

Poetry Series

CARLOS M. RIVERA
- poems -

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CARLOS M. RIVERA(November 30th 1969)

Into Darkness

They say the things that finally break you are the words caught in your throat
As decades of thoughts not uttered, crammed in the pockets of my colorful coat.
Whispering amongst a world that learned only to speak! !
Am I to stay silent now?
Jarring nightmares wake me in the middle of the night,
on shivering knees, questions
with trembling voice to the man up stairs until the morning light.
Days run together, no sign of healing in sight!
Months have passed since that dreadful day...
Remnants of your earthly existence carved into my soul.
It is quite deafening, the quietness at your abode
All your special things
given away, or being put away...that's what I'm told.
Unbearable, angry man child that still cries aloud with his spiritual eyes, not
caring, nor wanting to see or hear the thoughts of others until it subsides.
In a corner I sit contemplating once again the Oh! so ever familiar darkness
because it seems the earthly lights have been dimmed by your demise, the only
thing that are left are echoes of how it used to be when you walked amongst us,
of what you shown and taught us...except being alone! ! ! alone! ! !

CARLOS M. RIVERA

Que Puedo Hacer? Alma Gemela

Que puedo hacer? Alma gemela
Que me quieres decir con tanto antojo?
Se que quieres decir mucho, se te ve en los ojos.

Ah! Ya lo se
Quieres ser feliz!

Ay! pero con tus mirada cabizbaja, presiento dudas,
Rabietas escondidas por ser rechazada y maltratada
Te vez nerviosa, pero nada
Mujer valiente, fuerte y independiente te han dejado.
Que puedo hacer? Alma gemela, oigo tus gritos, siento tu heridas
Me siento en una esquinita de tu lecho
Con palabras suaves, casi secreta
quiero decirte que ami tambien me lo han hecho.
Pero nada, corazón abierto y confianza en alto! ...No tengo secretos.
Que puedo hacer? Alma gemela
Que te puedo ofrecer que ya no lo lo que pueda, lo hare con delicades y mucho
respeto.
Oidos abiertos, boca callada hasta la luz del amenecer.
Secando tus lagrimas besando tu mejillas con fuerte abrazos manos que
acarician.
Lentamente, poco a poco los entenderemos.

Como amigo primero después caballero, te dire unos te quiero
Te dejo dormida, un beso en la frente cansada y abatida pero sentimientos
saciado y con esto me alejé.

Descansa Mi Amor!

CARLOS M. RIVERA

Such A One

Where is our meekness to restore such a one?

Unadulterated love judging
innocence?

Exasperated! ! Children covered with veils of death, hatred, ungrateful
selfishness, dark eyes full of despair.

It is evident that with turbulent grudges they close the rudimentary gaps passed
down from generation to generation. Chemically imbalanced stigmatized psyche,
not being able to comprehend

Bewildered loving family members

with raised brows outside looking in, heart broken, in locked rooms, frightened,
beating their chests with guilt to no end.

Pharmakia induced day

mares that drown the

compassionate empathic souls,

leaving but a carcass of

repercussive delusional tingly sensations that

they say that with time fades away... zombified, still walking this earth spiritually
in decay.

OH! but to be a fly on the wall on judgement day

...Forgive me my brethren, that for this pain that had me so undone

I also ask for your prayers, and unconditional love, and for HIM to restore such a
one.

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