

Poetry Series

**Elena Toledo**  
**- poems -**

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## Elena Toledo(12/19/1960)

Elena Toledo:

Born in Havana Cuba December 19,1960.

Elena Toledo came to the United States at the age of 9. Her family arrived in Miami Florida, she grew up and has lived there ever since. In 1976 she registered at Wilfred Academy Beauty School and became a Cosmetologist. Elena always loved to write, but she never thought of writing a book to publish. She registered to The English Center to improve her writing skills and graduated in 2007. Elena has two kids, a daughter Eileen Garcia, and a son; Luis Garcia. Eileen is a college student at Barry University, studying for Forensic photography; her son is a General Contractor in Miami Florida. Elena is now in the middle of writing her next book- a dramatic novel.

# A Double Edge Sword

They say love is  
a physician,  
or a medicine for  
the hearts pang.

But is not much  
accurate when love  
slugs you many times  
and it never heals  
the heart,

Much more then that it  
shatters it every time.  
For my heart is wounded  
in numerous ways it is not  
a proving thing,

Is like a myth a  
fairy tale;

Love is a double  
edge sword,  
they might say love  
is an antidote that  
heals or an aspirin to  
ease the pain,

Not in my world,  
in my veins,  
but yet the only  
love that heals my wounds  
and my aches is  
the Lord's love.

A mans love  
has no remedy,  
it is the worst love you  
can conceive  
love is a tainted touch

when coming from mortal,

A dark veil with  
poison desires,  
love has come to me  
with untainted eyes,  
and hidden thorns,  
covering his identity,

A pet can give away  
his best to you,  
a pure innocent love,  
with meekness eyes  
and pure soul.

Love is not a healer  
to the heart,  
to me it is a thief of my  
peace and bliss,  
a harmony turn to war.

So love is a physician,  
that's what they say,  
but medicine posthumous  
is unreachable unless by  
Godly

The love of God is  
a true love,  
it has no envy  
no confinement,  
no conditions,  
is perpetual and  
immaculate.

Don't tell me love  
is a physician,  
a physician is  
what I need after having  
the love of thee.

Jehovah is my physician indeed

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Elena Toledo

# A Garden

Shall I rest my  
beaten body,  
my weary soul in a  
garden not yet grown,

In the mountains  
where no one goes  
or in valleys  
where I pray to the lord.

I have said my  
wish for the  
day I'm gone,  
I have climb  
the mountains where  
the point is cold  
and in search for a land  
where peace may flow.

I gather pieces like a  
mosaic frame and I  
figure out my resting place;  
I do not want  
a sarcophagus in  
a cemetery.

I want to be buried  
where there is no noise,  
where the wind  
blows freely,  
where is against the law  
forbidden in the  
highest point.

Where there's just a  
small area to fit my ashes  
burned and poured in  
a starbucks coffee can.

And where growing  
roses, violets, daisies,  
lilies and orchids,  
make a little garden where  
I'll rest my bones.

This is my wish this  
is my end,  
my immortality  
and my farewell on earth.  
It is not my time yet,  
but this is,  
I am sure how  
I want to be left.

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# Abandon

I leave you; I leave you with your life,  
with your lovers, your adventures and projects,  
I leave you without my thoughts, sad and  
wounded, without my questions  
without my broken answers, but do  
not believe as a fact everything, do not  
believe never believe, this false abandon,  
because I will be there when you least expected,  
for example; in an old age maple tree with dark  
nodding branches, or in far away galaxies that  
shine higher when you are there gazing at them.  
I leave you without the memories that lived in our  
minds for decades, I leave you, I leave you. But never,  
never be assure of all this ridiculous abandon, never  
my darling, never because in this abandon I'll always  
follow your steps, in anything you might  
gaze at so hard that you disappear bringing me  
back into your lonely world all over again.

