



Driftwood

DRIFTWOOD

Literary Collection 2005

Driftwood

The Literary and Visual Arts Magazine of



ST. THOMAS
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"Developing Leaders For Life"

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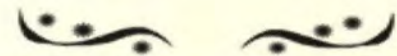
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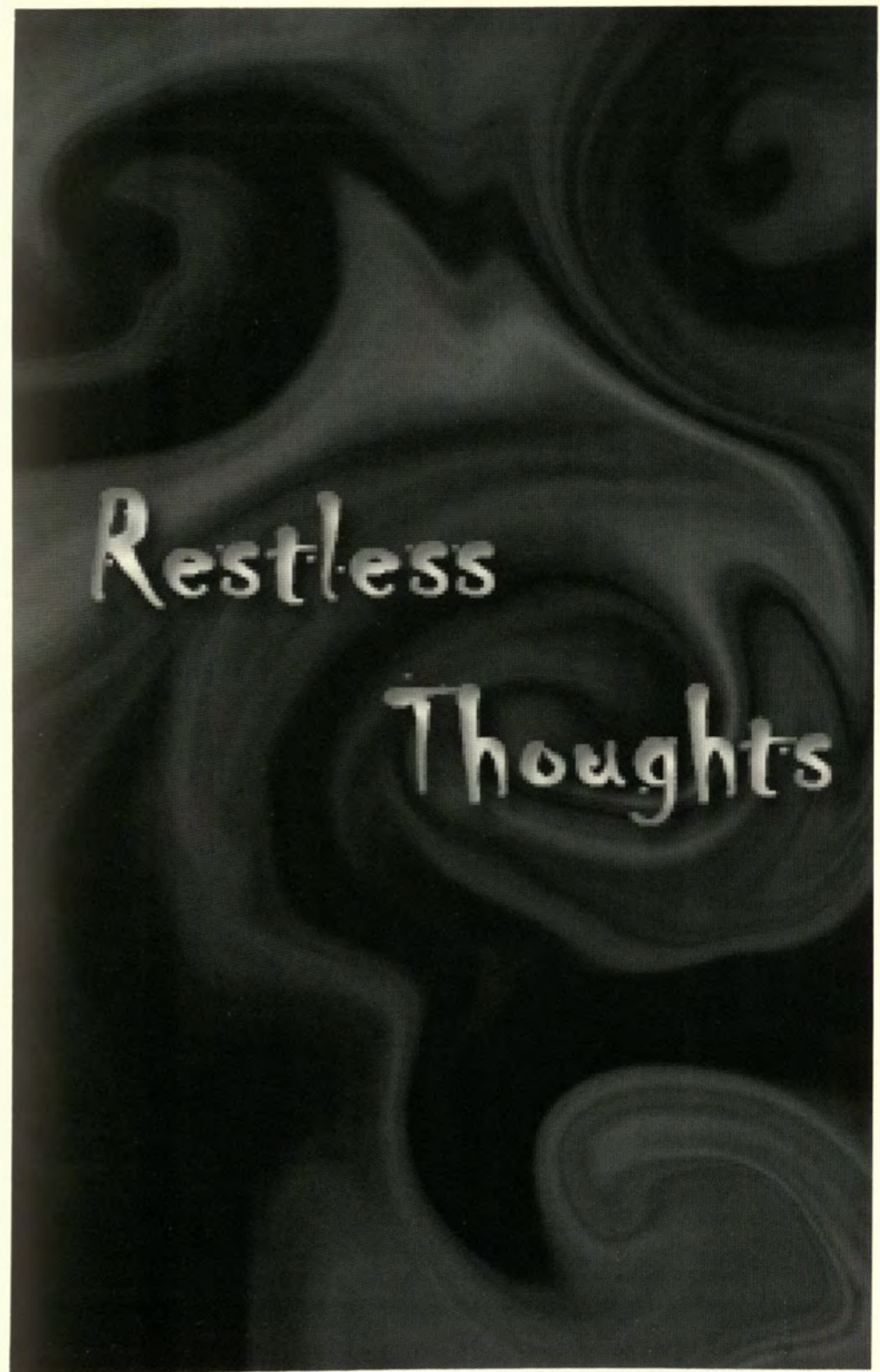
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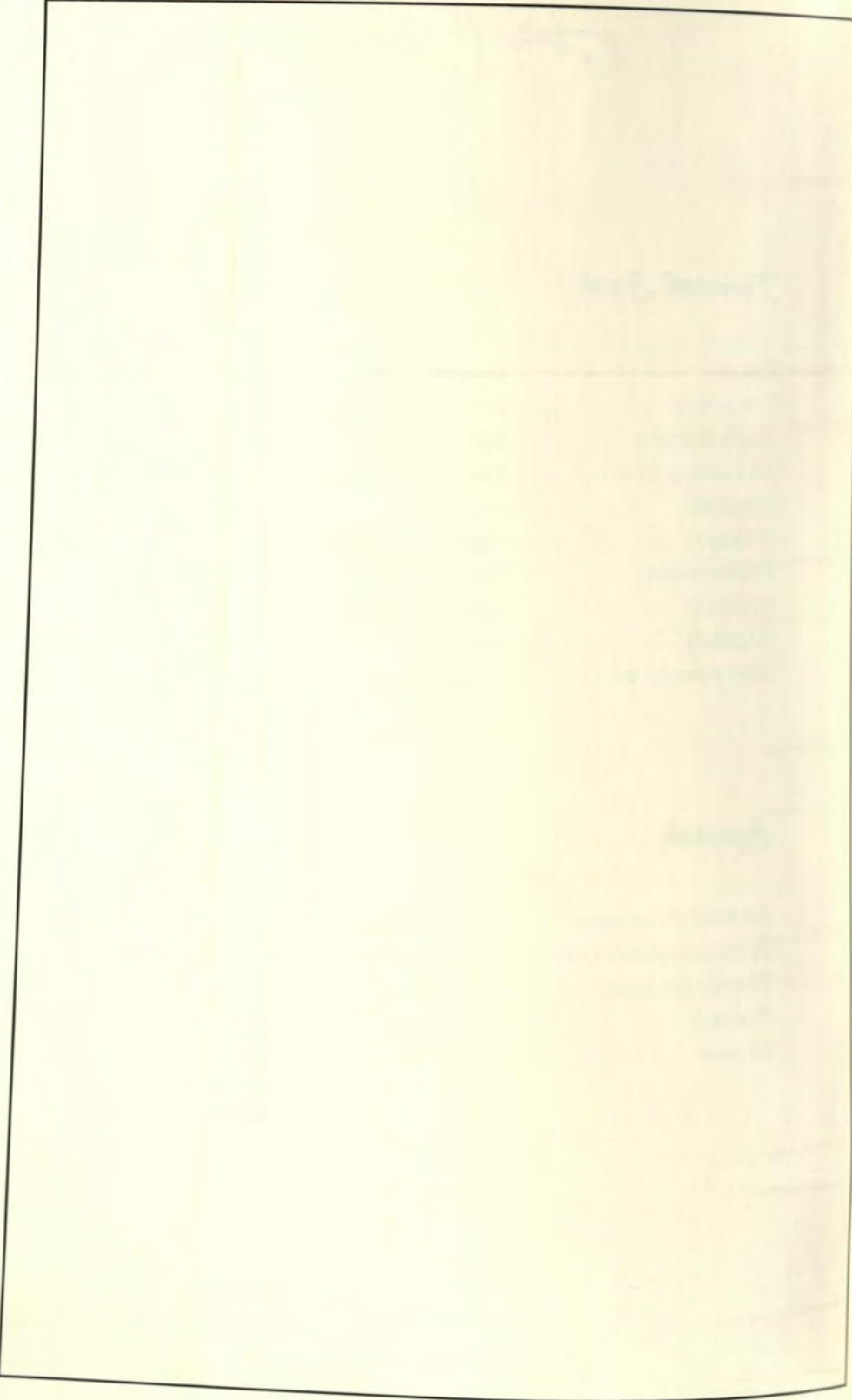
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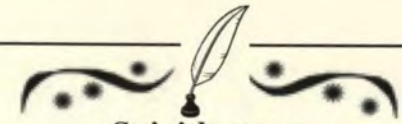




