

# Antología de rosablanca

Presentado por

*Poemas del Alma* 



## Agradecimiento

a mi madrecita chula k en paz descanse  
y ami abuelita k se me akaba de morir de cancer  
para k asi las dos personas mas linadas de este mundo me esten kuidando:)

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## love

L- is for laughter i give to you every day knowing you'llnever go away.

O- is for the options we'll have when were together knowing our love couldn't get any better.

V- is for the visions i have of you knowing i'll never find anyone quiet like you.

E- is for everything that's true i've said especially when i said "we'll be together till were dead."

## you

your lips speak soft sweetness

your touch a cool caress

i am lost in your magic

my heart beats with your chest

i think of you each morning

and i dream of you each night

i think of your arms being around me

and cannot express my delight

never have i fallen

but i am quickly on my way

you hild my heart in your hands

that has never before been given away.

when i'm with you

eternity is a step away

my love continues to grow

with each passing day

this treasure of love

i cherish with my soul,

how much i love you...

you'll never really know.

you bring joy to my heart

i've never felt before

with each touch of your hand

i love you more and more.

whenever we apart,

know i hold dearly deep inside my heart.

so these seven words

i pray you hold true

"forever and always i will love you"

## afraid

i lay on my bed soaking my pillows with my tears,  
i try to remember exactly what it is that i fear  
is it the passing of time or the love that i lack?  
is it the mistake that i've made or the fact that i can't bring the past back?  
what is it that i'm afraid of?  
why am i so scared?  
is it the people i've hurt or the people that have hurt me?  
am i afraid of everything that i can't seem to see?  
is it the love of a friend or the loss of my family?  
is it the possibility that my life can end in a tragedy?  
what is it that i fear most?  
what do my eyes say i'm scared of?  
is it the sun that sets but won't seem to rise?  
is it the trust of a person that i cannot begin to grasp?  
is it the memories of my horrid past?  
is it me?  
can it possibly be that the thing i can't be?  
the things that i try to understand?  
the me that i try to be with when i'm feeling sad?  
the person i'm expected to be? is that what i fear?....  
i think the thing i fear most...is me.

## Que es el amor??

va abriendo paraísos y cerrando ataúdes  
con punales y flores hace ramos dorados....  
es el mayor pecado de todos los pecados  
y la virtud mas grande de todas las virtudes.

el amor es el perfume y el nectar y es veneno  
es camino de rosas y es camino de cieno  
es un rayo de luna besando un corazón....

es debil como un niño  
como un hercules fuerte  
el amor es la flecha que nos causa la muerte  
y tiene el privilegio de la resurrección.



## my little eyelid dancer

me on the left and you on the  
right the way we laid our  
bodies the start of the nigh.  
my head on two pillows as  
yours lay on one tired  
from the day and all we had done.  
one arm under pillow, the other  
kept you warm i'd pull you in  
close during thunder and storm.  
i still remember the sweet scent  
of your hair as we closed our  
eyes and i held you for prayer.  
the rise and fall of breath  
from your chest would  
remind me of that day that  
god had blessed.  
your face would go soft and  
lips would yawn you'd  
fall asleep with the television still on.  
middle of the night your  
house stayed warm the fan on  
high was always the norm.  
i'd stolen the blanket and kicked  
down the sheet the only pillow  
you had now lay at your feet.  
sometimes i'd wake while  
there you still lay i'd creep  
to your bedside and kneel  
as to pray.  
i would lean in close as if to  
steal a kiss these moments of  
affection are the ones that i miss.  
i'd sit and watch while you lay  
there and snore i'd sometimes fall  
asleep with my head on the floor.  
you always thought you slept  
without peep instead of counting  
them you baa'd like a sheep.  
your body lay still kept for the  
rise and fall of your beautiful  
body that lay there in sprawl.  
but the most memorable  
part of those sleepless nights wasn't  
the snoring, the prayer or absence of lights.  
it was the way in which your  
eyes would flicker beneath lid

and lash i would try not to snicker.  
to me it was funny to just watch  
them move as if they were  
dancers stepping to groove.  
i could only guess what your  
mind would dream maybe  
thoughts of our future and how  
it would seem.

would it be an uphill battle, a test  
for all time?, or simply steps in a  
stairwell that together we'd climb.  
most of the mornings you'd wake  
with a smile and some you slept  
in for at lest a little while.  
but now these memories are just  
written in line and filed in a  
cabinet in the back of mu mind.  
memory of you sleeping, snoring,  
eyes wide shut now my  
heart beating, bleeding, crimson and cut.  
your eyelids would flutter as your  
eyes would dance and i'd pray  
to god to just give me the chance  
to fix what i'd done and to  
right the wrong of the poor  
choices that i'd hidden for oh  
so long.

these are the toughts i now remember  
the most the memories in my heart i still hold to close.  
times i sat by your side as  
night was still grey all  
through the morning before  
dark turned to day.  
i'd ask him to bless this  
love i'd forsaken taken for  
granted and stole for the taking.  
unfortunately i received a  
different kind of answer but  
you will always remain my  
eyelid dancer.

