

Poetry Series

Edmundo Farolan

- poems -

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Edmundo Farolan()

Ed lives in Vancouver, Canada. The poems in this collection date back from 1966 to the present day.

It's reaching that stage that's neither old age nor old
Just feeling mellow
No longer anguished by the thought of aging
But rather accepting
That like flowers we bloom
Then wither
Neither sad nor happy
But accepting life
And the notion of death.

Edmundo Farolan

An Nth Stream Of Consciousness

Toblerone munching as the fan above blows,
Raining outside
It's spring in Vancouver,
Everything flows
Including flowers
Ready to blossom.
It's June and still no blossoms.
What do you expect?
This is Canada.
Always a step or two behind the USA.

Thoughts that are thoughtful
Thoughts that are thoughtless,
Covid 19,
Quarantine
Only walk around,
Line up to get groceries,
Wear your mask, stay 6 feet away,
Makes you just feel like staying at home and doing nothing, simply doing nothing
because there's nothing to do but wait,
Like waiting for Godot,
Like waiting for something to happen,
Some vaccine to end this pandemic.

But even if it ends,
We'll still be waiting for other things like death, hope, misery, happiness,
sadness, and all kinds of human emotions.

There's never anything satisfying in human life.
Epstein with his billions was unhappy raping
Girls who were 14 years old.
Money doesn't buy happiness nor perversions
And so Epstein kills himself
For being unhappy.

I'm just a writer,
I'm poor,
I only think
And I try to be humble,

Try to understand the human folly
The Human condition
Just thoughts
Just words
To feel I'm not alone.
Words are my companions
Thoughts are my companions
And I put them together
To be me, the poet, and what for?
So others can read my words and thoughts?
Will they learn? Will they be emotional with this nth stream of consciousness?

I don't know. Only each and everyone to his consciousness,
To his stream,
To the joyful and unjoyful emotions of being human,
Perhaps absurd,
Like life is absurd,
Life is profane,
Life, life, life,

Then death comes
All of a sudden
Unprepared
In your sleep
Or in other ways.

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Another Memory

....passing through another memory
the drifted memory timed on brinks
flung open like doors,
old women's chatters,
truth observed,
typewriter of olden times,
a dead Rondeñan sun
steaming hot against life and death,
against itself,
against eyes that sadden
or dreams that are endless,
in newness never returning to oldness....

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Beauty Doth Deceive

"The devil hath the power to assume a pleasing shape." (Hamlet, II,2)

Thus sayeth Hamlet.
'Tis beauty
Or deceived beauty
That one must decipher,

For 'tis only God's grace
Through the Holy Spirit
That we can discern shapes good
Or bad.

Prayer doth lead the way
To spiritual awakenings,
And only the saints
Can intercede and guide us.

Pray thus to the Lord
To let His angels
Guide and guard us
From life's deceptions!

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Covid 19

Covid 19

Plagued by a newly discovered pestilence,
Quarantined, masked,
Will this ever end?
It's almost three months.
The search for a vaccine
Doesn't seem to go nowhere.
Will life be normal again?

How many more will die?
How long should we wait?
Questions and no answers.
It's the wait and see game.

Grocery stores packed,
Social distancing,
Restaurants closed,
Buses less than half full
Because of distancing.

Schools closed,
Libraries closed,
Churches closed.

Is this a punishment from God?
Will the world come to an end?
No one knows.
Let's hope and see.

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Covid 19-2

A second wave?
That's what they're saying.
You know the news.
Always sensational.
But it could be true.
Five months now
I've quarantined myself.
But I hate masks.
I never wear a mask.
And I go out only once a week.
For groceries.
So that's my life:
Eat, sleep, write and watch Netflix.
How long will this last?
Who knows.
Maybe more fake news:
"The government has announced
That Covid 19 is gone."
Not for a while though.
Maybe in the next few months?
Who knows.

