

Poetry Series

L.P. Alexanders
- poems -

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L.P. Alexanders(January 26,1984)

L.P. Alexanders was born 26th January 1984 in San José, Costa Rica. He is the youngest of four siblings. His mother language is Spanish, but he also speaks English, Esperanto and a little of Portuguese. Since his childhood, Alex, as his close friends call him, was interested in art; nonetheless, writing or reading did not call his attention, only drawing and painting. Indeed, he showed very good drawing skills and actually won an infant drawing contest at the age of six. Due to the peaceful nature of his country, L.P Alexanders had a normal and tranquil childhood and adolescence. Art, in any kind, has been part of his life and he has experimented with drawing, image & video editing, and the Japanese art of Origami and Kirigami till today.

In 2003, Alex attended the University of Costa Rica where he was enrolled in a major he highly disliked; therefore, in 2005, he changed his major for English to become a translator. But, in 2004, he took a basic Esperanto language course which he found it appealing and easy to learn. In the next years, L.P. began to keep correspondence with esperantists around the world in order to carry on with his learning of the language by his own. One year later, he took a poetry course in the second semester and there, he had to write a haiku poem ('Between hot and cold') which became his first poem ever written in English. Then, in the same course he had to write a poem as a part of a quiz. Alex wrote two poems: 'jailed time' and a concrete poem 'experienced pencil' which his professor really loved it. After these first poems and good responses, L.P Alexanders became very interested in poetry and has only written some other poems due to lack of time. He really admires, Edgar Allan Poe, Emily Dickinson, W. Shakespeare and W. Blake.

Alex hungers for learning new languages and has taken Portuguese and German courses at the University of Costa Rica. He just took a basic Italian course and an intensive Chinese Course. Previously, he took a British literature course and learned a lot about famous English writers...

Awards:

- The best poem ('Jailed Time') of the 'Creative Writing Contest: Poetry and Short Story' 2009, University of Costa Rica.

- Best poem ('Jailed Time') in the category of fourth year English major student of the School of Modern Languages, University of Costa Rica,2009.

*same contest

A Blissful Morning

Green leaves
Long and slim branches
With the cool wind dancing
And birds rhythmically singing
At Nature's direction and pace
If you could just stop time and space
And remember this and forget the rest;
Trifles are not really a quest
Bliss exists in many ways
But this is the best in our days.

11/13/09

L.P. Alexanders

A Classic Poet's Soul In Modern Times

Call me traditional or technologically impaired,
But to pen my poems I preferred
On a piece of paper
Than to type them on a computer
Because the pencil is to the poet as
The chisel is to the sculptor;
And this idea should come to pass
In the mind of every Art creator,
For in his hands and mind
Is the quintessential Art of any kind!

L.P. Alexanders

A Novermber Morning

In a rather cool morning
Myself, I find
Here drinking hot chocolate
And eating snacks,
Watching through the window
The green nature that is all alive;
The cool hands of the wind
Touching my nose and cheeks,
My warm breath going out my mouth;
A worthwhile time to ponder and write
Poetry or a few lines is all right.

11/13/09

L.P. Alexanders

Between Hot And Cold*

Lying on the ground
Hair: orange, yellow and brown,
The stage coming now

*a Haiku, a form of Japanese poetry, consisting of 17 moras (or on) , in three metrical phrases of 5,7, and 5 moras respectively[1]. Haiku typically contain a kigo, or seasonal reference, and a kireji or verbal caesura. -taken from

L.P. Alexanders

Born To Be A Friend

I was born more than 2 decades ago,
And 15 years later I realized i was not a foe.
Since then, I sadly remembered those days and my decisions;
Although it wasn't, hasn't been the case in some occasions,
it is the common denominator in my personality,
in my personality or in my destiny.

I did realize I was born to be a good friend,
I know because I haven't seen any other perennial end;
Being a good friend is certainly a blessing and all that,
No doubt! many people will completely agree with that,
But for me, it is also a powerful curse,
a curse that I am not able to reverse.

I don't know whether or not there is something wrong with me,
Probably yes...i repeatedly get 'you...the good friend to be'
I really wish... it would be 'different'
I don't always want to be 'the friend'
I will go on carrying this curse,
And maybe someone will reverse it with a sweet pure verse...

Written 2/17/2010

L.P. Alexanders

Canine Dreams?

