

Poetry Series

**Juan Varela**  
**- poems -**

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## Juan Varela(October 6,1967)

Born October 6,1967, at six o'clock in the morning, in the city of El Valle, Dominican Republic, in the residence of his parents by a miracle of the providence.

Since his early years, he militates in sport and cultural organizations in his home town, acquiring skills that he facilitates to anyone who request it, inside and outside of his community.

In 1985 he graduates of High school in the Liceo Secundario El Valle, in his born city. In 1990 he received the degree in Agricultural Engineering in the Universidad Central del Este (UCE) , in the city of San Pedro de Macorís, his adoptive town since 1985. In 1992 he obtains the title of Licentiate in Pharmacy in the same house of studies, entity in which he teaches since 1995 for more than 5 years. He also had teach at the Universidad Tecnológica de Santiago (UTESA) , in the city of Santiago de los Caballeros, Dominican Republic.

He resides in Tortola, British Virgin islands since the end of the Year 2000. Musician by occupation and poet by conviction, he continues with his pen trying to be echo of the life's resounding rainbow.

# A Declaration From My Soul

If I say that the road  
have been short I would lie  
if I name the voyage easy  
I would not be exact  
my head has hurt me many times  
therefore I planned to desist  
but at the same time  
I took you in my thought

I had to climb a mountain  
in order to give you a kiss  
but the result was pretty sweet

I don't lie when I say  
that you have been the best  
that has happened to me  
and in my past  
I was never so happy  
at the time till I meet you

Thanks to life for having you  
then I could enjoy your happy smile  
and walk your intimacy  
like in my own home

In prose or in verse to say I love you  
to me it sounds sincerity  
it's a detachment from my soul  
and I have the certainty  
that this love is the beginning  
yet with my experience

To think I love you and loving you  
is different  
to say I love you and to feel it  
is not the same  
to have sex it is nothing resemblance  
to make love

I always want to keep your love  
to observe your shining eyes  
in each day that breaks  
I'll use your breath to breathe  
to say every day of my life  
to the four winds  
I love you  
caressing your face at coffee time

Juan Varela

# A Fishing Day

Naked your mind  
fasten your feelings  
taboos and panties aside  
and then let's fly

You the pilot  
I'm the spacecraft  
or conversely

You the hook  
I'm the fish  
place your thoughts  
amidst my feet

A kiss the bait  
love the result  
to feed forever  
our hungry souls

A hug the net  
to seal the promise  
of eternal love  
trawl in your seas  
forever more

Juan Varela

# Acrostic Of Talent

Passion in your look  
especially intense  
tangible mermaid  
unusually gifted  
lure to the bard  
intriguing being  
ample of charm

Clamoring hush  
lie in your soul  
architect of words  
rhyming with verve  
keystone of love  
ebullient and plain

Juan Varela

# Bump Into Charm

Nymph of my wakeful dreams  
inspiration for my soul  
karma to approach your life  
ketamine on my aching being  
immunised by your eyes

Real illusion  
unguent of sweetness  
belle one hundred percent  
anaesthetic your hands  
inciting allure  
nemesis perhaps  
my encounter with you

Juan Varela

# Continuous Pain

Tuesday thirteen  
witchcraft and cabals  
and my hidden sun  
and the silent sound  
of a heavy rain

Tuesday thirteen  
bad luck  
and my perpetual solitude  
and my absentee glee  
my continuous pain

One day like anyone  
that is as everyone  
The crackle of blaze  
without having flame  
and flavor of lips  
devoid of your kiss

Juan Varela

# Debutants Lovers

It is the dawn  
a tenuous light begin to come in  
and I breathe deeply  
knowing that I have to leave

The pleasure is ephemeral  
but I'm going with the hope  
to return  
maybe in the afternoon  
perhaps at night  
could be an other day  
but during the journey  
your aroma will go with me

The breeze on my face  
remind me of your caresses  
so smooth  
that I could die inadvertently  
with your hands on my face  
and my left hand on your pearl