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Czech Women From Karvina

This poet greets
these women:
blond hair,
floating,
like autumn forests.

"Dobre den"
with their divine smiles,
blue eyes, the smooth beat
of their movements,
"Nasle".

Oh how beautiful
are these Czech girls!

Sweet, divine
Kisses and daydreams
on their reddish lips.

Slender, happy
in their youth,

Illusion and delight
of this poet.

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Dialogue

Vermouth was diluted.

Look at Cowboy grin.

I'm pleasantly bored with my Volkswagen music.

The pool was hot.

The day, cold.

And the sundae, too much.

You can't keep still.

You have to go, go where you want to go. It's more fun.

My foot, on the heater.

The telephone: the Turks are still there.

Your boyfriend gave you a box of candies.

Finally, fish and turkey.

There was Neruda, of course, and the tearing down of walls.

Just one wall, actually.

The paintings are still there. No profoundness, now.

Just a snowflaked, light day, passing.

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Dialogue II

Chiau.

It'll be your fault if you don't remember.

The Dave Brubeck concert?

Your laundry, stained socks;

Your car, still parked. It's Spring!

These days have been fruitless.

Temptations?

Cede, weak creature!

Some friends have amazed me

and now, the stars take their revenge again.

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Elegy

I laugh. I laugh, alone.
My laugh echoes back and forth
in the empty mountains within me,
empty rivers,
empty being,
of essence,
of existential decay,
of a nothingness enclosed by a body.
My worst enemy.
Because it drags, urinates, defecates,
eats, sleeps, talks, and worst of all,
turns still in an event called death,
and in time,
shifts into another happening called ash.
What then?

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Enigma

Tears – a human factor.

Do animals cry? Is it only humans who cry?

Death. Human, earthly death.

No one escapes death.

Buildings are constructed only to be demolished.

New coins turn to old coins,

profound blackness turns to superficial light.

Earmuffs. Boots.

A yellow Valentine card from C. Her way of saying goodbye?

Books selflessly smiling, reaching for thoughts beyond black verses,

or black prose, or simply black words staring,

attempting communication, meanings forming subtleties.

They'll vanish, like poems, memories, safeguarded metaphors in red and black.

A basement painted in fluorescence for winter,

not summer in this cold town/city with conventionally indifferent people

challenging me with its cold fingers,

shameful eyes/ice thinness/frigidity.

I see myself in uncoloured dreams and wave lengths.

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Eros Under The Bridge Of Ostrava

(inspired by Hamza Messari)

Under the Ostrava bridge,
the wild caresses of a man and a woman
as she lets herself go with her eyes closed...

Under that bridge,
the burning of two bodies in joy,
the fervent kisses,
feverish skin,
morbid delirium...

Under the bridge
the frenzy of open passion...

And I, a black poet
with nostalgic memories
of the loves
that have left me deeply estranged
In this European world
where I now live...

My heart is no longer beating,
my heart no longer bleeds.

The voices of those past loves:
The moaning voice of that lover who held my hands
to her bare bosom,

The sigh of another lover who secretly met me
in the usual place
at the usual time;

The voices of other loves that shared me
their beds flooded with memories...

voices that now don't come to me
but in nostalgic remembrances
because my heart is no longer beating,

my heart no longer bleeds
in this cold country
away from my black home.

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Everyday Poems

1.

Everyday

Is no longer boring.

Routine

Is no longer boring.

Gone are the days

Of hyperactivity.

Today is just another day.

2.

Yesterday

I was with Maia.

I don't see her

As often as I did.

She's 7 now

And has a mind of her own.

3.

Almost everyday

Was a holiday

In January and February.

I was in Hawaii for 11 days.

I was on a cruise to Mexico for 5 days.

And I was in Ecuador for 21 days.

4.

Everyday is poetic

As you spend fewer and fewer

Hours, days, weeks

On this earth.

See the poetry as you breathe

And sense God's earth

In these dwindling moments

Of life.