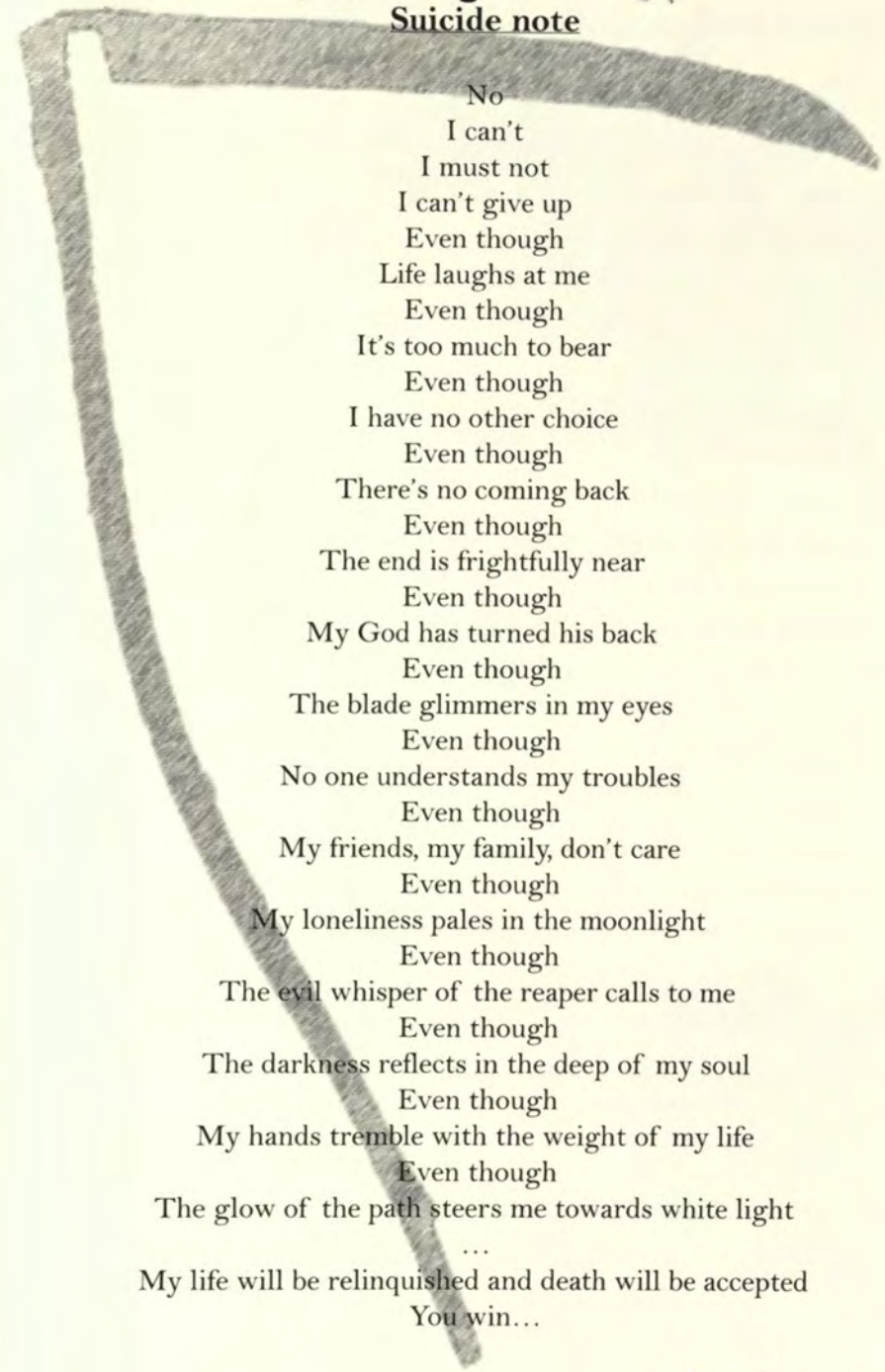
Restless

Thoughts



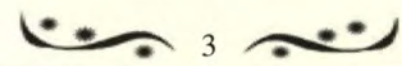


Suicide note



No
I can't
I must not
I can't give up
Even though
Life laughs at me
Even though
It's too much to bear
Even though
I have no other choice
Even though
There's no coming back
Even though
The end is frightfully near
Even though
My God has turned his back
Even though
The blade glimmers in my eyes
Even though
No one understands my troubles
Even though
My friends, my family, don't care
Even though
My loneliness pales in the moonlight
Even though
The evil whisper of the reaper calls to me
Even though
The darkness reflects in the deep of my soul
Even though
My hands tremble with the weight of my life
Even though
The glow of the path steers me towards white light
...
My life will be relinquished and death will be accepted
You win...

Alex Palacios




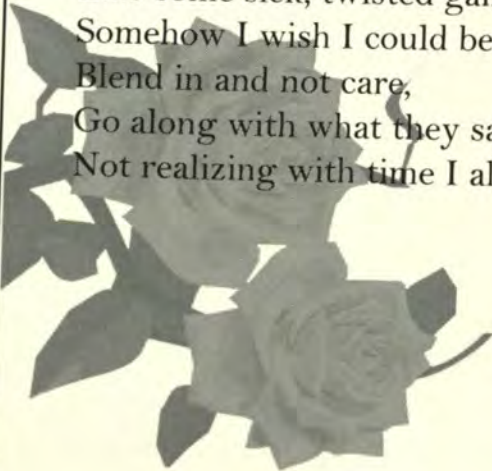
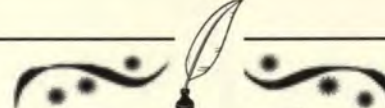


Image transaction

Come one, come all,
Dignity up for sale.
Forget your pride and self respect,
Just buy some more at the corner store.
Remember when we were all once real,
When we were able to cry?
Remember the way things used to be,
Beyond you and I?
I walk the crowded, lonely streets,
Hoping to find a familiar face.
All this stuff that's going on
Makes me want to leave this place.
Go on and see for yourself
All that falls before you,
It doesn't matter what you do,
Things will never be the same.
This stuff can make you crazy,
Like some sick, twisted game.
Somehow I wish I could be like one of them.
Blend in and not care,
Go along with what they say,
Not realizing with time I already got there.

