

Poetry Series

Leonardo Diaz
- poems -

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Leonardo Diaz(May 15,1966)

A Little Letter To God The Day Mickey The Poodle Died

Dear God:

Today Mickey died and I feel hopeless and desolate.

However, I want to thank you for the 14 plus years Mickey was a living member of my family.

I love (not 'loved' if you notice) that dog like you have no idea.....he was my best friend and now he is gone.

I am affected in ways I never thought.

You know I am a lonely soul.

Dogs and books have always been my best friends.

Maybe I needed to cry.....

In grieving gratitude I am yours truly,

Leo

Leonardo Diaz

A Little Riddle

Where am I?
I am translucent, ephemeral.
Nevertheless, I take my place
and sit between
The Arts and The Sciences
Giants seem to stand on my shoulders
Sophocles, Spinoza and Stuart,
Locke and Leonardo
Where am I?

Leonardo Diaz

An Ode To Chaos

Amidst The Chaos
the Metal Machines
scream Bloody Murder

Amidst The Chaos
a Christmas tree burns
while children watch

Amidst The Chaos
I fall in love with you
over and over again.

Amidst The Chaos
I am no one, nothing
amidst the chaos.

Amidst The Chaos
Vonnegut says: 'In the water I am beautiful'
You are beautiful too!

Amidst The Chaos
the hookers say hello!
I waive farewell.

Amidst The Chaos
I say The Lord's Prayer
Deliver us from Evil.

Amidst The Chaos
Hamlet patiently awaits
for Jesus to return.

Amidst The Chaos
some of us find redemption
amidst the chaos.

Amidst The Chaos
in splendorous revelry
I celebrate my life

Amidst The Chaos
my mind is anywhere
but amidst the chaos.

Amidst The Chaos
babies and puppies sleep in cardboard boxes,
rain fall softly.

Amidst The Chaos
a hummingbird says hello!
to this old fool

High Moon over Neza
Angry lovers in Condesa
Rain falls harder.

Amidst The Chaos
your memory fades away
so be it, so it goes.

Leonardo Diaz

Elliot Bay Blues

For lovers here, there and everywhere.....Seattle, June 2011

Elliot Bay Blues

In pensive solitude she stood before a vast ocean of sadness.
Sighing heavily she thinks of the love that was, of the love that is
And the love that could have been,
A love that always will be...

Slowly her shadow drifts into the sound and into the sibilant wind
And into the pristine waters of the bay
Never to be seen again.

As she stares hopelessly into the sunset,
Desirous yet desolate, a perfectly round teardrop rolled down her cheek.
And time stood still.

Petrified.

We inexplicably began to cry, friends and strangers, not knowing why.
But she knows our hearts cry for the one true love,
the love that never was and always will be.
In another life, in another season,
Love was here.

Leonardo Diaz

Free Association

Poodle in a puddle,
Homie in a Hummer,
Yuppie with a puppy
Hippie doing pipi says bye, bye!

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.1

Twenty seven and hot
The married man goes home
Loyalty beats Lust

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.10

The Writing on The Wall reads
SUICIDE IN NOT AN OPTION
Keep on Trucking!

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.11

I often wonder
how many times can a man
fall in love? HmMMM!

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.2

Drunken poet sings
Only The Good Die Young
Praying for you now

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.3

I love you so my
fascist feminist femme
I do love you so

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.4

A smell of smoke
Mother Superior is
hunting me down now

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.5

Drinking cold soda pop
the hot Sun in my face
I happily go home

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.6

In other lives
a Golden German Goddess
waits in the rain

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.7

After the storm
A bootmaker for the King
I will no longer be

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.8

You cannot sit there
says the Queen of Tlatelolco
A shoe might hit you

Leonardo Diaz

Haiku 13.9

I am a distant
memory of a distant
memory I am

Leonardo Diaz

Memorandum

MEMORANDUM

To: The Crying and Screaming Baby on Delta Flight 691 (ATL-GDL)

From: Leonardo José Díaz, .

Date: June 3, 2012

Re: Crying and Screaming - Annoying People in the Airplane

Dear Crying and Screaming Baby:

You don't know who I am and I don't know who you are but our existential roads have crossed and here we are at 40,000 feet of altitude sharing a ride into The Pearl of The West. I've been listening to your crying and screaming for the past few minutes and I want to share a couple of thoughts with you before we land and go home or die a terrible, combustible death together. Some day you should read Renata Rodriguez Leal's "Fearsome Flight" which, despite dealing with a macabre possibility, is a thing of beauty to read.