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Flow

Windy and chilly day a funny face a closing of ears, a vague groping into
something tangible but yet untouched
white flaked soap suds love and forget a million times said the road zigzagged
into my mind and every time every every time my eyes were opened to a new
country something had to end the newness something lacking something
dragging letters written to sons a language experiment describing faculties that
start and end start and end unscientifically something to run away from vacuum
touching groping hands
unwithered friendship withering in spring where now friends close friends
knowledge pit falling learning touching indescribable something words cannot
express not express nice neat package with the label he is this and nothing
more....

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Give Me Your Love

(Inspired by a young Arabian poet)

This sweet crisis of my madness:
You, the blossoming flower of my garden,
you, the lamp of my life,
Let me build that bridge
of fragrant lemons
to reach you.
Take me and bury me in your perfumed hair...

For you I have given up my freedom,
For you I have given up all my women,
For you, I've left my life behind...

Love me, my lady,
drown me in the sea of your presence,
love me, oh most beautiful woman,
The most beautiful woman
among all the women in the universe,

I beg of you,
Love me.

Woman of my dreams,
Soul of my soul,
Your taste of fire,
Your taste of snow,
Your taste erases my doubts
and my uncertainties!

Embrace me, give me shelter, guide me!
I seek a genesis,
I seek a homeland,
Let your love take me to the sun's borders
So I can burn with love!

flower of my life,
woman of my dreams,
Love me,

give me your Love,
give me your Love,
give me your Love....

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Hamza Dancing And Walking

His majesty Hamza danced
with the crazy Czech woman
And told me:
"See but do not touch";.

But that law was created
for others and never ever
for his majesty.

"Get close to the good guys",
He repeated it several times:
His majesty, the Moorish king.

"That was the advice
of the mother
of Lazarillo de Tormes ";.

We walked on the streets of Ostrava,
Ostrava with its bazaars,
The digital satellite,
KFC and its fried chickens
gringo style
with their cholesterol to kill
You sooner than later.

"Look, look, how beautiful
these Czech women are", I exclaim.
"Yes, right"; his majesty answers me
"But these whores are Jewish."

The Moor followed with his advice
to this pilgrim orphan:
"These Czech women are like pieces from a museum:
you just look at them without touching."

He started to laugh
while inhaling his snuff.
"Moses stuttered, did you know that? ";
"No, no, I didn't know";, I laughed.

"He was bitten by an asp when he was a child.
And he started stuttering after that.
So it was his brother Aaron, who ended up
Being the speaker of the family,
the one who preached,
the voice of Moses. "

The Moor told me legends
more than a thousand and one,
"The Arabs live in the desert
and amuse themselves with tales
of fantasy and imagination. "

The Moor was crying with his snuff,
wrapped in mystical ecstasy.
"The Korán forces us not to eat
during the day in the month of Ramadan,
and if we commit the sin of eating
during the day we have to feed
sixty people. "

The Moorish king because of his goodness and sins
fed more than ten people every day,
luring them into his office / kitchen
with arabic coffee, couscous, and tripe.

"You are the salt of the earth,
You are world's light...
Gospel of John ", the Moor smiles.
I correct him, "Sorry, Your Majesty, but that
comes from the Gospel of Matthew. "
He replies: "I believe you're wrong.
It is the Gospel of John. I memorized it in French",,
and he begins to recite
the verses in French.

I take the bible to show him
who is wrong, and after he sees he's wrong,
with the confusion
in his African eyes, he stutters,
"Bb...but...but I was almost... almost sure it was John's..."

And with one eye closed I look at him with the other
and I say to him: "In the kingdom of the blind,
the one-eyed man is king. "

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Hell Hath No Fury

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."- William Congreve

Women are our mothers
And obeyeth we should
For if we do not
Fury and rage
Bestoweth upon us
Poor men,
Poor creatures of the opposite sex.

So many are not divorced
Or separated
'Cause fear of a wife's fury.