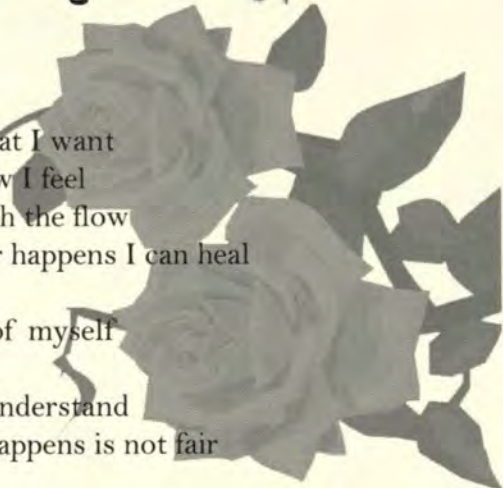


Alexis Garcia



Knowing Myself

I don't always know what I want
I don't always know how I feel
Sometimes I just go with the flow
And hope that whatever happens I can heal



Sometimes I'm unsure of myself
Sometimes I don't care
Many times I want to understand
Because a lot of what happens is not fair

My body knows what it wants
But my mind and heart say different things

I will never be able to decide
No matter how hard I try
And if nothing goes my way
I'll feel better once I cry


Doubt

A lack of certainty that often leads to irresolution.
A lack of trust.
A point about which one is uncertain or skeptical.
The condition of being unsettled or unresolved: an outcome still in doubt.

But it isn't doubt anymore... It's Fear.
To be uneasy or apprehensive about: fearing the results

Apprehension... Fear.

Elizabeth Maxwell



Frost on my soul

A bitter twisted feeling
Bewitched me with sickly arms,
It lulled upon my soul
And seduced me with its charms.

This frostbite on my soul
It twinkled like the stars,
And flickered and danced
And tormented me from afar.


Their wretched beauty unspeakable,
And did I horribly so,
Drank deep the blood-red wine
Of their melancholy and woe.

For in this darkened night,
This maddened aggression of hers,
For while it lies within my soul,
It causes my heart to burn.

Though I once lived in her,
I no longer am enchained.
Though she rides on wings of death,
My heart... My soul's in pain.

But, lo, her voice strikes fear,
And fear; it turns to hate.
And in this hate, therein lies
Her hopeful deathly fate.

Alex Palacios



Untitled

The walls loom large around her,
The past so dark behind her,
Is there no exit for her?
Somewhat suicidal, I'm sure.

He cut her deep,
Her heart he spurned.
Now sleep she seeks,
Somewhat suicidal, I'm sure.

His eyes shed tears of red,
What's he think he's living for?
His heart feels cold and dead,
Somewhat suicidal, I'm sure.

It looks back out at him,
The demon in the mirror,
Telling him it's OK,
Somewhat suicidal, I'm sure.

Bloody fingers,
And long sleeved shirts,
Same dumb excuses,
Somewhat suicidal, I'm sure.

Sick again,
She kneels on the floor,
It's never good enough,
Somewhat suicidal, I'm sure.

Lie down and cry,
Let the tears fall like rain,
Let them cleanse your soul.
You'll be OK, I'm sure...

Grant Broeker

Victory

If it wasn't meant to be,
You weren't made to be with me,
I'll leave.
This one sided live will now move on,
Go forward with my life,
Be as good as gone.
I'm sorry I bothered you,
Wasted your precious time.
I thought you felt the same way,
Guess the feeling was all mine.
It hurts me greatly that you
Never cared,
It made you seem so cold,
But indeed all in love and war is fair.
Matters of the heart know no boundary,
Most of it ends in heartache,
Rarely does it end happily.
You are my hardest lesson learned,
The one I could do without,
The one that made me stronger,
Removed all of my doubts.
I appreciate your honesty
And wish you all of the happiness
I couldn't have with you.

Alexis Garcia

Alone

Can anyone understand the sorrow of my heart?

I feel alone...

I close my eyes and hold my soul,

I feel alone...

Wishing for a place to hide,

I feel alone...

My grasp on life seems to let go...

My grasp on myself seems to let go...

My grasp on my razor seems to hold...

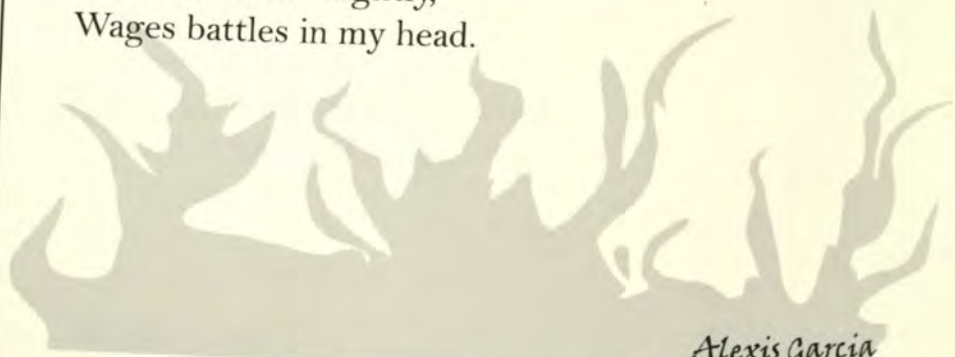
I am alone.

Alex Palacios




Here

March along their banging drum,
Blood is spilled under the blistering sun.
I don't want to be here,
I don't want to fight.
I don't know how this started,
Can't see an ending in sight.
Government controls tighten their grip,
The Son is angry; he's on a power trip.
Young men like me wonder,
What this is really all about,
We often go to sleep frightened,
And our minds filled with doubt.
I wish this could stop soon,
Can't bury another friend,
Another fallen brother,
A wasted life now dead.
I wish I could close my eyes
And put it all to an end.
But I can't, it won't stop,
War haunts me nightly,
Wages battles in my head.




Alexis Garcia



Pain...

Pain that's so consuming... It swallows you whole
Pain that won't go away... Just hides in the depths of your
soul
Pain that shreds your every thought...
Pain that cannot be fought
Pain that leaves you scattered... Rains completely
shattered

You're screaming... And no one seems to hear
You're fading... And no one seems to care
You're tired... You can't go on
You're drained... Your inner life is gone



Brenda Peterson

Heart's Anguish





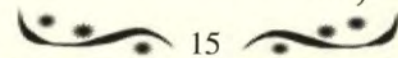
Jaan


Did you know...
You push me under water and I choke.
And I try
To resist you.
To resist you is to drown.
I try to drown.
I choke and you push.
And I beg
I am begging and resisting
Because I know
To beg
To resist
Is to make you push deeper
And now it's dark.

Now it's dark and I am convulsing.
My body flails one last time.
I can't anymore.
You win.

I open my mouth
And watch
As bubble
After bubble
Leaves my pulsing lungs.
Because I am pulsing you know.
You drowned me.
And when all the air is gone,
I can breathe again.
Jaan...

