

Poetry Series

**Luis Gil de la Puente**  
**- poems -**

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# Luis Gil de la Puente()

## ((5) Dido And Aeneas

You ask me what happened all this time.

You arrive.

The eyes I loved so much  
have an exotic shine.

You smile magic.

Your steps know the dust  
of so many paths...

What happened to you?

Failure is an art you ignore.  
I learnt it sip by sip.

How many evenings  
did I walk the same streets,  
without you,  
with uncertain rain.....?

Not everybody knows  
how to find the door  
which takes you far,  
love and risk,  
to green pastures  
and shiny streets.

You said life is a liquor  
you have to drink fast.

I still see you leaving....

There is a higher pleasure,  
deny life,  
walk shady shortcuts,  
disdain love,  
smile in the absence,  
hold the vacuum  
and keep going

to that point  
which links  
light  
and darkness.

Version of a poem by José Luis García Martín

Luis Gil de la Puente

## **((10) Fly**

Let 's fly kites.

I 've been working on one  
And I can feel it strong  
in my fingers.

I 've got the right thread,  
it 's windy,  
it 's a clear winter morning,  
and there is no class today.

I will feel your cold hands  
While I teach you to let go,  
To feel the air,  
the blow, the whisper, loneliness.

And then the greyhounds will come and sit  
To take a look at us

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((11) Friends

Wholesome hearts,  
well deserved friendship,  
good chunks of truth  
wrapped in cigarette smoke.

Singing together, playing our tune.  
High school, low voices,  
Coughing.... Silence, please!  
A true lady is listening.

Winning together,  
playing the same game,  
to simply convince each other  
we may be wrong.

Drinking from the same chalice,  
We taste the same curse:  
'Beauty,  
You bring us Truth'.

Little as we are,  
we look through the same keyhole  
to sometimes have  
a good finishing touch.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## **((11)      Painting Smiles**

We build a world  
where truth is dangerous.

We paint smiles,  
smiles to hide  
we don't know why.

Fear and lies,  
the bricks we use  
to build this mask.

Can we stand  
what we are?

Please don't ask,  
just smile.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((12)      Beasts Of Truth

Tic, tac, and we move  
to that place of lesser resistance,  
where inertia rests,  
and there is no danger.  
Places with our names written on them.  
We think they are the things we love,  
our lullabies.

But dreams chase us,  
they wear costumes,  
they call us "liar", "coward".  
They shout our misery.  
They are beasts waiting  
for their freedom  
or their banquet  
under our pillows

Luis Gil de la Puente



## ((12) Breakfast With Diamonds

A cold shower  
Is a good way  
To open my eyes.

I wake up with the stare  
of those clean weightless  
compassionate eyes,  
filling me with motionless  
sweet energy.

Peace, wide forehead,  
translucent skin  
of your huge eyed look,  
Amelia.

I wish you could feel the diamonds.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((22) I 'll Give You My Eyes

One step forward,  
Stand up, please.  
Let me explain need and virtue,  
the mystery gravitating around you.  
Let me break the distance.

A new voice is a return to hope.  
Let 's make doves fly,  
and forget routine, survival.  
A walk, some confidence,  
knots untie,  
breathe slowly.

I 'll give you my eyes,  
and feel you close.  
Words tremble, rush,  
so many things to say.

How could you preserve yourself sweet  
and keep listening with soft ears?

Talking about honey  
we discovered sweet voices  
need care

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((4) Keeping Company

My eyes keep getting misty this winter.  
So much quiet cold at night  
just to wait for you in the morning.

I am weak  
of the unstable kind.  
My wheels are used up  
but I like the way  
you handle speed  
on those secondary roads.

Please, regulate the mirrors  
and you'll get a better view  
at the sides.

I've always been with you.  
I never failed you,  
not even once,  
in spite of that personal way  
to drive in the city.

I understand your fear  
because you use  
brakes and throttle  
in its pace.

I've learnt to accept  
you prefer me  
to have a smoke...

I know you can clean up  
the morning frost  
and your coffee smells  
of loneliness.

I like your sensitivity to light,  
you can feel its joy.  
I can see it too.



## ((6) Battles

I keep dreaming of horsemen  
waiting for me in the distance.

Some remember the days  
of false gardens  
when they loved  
or thought they did.

Others the books they read  
life long companions  
to forever lose the thread.

Memory can be molded at will  
and then give  
what book, garden and love  
denied.

I remember things  
I never did,  
the battles I never  
fought.

To Julio Martínez Mesanza

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((6) I Remember A Boy

Walking some days  
the light of the plains shines.  
A fresh wind blows over the green wheat  
and the greyhounds come running to me,  
riding on my bike  
A lonely and happy boy.

There are days when time flies back.  
My bike does not move forward any more  
and the greyhounds look at me in the distance.  
They don't get close to see me coming back.  
I am not alone any more  
and the mountains hide the light of the plains.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((6) The Elite Of The Pure

To the chosen,  
Those of evil stare,  
Who spread weeds,  
And administer venom,  
Those who hide the keys,  
And water misery,  
Who cut grass  
Before it grows,  
Dark hate reapers,  
Those who trace talent  
To wipe out its footsteps,  
Winners in the rat race,  
adapted survivors  
who establish beaten tracks,  
those who hide their truth  
in the fear they inspire,  
always getting rot,  
to you, scum.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((6) Hidden Wings

I've discovered angels  
in her look.