So scorn thou shalt not
To avoid rage and fury!

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Karvina Miners

Unemployment, unemployment
of these old miners
they sit
in non-stop bars
to get drunk.

Drunk miners
of this mining town,
Karvina of the miners,
Karvina cold town
of crazy women
in bars
flirting
for free drinks
and when the night is over
They say goodbye,
they go
like allegorical ghosts
in a fairy tale.

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Kristina And Her Travels

(for Kristina Heinzova)

Adventurer friend,
Your roof needs repairs
but your savings disappeared
on your gypsy trips:
Egypt, Crete, Turkey
polychronic places
where time does not exist.

Only the sun, the sea,
erotic secrets,
scents of perfumes and spices
of these African / Asian people,
souls and lands
without limits, without borders,
More important than your leaking roof.

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Life Is Short

(Inspired by Omar Khayam)

Life is short.
Sad is the final end.
We were born wrongly
And then we will pass
Towards an irremediable eternity.
Our breath is like smoke.
Our thoughts are like momentary sparks.
And when these are extinguished,
The body will turn to ash,
The spirit will vanish
Like tenuous air.

Our names will be forgotten.
No one will remember our deeds.
Our lives will pass like a trace of cloud;
It will dissipate like a haunted haze from the sun's rays.

Life is the passage of a shadow,
The ending, irremediable: there is no return.

So, come!
Enjoy the present!
Enjoy things with youthful eagerness!
Let us satiate ourselves with wine and perfume!
Let the joy of Spring not escape us!
Let us grasp the memories of our joy!
This is our luck and our fate!

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Love Again

I die for you
but I dare not
declare my love
because I know it is impossible.

My consolation is the roar of the sea,
the bucolic sound of a guitar,
the wind that whistles your name.

The night with its silence
Disturbs the peace and serenity
Of my soul.

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Love Poem

Love:

Ray Charles, tinkling glass, "Jump? "
To smile again.
White-haired Vodka.
On time, profound: God, call it ashtray,
fat lady, reincarnation of ants and pigeons.
It doesn't take courage. It takes only...faith. Love?

Pause.

The man smokes and people are indifferent to him.
Quit school? Pink brush, yellow and red.
The stamps are still in the green book.
Part of the blues.
Sprite soda, in green transparency.
You see? How can it be possible?
Continuity just like spontaneity; cannot reject, crazy?
Smile, more profoundly. "O pato" from Joao Gilberto, that's it.

Don't call it prose-poem. Call it me.
Or courage.
Shakespearean "What's in a name? "
Fontana de Oro.

One a.m. now.
And the Cuban didn't understand. He said she loved me.
He didn't understand when he talked about suicide.
Paged edges – yellow and red, or a red face,
a 19th century face – moustache, turn-of-the-century coat
... and Perez Galdos.

Jones: muted jazz, blues.
The hippy called him bastard.
And the Cuban felt ashamed.
Curtailed electricity.
Long hair and a beard?
Rosy cheeks; the comedians.
For love, for hate.

More words creating puzzles,
jigsaws from fog to airplane landings
and finally, love again.

Love is that strong.

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Love Poem II

Do you believe in fortunes?

Yes.

But they're not true.

That's why I believe in them.

I hate ?

It's a growing city.

Shelley creates beauty.

I create beauty.

Yes.

Tonight was a wonderful night.

Presumptuous?

No. Premonitions. Don't get shocked.

I'm resigned. Destiny, you know.

We have another month of togetherness.

Then maybe more in Montreal.

I love you more.

I like you more.

You, premonituous you!

Even if I ate with my fingers

Impatient for the food to come.

Even if you nudged me to taste the wine.

Even if I stared in boredom at the burning barbecue.

Or bony spareribs.

All in all, tonight was wonderful:

The movie, waiting for the bus,

The cold, the passing headaches.

You in red, most of all.

Each day is Valentine's day, someone sang.