Stefany Lerner-Ara






Touch

You pull me to you
and squeeze me tight
just maybe, just might
you'll hear my plea for you to stay
and change your mind about going away.
Thinking of things I long to say
Worried about the memories we will never make
Wondering how to say I love you in every way.
But when I step into your embrace
And we stand face to face
I feel there is so much to say
But not a word finds its place
Hoping to see you for just another day
Praying that you will be okay.
The time has come for you to go away
And the only thing left for me to say
is I'll miss you each and everyday.

Jennie Georges



Where did I go wrong?

Where did I go wrong?
When I chose left over right.
When I chose future over past.
When I tried to get you to talk.
When I thought it may be different.
When I changed from all negative to some positive.
When I decided to mix black and white.

I don't think that I went wrong.
But so many do...

Where did I go wrong?
When I dared hope for the one.
I'm at a crossroad on an empty road.
All alone.


Where did I go wrong?!

Did I go wrong when I let you kiss me?
When I kissed you back?
When I let your hand touch mine?
Or when I held on too?

Where did I go wrong?
Where did I go wrong, that you're mad at me?
I went wrong in thinking that I wouldn't have to doubt
myself.

I'm at a crossroad on an empty dirt road.

Joan Lafortune



Inside

Bottled up inside
Are the words I never said,
The feelings that I hide,
The lines you never read.

You can see it in my eyes,
Read it on my face:
Trapped inside are lies
Of the past I can't replace.

With memories that linger
Won't seem to go away.
Why can't I be happier?
Today's a brand new day.

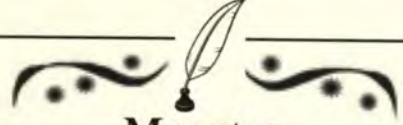
Yesterdays are over,
Even though the hurting's not.
Nothing lasts forever,
I must cherish what I've got.

Don't take my love for granted,
For soon it will be gone
All you ever wanted
Of the love you thought you'd won.

The hurt I'm feeling now
Won't disappear overnight,
But someday, somehow,
Everything will turn out all right,

No more wishing for the past.
It wasn't meant to be.
It didn't seem to last,
So I have to set him free.

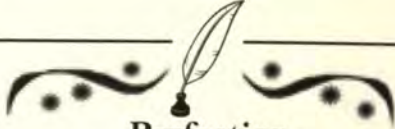
Joan Lafortune



Monster

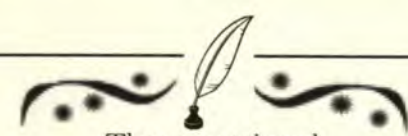
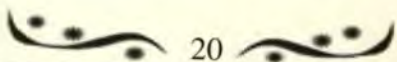
All, it craves.
A monster that cares not
For skin or age or sex.
Time is not of importance,
Nor is rank, nor place.
A monster; a beast.
To devour it all.
The insides.
To chew and chew
Then spit it out,
Wet and sticky,
Broken and torn.
Thrashes its prey out
To chuckle and watch it lick its wounds.
An evil monster that does not kill...
It does not swallow, only tastes.
And into the veins dispatches venom.
And no more blood... Only venom
That burns and stings...
And oh the scars!
The pain remains, the monster leaves.
To kill... to kill would be too kind.
And since to name Evil we must;
The monster's name is love,
The venom, we call lust.

Stefany Lerner-Ara



Perfection

You made no ripple when you walked in puddles
 On semi-snowy nights just above freezing temperatures
 You had no reflection in the mirror I had shattered
 That once hung in your room
 Nothing you touched ever broke
 And you went so quietly
 That the world never knew you were there
 We danced at your place
 And we'll always have Fairfield
 And lollipop stained tongues
 That had touched
 And the objectification of my body
 The poetry we wrote
 The glamorous parties we attended
 With the toilet paper on the dispenser
 You didn't make a dent
 When you ate off my plate
 And the jingle of your keys
 Was a sound only me and bears could hear
 And when I spat Sprite in your face
 And laughed and told you it was a sign of love
 I don't remember you wiping it off
 I can't say I recall a single day
 Where I ever upset you enough
 To make me feel I meant anything
 You never punched me
 You never punished me
 You were infallible
 I feel like I've dulled your edge
 I've extinguished your nasty cynicism
 You told me I was warm water
 And that despite your anger
 I made the day right
 And I held you in highest regards
 And I pranced behind the words you
 Dragged behind
 Like a pied piper



Then you tripped
 Up the stairs in a ninja turtles' bed sheet
 And cracked a window in
 Hangover mode
 You cut your hair off
 And your daily shavings lined the bathroom sink
 People told me you were great
 And I
 Fell out of love.

Natasja Rudge

Distraction

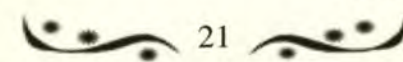
Hand entwined as the smoldering stare penetrates my soul.
 Lost in a mist of intellectual conversation, as the water,
 falling, blocks out any outside distractions. The grass seems
 to pull us toward the water's edge as time flies by overhead.

I try to concentrate upon the numbers that go in one ear and
 out the other. But I can't, because my mind is perpetually
 wandering on the distraction sitting right next to me.

The soft touch quickly warms my body as the cold air nips at
 my exposed flesh. Time, still flying quickly overhead.

Being held close, a clandestine embrace as the movie plays on.
 A movie that ends too quickly.

Elizabeth Maxwell



An Opposer's Creed

You and I,
Like water and oil
In heated debates,
Our blood, it does boil.

This way or that way
Our eyes just don't meet.
But your words are like armies
Coming at me, no defeat.

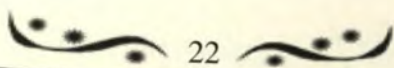
We toggle and wrestle
Verbal punches and hits.
Our worlds always clashing
Our visions so misfit.

Veins popping,
Voices strong.
I can disagree
But not say you're wrong.

For two opinions
Can make us wiser,
For there is danger
In the close-minded miser.

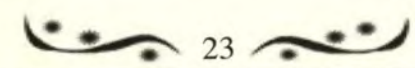
You size me up,
I state my attacks.
I have to tell you
Back up my facts.


You state your points
And your visions well.
I open my mind
Where my own thoughts dwell.



Then your face settles,
A weary smile you do show.
One must listen to both sides
And this fact, we both know.

I may not go with you
The other side I may sit
Though your words, I disapprove,
I will defend your right to say it.





Barefooted Voodoo Woman Blues

Every time I talk to you, babe
I feel like I sold my soul.
Every time I talk to you, babe
I feel like I sold my soul.
That's too bad for you, girl
Cause now I like your sista' more...

Every time you call me,
You sound like an ol' hound dog.
Every time you call me,
You sound like an ol' hound dog.
Well, you cut me and I bled,
The floor turned a deep Devil red.