Their moves reveal them too,  
unmistakable steps  
towards those who need them,  
clean eyes,  
untouched by fear,  
without resentment.

Why are you close to me?  
What's your message?

We might have a message to deliver.

Perhaps I can't feel my wings.  
Perhaps I can't get out  
of these soulless places.

Words of hope,  
a place for you,  
where soft steps  
make sense.

Wings to fly at ground level.

Luis Gil de la Puente



## ((6) The Days Of False Gardens

I keep dreaming of horsemen  
waiting for me in the distance.

Some remember the days  
of false gardens  
when they loved  
or thought they did.

Others the books they read  
life long companions  
to forever lose the thread.

Memory can be molded at will  
and then give  
what book, garden and love  
denied.

I remember things  
I never did,  
the battles I never  
fought.

To Julio Martínez Mesanza

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((7) Swan Song

I never knew I would be a long distance runner.

I've lost the drive to win  
and my voice has become sweet.

Young tigers think of me  
as an easy piece to hunt down  
in middle game traps  
and I feel like a gazelle.

What a curse  
to feel all this music  
and have no talent  
to sing it!

Sober voice of baritone in tune,  
sad cossack soul.

The fields on the river banks  
should be green by now,  
bishop to f5, check.

All those memories...

Tal called me craftsman.  
I admired Petrosian's hidden control,  
so infinitely elegant,  
and Bronstein was my friend,  
a twin soul in melancholy,  
but an artistic daring spirit.

I never knew I would be a long distance runner.

How lonely the hotels  
behind my thick eyeglasses!

I will break the center  
and open up the flanks.  
I will balance my pieces

to play a winning endgame.

Knight to d5,  
it's a beautiful square  
in this position.

How sweet to sing  
the symphony  
of cold chess!

My voice has become sweet.  
I will win my final game today.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((7) News On The Move

Coming back home is like opening the doors again,  
like getting in the past with the hope it might change,  
But sometimes the future gets there first  
And sees us coming.

Charo is not here anymore today  
And the deep hole in my mother's heart  
Is growing bigger.  
Somebody else's speed  
Took her away from us  
Just to prove she was an angel.  
The world is an emptier place today.

(In memoriam, Charo)

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((7) Burning, Burning, Burnt

Let 's find new chalk  
for the spring coming,  
burning ideas,  
more wood, please.

Let 's make doves fly.

We are lonely  
next to the path  
to get a sight  
of that huge Christ image.  
Stern stone gaze  
towards that forgotten margin  
of the city,  
where hard-boiled kids  
keep their hearts locked,  
pretending to be something  
that cannot possibly be.

Is it a blessing those open arms?

The north wind breaks on the hills  
and wistles notes hard to swallow  
for the pure ears of those  
who can 't smile  
and throw stones.

Old chalk dust,  
Where is the wood?

It is still cold in spring.

Wood keeps burning  
but it 's no use.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## ((8) Stupid Gardens

Night after night,  
their strength and arrogance grow,  
the horror closing the horizon,  
the true nature of the sword.

I entered a new labyrinth.  
I saw the new gods,  
how their enemies died  
in the desert,  
far from stupid gardens,  
on the sand,  
among the rocks.

I remain staring at the smoke.

To Julio Martínez Mesanza

Luis Gil de la Puente

# (1) Diálogo

Estimados pasajeros  
el despliegue de alas  
se efectuará con dolor...

Nadie entenderá nuestros sentimientos  
y la finalidad del ejercicio  
permanecerá en suspenso...

Deben realizar un esfuerzo de confianza,  
déjense llevar,  
abróchense los cinturones,  
toda seguridad es poca  
en estos tiempos azarosos  
llenos de cambios,  
tan plenos de ilusiones...

No quiero dejar de ser niño,  
tu pretencioso mundo de domador  
es tan aburrido...

La precisión, lenta, académica,  
movimientos suaves,  
te llevo de la mano,  
agárrate...

Mírame a los ojos,  
tengo una cita con mi destino

Luis Gil de la Puente

# (1) El Tamaño De Tu Amor

Miras hacia atrás  
para seguir sin verme.

Nos unió un humo turbio,  
una mala excusa  
para tapar el otro deseo.

Busqué  
y te hice dudar  
el tamaño  
de tu amor.

Te robé preciosas sonrisas  
que te llevaban prendida  
y tibia de dudas  
entraste en mi lucha  
contra los abismos  
y los remolinos.

Luis Gil de la Puente



# (1) Gonzalo Rojas To Someone Listening In The Dark

Those words, life in peace,  
A compass in the storm,  
Light for closed eyes.  
Tic, tac...  
An old poet is speaking  
And his harmony offers hope  
And you feel like  
Taking a look again  
Without clouds,  
Without winds,  
One more chance  
Before making the decision

Luis Gil de la Puente

# (1) La Maldición Del Degustador De Belleza

Apreciar la energía del arte,  
sentirse fuerte en la transfusión,  
y el tiempo se escurre a diario,  
la maldición del degustador de la belleza.

La vida en diferido, la virtual,  
la segura, la mediocre.

Buscando en los lugares equivocados  
de siempre  
nunca conseguiremos saber  
lo que necesitamos.

