

Good Bye My Daughter

Don't worry my daughter.
Don't worry my friend.
You're swimming in the water.
It is merely the end.
I am no longer your shore;
You are no longer my sheep.
To the ocean, you go
swimming so deep.
Yesterday, we were having dinner.
You playing with the spoon
me yelling at you to finish your food.
Today, the dinner is cold.
No one in the room
not even, your lonely spoon.
It is time for you to grow,
and for me to let go.
I taught you how to swim.
I taught you how to sing.
Now, you swim alone.
of independence, you sing.
My soul is aching.
My heart is beating hard.
It was only yesterday
when I taught you how to stand.
Now, you are walking fast,
not wasting any time.
I am wondering
how could you no longer be mine?
In my womb, you were
a piece of my soul.
Now, another human,
sailing away from home.
The ocean is deep, my daughter,
Please take care.
The Shepard who brought you
will always be there.

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I Cannot Breath

Mr. Officer let go of me;
I cannot breathe.
You put your arrogance
on top of me,
and me underneath.
Did your prejudice kill me
or the vampire beneath?
Is that a hidden anger
or a hidden belief?
Am I a victim of my race
or the color of my face
Wouldn't change the breaths
I take before I leave?
Are there others like me
victims of your feet?
Their color did not match me;
their voices no one hears.
Like a paper, you crushed me
and controlled how I breathe.
Let the world cry instead of me.
Let them change your belief.
They're not all like you.
Most of them are good.
Too bad because of you.
Their image is shook.
No one believes them.
Many against them.
In order to accept them,
changes must occur.
Mr. Officer, I am telling you:
Please let me breathe.
Enough with the violence.
Enough with the scream.
Let the voices be heard.
Let justice be held.
Please, let me rest in peace.

** Written in respect to the incident of George Floyd.

From Friendship to Love?

An open window, a candle, and a light.

your eyes staring; so dark yet so bright.
I am waiting for you to make a move.
A step closer, and my soul can't move.
Frozen it got when your hands held mine.
I almost forgot that you drew a line.
Friends we are, and how could we be
with your smell and smile torturing me?
"I miss you," you said. I didn't reply.
My eyes were focused on what's not mine.
I opened the window, walked across the room.
I should leave, I thought, yet I couldn't move.
"What do you want?" I asked.
"Nothing," you said.
"I need the shoulder that always was there."
"My friend," you continued, "I need you next to me."
My world is collapsing; everyone is leaving me.
I am leaving I decided after I lost the work.
But, before leaving, I wanted to give you a word."
"Thank you," you said, "For being there,
for the conversations in times of despair,
for dreams, we both built together,
for laughs and jokes about whatever."
"I'll miss you, my friend," you dropped a tear.
My heart went jumping like a musketeer.
"Don't leave," I yelled.
"Stay next to me.
You and me, we are meant to be."
"I can't," you murmured.
"How could we be?
After all this time,
why would we be?
You are not mine;
You will never be.
All those wounds,
They're our destiny.
You and me, we don't fit.
We're different shapes for the same grip.
Two right hands can never shake.
Need a left one to compensate.
As similar as we are,
as similar are our scars,
you don't complete me,
and neither do I.
I know what you are feeling,

I feel it as well.
It is just a feeling.
It soon will bail.
When time passes,
new people we meet.
One of them might be
our true destiny.”
“Ok,” I said, “You might be right.”
“But all these memories? all those nights?”
“They're all in here,” pointing to your heart.
And you drew a kiss on my broken heart.
I pulled your arm; you got closer to me.
Our hearts went beating like a symphony.
Our lips touched, the noises were shushed.
The time stopped, yet suddenly,
a breeze came by; I looked upon the sky.
Looked again, and you disappeared.
Leaving me with your smell hugging me.
Are you mine? Are we meant to be?
Who would know what's our destiny?
I closed the window and walked in despair.
But, our broken candle was still there,
shining alone across the way,
enlightening my steps as I walk away.

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