The lost sight of his eyes makes
him look calm and relax
he is here next to me
but not with me
he's sleeping deeply...
and I wonder
if he could have dreams really...
like us do over and over?
can he remember his dreams?
what is he dreaming about?
does he see animals, humans or both in his dreams?
what about
could he have nightmares too?
or after a sudden waking gets stressed too?
...nevermind, whatever it would be
here with him, I'll be!

L.P. Alexanders

Damn Friendship! *

Everyday is very similar to the day before
Feelings are bleeding from the core of my heart
a deep place where I cannot look for anymore,
look for a remedy that were not tart.

I don't know what to do
I wish to have choices, at least two
that someone tells me
'together, you two are meant to be.'

I've learned a lot of things from you;
However, my memory has a leak
because When I see you, all that is in my mind is you,
but the truth is... you're out of my league.

For me, you are my significant other
but for you, I am like your brother
I have found my soul mate,
but you, just a classmate.

I would have liked to know you in a different way
and not to become your friend, at least, not in the first place
We share a relationship from the beginning to this day,
but this is not the one I want to taste.

I wish to be more than your pal
I want you to see me through another crystal
I desire that you know my real feelings I have inside,
but if you do not, I'd have to step aside.

So, I'd prefer to sacrifice my happiness
and if to myself, I'd have to lie
I'd do it, no matter if I feel hopeless
because if you are content so am I.

*a high school memory, written 2/24/08

L.P. Alexanders

I Will Be Ok...

I'm also falling for you,
and that makes me so blue;
I can't stop that from night to day;
However, I hope it goes away,
not because I want to,
But because I need to.

I'll treasure the time we talked and spent together,
Every and single minute I will remember it forever;
I do not regret any decision that i made,
I met one of a kind person and that's great!
Great indeed, but sad at the same time,
But please don't feel bad for me, I'll be fine.

I wish you the best in your new phase,
I will rest and, this, I will try to face;
I really wish you a lifetime of happiness,
Don't worry! , I'll be OK in my loneliness;
We will be certainly friends for so long,
But now... I just need some time alone.

Written 2/17/2010

L.P. Alexanders

Jailed Time

Jailed Time

There...

Outside on the streets,
He felt powerful and safe
In the insecurity of the night,

But now here...

A new world he meets,
Inside of a total security cave
He is afraid of the daily light

Sleeping in a 3-wall room,
Spending every long and monotonous day;
His sentence: his doom;
He's hopeless because he cannot run away

Written 9/25/07

Awards:

- The best poem of the 'Creative Writing Contest: Poetry and Short Story' 2009, University of Costa Rica.
- Best poem in the category of fourth year English major student of the School of Modern Languages, University of Costa Rica, 2009. *same contest

L.P. Alexanders

Lies, Lies, And More Lies

You lied once, twice and thrice
That is your sin and your vice
To me and to yourself, you lied:
You lie now right after your lies.
Lies over lies,
Lies inside other lies,
White or half lies
Interbreed with big black lies
And become a pile of amalgamated lies.
You are over-fulled of lies;
Coming out of your mouth are your lies
While you're speaking, you just utter lies
Because your mother tongue is...lienglish
That causes in others a lot of anguish
You yourself are made out of lies
Or...you are merely by definition...a living lie

11/15/09

L.P. Alexanders

Life

The Beginning of the End
The End of the Beginning,
A combination of experiences
Some unfair, others fair,
Some hard, others less hard,
A quick or long stay
A damned sadness or a blessed happiness,
A matter of fate
Or of your own actions
Or both...

L.P. Alexanders

Love! ! !

Love is not about logic.
Love is all about feelings;
Stop reasoning and resisting
And just start feeling!

Love is all about instinct,
Love is not about intellect;
Let's act without thinking!
Let love lead your actions!

Love is neither future nor past,
Love is always present;
Love here and now, love today!
Forget about tomorrow and yesterday!

Love is not about distance,
Love is all about closeness;
The real love eliminates all barriers
and puts you in a special and inseparable place!

So, Embrace your Feelings!
Follow your Heart!
That there's no mistake or regret in that!
Forget about reality and about who will get hurt!
and Just...LOVE! ! !