Elena Toledo

# Against All Odds

I'll tattoo in ink your  
tender touch to my breast,  
or maybe  
on my way home,

I'll carve your name in my  
favorite maple tree,  
for I do not know really  
how to keep you  
close to my door.

And when my heart beats  
violently a thousand times  
for you.

I'll remind it,  
you are in an ample  
nation far from my reach.

A chapel's bell will send  
the message through to you.  
so far, invisible  
but yet vivid in sight.

I'll send there things that fly,  
love birds, the hours count,  
and with these  
an elegy of mine.

And you will then know  
that being apart  
is nothing but a nation  
or many nations  
between our souls.

No nation, no ocean,  
no truth will keep us apart.  
In separate paths  
we shall be one.

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# An Idea

An Idea can change the world, how many things can be done from an idea, every piece of object was an idea, sense the beginning of time idea was the first thought created in the mind, an idea is what surround's every being. But an idea is still only an idea and it can't be felt, you cannot touch an idea or kiss it, or hold it, ideas do not bleed or feel pain or love, an idea cannot be seen or heard, its created in our thoughts, but then again an idea can become real. An idea can be what ever you wish it to be, an idea can be destructive, an idea can be brilliant, I've seen people get killed in the name of ideas, ideas, we walk around with a little light bulb blinking in our thoughts, ideas.

Elena Toledo

# Angel Fantasma

Eres mi angel en el utero de mi cuerpesito,  
eres el feto que cresio una mujer bella y adorable,  
como la luz del dia, como el manantial del bosque,  
eres el fantasma que camina tocando la tierra,  
sin nesicidad de una sombrilla porque nada te toca  
y nada te afecta.

Eres el fantasma mas bello y dulce.

Elena Toledo

# Angels Of Light

Angels come hear our praise,

every where i see their face,

they walk, they fly, they reach

to us in many forms, a child,

a smile, a thank you note.

A day of mourning with singing

love birds, a soft touch with healing

grace. They come across the harvest

ground's, in every flower of any seed,

they never cease, they never leave.

They follow the faithful and even the

hearted. They need the assure no

soul will perish the love of our God.

Bringing roams spreading the hymns

with sounds of trumpets of heavenly

skies, and words of salvation written in

Golden colours of light.

Elena Toledo

# Antecedents

How sweet it  
would have been,  
the nectar's of my divine,  
the room of my  
reminiscence  
full of solemnized,

I adore thee,  
chaste in my thoughts,  
never ending,  
never ceasing my  
sanguineus,

Banquets dining a  
thirsting appetite,  
for wine,  
vitalizing the limits.

My thoughts infatuation  
Of your presence,  
is the room,  
a leap of my restrains  
follow by your visage.

And in solid grounds  
I still deluge myself,  
it is never too divine,  
never too allure the glance  
of our antecedents

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# Bear No More

What more  
than sacrifices  
I have to bear,

A poor torn heart,  
a ragged heart that  
barely pulsates,  
ignoring a solution,

Nor notice fragments of  
a broken jar,  
nor I see courage to  
intent a change,

Deprive of my abilities,  
a vision gray,  
of latitudes unknown,

The angels taking this grief,  
this torn heart obscure,  
carefully carried it  
up from toils,

And gave it to God.  
And there with no courage  
no solution, but the heavens  
to escort the healing.

And softly descent this  
heart to the destiny of a  
grieving soul.  
And the hand of  
God to heal this wound.

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# Beautiful Soul

The wilderness is her getaway; out of civilization, away from pollutes and stress, lives free like a soul without sin, like butterflies and fairies; she dresses

soft, with color and textures of silk and pastel. She can be spotted from a distance, her moves like flying fairies captures the eye. When she needs rest; she strips down

to pure nudeness, she lays on the fresh grass; becoming the essences of a frame. She falls asleep like a Goddess princes, she becomes meaningful to every creatures sight. The young

pigeons come and gather petals and cover her nakedness beauty. She walks away leaving her unforgotten image in the eyes of one.