I don't know why your breast  
remind me of infancy  
but I could feed myself  
for months  
and never feel hungry  
and cry only of gladness  
with a hidden laugh  
in my enamoured soul

I could say all beautiful words  
and it won't be enough  
to describe  
the joy that you proportion  
to this decadence man  
who has found late the love  
but who can say  
with the mouth open completely  
that he knows the happiness

Juan Varela

# Dilemma

I don't know what happened  
I only followed my heart  
intuitive was that kiss  
but vastly sweet  
Maybe it was the three letters  
that I waited for  
or perhaps the approval  
that it lacked us  
The sure it is that  
my soul is trembling  
keeping the prints of lipstick  
and my mouth now wants  
more of the sweet from your lips

Juan Varela

# Double Play

"To sleep with you  
it is to be twice alone  
it is the square solitude"\*  
a stressful exercise  
of telepathy  
trying to link up  
my remote amour  
to avoid the annoyance  
of your breathing  
bringing to life  
the smile on her picture  
stimulating my senses  
in lethargy  
to get the wireless orgasm  
that keeps my verve running  
to endure you one more day

\*Joaquin Sabina

Juan Varela

# Evasion

Sweet your kiss  
inalienable healing  
for a rustic world  
besieging

Concave and convex  
two naked bodies  
perfect symmetry  
in sex  
post-orgasmic disagreement  
our brains  
as yolk and white  
incompatible  
looking for its identity  
opposed by vertex

Juan Varela

# Fairness Account

I knew your name  
I spot your shape  
I have your smile  
in my secret safe

I saw you at night  
you're brighter at day  
I was close to you  
I didn't know what to say

I shook your hand  
I was put in stupor  
I recouped my mind  
once you have gone

And here I am  
thinking of you  
lost in time  
and a bit confused

Planning strategies  
for the next time  
so as to seeing the dream  
I get the chance

Meanwhile forlorn  
picturing that I alit  
what I was questing for  
in you, Monique

Juan Varela

# Futile Attempt

Don't rush  
is the ceaselessly dessert  
for our meals  
and I have to draw my feelings  
in a glass of wine  
red or white  
it doesn't matter  
to disregard

Perhaps  
maybe  
I don't know  
phrases that kill my hope  
who resurrect  
at any time  
that we perform the technique  
soul to soul  
mouth to mouth

I wish I might  
bury your memory  
but the most I attempt  
the better I remember

I tap delete  
but the keyboard is frozen  
if I press cancel  
robotically redial  
to your charms  
and my wistful mouse  
only wants to click  
on the icon of your cat

Juan Varela

# Gluttonous Love

Complete epidermis exploration  
with lustful fingers  
recording each moan  
for the future autopsy  
of the orgasm

A taste of intimate fluid  
seasoned with zeal  
keeping a sample to test  
the excessive adrenaline  
cause of swift pumping  
on my pelvic area

Immaculate sleeping face  
your head on my shoulder  
enigmatic my desire of perform  
a holistic approach of your charms  
after just a while  
of having you in extenso

Juan Varela

# Have A Safe Trip

There are days that breaks our soul  
there are days that make us cry  
and we see red what is blue  
there are days unforgettable  
like that one when I meet you

I will never regret for what it passed  
I'll keep your smile in my heart  
and anywhere you will be  
you'll be the best  
that I missed

Juan Varela

# I Do

Reality or chimera  
enchanted I am of  
such striking morena  
hibernating my soul  
Enamoring queen  
radical call on  
mitigating my sins  
arousing the love

Juan Varela

# Indifference

Such a candy  
love was sweet  
unaware of diabetes

Pretty bitter when tedium  
came to stay with us  
and then  
we droop ourselves  
within a mute conversation  
of speechless frenzy

The touch of my beard  
irritates your skin  
it doesn't tickle anymore  
to spark the passion  
the making of love

You don't laugh of my jokes  
your hearsay disgusts me  
romance is gone away  
bushed of the same  
but we don't get the courage  
to say adieu  
afraid of the jumbies  
that keep telling us  
you look good in sync  
fearful of wake up  
alone and living  
for ever again

