just as lost as I am  
One day though, when you enter my life  
I will comprehend that the wait was worth the anguish and the hurt  
And all the miserable sacrifice.

I wish on a shooting star  
That wherever you are,  
You are searching for me too.  
And that you feel the same love that I do.  
I won't stop dreaming  
I will never give up  
With my life I will hold on to hope  
And figure out the meaning  
Of this puzzling feeling  
That has surfaced from my heart  
And brought together all the pieces  
That were once set apart.

I will refuse to listen  
When people call me a fool  
Their thoughts are poisonous  
Their words are cruel.  
And just because I haven't met you yet  
Doesn't mean I'm irrational  
It just means I'm faithful and true  
I have a disease  
I am solely and unconditionally devoted to you.

I know you're not yet real  
But one day you will be  
And together in our angelical embrace  
The sunset we will see  
Holding each other face to face  
While watching the sun dance its way back to the horizon

Holding you, amazed at all your grace.  
Everything with you is perfect  
Our feelings are uncorrupted.  
I can't wait 'till the day you are mine.  
Darling my love is only sublime.

I run my hand through my face  
I reach my cheek  
It's that empty place  
Waiting to be filled.  
I now stare at my bedroom wall  
As I patiently wait for you,  
My angel from the heavens to fall

Carlos Gutierrez

# Water Serpent

I pour out a bottle of water upon the doltish flowered table of mine,  
The water gyrates.

Well,  
For some,  
It's not common sense.

I stare at the river,  
As it curls and twists its way around the broken, ivory flower pot,  
It's almost dull...

And even in its almost non-existent size relatively,  
I drown in the immensity of the azure water dew.

Drip...  
Drip...  
Drip...

And goodbye, cerulean water serpent.

Carlos Gutierrez

# We Don'T Belong, Divided

I can feel you,  
With every rise and fall of your chest.

I can kiss you,  
Even across the distance of a light year.

You have an unnatural power upon me.

I avoid your stare sometimes,  
Its power pummels my heart every single occasion.  
The intensity abrupts the atmosphere.

You bring out a side of me,  
I have never known.

A side I thought was forever lost.

But you have showed me the other side of the coin.

"Life is darkest just before sunrise," you said to me once.

And that's what you have become to me.

My sunrise, when my world is dark.

My compass, during times of doubt.

My water, in moments of thirst.

The ground, beneath my feet.

And my assistant, in times of need.

But even so,

I can't predict what this world has in stock for you or me.

Things are always shifting and changing,  
And the only thing I wish and hope upon,

Is that this world may never come in between us.

Carlos Gutierrez



# Where Is That Soul?

Mirror, Mirror,  
Oh please dear Mirror,  
With the shape of the owner of silver moonlight,  
Delight my eyes with the reflection of my beloved one  
Oh please,  
This soul carries around with it my all  
Throughout dense magical forests, where days explode with life  
And over valleys roaming with sounds echoing that Seraphim had to depart  
It's been said to walk about  
With no intentions of stopping by  
It needs neither rest nor shade at noon  
It feeds on love as I feed on food

That soul has taken me as it's captive  
Tying my affection in a passionly made knot  
And handcuffing my mind with words taken from the very drum  
Rum pum pun pum pun!  
It's touch comes from the softest feather  
Or maybe from the silkiest cloud  
Either way, there is nowhere to run to now

Where could this soul be hiding?  
Tell me, dear Mirror  
Oh I beg you,  
Could it be taking a hike on the snowy mountains?  
Or exploring the magma caves?  
Sightseeing the sunken ship?  
Or diving from the Hawk's dominating peak?  
Maybe it left to the heavens,  
When it heard the angel's seven horns?  
That's it  
That's where it must have gone  
But no matter where it travels, or where it may get lost  
I will always be by it's kind side  
In all my soaring highs and my profundity lows  
Because I have forever become  
Part of that very one soul.



# Wishes

It was not too many nights ago,  
when I turned my head to the amber sky,  
and lightly whispered to the man upstairs.

In my whispers, I was pleading.

I tapped my foot on the ground,  
and shamefully asked to be forgiven;  
the undeniable first step towards one's egocentric, avaricious wish.

I requested to be given somebody's seraphic eyes.

The same chocolate eyes that had once taken me by surprise,  
and had disgraced my head to the starving ground.

I had unknowingly asked to be shunned and banished,  
for I face them everyday.

And so apparently, He has heard my voice in the middle of the incessant, human  
chatter.

Carlos Gutierrez

# With Just A Stare

It's funny how a person just walks into your life  
They appear out of thin air  
But suddenly,  
They've left their footprint inside of you.

I don't know when it happened  
Or how it did,  
But the best things in life  
Just flow naturally.

I get high from you.

Not a particular thing to be specific about.

It's just all of you.

The way your lips shift and curve,  
When you smile,  
Takes me away,  
I float around a bit,  
And walk on air.

We might have just met,  
And perhaps it's not the right time yet,  
But what else can I do?  
If I'm already falling,  
Falling real hard for you.

I don't want to take any chances,  
I never want to ruin this,  
So,  
This is why I'm afraid  
I'm afraid of losing everything,  
Everything you have done to my heart,  
With just the way that you look at me.

Carlos Gutierrez

# You Are...

I do not have to be told many truths.  
I know I am not god perfect,  
Or statue beautiful.  
I have flaws by the millions and counting;  
I am wrong for you in every way  
Yet, I feel as you are right for me in so many more.

We couldn't have been more oppositely different;  
Peasant and Royalty.  
Their love only triumphs in fairy tales,  
And unfortunately I don't have a fairy god-mother,  
Or carry a wand with sparkling magic.  
I live in the real world where happiness comes far in between,  
And for only short periods of time.

And you,  
Well, you are...you.

Your every move flows like a mountain stream,  
Delicate and patient, yet swift.

Every object you touch stays with a lingering aroma;  
Giving away a fragrance so exotic and unique  
That stuns me on the spot,  
Leaving me breathless and paralyzed.  
Your sentences echo with magnificent tunes,  
I can barely keep up with their meaning,  
For all I know you could be talking about constellations and the oh so many  
moons.  
I get lost in your beauty  
Like a rose in a maze.

And like I said you,  
Well, you are...everything.

Carlos Gutierrez