Written 4/5/2010

L.P. Alexanders

Naïve Loving Land

Lava flowing and destroying,
Thousands of small pieces, a pile of heavy ashes,
Damaged and deteriorated fertile land,
A perennial wound and...
Maybe a gigantic scar will be left behind.

11/15/09 1pm

L.P. Alexanders

Ode To My Ocean!

Alas my beautiful Ocean!
My sweet hazel-green Ocean Lady!
I behold your pure and natural beauty
As astonishing as Aphrodite's, the Grecian.

O my mythical gorgeous mermaid!
My real and only soul mate!
Your tender words whispering in my ear
Enchant me and make all my fears disappear.

Like Moon and Ocean, we are so far away,
But we're united by a strong attraction since the first day;
I am the Moon and you are the Ocean; nonetheless,
You are the one who has a big effect on me that i have to confess,
You make my heart beat as the moon makes seawater move
And to my life, you have brought an intense peace, passion and love.

I want so bad to be like the beach sand, I must say,
To feel your constantly touch throughout the whole day,
To feel you close, to enjoy ourselves during the high tides
And to rest and sleep during the low tides.

O my beautiful sweet kind erotic sensual Ocean,
I really want to make you incredibly happy,
To treat you respectfully and to protect you like precious jewelry
And if I have to, I would fight for you like a real ancient Persian.

This is all true and with my ocean I want to be Whit♥

written in 08-15-2010

L.P. Alexanders

Reala Kristnasko*

La blanka, rugxa kaj verda tempo
kun ornamajxoj kaj elektralumoj gxis en la kampo
La plej bela, cxarma kaj atendita sezono
kiam la felicxeco de la homoj atingas la ozono

Pli ol tempo por acxeti kaj donaci donajxoj'
estas tempo por dividi kaj pasigi kun la familio kaj amikoj
Ankaux por doni kaj ricevi kisojn, cxirkauxbrakojn,
estimatajn gestojn kaj fari seninterezajn agadojn
rememorante la naskigxtagon de Kristo per specialaj festado'
Cxar cxi tiu estas la reala Kristnasko!

Felicxajn Festojn! ! !

*Written in Esperanto, the Universal Language (12/17/07)

L.P. Alexanders

The Killing Truth!

SAY IT! SAY IT NOW!

Say it here and Say it out loud!

Slap, Punch my face with your first true words!

That you will Not make this Worse!

Put a Prickly Stake in my Heart...in and out!

Do Not Save anything, Say it now!

Straight and Clear, do Not Kid around!

Please just the Truth, Cry IT Out!

So that the Killing Truth can Kill me Now! ! !

11/15/09

L.P. Alexanders

Thy Angel Face

This is the case:

Thy Angel face is full of grace
In the dark space and in this phrase.

A magnificent Goddess' race
That I behold and that makes me face,
Face in my life any difficult phase.

The words in this poem I can't correctly place
Because what provokes in me to lose the right trace
Is thy Helenian beauty that after every year thou raise.

Thy eyes do not envy the color of the dace
And on thou, Angel, this poem I base,
For thy flirtatious pace and noble heart I praise.

L.P. Alexanders

True Love? ?

I wonder...Does true Love really exist? ?
If it does, I ask...Where or Who is It? ?

Is there a pure and unconditional Love out there? ?
A real Love? ? not the love of a friend, a brother or a mother? ?

Is Love the world best selling fiction? ?
The most elaborated and yet believable deception? ?

Are the phrases: 'soul mate, ' 'significant other, ' 'my one and only' a real
charade? ?
The right person is an illusion, but is the true love or marriage a whole parade? ?

Why does passion not last forever? ?
Have a perennial partner love existed, ever? ?

Is Love just another universal cliché? ?
Is there someone that proves I'm wrong and makes me say 'touché! ' ? ?

Written 1/1/2010

L.P. Alexanders

True Love? ? (Alternative End)

I wonder...Does true Love really exist? ?
If it does, I ask...Where or Who is It? ?

Is there a pure and unconditional Love out there? ?
A real Love? ? not the love of a friend, a brother or a mother? ?

Is Love the world best selling fiction? ?
The most elaborated and yet believable deception? ?

Is Love just another universal cliché? ?
Is there someone that proves I'm wrong and makes me say 'touche! '? ?

Oh yes! all that really exists! , I Love myself!

Written 1/1/2010

L.P. Alexanders