

Attention: Six-Fold Poetry

My name is John M. Valdez I am a 48-year-old married father of two, and teacher of special education specializing in students with Autism. I've been writing poems for about four years ever since diagnosed with Cardiomyopathy. I had to undergo full open heart surgery. I enjoy writing poetry, short stories, and currently working on a full novel. I play chess, study philosophy and theology. I have been involved in theatre since the age of 14 and directed over 20 plays. My favorite poets are Lord Byron and T.S. Eliot.

1108 West 18th Street

Pueblo, Colorado 81003

719-406-3361

john.valdezppag@gmail.com

Poems:

Blistered Hearts

Dust

River

Sailor's Lament

Jealous Woe

BLISTERED HEARTS

The howls of the deep winter hounds inflate the apathy of the night's sleep. They squall with loneliness knowing only God's reflective light. For they, like I am among the creator's mishaps. Ignored as he dotes upon those made opulent by his grace. So, we roam unnoticed, and spurned until blame and punishment are needed to unburden the beautiful.

Ignorant are we to the fears we create in those so deeply loved. Their inclination to leave us only the menial of tasks, then brushed aside as a flower of lint clinging to her skirts. So, we the lunatic fringe crawl along the dark and angry thoroughfares desperate for even and neglected brass farthing, trodden underfoot.

Left then with blistered hearts, spoiled and yellow with age. God's laughter at my pain familiar as a lover's touch across my thirsty ungentle skin, cold as a spinster left at the altar. Weeping copious tears while the stingy gadfly turns dumb and paralyzed with love.

DUST

I stare into my destructive past; I rehash a history of tasting the dust but never the savor of answered prayers.

My yet unborn dreams simmer in the fertile soil just beneath the blackened rose, but offer little joy.

Love passes thru barren; strident veins forever will betray my withering heart. The infection of denial feasting upon the flesh of my sanity.

The pyre of hope ignites; passion is turned to smoke above the trees. Desire, blackened with soot takes wing and her black fragments sore to their untimely end.

The frigidness of death will come for us all. Some she takes quickly without a ripple.

Yet for those whom she favors, her touch is less tender, the end comes with torment and scintillation.

RIVER

The frigid currents accept the tiny tokens of her false love like needy and damaged children.

As the ripples run from me so too I believe do my memories of her.

My tragic soul understands that she has blistered me so deeply there will be no return.

No place will I crawl to escape the memory of her.

Like newly formed tears my dreams tumble from my being.

I hopelessly lie to my heart that one day the hurt will cease, and the torment will end.

SAILOR'S LAMENT

When she walks by even the sea-king bows his dripping head. Her soft feet lightly mark the walk but leave blanched soil for all who follow.

Her beauty, bequeaths even rebellious tempests, abandoned, and begging at the door of the almshouse. She can with ease entrust the most herculean of men with vigorous cravings, each crying an urn of lonely tears.

She leads the most powerful to the altar of the dying, forcing the most devout sailors to allow the ocean to swallow their very stealth.

She alone finds support within the very jagged rocks that take ships to their ultimate doom. As she sits alone draped in golden robes, and pride. The inviolable lovers of the sea become forever a part of its salty realm.

JEALOUS WOE

I try to plant my humour in the soil of heaven, but I am befooled.

The false dawn creeps and forces itself upon the wet rocks, doomed to wither in the shadows of doubt.

Angels doth pull a face as I toil fruitless knowing it will yield not a stem of value.

My joy is bereft of account and cold as ash upon the clay.

My cries will only mock my lips and charge only silence to the savior's ears.

His prideful sheep delight in their glib wonder.
So, I remain a tale of jealous woe told to idiots.