## NO TE QUISE LASTIMAR

Hoy podré decirte que has estado muy lejos de mi,  
poder decirte que te has hecho extrañar, y pensar que todo eso fue por mi inseguridad; PERDON NO TE QUISE  
LASTIMAR!

Solo fue parte de mi tontedad. Pero como poder decirte que no quise jugar, que mis intenciones eran de verdad.  
Pero... se que no me entenderás y por eso ya no me querrás. Pero gracias a ti pude llegar a confiar.

Sí! hiciste volver a nacer en mi un amor que hoy para ti no tiene explicación. Entiende! lo hice sin querer, acaso no  
puedes comprender que me equivoqué y que ahora solo te quiero querré y poder demostrarte lo importante que eres  
para mí.

Aunque se que con una disculpa no podré borrar en ti, el dolor que te causé, pero entiende no fue mi intención...  
Dime; que quieres que haga por ti; que puedes pedir tú de mí. Que te quiera?... pues te quiero; porque eso es lo que  
siento hoy por ti.

Qué? confianza; pues solo te lo podré demostrar si me das una oportunidad. Que! tienes temor, de que lo nuestro no  
pueda ser, de que lo nuestro quede atrás; por favor solo te pido una OPORTUNIDAD.

Humilde y sinseramente, a quienes aya ofendido.  
perjudicado o herido [aunque involuntaria mente]  
en el transcurso de mi vida.

Hoy quiero sanar heridas  
que pudo aver inflijido por mi vivir imprudente.

No quiero llevarme culpas ni cargos  
en mi conciencia a la hora de mi muerte,  
prefiero ofrecer disculpas.

Con humildad y prudencia y asi aligerar  
mi suerte quiero asi mismo, si puedo reparar esas ofensas  
y dar alivio al dolor y por ello a todos ruego  
me permitan dar sosiego y disipar todo rencor.

Que ya bastante pesado es la carga de lo vivido  
con torpeza y egoismo como duele el saber que,  
en ocasiones, yo mismo pude algunos lastimar,

Por ello hoy vengo a ofrecer mi sincero  
arrepentimiento por lo que, en otro momento,  
pude dañar u ofender, sinseramente:

lo siento ¿no volvera a suseder?.

## What I Love About You and nothing can keep us apart

I love the way you look at me,  
Your eyes so bright and blue.  
I love the way you kiss me,  
Your lips so soft and smooth.

I love the way you make me so happy,  
And the ways you show you care.  
I love the way you say, "I Love You,"  
And the way you're always there.

I love the way you touch me,  
Always sending chills down my spine.  
I love that you are with me,  
And glad that you are mine.

Nothing can keep us apart;  
we have loved each other from the start.  
We have sent all the messages we can send;  
after all it will bring us together in the end.

Nothing can keep us apart;  
together we're bound by the heart.  
With every single breath I take;  
I wonder could the be real or is it fake.

Nothing can keep us apart;  
keep reading, you're coming to the best part.  
The distance to you is but a short flight away;  
I can be there within a day.

Nothing can keep us apart;  
down that rose covered aisle we'll dart.  
I can't wait til' we finally meet;  
can't wait to hear the footsteps of our little girls' feet.  
Baby nothing can keep us apart.

## amor y sufrimiento

Qué triste cuando te preguntan  
que si te he visto o te he hablado  
que si aún te amo y tenerles que decir la verdad,  
que te amo, que te extraño  
pero tú ya me has olvidado  
habrá sido como mucha gente decía  
que sólo era un juego lo que tú querías  
la verdad no lo sé menos averiguarlo  
pues quiero tener ese recuerdo  
donde te digo cuanto te amo  
y no el remordimiento de decir...

Cuanto me has dañado y tener que decir ya te he olvidado...

El silencio, compañero de la noche, que solo lo interrumpe los suspiros de recuerdos que a duras penas emite el alma, mientras agoniza tu ausencia, y se pregunta ¿Porque no estas aquí? ¿Por qué no vuelves?

Mientras tanto te pienso, linda, dulce y alegre; de piel aterciopelada, impregnada por ese sutil aroma que se obtiene en los campos de alcatraces.

Será que tanto te extraño, que pienso en aquel día que te vi y que se paralizaron mis sentidos al ver tu silueta, ese sentimiento que me envolvía e invadía solo al verte, un fuerte palpar dentro de mi capaz de mover montañas y de hacer cosas imposibles e inimaginables.

Desde que te alejaste solo me consuela la luna, que alumbra mi rostro humedecido, por las lágrimas que llevan tú nombre. A la cual pregunto por ti y el porque de no merecerme tu amor; pero ni ella ni nadie me da la respuesta, que habré hecho mal, a caso seré merecedor de esta gran pena.

Será que no oyes mi llanto, será que no ves mi anhelo. Tal vez mi amor nunca te convenció, tal vez nunca merecí amarte; quisiera cerrar el libro del recuerdo, dejando paso al presente, encontrando el amor verdadero igual al que tú pudisteis darme.