

For Flor

For Flor
That is leaving soon,
I wish I could find the freshest soil
For you to bloom

I wish I were the sun to keep you warm
And nurture you up to the sky

But pouring my fresh water on your roots
was a mistake,
No nectar for me to taste
Still, I enjoyed the petals
That from time to time
I was catching by

Oh Flor,
The rain caresses you out in the wild
Out in the open field
Ever farther from my reach,
That's when reality hits
Like an ice-cold breeze

I was never your gardener and never will be
(How could I have been? You had your own water and soil, and I was just the breeze)
You came on Spring
You left before the Summer arrive
Oh Jehanne, why did you leave me behind?

Oh Flor,
My heart will halt
When under the sunshine,
and when in another garden
Your roots dig down

I wished to keep you in my garden,
Not even thinking the thorns on you
Were a mechanism for you
To bloom

Before the Dawn

Twelve thirty-five
Before the dawn
Melancholy and night
You and me at that time,
Touching our hands,
Palms on palms

Five in the morning
My bed is a mess
And I regret that
You are not there

Coffee smell
Left behind (by none other than you)
Half empty
Half cold
Like the space in my bed
Like my chest without a breath

Piles of books grow and grow
Around my alcove
Piles of poems and words
Grow and grow in my writing notes
But I can't describe you
Let alone have you

Hangover,
Not from the whisky
Or cigarettes From last night
But
From your *body, thoughts, and soul*
That I overdosed with
Last night

Five ten in the morning
Cigarettes and coffee
Fresh air and cicadas' notes
With sadness and hesitation
I see you are giving me your back
Before the dawn

Five thirty in the morning,
Cup of coffee half empty,
And the dawn approaching
But I already know, I will
Spend all day long
writing poems without you
For you
About you

Before the dawn next day

Whisky and beer
I let down my throat
Non-stop
To wash down all the words
That come to my throat.
All these words that pile up,
Bursting out into a rock song
...or was it a poem.

A next dawn
Will always arrive
But your figure
In my doorway
I will never see stand

Say

I never dare to say
That I'm weak when the rain falls
That your jokes make me mourn
The love I never saw

I never dare to say
That I only write when my pen is sad
And I give you this sack
With the memories that you made me thought

I never dare to say
That Autumn makes you awesome;
Like the red of the tree leaves in fall,
You wear red... all year long
So you're awesome
All year long!

I never dare to say
What I don't say
I say

I never dare to say
That I daydream
With your self-esteem
That I want to navigate
In the red of your vein's stream

I never dare to say
That I have explosives on my chest
The flames will be red
Like the color of your hair

I never dare to say
What I don't say
I say

I never dare to say
That "myself"
Is stuck in my throat
But "yourself"
Is also out of the way

I never dare to say

What this poem says
Until you make me stay

I never dare to say
What I don't say
I say

I never dare to say
That city lights
Are burning through the sky
And that I fear the emptiness
Of my future days

I never dare to say
That I can't wait
For the night to bring me
Something beautiful like
The moon and stars
To forget that you are not mine

I will **never** dare to say
That this poem is
Full of *clichés*
Like the ones I have told you
In your doorway