Soy capaz de creer todo,  
de engañarme una vez más  
¿necesitamos un milagro?

Y mientras silencioso  
avanza el orden misterioso  
de la verdad.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (1) Narrow Is The Way

I thought  
the gate to life I'd found,  
my treasure and my heart.

I'd lost the load of pride  
but the maid sleeps,  
and swine eat pearls.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# (1) Nostalgia Of The Plains

It is the wheatfields that keep coming back,  
always sticking out behind the pines,  
beyond the mountains,  
in the sunsets.

Nostalgia of clear light  
and greyhounds of long shadows.

Those memories chasing me  
smell of dry soil recovering life,  
wheat in the springtime,  
fidelity to plains.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (1) Pretense

Failure safe,  
a hiding place,  
useless beauty  
in his eyes.

Hasty vacuums,  
empty sounds  
move everywhere.

The taste,  
the break,  
pretense.

It  
all  
does  
not  
make  
sense.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# (1) Sign Of The Times

Let the ears hear.

Let the blind lead the blind.

Let them find the ditches.

Let the many called come.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# (1) Wheatfields

I am walking,  
I know that.  
I will never return  
to these wheatfields...

My rucksack is full  
of memories...  
At one point,  
I will get rid  
of this load....

I´m saving the light,  
the greyhounds,  
my bike,  
some books,  
and the whisper....  
of the wind  
on the plains.

Someone is waiting for me  
across the river  
on the other side....

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) November

That was the end  
of the eleventh month,  
wild geese  
going south.

You looked up  
to the sky  
and said:  
If I had wings,  
I would explore  
new territories,  
too.

I would settle  
on a beach.  
Perhaps,  
I could forget  
these city walls,  
these people.

I just asked you  
one question:  
Why are we  
so unhappy?

If she had died  
one month later,  
she would have seen  
snow  
in our garden.

We kept talking  
When the dark angels  
Who took her,  
took away  
the sunshine.

That was  
the end of it



Wild geese  
going south.

Bernardo Atxaga

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Art

Love, open wounds,  
passion, chaos unleashed,  
beauty stealing calm.

The snowball is rolling downhill,  
the fall, the roar, vertigo,  
running ahead  
to discover that little bit  
of truth.

Rebellion against mediocrity  
deserves punishment.

To Raul del Olmo, in memoriam

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Behind The Mask

Beautiful women  
never get  
to see  
the world  
because  
everybody changes  
in their presence....

they fail to see the heart  
behind the mask,  
behind the pain,  
behind the protection  
to survive....

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Getting Fixed

I don't know why I am not able to look at him  
What if I could do without this seriousness?  
And see him face to face.

At dinner I can feel him  
Sitting behind  
And then, suddently, his laughter,  
That way to use the spoon.

I spend chosen moments  
Waiting for him to pass by,  
Cigarette and smile.

It is tough to play this game of silence  
This tension on my dreams  
This fear all the time.

I feel I am clumsy  
And I don't want to be a girl any more  
Why can't I focus on what's good for me,  
On what's possible?

Another poem to see him from behind  
A piece of chalk writing on the board  
Some homework for tomorrow....  
which home would that be?

And then we'll try to build good sentences  
To say what we think clearly  
And be brave....

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Los Caminos Del Deseo

Desconozco  
a dónde llevan  
los caminos  
del deseo.

Dulzón olor a podrido,  
es hora de que entre  
en tus labios.

Levanta la cabeza  
y sigue en silencio.

Quizás tu pasión esté llena,  
quizás esto sólo sea un juego,  
quizás no sepas  
cuánto valor necesitas,  
cuánto dolor requiere  
tu miedo.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) No Mirrors For The Broken Hearted

No mirrors for the broken hearted.

You are still hurt.

Feelings.

Hope is a delicate thing.

We forget memories lie  
When we are hurt.

Wise are those whose heart is strong.

Wrong.

We look back  
and we see our dreams.

Let tears drop.

Spring is coming.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Soulless Places

We take the paths  
of lesser resistance,  
where there is no danger,  
where hope is a bargain.

If we become  
what we don't like  
we don't see it  
any more.

We want to be accepted.

There are some  
soulless places  
we can't escape,  
without risk,  
without effort.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Supervivencia De Los Más Dotados

Los palomares están en ruinas,  
Los galgos mueren en los árboles  
y las jaurías acosan a los ciervos  
hasta que el disparo los alcanza.

La carne de cerdo es cada vez más asequible,  
más abundante y sabrosa,  
dieta rica en grasa.  
Cerdos cebados de basura  
Que viven inconscientes,  
haciendo ruido  
y defecando por doquier.

Los sapos en las contaminadas aguas  
estancadas y fétidas  
eructan y se reproducen  
felizmente adaptados a su entorno.

Las culebras reptan,  
se mueven sin ser vistas,  
silban miserablemente  
al percibir la presa,  
matan sin ruido  
y dejan silencio a su paso.

Se ruega discreción, cooperación, docilidad (Silencio) :  
Avanza irremediable el orden de la realidad

Luis Gil de la Puente



## (2) Trapeze

Your life is in my hands.

I will make you fly.

I will learn to let go,

I will feel your fear

and your joy.

I will let rats rot

to become a bird.