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Maia

Maia, my sweetheart, my darling,
When you read this, years from now,
You'll remember your grandpa
Who carried you to look out the window
And see the birds fly,
Or to look down below for the cat,
And you'd say "meow, meow",
And I'd ask "What did the dog say? "
and you'd say "woof, woof" quietly.

And when I say goodbye, you look at me
Wondering why I should leave you,
But whenever I come back, you open your arms
So I'd carry you to my room
Where you'd kiss the statues of Baby Jesus,
Mother Mary and St. Joseph. You'd say "sshh"
Because Baby Jesus sleeps,
And you'd touch His Sacred Heart.

And I pray for you always
So that when you grow up,
you'll remember
these few precious moments
we had together.

.

Edmundo Farolan

Memorias Of Lost Loves

I'm old.
I'm crazy.
Blind poet.
Silly illusions.
Songs and hopes.
Nothing but fantasies,
Laughter and smiles,
Grotesque, mourning,
of unconscious souls,
of lost loves,
and sweet times gone.

Nothing else stays
of those memories of the past,
Memories like victims
of Grimm's fairy tales.

Women I refused,
Lips I didn't kiss.

The past that has been;
The past of lost loves.

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Morning

Morning-filled day, soft and absurd;
Say "hello" to me, say sweet words
And record those days with time
As memory flows dreams
On restless rivers....

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Ode To A Dead Poet

I.

...When the trees asked me why they were in chalked green blackboards, why there were faces drawn in them, why they were philosophical such as "the essence of trees is their being", or "A tree has both essence and existence." And trees can also weep because they too have tears inside their leaves, and when they thirst, they suck the earth of its juices from rains that fall and nurture poems, poems as poetic as the green indifference of trees...

And innocent. Yes, innocent and leafless in winter.

And they shed tears in autumn. To die for a while in winter. So that poems, sad poems can be created by people who search God in the most meaningless verses possible. Yet they do not find what they're searching.

But they continue to search.

And search.

And Spring comes, friendships end, eyes turn willowy, and trees die once again, they die with their indifferent green, like the green of Spring that colors the earth.

Conspiracy of the season? Perhaps the change, the constant change of life, monotony, and the threads of eternity spinning like fire.

Sweet fire. Frightened fire. No, you're not afraid. You're neither lonely nor bored. You're just resting for a while from your tireless restlessness. And again, you'll relieve the sun of its daylight restlessness; at night when you watch the stars and sigh cold smoke, like a hand that loses life.

Trivial like an X mark.

My studies are not sweet enough to retain the bitterness of this cold against my cracked lips.

Slip away, perhaps slip away....

II.

The wine spilled. The days give way to love. And the cold winter gathers loyalty. The night searches for that friend who flew away on wings of black and fat cats, or brown and friendly dogs that convert themselves into laughing, human hyenas.

Feet are cold. The house has no lights in Christmas and most of all, the pigeon comes back to bite my gloved hand, my inexpressive hand that beckons sunset. Were you reflecting when you walked?

No, but I smiled.
Why?
Because you were silent.

III.

The torn pieces must be gathered together to collect dry moss in summer. Did you tell me how summer was?
Warm.
Like love?
What's love?
Love is a...feeling? No...you...

IV.

Don't be silly. The tides have changed. The seas have converted into mountains. The mountains, the seas, humans, animals, lions, men, cats, women; and the earth has dried from white and icy and wet snow, to the warm and blue sky of Africa. And Canada no longer belongs to white animals, but to black cannibals.
Did you say...?
Yes I said...
I beg your pardon?
Not at all.
You're so kind.
And cannibals say goodbye to tigers; tigers to cats; and the sky no longer changes its green, indifferent color. It remains smiling, looking up into the earth.

V.

And transparent eyes, like seven times seven, or two times two, or multiply me with the things you see around me and you'll see me floating happily, innocently in an eternity you will never have imagined I would be.