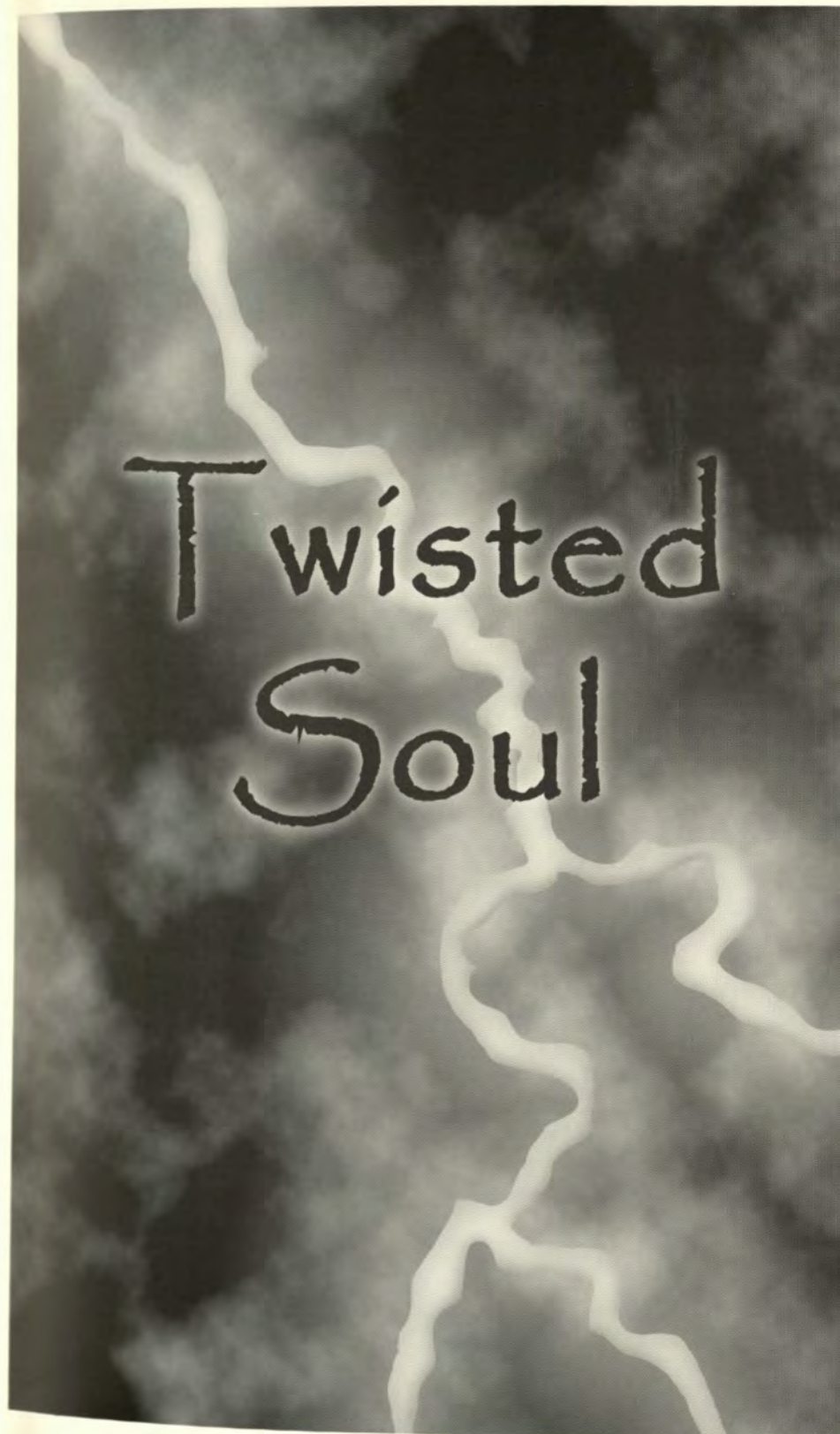
Your clear blue eyes hypnotized me, child
Ya work 'em like a rattlesnake.
Your clear blue eyes hypnotized me, child
Ya work 'em like a rattlesnake.
I hope ye understands;
Poison oozes from your head.

Every time I talk to you, babe
I feel like I sold my soul.
Every time I talk to you, babe
I feel like I sold my soul.
That's too bad for you, girl
Cause now I like your sista' more...

Oh, God damn it. I got them Barefooted Voodoo Woman
Blues...



Gilberto Orozco



Free me!

I'm running through a field inside my mind,
"No-one ever listens."

I try to break the damn I hold inside,
"No-one ever listens."

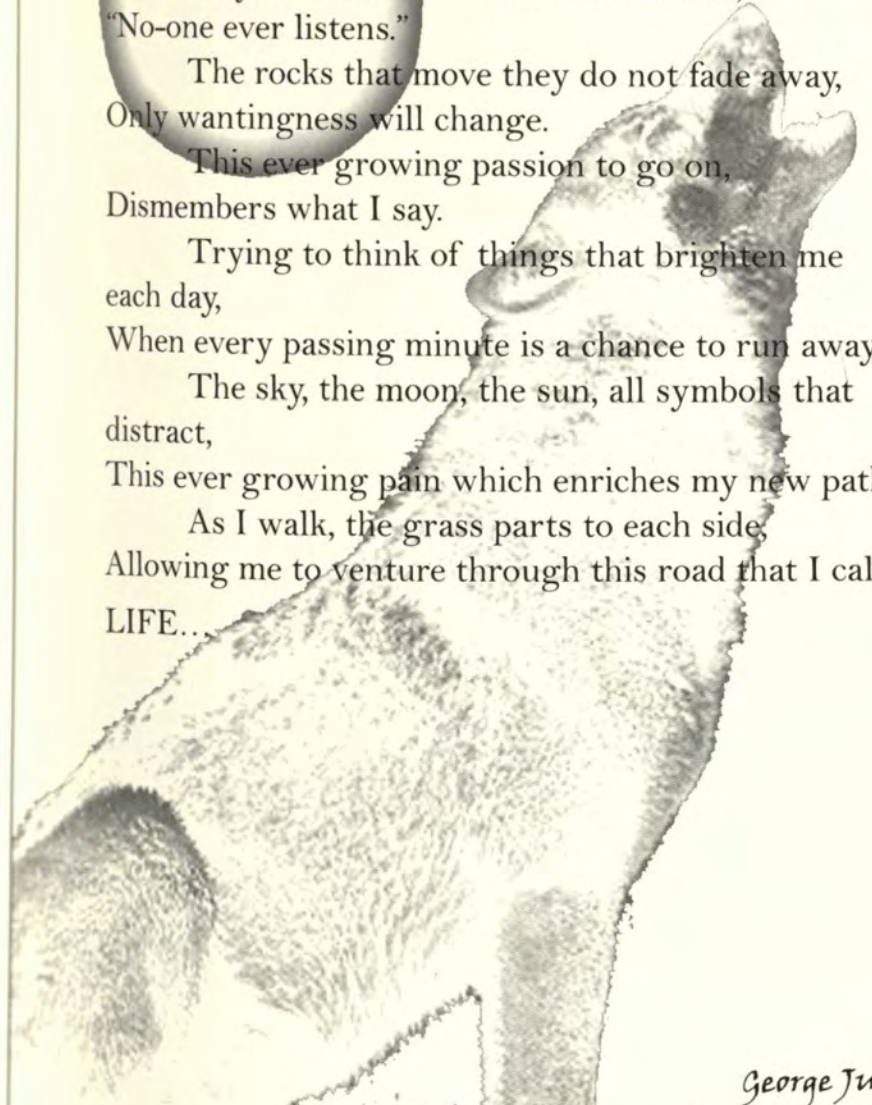
The rocks that move they do not fade away,
Only wantingness will change.