How to explain

I am nothing

when I get down

from the trapeze.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Vértigo En La Llanura

En un palomar, ancha es Castilla,  
Una paloma incuba el huevo del rapaz,  
abandonado a su suerte,  
a las tardías heladas.

Y nace otro pájaro,  
intruso pero uno más  
que aprende a volar entre ellas,  
come aparte,  
y, joven, se hace  
su punta de flecha.

Bandada de palomas  
y un gran capitán.

Un día el instinto del cazador:

'Puedo entrar,  
mirar fijamente,  
sentir lo puro  
que golpea  
el miedo,  
actuar y vencer,  
huir en sangre,  
perpetuar el destino  
del ángel exterminador,  
yo también  
quiero ser  
ministro  
de la muerte'

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Ana 's Face In Gredos

Ana, Anita, cigarette and smile,  
Light coming in, hands long....  
What a beauty, that pony,  
pony tail...  
How sweet that clean look,  
How sad to see you suffer.....

Do you know?  
So many steps  
give you a lot  
to think

You got trapped  
in my things  
And appeared  
whenever  
I looked up  
at the sky.

On the mountain top  
you were light coming in,  
hands long,  
cigarette and smile,  
pony, pony tail,  
clean look,  
clean and sharp.

You were on my paintings  
on the wall,  
with me  
on the edge,  
about to fall,  
home cooking.

This time  
will be  
memories of you

Ana, Anita,

the fields  
should be  
green  
by now.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Angeles Sentados En Las Ramas

En el tiempo de estar solo  
a menudo pienso en vosotros.

Las alas y el poder invisible  
de vuestra mirada, compasiva y benéfica.

Andando solos, pensando sin luz,  
viviendo dejándose llevar,  
¿cuál es la maldición que nos separa?

El mundo se ha desencantado,  
mediocridad contagiosa,  
miedo prudente,  
pasos recortados,  
palabras retenidas.

¿Por qué no utilizáis las alas?  
¿por qué no os dejáis sentir  
llenos de luz, sonrisa, aire fresco?

Las alas recortadas,  
la luz invisible,  
la profunda tristeza del ángel  
que mira impotente desde el árbol.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Armors And Dynamite

I talk to you  
through  
somebody else 's  
poems.

Those would be the words  
I wish I could have told you.

Two lives in different dimensions  
cross their ways  
and write an equation  
of feelings and redemption.

Sensitivity and beauty,  
armours and dynamite  
attract each other.

One same farewell  
and two separate paths  
to loneliness.

Just enough  
to keep writing poems.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Cara De Ana De Fondo En Gredos

Ana, Anita, cigarrillo y sonrisa  
Luz que entra, manos largas  
Qué bonita esa cola, coleta,  
Qué bonita mirada limpia,  
Qué triste verte sufrir.

No sabes, tantos pasos dan  
Mucho que pensar.  
Te enredaste en mis cosas  
y aparecías cuando levantaba la vista.  
Encima de los riscos eras  
Luz que entra con manos largas,  
Cigarrillo y sonrisa,  
Cola, coleta, mirada limpia.

Estabas en los dibujos de las paredes  
Mirando, conmigo al filo de caer.  
Eras la luz de casa,  
Este tiempo serán recuerdos tuyos.  
Ana, Anita, ya estarán verdes los campos.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Long Distance Runner

I never knew I would be a long distance runner.

I've lost the drive to win  
and my voice has become sweet.

Young tigers think of me  
as an easy piece to hunt down  
in middle game traps  
and I feel like a gazelle.

What a curse  
to feel all this music  
and have no talent  
to sing it!

Sober voice of baritone in tune,  
sad cossack soul.

The fields on the river banks  
should be green by now,  
bishop to f5, check.

All those memories...

Tal called me craftsman.  
I admired Petrosian's hidden control,  
so infinitely elegant,  
and Bronstein was my friend,  
a twin soul in melancholy,  
but an artistic daring spirit.

I never knew I would be a long distance runner.

How lonely the hotels  
behind my thick eyeglasses!

I will break the center  
and open up the flanks.  
I will balance my pieces



to play a winning endgame.

Knight to d5,  
it's a beautiful square  
in this position.

How sweet to sing  
the symphony  
of cold chess!

My voice has become sweet.  
I will win my last game today.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Marching

My eyes keep getting misty this winter.  
So much quiet cold at night  
just to wait for you in the morning.

I am weak  
of the unstable kind.  
My wheels are used up  
but I like the way  
you handle speed  
on those secondary roads.

Please, regulate the mirrors  
and you'll get a better view  
at the sides.

I've always been with you.  
I never failed you,  
not even once,  
in spite of that personal way  
to drive in the city.

I understand your fear  
because you use  
brakes and throttle  
in its pace.

I've learnt to accept  
you prefer me  
to have a smoke...

I know you can clean up  
the morning frost  
and your coffee smells  
of loneliness.

I like your sensitivity to light,  
you can feel its joy.  
I can see it too.



## (2) Masterpiece Of Safety

'Beauty is so powerful,  
it evens affects  
those who can 't perceive it'.

A masterpiece of safety,  
useless beauty in his eyes.

A made-to measure armor  
where life is safe  
and pain and joy can 't exist.

And yet crazy tigers still go hunting.  
They could drink all the blood  
and keep on hungering.