Elena Toledo

# Becoming

Come and let her fall in the silence of your voice;  
never ask if she'll remain, the sobs escaping  
through the sound of running water will make  
her voice in a whisper and reveal the infinity of  
her falling tears, rising so many questions, of  
which, or why the uncertain secrets of love, the  
never ending yearn, that grabs and holds on to  
her skin, she becomes steady and firm like the  
North Star, waiting to bring her a dropp or sip of  
hope, it seems clearly more each day every time  
she loves someone Is doomed, good things never  
last &quot;she thinks&quot; not for her, she knows is a lie that  
keeps hunting her path. Perhaps she shall be like  
butterflies and live a life without an address, live  
among the flowers and nectars, without the mental  
thought of loving again, become a gift to the wind  
and forget what gave her so much grief and  
unhappiness, she shall live for all purpose of nature.

Elena Toledo

# Betrayed

Betrayed is a canceled line with  
an attachment of true lies- believing  
it yourself, becomes your real truth.

Reality is awake- betrayed is not  
a nightmare, but a prison  
in your own flesh.

Elena Toledo

# Bliss

Bliss  
is a peaceful  
sunday afternoon

with my beloved  
son at home  
knowing he is save

watching clouds move  
leaves waving scattered,  
a bird singing to the sky,

a cry of a newborn  
next door, mother comes  
and sings her favorite song,

my coffee cup is full.

Elena Toledo

# Bring Me The Autumn

I remember you as you were in the  
last autumn, the leaves adorned my  
heart with your music,

they were sounds  
of your cadence voice that never left  
the air like echoes in the wind, even  
the birds sang like you,

they had your  
tongue and throat.  
You were the artist with no fame,  
your appearance, your  
voice were steady and calm.

They brought to me hymns and peace.  
In your eyes the serenity of your soul  
were like flames of light that never burned.

You were like the white sheets of my bed,  
always in peace and warm, the autumn  
brought back your guitar your slow melody  
like a breeze beneath my curtains,  
and my house was then singing like  
my heart.

Elena Toledo

# Butterfly

Nobody knows this little butterfly,  
who wanders and roams  
who seeks for the senses of love,  
Nobody knows her, so tender so pure,  
little butterfly, her colors are baby pastels  
like new souls and holy spirits of bliss.  
Every petal touched by her caterpillars  
become an essences to the touch, her  
ultraviolet sight that only she can posses,  
The wonder of her unique little body and  
sense, nobody knows her, nobody  
sees the beauty in her.  
Only the blissful only the lovers  
of love, nobody knows her,  
nobody sees her, because those who see  
are blind to her colors and soul,

I am a butterfly

Elena Toledo

## Caress Me This Way

Caress me this way, tonight i want to feel the restless  
of your heartbeat, when you are next to me.  
caress me this way, there's nothing better in life then  
to say yes to the heart, when is yearning for love.  
caress me this way, and in a kiss, i will confess  
the most sweetest secret of love, that I carry in  
my heart. come near me, and tonight lets live both, the most  
beautiful insane moment of passion, caress me this way,  
the way I feel your heart beat.

Elena Toledo

# Consuming Jealousy

I am jealous of the air you breathe,  
of the soap that cleanses your body,  
I am jealous of the rain that pours on  
your face, and the sun that warms your  
winter days, I am jealous of the way  
you love the flowers and the vase they  
wear, I am jealous of the sheets your  
bed wears, that can touch every part  
of your body, I am jealous of the mirror  
that sees your face every morning day  
and night. I am jealous yes I am, even  
when you let my winds fly free and they  
traveled to many seas, I am still there  
facing my awe, consuming my flesh,  
and my body speaking a language I can't  
even comprehend, like a dark rose, that  
lies on an empty vase, what do you do?  
when the live you had, is gone and the  
one you were living for, what is  
there left? where do you go, what

doctor can cure the injured heart, doctor

love is just a tale, there's no cure for

the injured heart, nor there is for an

empty vase.