Juan Varela

# Latent Love

It had been a long time  
I don't write of your appeal  
you asked me if your smile  
is not gleaming anymore  
it is the mood  
that swings by time  
even the beauty is tiresome  
recurrent sweet  
that cloy us  
taking for granted the love

Amended menu  
franchised fast food  
an end to orders like this  
akin to the honeymoon  
for supper  
a personal striptease

No more pepper  
no more salt  
a wake up motion  
to talk divorce

Routine of kisses  
scheduled sex  
astonishment is gone  
spontaneity is death

But overall  
is the disdain  
so cruel and raw  
that keeps me mute  
with tons of words  
uncomplainingly  
expecting that the luck  
will do my job  
everlastingly



# Love Graduation

Rebirth of love  
as phoenix bird  
from ashes to sky  
Finally the stork  
found the right path  
to deliver  
the newborn passion  
aged an eternity  
to be stronger  
and forever

We sealed the deal  
on stainless steel  
written with kisses  
indeleble ink  
of red tongues in motion  
two souls without notion  
of time  
sweet mute confession  
to tell and confirm  
that I'm yours and you're mine

Juan Varela

# Love Or Ease?

The love elects  
does not select  
it arrives and stays  
then after it asks

Love and know  
supportive  
bona fide  
Know and love  
fictitious ease  
no pain attached  
unable to resist

Feeling ashamed  
of your loved one  
you're looking for  
a brand archetype  
that cannot exist  
'cause God created man  
and another man  
cannot give life  
to perfection  
illusive  
non-existent abstraction  
that inhabits minds  
empties  
with all and contradiction

Juan Varela

# Masquerade

Your onion words  
my crocodile tears  
simulacrum of pain

Why I love you  
because you're handy  
I want ice for my drink  
you open your heart to me

You are if I need you  
absent but you are  
an utopia to believe  
you are with me  
to cheat on my soul  
to keep it tranquil  
to cheat on my love  
to deliver it to you  
without its suspects  
it isn't true

Healthy to know  
that we get along well  
you're going to north  
I'm heading to south  
but we buy the tickets  
together

Fictitious fortune  
converge happiness  
for everybody on display

The inmost doesn't matter  
that's only feelings  
The truth  
enemy in common  
which can snatch  
our disguise  
and let us alone



# Mojoless Man

Writing a verse  
on your angel skin  
brusque fingers  
trembling of craze  
anxious upon the thrill  
of your consent

Lost in lust  
tyro's performance  
of harsh caresses  
because at times  
It results too easy  
to be a veteran  
writing on a pad  
but now reality  
makes me a newborn  
in the art of love  
with the beginner's luck  
of having you

A trap of the words  
which unbolt the doors  
to your wish  
and at this point  
comply with the duty  
it's the side effect  
for my hasty request  
and I have to admit  
that for my little mojo  
yours are too big

Juan Varela

# Non Retractable Amour

Felicity uncontrollable  
lascivious head call for clearout  
angel that doesn't need to fall  
vortex of love with no doubt  
impetus that grasp my soul  
annihilating my sorrows

Calming the storm  
anchored at last  
revitalizing hope  
booming romance  
one way still  
negated to die

Juan Varela

# Portray Of Agony

I try to define you  
how to get down to it?  
I'm only liable to tremble  
when of you I think

I try to define you  
and only resonate notes  
that spreads in the drops  
of rain to the roots

You are the delirium  
and the cruel martyrdom  
source of my deep pain

And you are the verse  
most poisoned and sure  
in my poem

Juan Varela

# Sad Omen

The sunbeams is going  
increasing my sorrows  
the darkness arrived  
killing my dream  
with the fatal reality:  
it is too soon for the beautiful  
and pretty soon it will be  
too late for everything

Short time close to the lucky  
and it is getting wings to fly away  
awaken my utopias  
extracting the blood of my veins

Condemned without defence  
to be definitely alone  
cause my attorney's gone  
leaving in pieces my heart  
the remaining of my hope  
without you before be mine