So much wasted talent.

What 's left?

Another game of chess  
where geometry rules  
and there is always space  
to push pawns ahead  
and play winning end-games.

I also want to be  
a minister  
of death.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Sleeping Pills

If I could remember  
what I am looking for,  
I would stop  
and take a rest.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) To My Brother's Dog, 'Perrina'

The first day you woke me up,  
did you open the door  
or did I leave it open?

How could you know?  
There were blinds  
on the windows  
and yet you knew  
that was the first snow  
of a long winter,  
"it's a clear winter morning,  
let's go and enjoy the snow".

You knew  
when to touch my hand  
to tell me  
life is waiting  
let's go play.

You knew  
the best definition  
for happiness.  
Open your eyes and enjoy.  
Let's go play.

You knew  
the exact measure  
of truth,  
of danger.

The secret  
must be  
the smell.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (2) Ugly Ducks And High Heels

At first I didn't realize your hair was dyed  
I hadn't noticed your long legs, your longer heels,  
and your poor taste in choosing the tightest jeans.

So many were called and so few were chosen,  
the pattern was "tall rich empty headed, a good trophy"  
no doubt a winner in the rat race.

The clinking clanking of high heels  
in high school corridors  
filled so much empty space

so many heads to turn  
so many victories ahead  
and then why feel you are nothing  
unless your credit card depletes

where is the dream? what is the need?  
dumbbells raised in the sweatiest gyms  
what ever happened to the ugly duck  
turned beast?

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) Miel

Un paso al frente,  
¡en pie!  
Déjame explicarte la necesidad y la virtud,  
el misterio que gravita sobre ti,  
rasgar el velo de la distancia.

Una voz nueva es volver a las ilusiones.  
Echar a volar todas las palomas,  
Reconocerse en la distancia  
Y olvidar las rutinas, la supervivencia.  
Vivir por encima de lo sensato.  
Un paseo, una confianza,  
Los nudos se aflojan.  
Respira despacio.

Dejarte mis ojos y sentirte cerca.  
Las palabras vibran, se apresuran,  
Tanto que decir, tantas palabras  
Envueltas en papel de regalo.

¿Cómo pudiste conservarte dulce  
y seguir escuchando con oídos blandos?

Hablando de miel  
Descubrimos que las voces dulces  
Necesitan cariño.

Luis Gil de la Puente



### (3) Human Alchemy

They say gold is hidden in lead,  
there are those who believe so.

They get blind in the shine,  
siren songs, vain flash,  
traps in mortal mud.  
They are impatient alchemists  
who find shortcuts to nowhere.

The mystery is: Gold does exist, indeed,  
But that lead which became gold,  
Never knew there was gold  
hidden in its nature

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) Long Shadows

Horsemen on the horizon  
upon a hill  
keep looking at me  
in the distance.

Faces rescued  
from battles  
in the past.

Paths without glory  
seem to come back,  
expecting an answer?

I dream of birds I can talk to,  
of greyhounds of long shadows,  
of angry cats  
and guitars  
about to explode.

Melodies I cannot forget  
hide in my brain.  
And then the dance  
in that empty space...

The limelight on a silent chair,  
the wake up time,  
another coffee,  
and miles to drive.

.

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) One Of These Days

How come You look for me  
and pass the weary night with me,  
the knock, the voice, the gentle breeze,  
the bleeding heart, my misery  
and then still the fail to be  
the man, the broken dreams.

To Lope

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) Alas Escondidas

He descubierto a los ángeles  
en su mirada.

Sus movimientos  
también les delatan,  
pasos inconfundibles  
hacia quien les necesita,  
ojos limpios,  
intocados por el miedo,  
sin odio.

¿Por qué estáis cerca de mí?  
¿Cuál es vuestro mensaje?

Quizás yo también tenga un mensaje,  
quizás no pueda sentir mis alas.  
quizás no pueda salir del lugar sin alma.  
Palabras de esperanza.  
Un lugar para ti,  
donde tengan sentido los pasos blandos.

Alas a ras de suelo.

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) Drinking Beauty

We can appreciate the energy in art  
and feel strong in the transfusion,  
but then time keeps dripping,  
the curse of the beauty drinker.

Surrogate life,  
virtual, safe, mediocre.

Looking in the usual wrong places,  
we´ll never get to know  
what we want.

I am able to believe anything,  
to deceive myself once more.

Do we need a miracle?

In the meantime,  
silently,  
the mysterious order of truth  
moves forward.

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) Empty Space

It is dusk again.  
Once more this time  
and loneliness.

The birds are here  
but the empty space  
remains.

Something got lost  
against the grain.  
The wind blows,  
silence stays.

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) The Curse Of Beauty Drinkers

We can appreciate the energy in art  
and feel strong in the transfusion,  
but then time keeps dripping,  
the curse of the beauty drinker.

Surrogate life,  
virtual, safe, mediocre.

Looking in the usual wrong places,  
we´ll never get to know  
what we want.

I am able to believe anything,  
to deceive myself once more.

Do we need a miracle?

In the meantime,  
silently,  
the mysterious order of truth  
moves forward.

