

Poetry Series

Adieny Nunez
- poems -

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Adieny Nunez(02/10/1991)

Adieny is an inspirational writer, poet and philosopher. Where ever you find my writing, you will see my soul'- Adieny

Coffee Shop

This old coffee shop,
The smell is taking me back
To some old place, that feels like an escape
Once I entered, even my feet felt strange

This old place filled with new faces,
The food reminds me of old diners on the road
The music is lifting up my soul,
Could I have been here before?

The waitress seems to have outgrown this place,
I'm intrigued by her eyes and what she cannot say, the wave of secrets,
Ill be sitting front row to that play

I have escaped my reality the minute I walked inside this place,
I don't know if I am in the past or future,
Because this doesn't feel like the present

The time is still working,
So I must still be well put; in the present.
Stunning how we can't escape it and at the same exact time we vanish from the
'now' once in awhile

I can see the cook from the corner of my eye, checking if the food was all right,
The eyes never lie, with a satisfied soul,
Its time for me to go.

Check!

Adieny Nunez

Fix

As the wind blows I feel my heart drifting into places I'll never know.

This dark night brings clearness to the trees and everyone feels the same.

But the stars cannot hide; like these raindrops that cannot be ignored

Love so pure/ the deepest love has you on your knees like a child asking for forgiveness.

On a Sunday morning/ surrendering, hoping there is a witness to prove all that had been done.

No changes but the seasons/ so late on a winter holiday, I share my goodbyes with the moon

Why do we break if we know we will be fixed again/ why do we keep breaking if we know we have to tape ourselves again

If the finish line is so near why is there much fear/

I rest my case, today has been a bad heartache.

Adieny Nunez

Fresh Breeze

Far is the Miles in which we cannot see.
Even truth has turned into denial.

Where is the pleasure if not in passion, why have eyes if one cannot see.

Alas, the moon hides while we live to Wait.
Why hide when knowledge is what we want. And although it's a lesson of
patience. It rewards us in time.

As those who say its easy, speak from over the fens.

You are a collection, part of the special elements that could never die.

Adieny Nunez

Oh;

Oh two happy lovers make one bread/ a single moon drop in the grass- let it
last/ they leave the sun empty in the bed

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Rare

It's a given most of the time the person you desire most is the one holding the gun. Life hits you either way old or young.

its the purity we wish for to last, oh but you are to young to understand/ but you are to old to comprehend.

rare love, welcome. You are so sweet but you've soured my sleep.
Its about enjoying the perfect moments and surfing the heavy current.

Adieny Nunez

Sitting

Sitting by a lake and watched these ducks move around. The lake water was only going one direction, while the ducks tried To reach another. The harder they tried the weaker they got. As they tried, the water still remain to push them the opposite way. Reminded me of life, how even though in some paths we cannot enter, we still try.

Adieny Nunez

That Soul.

Oh this soul,
This soul, that I cannot seem to forget or erase.
This soul covered my body in a blanket while I was cold.

That soul surfed deep within me.
This soul reached out hoping I'd remember and i did.

I remembered well enough to know it felt like home.

Those eyes kissed me, those eyes cried, and thanked me.
That soul held me and whispered ' never let go'
That soul had me on my knees begging to be saved.

Until a loud noise came, that noise was the time. Could it be? But I wasn't ready to leave.

Was that soul a mirage or my reality;
For a second I couldn't see.

That soul stayed while I had to go. Held my breath and walked out the door,
leaving my heart in those hands.
This soul was more familiar than a blood match.

That soul was a strange who felt like home.

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The Light

In the light of knowledge, there was many paths. In the touch of passion, there were waves.

Move along, up or down.
Side to side and wonder why.

The call from the sun, the one you cannot snooze. No excuse would do.

Construction down by the alley, on the day you walk.

It gets darker the more you walk,
But you remember the sun is still out.

The sun is shining for you, no longer could there be broken hopes.

Love on the moon, passion in the stars and desires in mars.

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These Two

Half way in- half way out

Lips so soft. Grass so smooth.

They say 'the only way to trust a person is to trust them.'

Easier said then done but why not.

Another soul, up against the wall, up against my fate with no escape.

Can't turn off my air- poor lions with no fire. Poor ego with no crowd.

Pure light- slow sunrise.

Contradict the obvious, now that's just crazy or part of the process?

These two- shall last- this truth shall pass. Unique souls traveling to be known- or found. I caught truth by a tree. It spoke so loud and highly of me, why thank you universe.

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They Come And Go

They come and go so fast we are not able to give them thanks.
Their teachings are deeply, the lesson cannot be forgotten,
The universe moves you towards the right direction, the universe
Moves you towards your path, it moves people into your life,
Those people who enter, come to teach, change and heal.
Those People can be here today and gone tomorrow.

For every person we meet, it's a lesson.
They come and go so fast,
they come and go so fast.
With a blink of an eye, they come and go so fast.

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