VI.

A cough.
Love.

VII.

Letters...Once there was a man who was a afraid of death' so, he committed

suicide; dialog 68; and the Montreal affair. Odeon? Yes, I miss Montreal. Do you?

The mountain wasn't high. I went up. And its softness dies sometimes with the relics of the mind: wind, snow, slit and forsaken desires. The car, a 68 Chevy. Toronto waits for me. But the thought of weeks turning to months only bores me more.

However, I'm not frightened. I'm just a bit indifferent. And melancholy. Miserable sighs. Suggestions? Yes. Do...

What?

Mention letters in your dreams.

Do...!

Spring. No, Fall. The leaves were yellow. The afternoon, poetic. The pictures, smiling. And the walk, trite, boring, affectatious, and sometimes, I recall, sickly. Talk...!

And so the days when kisses resounded with jealousy. When you never cared and I tired easily of your touch. When age crept, not verily, but steadily. And not very much like the subtleness, no, the impulsiveness of buying a...Greek record? Obviously not. It was Americanized.

Emily.

Sentimental.

Never learn to love that way. Brings you misery.

Bing.

Swindle.

Ning.

Accident.

Banlag. Blonde albino. To hell with memories!

VIII.

Jackets. Stories of dreams. And the ordinary bitterness of having to write simple words against the bearded sounds of a university. Against a steeped silence of pine trees that root deep into the freezing cold. And most of all, against the days of thoughts, of books that write untruths mixed in one, silly upright American bundle. Everything is propaganda.

Even Vietnam.

No opinions please. There are just oo many comments. Another is bound to cause a hot shooting world war culminating in a nervous breakdown for this planet called Earth.

And the planetees from other places?

Mystery.

And God?

Man-made mystery.

And gods?

They belong to dreams. Dreams. Yes, I can only offer dreams. One, there was a green dream. Two, a god who saw, who knew why there were children who grew poetically into orange or yellow adults. Sick. Maybe the sickness of life conferred upon the righteousness of love. Of virginity. Of a painting in yellow and black. Sick love. A dry tear that can never be dry again. And the steak was hard like a shoe's sole. And your laughs were resounding and half-hysterical. And you were pale; no, no longer half a tomato. No longer a bitterness. Just a sigh, a sigh that awaits a dream, many dreams, like sordid love affairs. Like the tension that touches squarely with your sighs. Yes, another poem, another night. Maybe a restful sleep tonight, or a paragraph that might end sincerely with quotation marks. Maybe a kind of happiness, a real and sincere happiness that is misunderstood. Or a silence that reflects the many possibilities of life. Jumping boards of life, yes, that's the expression, jumping into sweet oblivion, the nothingness of death, and the censored afterlife.

Who knows?

No one. Only the dead.

But they're dead.

They no longer exist; they're forgotten.

Or remembered.

Superstition? The dead coming back to life?

Possibly.

Afraid. A bit, I am, of the dead who haunt the living and defy them to spiritual duels.

Who wins?

The dead.

Don't mock me.

But I must. Because my paleness does not act anymore, nor is it silent and cold like today was silent and cold; and then this night, conscience, if I must have one, no, they're no longer the end-all of things.

You are nothing. Nothing. And I crave for something.

Within.

Explain to me the meaning of indifference.

Once I loved. Now I don't.

I'm indifferent. That's what it means.

But love?

Does it matter?

No. Only dedicated love. This love stops you from breathing. It stops you from thinking. It is considerate of oblivion. It does not care for death. It is life.

Then, are you happy?

Yes.

What is happiness?

Happiness is...just another feeling.

Edmundo Farolan

Poetry

Words, words,
words, ideas within;
transitions transformed by life's borders,
transformations of vulgarity into discretions
Red as love
Redness of what is love
Can love exist?
Can love be intense?
Can love be meaningful?
Can love cherish desires of giving?
Inquisition to poverty and dread
Life's verbosity impregnated,
Life with no obstacles, a utopia,
Words coining words
Life surges on
Love intensifies
Quenched desires
Piano keys
Green rain
Willow weep for me
Deciphering symbolic leaps of faith
Poetry: an answer to human angst?