Juan Varela

# To A Good Mother

To endure for me great pain of birth  
gorgeous award you have won  
god deluge you with a ton of blessings  
with all the honor and pomp

You taught me to love my native soil  
fulfilling with love my early days  
even if perhaps your innermost was suffering  
you always presented me a happy face

You have faced hundreds of perils  
to defend and take care of your son  
always guiding me with the good pattern  
of the precious words of the lord

If in any occasion a problem beset you  
with joyfulness you concealed it  
telling me nothing at all about it  
not to cause sorrows to me

You never mind if it was off key  
you sang a song to make me sleep  
and today your son always adored  
with reverence thanks for raising me up

You were my great guide and always will  
now and forever I manifest to all  
that in life you're everything to me  
although for everyone you're only a mom

Juan Varela

# Too Much Too Soon

Devoid of planning  
the encounter  
meeting of two yen bodies  
seeking a definition  
programmed chance  
by years of adjourn  
in the light and shade  
in the shadow and sun

One day smile and even kiss  
another the oblivion  
and after more nothingness  
the return  
and taste sweeter than  
your kiss  
the cause and reason to wait  
motive that avoid my lips  
attune to other lips  
after try out yours

And tonight  
one more of the cycles  
but more profound  
intimate and bodily  
that made us flap  
farther than the control  
of our brainy wings  
odd sensation  
so sturdy  
that we might not bear entirety  
and we set aside the surplus  
for tomorrow  
for the uncertain  
'cause pertaining to you  
and your freedom  
I only dare to imply with coyness  
that you will not be remorse to cross  
the frontier to climax  
and that you have as well

the liberty  
to flood back to my arms  
that linger on you lastingly  
eager to conclude the bliss moans  
and to attest  
that what today you dub  
too much too soon  
it is only the activation  
of a countless love

Juan Varela

# Too Soon Versus Love

Why to pay the debts  
that it made another  
Why to postpone the happiness  
If to look at toward the future  
It is better than  
to look at yesterday

All medicine has side effects  
known and uncertain  
and we haven't stopped using it  
To be careful  
It doesn't mean  
crossing of arms  
and stop swimming  
for impetuous of the current  
for the big of the flow

Today in health  
the next day sick  
it'll always be the horizon  
whilst one can breathe

It is never very soon  
in order to make mistakes  
if the result  
may leads to me happy being  
it will always be soon  
in order to die  
if to live  
is having you next to me

Juan Varela

# Wet Intent

As the rain falls  
I engage my right hand  
paper and muse  
thinking of you  
all the way  
trying to be a poet  
and the verses flows away

Outside heavily raining  
I get nothing done still  
but I keep on trying  
'cause I know and will  
that more sooner than later  
I'll catch your beauty  
on my paper  
to accomplish  
the most inspired photograph  
of the love and then  
the joy will walk my path

The rain keeps falling  
I keep on trying  
'cause I know and preach  
and this one for sure  
that attempt to create poems  
peeping a drench road  
through your absent eyes  
it is more prolific than  
to be a warrior of the gloom  
shooting with infernal guns  
that only bring anguish  
and uncertainty to all

Juan Varela

# Yen

Sapphire your glittery eyes  
harmony with the sunshine  
eve of my felicity  
ravishing your sweet smile  
impressed is my soul  
crowded of your charms  
enable to love

Amber your tender skin  
rill of tame waters  
mixture of hidden pleasures  
anxiety to my lips  
nosey to give you a kiss

Juan Varela

# Your Love My Bastion

I'm probing you  
with no regret  
one more attest  
of Your faithfulness

I sin at times  
and you forgive  
that's why no man  
can live in me

Only your blood  
delet the wrong  
once and for all  
giving me peace  
comfort and hope  
eternal joy

Everything through Jesus  
is possible and tangible  
no fear of principalities  
my shelter is your power

Thank you for being in me  
without one cent attached  
no matter if for the world  
it's difficult to understand

Juan Varela