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) The Epic Is Dead

Lean, fast  
lonely greyhounds,  
you are ghosts  
of the past

“deserts are interesting  
spiritual places”

a sad joke  
on the margin  
of history,  
honor is meaningless

cold winds,  
long winters,  
infinite wheat,  
the light of the plains  
pushed far

no room for saints  
or soldiers  
no room for poets

history passed by  
and silence remains

the epic is dead  
eternity to rot

Luis Gil de la Puente



### (3) Broken Dreams

How come You look for me  
and pass the weary night with me,  
the knock, the voice, the gentle breeze,  
the bleeding heart, my misery  
and then still the fail to be  
the man, the broken dreams.

To Lope de Vega, auténticamente grande

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) Chess

It is not only your ego at stake.

This game is a metaphor for truth,  
no habits, no fear.

Talent has many ways,  
but few are the clean paths to beauty.

Do not underestimate scars.

Losing games you start losing life.  
This world will not be new forever,  
and a taste of truth may carry disillusion.

Overcome it and that 's victory.

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) Let's Fly

I've been working on one  
And I can feel it strong  
in my fingers.

I've got the right thread,  
it's windy,  
it's a clear winter morning,  
and there is no class today.

I will feel your cold hands  
While I teach you to let go,  
To feel the air,  
the blow, the whisper, loneliness.

And then the greyhounds will come and sit  
To take a look at us

Luis Gil de la Puente

### (3) Life Is A Game

We want to feel.  
We are in the game.  
We want to stay.

We know the rules.

We are accepted.  
We buy the lies  
at the right time,  
and keep silence  
when required.

We think.  
We are free.  
We cast the vote.  
We take risks  
And accept loss.

We want candy,  
Lullabies.  
We feel dandy,  
it's a virtual life.

Strike a pose,  
wear the mask  
Sugar coating  
The reward.

True love is waiting?

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (4) I Wish The Rain Could Speak Of You

I wish the rain could speak of You,  
sweet sad sounds  
of rain drops dripping,  
but no music can help.

Memories bring back dark drops  
and I see the truth no one can sing.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (4) The Wind Knows Your Name

Why do I run?  
you ask.

It's the distance  
I want to overcome.

It's the tension,  
the way out  
of the maze.

The pace,  
the working heart,  
the breath.

It's the wind  
which knows  
your name.

Luis Gil de la Puente

## (5) Mockingbirds Revisited

It's only madmen  
who climb to the slag heaps  
to look at the horizon.

I am waiting for this door to open.  
I want to play chess.

How could that  
hunchbacked swordsman  
write this beautiful poem?  
'That' is a miracle.

Is it true that Dido,  
Queen of Carthage,  
committed suicide  
for that bum?

Why are those  
beautiful stories  
so sad?

What does he mean  
when he says  
"Can't you see  
there is no room for that,  
it doesn't follow"?

"The dark dogs in Hades  
keep the gates  
into the kingdom  
of the dead"  
That's a good sentence  
to analyse.

Ginger ladies shouldn't announce death,  
it cannot be true, can it?

He was like a buffalo  
running to us on the plain...

You have to hold your position,  
don't you see  
they'll get a fastbreak  
and win?

Let me throw away your cigarette,  
you're going to vanish  
and then  
who will decipher the poems  
for us?

- Teacher.....
- Tell me, little cricket....

Luis Gil de la Puente



# Amigos

Corazones a granel,  
amigos bien ganados,  
zafarranchos de verdad a chorros,  
envueltos en humo de cigarros,  
cantar, o dar el cante,  
tiburón del Carrión,  
instituto, graves profundos,  
maestro de ceremonias,  
catarros..... ¡silencio! ,  
una mujer nos escucha.

Ganar juntos las partidas,  
convencernos de estar equivocados,  
vivir la vida en diferido,  
degustar la misma maldición,  
de la belleza, verdad escondes.

Pequeños como somos,  
espiando por la misma rendija,  
para a veces afinar con el pincel.

A Juan Pablo Grassa

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Angels Sitting

In the time of being lonely  
I often think of you.

The wings and the invisible power  
of your compassionate well intentioned look.

Walking alone, thinking in the dark,  
living letting yourself go...  
What is the curse which separates us?

The world has been disenchanted.  
Contagious mediocrity,  
prudent scare,  
fearful steps,  
unspoken words.

Why can't you use your wings?  
Why can't you be felt,  
Full of light, smile, fresh air?

Cut out wings,  
invisible flames.  
The deep sadness of the angel  
who is looking from the tree,  
powerless.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Bullet

If I could remember  
what I am looking for  
I would stop  
to take a rest.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Castilla

Lean, fast  
lonely greyhounds,  
you are ghosts  
of the past

“deserts are interesting  
spiritual places”

a sad joke  
on the margin  
of history,  
honor is meaningless

cold winds,  
long winters,  
infinite wheat,  
the light of the plains  
pushed far

no room for saints  
or soldiers  
no room for poets

history passed by  
and silence remains

the epic is dead  
eternity to rot

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Clumsy

I don't know why I am not able to look at him  
What if I could do without this seriousness?  
And see him face to face.

At dinner I can feel him  
Sitting behind  
And then, suddendly, his laughter,  
That way to use the spoon.

I spend chosen moments  
Waiting for him to pass by,  
Cigarette and smile.

It is tough to play this game of silence  
This tension on my dreams  
This fear all the time.