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Reflection

The mind lives in a different world embodied in solitude.

Chance, pick chance.

Unwavering influence, abounding friendship, sympathy claims, understanding specks of truth.

Love? An abstraction of the mind.

I believe. I forget. I write.

Vagueness gets vaguer, redundancy more redundant, irony more ironical.

Things are more than what they are.

Defend.

Judge.

Trying out love with the concurrence of oblivion.

Shadows abound.

Unknown forces.

Telepathic wavering.

Defending freedom with the tools of slavery.

The third eye.

The creator.

Forgotten thoughts.

Revelation that youth is futile.

Is there real truth in Zen Buddhism?

Who can justify the Church's doctrine that there is no salvation outside of it?

What about yoga and the beads?

The releasing of the spirit,

a new breed of freedom,

spirit that denies reality.

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Reflection 2

Decisionless:

falseness inherent in our nature
as it is for walls who listen,
speak and shudder,
sometimes sweat,
sometimes think,
sometimes grow old in their inanimation.

Humility=humiliation.

The mind, a makeshift of devices in time and space.

Brainwashing to conform: this is the purpose of education.

Result=students do exactly the opposite. Conformity is limitation.

Vagueness+Concreteness=Idiocy.

Life's quest?

The nose that smells and the mind that visualizes.

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Reflection 3

Comfortless and unseated songs:
the hippies have rambled through society's images.
Lucidity is another reflected synthesis.

The night has passed;
happiness is passing, too;
and now, there's only the future to reflect about.

Edmundo Farolan

Reflection 4

Even songs deceive;
months of reflection and continuity;
yes, life changes;
and maybe, the snow has changed me;
it has not made me an atheist;
it has made me an imitator,
a thinker whose freedom moves by itself and plays,
like God plays,
with consoling words like love
and prolonged anti-masochism, anti-agony, and anti-sadism.
That is why we are not really who we are.
We don't even know what we want in life,
or what to be sincere about,
or satirical, or honest, or ironic.
These don't make us what we are,
not even with kindness or regret
or the Catholic virtues of love, faith and hope.

Pause. Sentences end. They begin again.
And end. And begin.
Grumble, complain, pretend to be sincere.
It doesn't matter.
Life is absurd.
And so, be what you want to be.
I have not decided yet.
Perhaps my decision will be indecision.
That is somehow also a decision.
It will be the perhaps of the be-all and end-all;
that certain drifting, the ever-creating sensation of novelty.

Perhaps I'll conform.
But this decision will be just a front.
I'll still be the same rebellious non-conformist,
a mad and confused writer who begins and ends,
who wants to symbolize ethereal sensations,
noise, sleepiness, everything in life,
everything, even hope,
like indirect autobiographies of poetic and non-poetic reflections,
universal repetitions of the history of mankind,

new faces but the same deeds,
considerations, repeated conformity,
people again, more people,
more limitations, distances, reflections,
more gods, blasphemous portrayals, usurpers like Lucifer.

Even philosophers will not understand the absurd mystery called life projected
unto death,
moving and moved by the mind and its dark corners –
the unknown,
never external because everything is here in psychological conflicts;
these angsts of the spirit portrayed by unmentioned souls reflected over and over
again by doubts, screams, and by more dialogues.

Ordered humanity: does your order have meaning?

Can it possibly have meaning?

The unknown: the object of the afterlife, the universal conjecture,
this infinity, this debateable, mysterious absoluteness.

Edmundo Farolan

Remembering Lost Loves

I'm a crazy old man now,
a poet blinded by silly illusions,
songs and hopes,
nothing more but fantasies,
laughs and smiles,
painful, grotesque,
from the subconscious souls
of lost loves
and the happy days.