Elena Toledo

# Cope

She needed to sleep, sleep for a little,  
to see him, feel him, hear him say.  
Come lovely, come and rest your  
head on my pillow, She had to rest,

rest of her own self, of her many  
miseries that shattered her dreams.  
But how to rest? or dream a sweet dream.  
To wake up to an empty bed, with nothing

but his scent, his last touch, his last sleep,  
his last words, and his last kisses. She adorned  
her bed with broken sadness, dropping  
her tears, and picking up more for the next day.

Her veins draining a river of pain. Her heart all  
weary with multiple wounds. Her will refrained  
from hope, her feelings with fears,  
to love another man, and die all over again.

Elena Toledo

# Cry

He has the edge of me, the quill,  
and the waves of prolong prose.  
The hands move, they write with no  
purpose but to disappear into death minds.

Meanings of grief,  
turning into dark stone, teardropp become  
ice drops, reach the end, and break  
into dry whispers of cry

Elena Toledo

# Dark And Twisted Minds

Dark and twisted minds,

blurry and bleeding

to each other, bloody

roads of many cries,

invading the good with

persistent lies.

Constructing a shield

against evil thoughts

and fear. The wizard of

darkness attacking the

light. Bloom him, bloom him,

with powdering glow, strip

down thoughts, make

them reborn, evil must

perish protecting the light.

Reign over head the blessing

of life. Enduring the battle

through dead ends. Break

down the fear and those many

tears will fade at the end.

Elena Toledo

# Dead Love

Love can kill you alive,  
burn you without fire,  
shut you down without  
a gun, bruise your heart

without a scratch, bleed  
in cold blood. love can be  
as painful as the magnitude  
of death. Love even when it

leaves and vanish, it still  
remains. It can leave you  
walking in roams without a  
purpose to live. Love can make

your veins drain till you feel  
fatigue, taking away your strength,  
your will and hope. Love kills  
love, but i rather die for love  
than let love die in me.

Elena Toledo

# Death

The journey of death, I think of dying as it were a sleeping process which it brings our thoughts the illusion of angel's, heaven, clouds and paradise, we see ourselves in a utopia dream world, that brings us peace and harmony. Death is a sad word; a word that is continually present with melancholy thoughts that haunts the mind. I always dismiss it from my mind, but always comes back. It's there always trying to torment me, maybe if death wasn't so enigmatic and dreadful, our thoughts would change. We wouldn't think about it at all. When I think of the old age, is like thinking, death is near, it's the nearest thing to old age. Death, death is like a cold and lonely sigh, Death, it comes like thieves in the night, it takes you and it wont give you a notice nor a warning. A deep anguish takes over our feelings; death is a sad word, An empty sensation and a huge grief, that torture's the soul and mind. Death we can't defeated, escape or make it null. A reminder each day that time will eventually stop and become eternal. Death the only sure thing we inherit from the second we are born, death, death, I cannot comprehend the purpose to all, we struggle in our journey in every way, to at the end, become dust in the wind, and then after time has past, not even a vestige of us.

Elena Toledo

# Disintegrate

The pain enables your will power, like the sand that sucks in the waves of the oceans edge- it can't flood much more. Life is all about pain, if you let it rule- pain smiles, cries, pain conceals behind our jokes, and smiles, in our dreams and fantasies. Hide, hide, but never leave! sickens your guts, The world is full of it, pain! Tell me the purpose, tell me the good side- yes pain means your still alive- in body and spirit. What if we had a switch we could turn off and on, to make ourselves free of pain, and when we need to weep, turn it back on. I guess there's just one way and that's to surrender yourself. No more pain, or live with it- pain rules you, hunts you- making it less easy, let's go back, and just release it from our world.