This ever growing passion to go on,
Dismembers what I say.

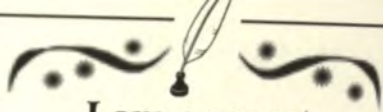
Trying to think of things that brighten me
each day,
When every passing minute is a chance to run away.

The sky, the moon, the sun, all symbols that
distract,
This ever growing pain which enriches my new path.

As I walk, the grass parts to each side,
Allowing me to venture through this road that I call
LIFE...



George Justo



I am a secret.

Enfolded first with a thick layer of grey lies.
Swimming beneath is a liquid disarray of protection.
A few feet underneath is a hard, hard core. A core to
bounce it all off.

A core of ragged patience.

Finally, a thin and delicate sheet of politeness; of
forced drama, of putrid sweetness.

Deep inside, hidden underneath the lies, the fences,
the silence, and the smiles; is me.

Just me.

A secret.

Empty Branches

Petiteness craving.

Interior framing.

Warm, soft, humid...

Sublimating into viscous liquid.

Heavy and lighter fluid wrestling

between the wills of the body.

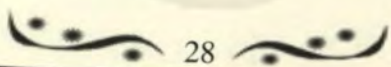
White light opening

Between empty branches.

Black cat leaping,

Between empty branches.

Austin Hunt



My Burning skin...

As I step onto the roof and make my way to the edge...

I feel my shoulder blades burn from the pain of ruptured skin...

I spread my arms and close my eyes... To capture the memory
of the starry sky

I can taste the warm breeze mingled with the smell of jasmine
blowing on my face and through my hair...

I eventually become so consumed by my anticipation... that I
begin to hear sweet hum like melodies...

My burning skin reminds me it's almost time...

I inhale...and leap off the roof ...

My body is falling... and all I can feel is the burning pain of
ripping skin...

I open my eyes and arch my neck backwards to look up...

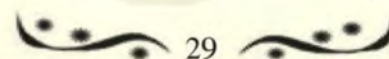
And as I do so... My wings ascend...

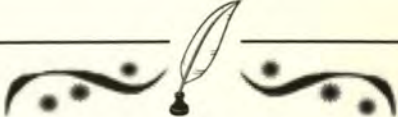
I aim my body for the stars... and fly upwards to the clouds...

That hum like melody plays on in my head...

...And I soar into trance... Like a bird through the wind...

Brenda Peterson





Untitled

Moonshine all over the river, ideas spray forth and etch their way into this windmill of sorts.

He, (Jimmy), was upset, very upset. 31 years old and caught in a mess. And all over, the rain pours on and carries a myriad of stone cold hex. So much trouble, so little time.

In the early morning in Georgia, in Israel, there is presence of fresh air; of early tired breath taken from the norm. Just to inhale blueberries; a fragrance deposited under a rand facet. So good,

So green,

So far,

So lean,

So mean,

So heavy,

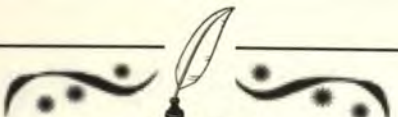
So fast,

So

scary...

A band of sorts. Clouds and leather. A lost painting

Shift



Untitled

It's not hard to sleep alone.
It is, however, extremely difficult to fall asleep alone.

I lay here curled up in a ball.

I'm not really alone...

Or so I tell myself.

The paper my friend, and the pen our mediator.

A sad bunch we make.

The paper's all quiet and mindless. A good listener really, but a bit dull if you ask me.

The pen fulfills his duty like a king but, like the paper, he doesn't say much.

Soon the paper will end and the pen will be useless.

Soon I will be left alone.

Already I dread, my writing slows down... Anything, anything to delay that moment.

That moment when I must turn off the lights.

Just me.

Just me and my thoughts.

Panic rises.

That dreaded moment before sleep.

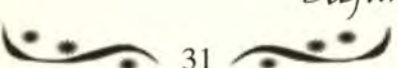
That dreaded moment...


That one moment... The loneliest moment of all.

It's not hard to sleep alone.

It is, however, extremely difficult to fall asleep alone.

Stefany Lerner-Ara





Dissatisfaction

What is the cost of vainness or modesty?
Playing games, following rules, social acceptance— all a commodity.

The commercials, the vanity, the drugs, the insanity;
Unjust and unjustified, little kids, and profanity.

Bruised egos and low times,
Others, ourselves and mothers;
Fighting wars within our families,
Loaded guns aimed at our brothers.

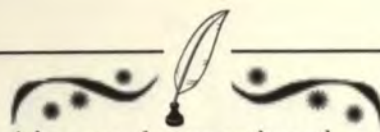
Feeling scorned and lonely.
And hatred filling us up;
Half full, then half empty,
Bottomless holes in our cup.

Wishing to be anywhere,
Injustice, threatening everywhere.
Homeless children, hungry vets,
With past traumas filling their heads.

Movie stars and rock-band shows,
Paying for satire and night-time hoers.
Cloning of ignorance and druggies astray-
Women with no men, children learning fowl play

Child support
And animal rights,
Science on our televisions
And domestic fights.

Abortion and death row,
Aids, Cancer and cures.
Free us from all these morbid "whys"
But the future seems so obscure!



Our hopes and wishes are always so broad-
But then we close our eyes,
Do nothing,
And blame God.

Hello, healthy challenges,
It's been quite a while!
And building good rapport
Seems to have gone out of style.

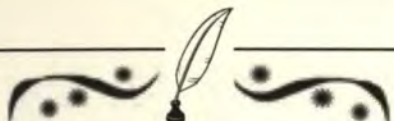


And finally, after Date Line
And after all of the law's main laws,
We may stop to take a moment
And one more moment to think and pause.

The only man who can change his mind
Is the man who's got one and hopin'
For a mind is like a parachute,
They tend to work best when open.






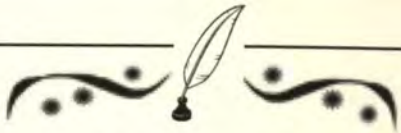
Untitled

You know what I want?
I want to die.
And none of that
Peaceful
In my sleep
Crap.
I want to be hit by a bus
Singing Italian opera music
Standing in the middle of a street in Australia
I want to be bitten
By a poisonous tree-dwelling-spider-bat
In the jungles of South Africa
I want to be sacrificed
Burned on the top of a mountain
Sanctified while worshippers kiss my feet
And I want to die so much
Because...
I want to live even more
But I'm trapped by my
Type-A personality
Writing stories
Watching movies
Putting events on my calendar
Sometimes I make lists
Of things I've already done
Just so I can
Cross
Them
Off.
And it's exhilarating.
Supposedly.
I've forsaken the world.
But those people don't die.
They just are.