I feel I am clumsy  
And I don't want to be a girl any more  
Why can't I focus on what's good for me,  
On what's possible?

Another poem to see him from behind  
A piece of chalk writing on the board  
Some homework for tomorrow....  
which home would that be?

And then we'll try to build good sentences  
To say what we think clearly  
And be brave....

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Conjunto De Ciervos

Sólo los locos se suben a las escombreras,  
para divisar el horizonte

Estoy esperando que se abra la puerta  
para jugar al ajedrez, ¿dónde me apunto?

¿Ese espadachín cheposo pudo escribir esto? ,  
eso sí que es un milagro.

¿ De verdad que Dido, reina de Cartago,  
se suicidó por ese vagabundo?

¿Por qué siempre son así de tristes  
esas historias tan bonitas?

¿Qué quiere decir 'no ha lugar,  
no se da cuenta de que eso no procede'?

'los cancerberos guardan oscuros las puertas del reino de Hades',  
¡qué frase tan buena para analizar!

Las chicas pelirrojas no nos anuncian la muerte,  
no puede ser verdad, ¿verdad que no?

Era como un búfalo que se acercaba al galope por la pradera....

Tienes que aguantar la posición,  
¿no ves que nos van a coger al contragolpe?

Deja que te tire la colilla, te vas a consumir  
y luego ¿quién nos va a explicar las poesías?

-Maestro.....

-Dime, pequeño saltamontes

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Dido

You ask me what happened all this time.

You arrive.

The eyes I loved so much  
have an exotic shine.

You smile magic.

Your steps know the dust  
of so many paths...

What happened to you?

Failure is an art you ignore.  
I learnt it sip by sip.

How many evenings  
did I walk the same streets,  
without you,  
with uncertain rain.....?

Not everybody knows  
how to find the door  
which takes you far,  
love and risk,  
to green pastures  
and shiny streets.

You said life is a liquor  
you have to drink fast.

I still see you leaving....

There is a higher pleasure,  
deny life,  
walk shady shortcuts,  
disdain love,  
smile in the absence,  
hold the vacuum  
and keep going

to that point  
which links  
light  
and darkness.

Version of a poem by José Luis García Martín

Luis Gil de la Puente



# Doing Justice

It is Christmas.

Dandies on vacation  
are skating and shopping on thin ice,  
consuming absurd merchandise.  
Bloated newspaper readers  
expect without hope.

The lottery did not even come close  
and they continue hungry for meaning,  
gorged in trash.

I will have to pluck up courage,  
go out to do justice  
and finish off frauds  
who thrive mercilessly.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Fieras De Verdad

Tic, tac, y nos movemos  
hacia el lugar de menor resistencia.  
Donde descansa la inercia,  
y no hay peligro.  
Lugares que llevan escritos nuestros nombres.  
Pensamos que son las cosas que queremos,  
nuestras canciones de cuna.  
Pero los sueños nos persiguen,  
se disfrazan,  
nos llaman mentirosos y cobardes.  
Nos gritan nuestra miseria.  
Son fieras que esperan su libertad  
o su banquete  
bajo la almohada.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Fijarse

No sé por qué no soy capaz de mirarle.  
¡Cómo quisiera quitarme esta seriedad!  
Y verle todos los días  
al coger la merienda, en la guardia...

En el comedor  
le siento sentado detrás,  
dándome la espalda  
y de repente su risa,  
esa manera de coger la cuchara.

Gasto momentos escogidos  
esperando que pase,  
desde los ventanales,  
cigarrillo y sonrisa.

En algunos lugares de los pasillos  
se reflejan las escaleras  
y aparece subiendo  
con la mirada perdida.

Es duro este juego de silencio,  
esta tensión de las ilusiones,  
este no dar la cara...

Me siento desgarrada  
y quiero dejar de ser niña  
¿Por qué no me fijo  
en lo que me conviene,  
en lo posible?

Otra poesía,  
verle otro día de espaldas  
con la tiza en la pizarra,  
otro trabajo para casa,  
¿qué casa? ,  
y tratar de construir bien las frases,  
decir lo que se piensa con claridad,  
ser valientes....

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Gonzalo Rojas, A Quien Escucha A Oscuras

Las palabras, vida en paz,  
rumbo entre las cosas,  
fuente de luz  
para unos ojos cerrados.

Tic, tac...

Habla un poeta viejo,  
pero su paz da vida  
y ganas de volver a mirar  
sin nubes,  
sin vientos,  
otra oportunidad  
antes de dar el paso

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Hacer Justicia

Es Navidad, de claro porte en vacaciones.  
Patinadores de saldo y ocasión,  
consumidores de absurdas mercancías,  
lectores de prensa, abotargados,  
esperan sin esperanza.

El Gordo ni siquiera les rozó,  
y siguen famélicos de sentido,  
ahítos de basura.

Me tendré que armar de valor,  
salir a hacer justicia  
y acabar con los farsantes  
que medran sin piedad.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Heart Of Gold

To know the truth,  
that beast,  
and be impotent  
to change a bit,  
to find a treasure,  
a heart that 's pure  
and deserve it,  
that 's what you did.

An escape from mortal mud,  
accept reality,  
the search, the search...

And we look  
and we see  
and we aren 't  
part of it.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Honey

One step forward,  
Stand up, please.  
Let me explain need and virtue,  
the mystery gravitating around you.  
Let me break the distance.