Elena Toledo

# Dormant

Love is dormant when you  
Don't remember it,  
I do not want to think of it,  
It makes me weep,  
It gives me grief,

When I am settle and comfortable,  
When I don't  
Caress it,  
It does not wake,

It does not keep me up at nights  
When I don't see the beauty in  
People that are in love,  
In the birds that sing hymns of  
Happines when they join  
In their nest to make love.

If I see this tenderness,  
If I gaze at them,  
All it brings to me is lament, sadness,  
For I do not want to think of love.

I want to be free,  
Free of what doesn't even  
Imprison me,  
I do not want to hold love,

Love is like a golden nail  
Thrust in my heart,  
Love doesn't hold me,  
It has no name, no future,  
No bones or face,

Love has not just abandon me,  
It laugh's at me,  
It hides from me,

I do not know where to find it,

It has no route to take me,  
Not even a destiny to hold on to,  
Love, love.

I don't know what to do anymore,  
For love is not near me,  
Love is a thing  
That I rather not touch,

Because when I touch it- it burns  
Like fire, it kills my hopes my peace,  
I cannot, and I do not want to think of love,

Love is not a feeling,  
Is more like an ability,  
That I refuse to Activate,  
And let it sink me away like a  
Suffering slave.

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# Dreams

In my dreams in a journey to heaven,  
i see clouds written with golden  
words, with a simple touch, and the sound  
of a trumpet nearby guiding me to my  
Lords kingdom.

Elena Toledo

# Dust Bone

Love burns down to grief, burns  
the edge of my heart.  
In sorrow i break into sparks of  
sand and become fire end, to dust of bones.

In the night i see the real canceled of love  
bright lie.  
Eyes gaze shut, glow smile fade  
dream walks and talks and feet mark time  
to the heartache beat.

Elena Toledo

# Élan Vital

élan vital

I want to go where the land  
Is boundless, where the wheat  
corn and flower cane grow,  
where the soft white downy  
of cotton amplifies in big  
fields, and bed my body and  
soul on the waves of cotton  
balls, And in natural surrender  
my élan vital to feel the  
virginal of cosmos descending  
for once in age..

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Elena Toledo

# Endless Reach

Attached to her skin, the overwhelming desire  
that makes her days endless and hopelessly  
aware of the absence of his touch, the never will be,  
'thought' the endless yearn, the feeling of a touch  
will never be, certainly not his, her skin will never  
meet his hands. He was too superior, she was too  
ordinary, The fame rules his world, Simplicity is not  
with him. Blindness doesn't realize that he is really  
naked. No gold, diamond or pearls will keep his soul.  
But still he is not conscious, ordinary her will never  
catch up. Time will tell him, when the white hair and  
wrinkle skin start's to show. The killing system of time,  
eventually will get him; his distinguish and shinning  
fame will reflect his ego making his world dramatically  
change into an old man with regrets  
and disappointments; Will leave behind a mark.

Elena Toledo

# Essences

The shadows that follow my essences,  
capturing the invisible power that commands  
the love of men kind; many thou of odor's  
form an invisible rule, capturing the intoxicating  
scent that blinds beauty.

Odor's, scent are capture from the most small  
particle and pieces of existence, ruling each  
movement awakening passion and lust.  
The splendid orange blossoms that preserve my  
youth, will then perish when age comes near.

But my scent will stay alive in every part of my  
belongings and in every place of my existence,  
and in the shadows of my death, the essence will  
rule the existence of my lover taking a last breath,  
my soul and spirit will take over to

assure my life will not be forgotten after I'm gone,  
the essences the intoxicating scent of a woman's  
skin will always rule the mind of men kind.

Elena Toledo

# Extinct

Her expectations are dazed,  
she has nothing to look forward  
to, but to remember in only a  
grieving manner.

Only to see her effort at hand,  
to the moment that left her heart  
wounded and in profound misery.  
Deep, deep in the midst of her soul.

Now she surrenders her grief to the night,  
to time that follows her always  
faithful and exact, next to her in  
every move she makes.