I don't know how to be polite about this, but you should really know that you are pissing off the vast majority of people around you with your ceaseless crying and screaming. A few of these people are visibly upset and affected.

I am not one of them.

In fact, I have been listening very closely and have hypothesized that you either have a tummy ache or an ear infection. I am not an M.D. but I am the proud father of two and have been where your parents are right now: helpless to a degree and in a social setting where others are annoyed by almost anyone else to begin with, especially by a crying baby.

I personally find this paradoxical. Everybody loves babies except when they are crying in airplanes, buses, restaurants and other public places. It's a conundrum that takes some from "look at the cute baby, goo goo ga ga" to "puta madre, que se calle ya" in a New York minute.

The world can be heartless and hypocritical so I must share with you an important message from a friend: "Hello babies. Welcome to Earth. It's hot in the

summer and cold in the winter. It's round and wet and crowded. On the outside, babies, you've got a hundred years here. There's only one rule that I know of, babies— God damn it, you've got to be kind.”

It's already bad enough when people ignore your pain, but to scuffle and belittle you with looks of desperation and utter frustration.....kindness might be losing the battle if you ask some but I have faith in babies like you growing up to redeem us all in a not so distant future.

In any case, before we land or die, please know that not only do you not bother me, but that I really wish I could help with what sounds like a bad tummy ache. “Pobrecito, le duele la pancita” is what my mother would say, bless her soul!

Please know that I'm with you and that I hope your pain goes away soon.

Your “single serving” friend on a plane,

Leo

Post Scriptum: Your parents love you dearly and you are very fortunate, there are many lonely and sad people on this Earth we are flying over (I am sure some of the boneheads pissed at you now are some of them) Please make sure you return the love when the time comes and know that they did their very best to alleviate your pain during the flight, and that it worked. You are in your mother's arms sleeping like a baby!

Leonardo Diaz

Mexico City Blues Deux - Chorus I

Mexico City Blues Deux - Chorus I

Endless bus ride into the Heart of the Monster...
Could not sleep. Two rows behind on the opposite side of the aisle
an elephantine, massive beast of a man was relentless in his snoring
It was straight out of the Divine Comedy for a taste of Hell
I stared into the night and into the sky and thought
'I'm glad he's not farting the way he is snoring'

Leonardo Diaz

Mexico City Blues Deux - Chorus II

Mexico City Blues Deux - Chorus II - The Attack of The Zombie Baby

Zombie Baby came to awareness at 5: 30 a.m.
and went for his parents throats.....
then I fed him some Gerber.
Zombie baby was still a little hungry.
Zombie baby is alright! ! !

Leonardo Diaz

Mexico City Blues Deux - Chorus Iii

Mexico City Blues Deux - Chorus III

Look at Jack and Gerard play
Look at Gerard die
He is now Jack's Guardian Angel
Look at Jack play football
Look at Jack drop out of school
Look at Jack join the Merchant Marine
Look at Jack go On The Road
Look at Jack honor Life
He is the Legend of Doulous
Look at Jack drink, look at him drink
Look at Jack self-destroy, self-destroy
He knows. He knows a terrible secret:
you and he and I, we are all
.....Desolation Angels.
Look at Jack bleed, look at him bleed
Look at Jack die
Gerard can't save Jack from Jack
Look at Jack die, look at him die
Goodbye Jack, goodbye!

Leonardo Diaz

Mexico City Blues Deux - Chorus Iv

Hurray for Goths, Hare Krishnas
and Dancing Aztecs!
I am Wolfgang, Duke of Condesa
Bienvenidos a Chilangolandia! ! !

Are you like me?
Perhaps on a runaway train to Hell?
Join me for a foray into salacious decadence
Breakfast in Bed is really just a metaphor here.

Leonardo Diaz

Venice Beach Love Song

She kissed him gently,
lovingly, softly...this was more of a
sweet, extended, tender peck.

The 'nerd' strutting down
the Venice Beach boardwalk
could not possibly be any happier.

He seemed almost ready to go
full Cruise on Oprah to tell us, you, me, everyone
how much in love he is.

He can now be crucified in Dog Town and
it does not matter: the skinny nerd has lived and loved.
Venice Queen smiles, ghosts whirl in the sandy wind.

Leonardo Diaz