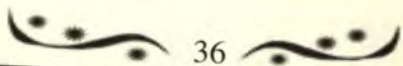


And then they aren't.
But then... there's those people
Who are
Alive.
Who hear a laugh halfway around the world
Who know the secrets of the universe can be found
At the bottom of a sandbox
In the shade of a tree
In the grime on the streets of the poor end of town
I want to be so alive
— so there —
That I can feel the electricity
In the atoms
Of the oxygen
That surrounds my face.
And I want to suck it up
Until I shoot electricity out of my fingertips
Until my skin radiates and touching it shocks you
Until my laugh makes the lights flicker
And it's a cliché
But it's true
That all we have is right now
That the past is just that
And the future is never guaranteed
No matter what the down payment.
But you have this moment in time
And everything that the moment entails.
And I want to absorb every moment
That is given to me
And hold them in the pit of my stomach
So that
When
I
Die
There is a black hole in time
Because all the moments I had
Stored up inside me





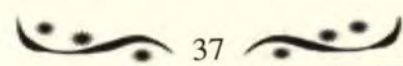
Die with me.
That's what it means to die.
When time dies with you
And space
And soul
And a small percentage of this world as we know it.
And
I
Want
To die.
But first, I want to live.
I want everything beautiful
Everything passionate
Everything that makes life worth living
And I want them
Naked
Sweaty
In a throbbing orgy
On the great vibrating bed
That is
My
Soul.
And I didn't write this for you,
Dear listener.
I wrote this not for you, dear reader.
And, contrary to what you may believe
I did not write this for
Some arbitrary heartbreaker
Who passed in and out of my life
In a moment but
Inspired a lifetime
Of
bad
poetry.
I wrote this fine piece
For me.
Because these words are my lifeline.



They are what make me alive.
This world doesn't need doctors
Or lawyers
Or corporate tycoons.
It needs people who have come to life.
And I'm alive.
Sucking up moments and shooting out electricity.
And I want
My life to reach an orgasmic climax
And then BANG!

The End.

That's how
I want to die.
I want to be so full of energy
And time
And electricity
And everything this universe is made up of
That I explode.
That, dear listener, is what it means
To die.
And
I
Want
To
Die.



Untitled

Planet Earth, nerves, neurons... Through the trenches such an insane cloud of mayhem. The boy realized one thing:

He was alone and enjoying everything.

To sit around with those guns, to spend as much time off in the forest with these guns. Such a long drive! Yet without all the grass

all the grains comes a glass,
little splinters on a glass. Nylon strings, such dreamy rings, all kite and things...

And so I drift off back to my thoughts: England, sophomore, Broadway, the weather, adventure, Wyoming, airplanes, Capricorns, horses, drifting inside a burrow often barricaded. Which one?

So much sun. So much fun. The sand the beach complying into proportion: dry wood, red wood, a sea shell, a soldier, crab a laser beam, a fishing rod, symbol...

Aching, leaning, dreaming.

Seamstress. Under statement; stating the obvious. And it's back to basics: to baseball, all quarantined, broken... And porn shops.

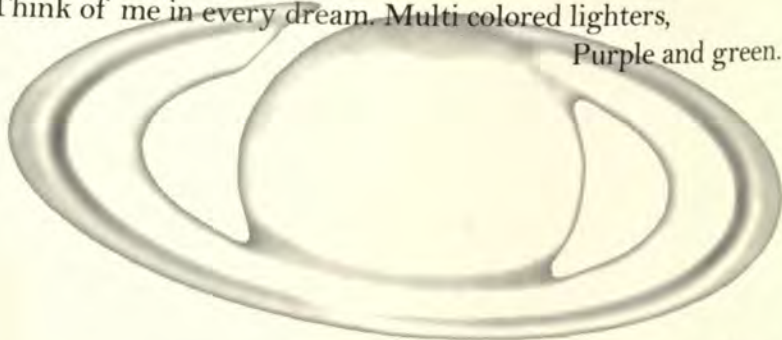
Toward mayhem!

Toward everything!

No.

Don't wonder where you are.

Think of me in every dream. Multi colored lighters,
Purple and green.



