

Poetry Series

**Dennis Ernesto Ruiz**  
**- poems -**

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## **Dennis Ernesto Ruiz(april 22,1975)**

i am educated in medical laboratory science and philippine law. i started writing poetry from july 1990 as a way of expressing my emotions and thoughts.

# A Letter

Dearest,

It should be hard for me.

Now i'm reminded

Of how long it has been...

The memories seem not to let go  
Of this heart.

The kiss, the daffodils and  
The dandelions flowing in the air

They seem to go to heaven

Those li'l chutes fly

By every breeze, draft and wind,  
they bend away my mind.

My fingers long to

Run themselves into your hair, A  
And my eyes still feel your smile.

Let me smile once more

As i let go of the cold, dew-damped grass  
Where we lie once and figure out

The clouds....

The clouds are, now, just clouds...

There, where you are.

As i stand in the rain

Staring at the epitaph

'Here, here are the goodbyes'.

Maybe that is as

It should be

Goodbye.

From,

Me

Dennis Ernesto Ruiz

# Drift Away

Drift away  
like the sun-dried leaves flown  
by the cold North wind

Drift away  
and cast your nets  
to the sea of dreams

What have you to my mind  
like copper coins thrown  
in a wishing well?

Drift away  
and carry your thorned roses  
from my bleeding hands

Drift away  
like the soft white cirrus  
painted to the setting sun

Drift away  
and maybe i can seal the best of  
you in my heart.

Dennis Ernesto Ruiz

# Idle

it has been raining for sometime  
here, we lie on my bed  
i touch...  
i feel...  
i hold you in my arms.  
i smell your hair.  
i press my lips on your ears...  
...on your nape.  
and we sleep,  
you in my warmth.

the universe recreates itself  
while we lie, here,  
idle.

Dennis Ernesto Ruiz

# Lost Too

hundred of seconds of  
your silence  
overshadows my existence  
tonight, i don't know where i stand...  
a haze finds my mind  
while you stab pain deep into me  
like a knife

you've left me...  
lost in the thought of you.

Dennis Ernesto Ruiz

# Morning

The air is crisp  
And the dew sparkles  
In the sweet morning light.  
We watch the sun rises  
As we keep warm  
In each other's arms  
And the purple blanket,  
Covering our bare skins,  
Keeps the aroma of the night before.  
The breeze blows by the misty morning  
And the sparrows soar  
Among the turquoise sky.

Dennis Ernesto Ruiz

# Night And Day

you are the night i dream...  
the shadow that embraces my body.  
in your gentle caress, your fingers dig deep into me,  
and my soul bleeds from your touch.  
in your breath i drown  
and in the pains that you kiss me,  
i cry.  
i never understand your coming and goings  
but each time you come...  
i cease to exist. i  
am devoured in the bliss of you.  
this is the shifting tenderness you create  
and where i taste your touch  
i become and reborn....  
you are my night  
and i am become your day.

Dennis Ernesto Ruiz



# Ode To A Dead Mp3 Player

small, hard pleasure  
shall i push your tiny buttons...?  
hard and long till  
you used to lit your dotty, eye to me.  
sweet pleasure you are  
stringed to my ears.  
i should have not stuck you,  
i should have played you between my fingers....  
now you're gone... burned  
no more songs to play,  
no more batteries to drain...  
no more files to load....  
goodbye my mp3 player...  
good bye...

Dennis Ernesto Ruiz

## Outside (Prelude To Idle)

it has been raining  
for sometime and  
i lay here waiting cold,  
outside,  
the heaven dances  
and twirl its fluid  
hands  
touching the earth,  
nourishing her....  
i wait like dry ground  
for heaven's touch.  
i wait for someone's  
softest hands.. your hands.

outside, i wonder,  
i could reach up to you  
but we are skies afar  
and the blue  
that colors my days  
is the blue wall between us.

outside, it rains...  
it rains... it rains.

Dennis Ernesto Ruiz