There's nothing left
of those memories,
victims of fate.

The women that got away,
the lips I couldn't kiss,
the past that was,
a past of lost loves.

Edmundo Farolan

Retirement: Vancouver

the traveler retires to rest,
a spiritual rest
with the silence of the mountains,
with the peace of the sea,
with god in nature,
of the trees,
from the sun of this Nordic country,
its cold rains...
mystic god
in your silence
you are radiant, majestic,
while I, the poor traveler,
looking for your hidden face,
I look at the great sea,
To find
Your splendor and glory.

Edmundo Farolan

Solitude

A hunchbacked future.

Khayyam's "Let's forget tomorrow for tomorrow may never come.'

To care about tomorrow or to care not?

Two people: no solitude.

Solitude is the happiness of a writer.

And painters.

All artists.

Complete deviation from the world.

Solitude.

Edmundo Farolan

Time: 76.5

I'm seventy six and a half.
When will death claim me?
I have both feet in the grave.
My grave like quicksand
Is slowly dragging me in.
There's so much
In my past. The good,
The bad, the happy,
The sad.
Life still goes on,
At a quick pace
Until that final moment,
That rueful word: timeout.

Edmundo Farolan

Trivialities

Pretend to be magnetic.

Don't smoke.

Sing "Laura", "Fools Rush In", "You Give Your Hand To Me",
"Oh, Lonesome Me", "Buckaroo", etc.

The writer writes:

Church prostitution, amor libre, sociedad, amor bueno,
Arcipreste de Hita, Sweet Georgia Brown.

And you call that talent!

Obviously.

Prove it!

You'll never see twenty-three this month.

A birthday gift.

A gift for my mother.

A gift for my girlfriend.

The stars are blue tonight.

Friendly arguments.

Scream, laugh.

All my fault.

Interest me.

No need to exercise my eccentricities.

Truth is fixed.

Everytime time the cold comes I'll smile.

Edmundo Farolan

Tuck Shop

White flesh parading.
Orange students.
The askance of contemplations.
Thoughts creating thoughts like cigarette smoke from tobacco fire culminating in
diffused air.

Answers to being and nothingness,
shaved contemplation of reflected selves,
the hot noise of plates and proletariat food in Western, cowboy standards.
The finishingness of these moments writing itself unconsciously.

I allow myself to be released consciously letting these fingers type words,
fathomed words, consequence of ideas and thoughts.
The "shop" crowds itself more – more people, more noise, more sun, more
unheard music.
This is not a poet's inspiration.
It is the reversal of progress, decaying into rottenness.

The waiting minutes are passing half-slowly.
The trembling beats of my heart shake my fingers softly, tenderly.
Rough atmosphere.
There's always a "once in a while" of tenderness: no clarity, no specific-ness;
just unrecognized and ignored people.

I see disguised biscuit-Judy munching a chocolate bar.
No tenderness; just a warm, Spring Edmonton sun beaming rays through
microphoned voices dying in loudness.
And then the aloneness of being human once again.

I wait. Uniformity of faces – why individuality?
Why smile? Why not stay longer?
No interviews please. Just say "Es una lastima".
Finish off with mature, green endings as in Sartre's Intimacy.

There are others who swoon unmindful of wet eyes on my neck.
There are those who escape, unseen, pretending.
But for them, there is no rest:
just unconscious poems, unpiped,
smoked, in an afternoon of Spring.

Untitled

With simple smiles
Laughs
Poems
In the dark vagueness
Of passion's delirium
A slight, relaxed state
Yet at night
Haunting, reckless, careless
Night that ends
Day that must begin...

Edmundo Farolan

Writers

Writers don't starve;
their Indian spirits are content;
they transcend physical reality
and reach metaphysical heights
in illusioned insanity,
in forms genially packed into timed postponements.

The glow of timeless Spring is locked in my soul.

Edmundo Farolan