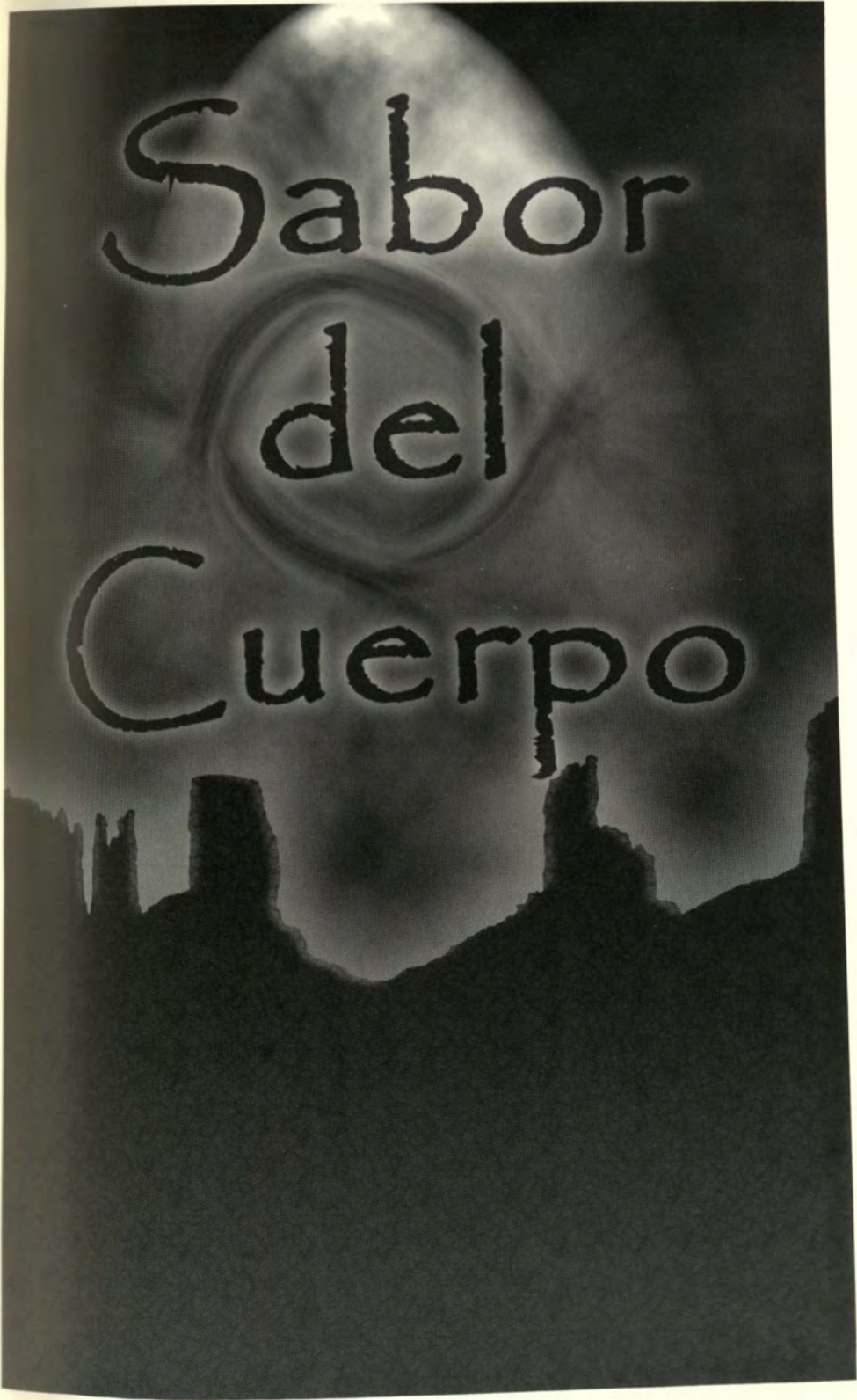
Shift

Story from the rat

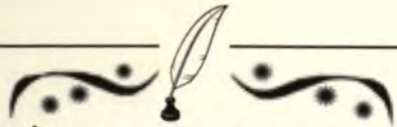
Every day the domino groupies gather in the Rathskeller. They play a couple games... then play some more... then even more. This ritual goes on for a couple of hours everyday. Yesterday, I gathered up the courage to finally venture over to the reclusive group of Caribbeans. I observed closely their styles and techniques, and then challenged the top dogs. Gareth... a 6 ft. definition of masculinity, and his partner, a smaller adversary, though equally equipped to be a challenge. I, along with my partner Tiffany, dared to join them at the table after they completed consecutive round winnings. Indeed, I was intimidated, but I asked Lady Luck to be at my side. She agreed.

All the boys were standing around in awe of our strategy and technique. We were on fire and the only girls willing to get in on the action. The last game was incredibly heated. The guy on my right had 1 tile left... I had 3. Everyone else had 2. It was my turn. I played and blocked; that was luck. Around the table we played until it came back to me. This was it. I had to end it here or else the guy to my right would have won for sure. With everyone's eyes watching, I could feel the pressure gripping my arm with an incredible strength. I carefully studied the already played domino and saw it. 6 4s had already been played... I had the last one; the other side was blocked off, so I did it. I slowly placed down a domino and blocked the other side. They asked: "Why did you have to go and block the game?!" Their tone was as though I didn't know what I was doing. At the peak of their insanity, I smiled and threw down my last tile: a double blank. The looks on the guys' faces were priceless... We won.

Elizabeth Maxwell



Sabor
del
Cuerpo



Del final al comienzo.

Caminando rápido por la calle
Al metro, Con mi cabeza agachada
El peso de la partida era inmenso
Los ojos llorosos se departían
En el andar.



Los pasos no sonaban
Y el sonido de los coches
Con la luz del atardecer
Entristecían mis más felices
Recuerdos.

Los escalones pasaban
Velozmente y yo
Volaba y me comía
Todo el dolor que lloraba
Al saberte tan
Eternamente lejana.



Me levante de la silla
Y camine a la puerta
Empapado en dolor
Y solo te dije:
"Rápido es mas fácil
Chao". Me voy
La puerta se cerró.

Sentado viendo
El Señor de los Anillos
Nos encontrábamos
Callando y hablando
Diciendo lo pertinente
Callando lo debido.



En esa ventana de tu apartamento
Recién levantado
Me encontré en un patio
Cercano a una niña buscando

Un anillo que había botado
En una pelea con su novio.

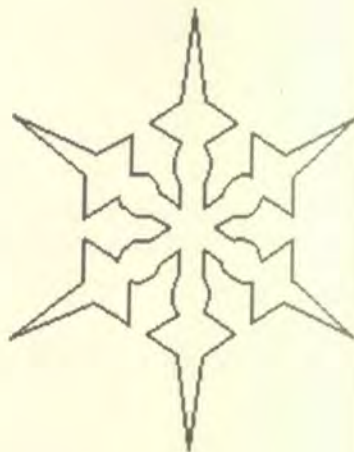
Bailábamos, nos reíamos
Recordábamos el pasado feliz,
Felices éramos
Hasta que la lluvia de alcohol
Llamado ron nos desvaneció.

Caminaba yo rápido por los escalones
Y golpee en una puerta rápido
Y saliste tu Maria después de un
Siglo sin verte,
Te salude y me embriague
Con tu rostro.

Nos encontramos un día en Madrid
Y ahora tan lejos como casi siempre
Como ahora
Te recuerdo.
Por eso pongo las dos canciones
Que me recuerdan tu nombre
Idilio y I will survive.

Te recuerdo donde miro

Esta camisa ya gastada
Me trae a versos sin rima
Que leían los que no podían leer.
Estas rayas que rayan
Mi presente en una frase
Sin nota ni presente
Me llaman
Esta mancha que perdura
Recuerdo, como si recordando
Suciedera otra vez.
Esta camisa ya gastada
Me recuerda ese momento
Donde te vi.



Fernando Rosero

Marvin Estrada

El verbo que busco

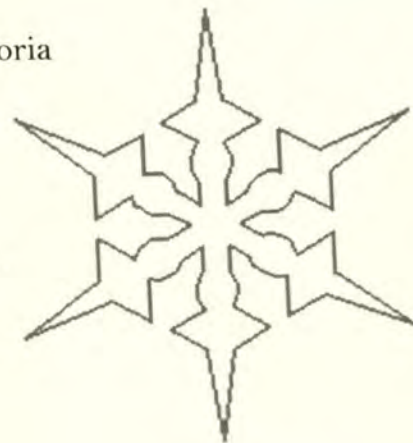
Cuido tu rostro en mi memoria,
Pasajera fina toco tu mano
Ya no imagines escapar
Que atrás están los juguetes
Con los que solíamos jugar.

NO vacila la mente tu presencia
Déjame mirarte una vez más
Que hoy he pintado la cama
Del color
Que nos gustaba mirar.

Adjetivo justo busca la razón adecuado
A tu transparencia real
No me dejes sin decir
La luna es blanca
La estrella es brillante
Porque existes

Cierra tus ojos desaparece
Que ya tu ser me lose de memoria
Y de memoria te pinto
Y pintada apareces
Así desaparezcas.

Cuido tu rostro en mi mente,
Pasajera fina toco tus labios
Ya es tarde para escapar
Te espero amada mía.



Fernando Rosero



Distancia

Al escuchar su voz en mis oídos,
Entendí lo tanto que te amo.
Mirando las mañanas y las noches
Lo tanto que te extraño.
En Tus ojos encontré el amor de mi vida.
Y aunque lejos estemos siempre
Estarás en mi corazón y en mi mente.

El amor

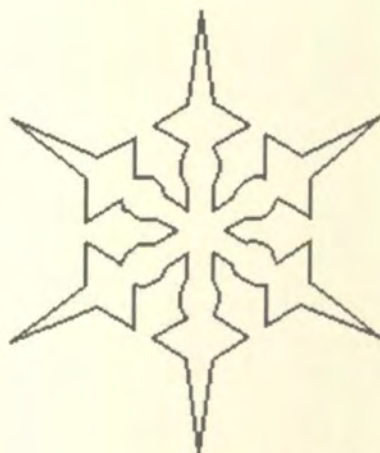
Es cuando la miras
Y te pones nervioso
Y te das cuenta de tu sentimiento.

Es cuando pasas las horas
Pensando en ella
Y te sientes solo
Cuando no esta a tu lado.

Es cuando te da
Miedo perderla
Y luchas lo imposible

El amor es cuando
Te sientes bien
Estando con ella
Sin secretos entre los dos.

Y el amor es
Cuando estarás allí
En los últimos momentos.



Marvin Estrada



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