A new voice is a return to hope.  
Let 's make doves fly,  
and forget routine, survival.  
A walk, some confidence,  
knots untie,  
breathe slowly.

I 'll give you my eyes,  
and feel you close.  
Words tremble, rush,  
so many things to say.

How could you preserve yourself sweet  
and keep listening with soft ears?

Talking about honey  
we discovered sweet voices  
need care

Luis Gil de la Puente



# Kite

Let 's fly kites.

I 've been working on one  
And I can feel it strong  
in my fingers.

I 've got the right thread,  
it 's windy,  
it 's a clear winter morning,  
and there is no class today.

I will feel your cold hands  
While I teach you to let go,  
To feel the air,  
the blow, the whisper, loneliness.

And then the greyhounds will come and sit  
To take a look at us

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Lesser Gods Laugh

Secret stings make them hurt each other.  
What lights the fire will not extinguish it.  
The flame cannot be stolen.  
Desire will condense in their blood  
while lesser gods laugh.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Marchando

Este Invierno se me nubla la vista.  
Tanto frío quieto de noche  
por esperarte a la mañana.

Soy inestable y débil,  
mis llantas están gastadas  
pero me gusta cómo regulas  
la velocidad en carretera.

Colócame bien los espejos  
y podrás ver mejor  
tus lados y tu espalda.

Te he acompañado siempre  
y nunca te he fallado  
a pesar de tu conducción,  
tan personal en la ciudad.

Yo te entiendo en tus miedos  
porque me has hecho acelerar  
y frenar con ellos.

He aprendido a aceptar  
que me prefieras para fumar....  
Sé que tienes un triángulo  
que despeja la escarcha  
y un tarro de café  
a veces se llena  
de agua por la mañana...

Me gusta que mires la luz  
y percibas su alegría  
que a mi también me llega

Luis Gil de la Puente

## Smyslov, 62 Años

Nunca supe que sería  
Un corredor de fondo.....

He perdido las ganas de ganar....  
Y la voz se me ha vuelto dulce.  
Los jóvenes tigres piensan en mí  
Como en una pieza fácil  
En trampas de medio juego  
Y yo me siento gacela

¡Qué maldición sentir toda esa música  
y no tener el talento para cantarla!

Voz sobria de barítono templado,  
Alma de cosaco triste.....

Ya deben estar verdes los campos  
a orillas del Dniester.....  
Alfil efe cinco, jaque

Todos estos recuerdos.....  
Tal me llamaba artesano.....  
Admiré el miedo, tan elegante, de Petrossian  
Y Bronstein fue mi amigo.....  
Un alma gemela en melancolía  
Pero con espíritu audaz y artista.

Nunca supe que sería  
un corredor de fondo.....

¡Qué solos los hoteles tras mis gruesas gafas!  
Romperé el centro y abriré los flancos,  
Equilibraré las piezas y jugaré un final ganador....

Caballo dé cinco  
(Es una casilla elegante en esta posición.....)  
¡Qué ganas de cantar  
la sinfonía de mi ajedrez frío!

La voz se me ha vuelto más dulce.....  
Hoy ganaré mi última partida.....

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Such, Such Were The Joys

Contemplate new worlds,  
unexplored territories.  
See the great minds  
confront your own lies.

Let the challenge flow,  
take effect,  
trickle down,  
and permeate your spirit.

Find hidden music,  
listen to your heart,  
open your windows,  
let fresh air expand.

Breathe slowly,  
Blow your mind.

Build a made-to-measure space  
where soft steps make sense.  
Paint bold and find peace...

Such, such were the joys....

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Survival Of The Fittest

Dovecots are about fo fall down.  
Greyhounds die hanging  
from the trees  
and dogs chase deer  
Until shot dead.

Pork keeps getting cheaper,  
More abundant, tastier,  
High fat diet.  
Pigs overfed on garbage  
live unconsciously,  
produce noise  
and defecate at will.

Toads in held up,  
stinking,  
polluted waters,  
belch and reproduce  
happily adapted  
to their environment.

Snakes creep,  
they move unseen,  
they hiss their misery  
when they perceive  
the prey  
they kill  
effortless.  
Silence remains.

Discretion is required,  
Cooperation is welcome,  
Docility, please.

Meanwhile,  
unstoppable  
the order of truth  
moves forward.





# Survival Skills

Fear rules, fake smiles.  
Don't speak your mind.  
The best of times  
when talent and endurance  
are survival skills  
for the weak.

Luis Gil de la Puente

# Tacones De Aguja

El mundo rendido desde sus tacones,  
melena rubia, maquillaje impecable,  
surtido vestuario y sonrisa sincera,  
deseada siempre, nunca supo la verdad.

El mundo cambiaba a su paso,  
se imaginaba especial en su presencia,  
redimido de mediocridad y vacío,  
triunfadores en su desierto de miseria.

Una pieza m´as que ser abatida, un trofeo,  
una foto con el móvil, un sueño real,  
la lotería al alcance de la mano,  
saber y ganar, por un instante.

Sin príncipes azules,  
un mundo desencantado,  
contagiada de silencio,  
tres cajas de valium  
y un vaso de agua  
en la mesita de noche.

Luis Gil de la Puente