She gave to surrender and buried her  
dreams in a garden of broken  
appetence, her blood so warm,  
now is cold, like a winters night.

There's no one to fervor it. She's lost  
in the middle of her empty desires;  
lost and can't find a route, to enter  
and lose all of this passion she has no use for.

Elena Toledo

# Faculty

Sometimes it seems so hard to work out the words,  
and then again it seems not hard at all. Just write,  
is as simple as that. There are times i can't seem to  
work the words, other times the words come up  
bubbling in my head with character and meaning.  
At times i feel challenged by other writers, and i  
begging to doubt my ability to work the words,  
i simple read another writer and then i know i have  
nothing to be worry about. I understand then that my  
contest is with myself and not with other writers.  
We all think about the same things, because once  
in our life's we all go through the same situations.  
We all have the brain to create anything in our heads.  
There's nothing that i can't do if i focus and if i  
don't focus; "you see" this word- focus is meaningful  
in some ways, we need the focus, but in poetry we  
need more the fantasy in our thoughts, the meaning  
to our words, focusing can be important, but if your  
head is not in the mood, there's not going to be any  
words bubbling up, even though you don't need it so  
much, because you can create a poem out of anything.  
There's one thing about writing, and reading poetry,  
understanding the meaning behind the words.  
Every word or phrase has a meaning behind, this is  
where readers need to understand; for example-if i'm  
drinking away my sorrows, it can mean, crying my  
heart out, it can mean, i need to forget, it can mean,  
a big hangover, it can mean, sleeping out in the porch,  
it can mean, forgetting all you did last night; how many  
things out of a phrase. Right know I would just like  
to be in my cabin and sit right in front of the fire-place  
with a bottle of wine and enjoy my pastoral life while  
i write, amazing things.

Elena Toledo

# For You

I would sail through the deepest seas  
to see you, and through the worst thunder  
storm's to show you my love, I would climb  
the highest mountains to get to you. I would  
rip the sky's if I have to, I'll become immortal  
till I reach your bed, the insomnia will hunt  
me through the miles to come. I would cross the  
driest desert and exhaust my strength, while my  
heart is ripping into thousands of pieces,  
for you.

Elena Toledo

# Frame

Frame

I could frame my  
mind to what my  
thoughts become,  
&quot;words spoken&quot;  
or I could frame the  
night to think my  
agony is gone.

I can frame almost  
anything I guess,  
from a heart in grief  
looking for some relief,  
the mailman,  
the milkman,  
and everything  
that passes by,

A kitten at my doorstep,  
is funny isn't it?  
you can frame your  
way through a  
dragons throat.

Anything you want,  
even your heart,  
your truth your lies and  
even the clear skies.

The hymns I sing,  
my eyelids to fall asleep,  
an ability not yet control.

Everything I long for  
has not yet pass through,  
so I keep framing

the truth the lies and all  
I can think of.

But framing is not my  
escape is just a lie  
I keep telling myself,  
and I can keep doing  
it for eons.

But not yet complete,  
for I can't frame my  
eyes of what I see.

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Elena Toledo

# Generous Moon

Moon, little light bulb you look like from  
so far away, Bright half light she gives  
me her generous illumination.

Her shadow always in sight, bright

and colorful like a neon light. My steps  
don't turn against me nor day shake from  
fear. You will never fail, night after night  
and you'll still be there shining clear, half

moon or full. I bring my lover to see you,  
generous moon. Again you make me feel  
secured and charmed. The sight of you draws  
me to a sense of harmony; my lover, my moon,

I enshrine you both. Dusky twilight evening  
still i won't fear as ample as you are.

Enigmatic you are to all beings and  
brilliant in your wayfaring.

Elena Toledo

# I Cry

I cry because the reason is ceaseless,  
I cry because the puppies are lost,  
I cry because the world cries with me,

I cry because i'm losing my hopes.  
I cry because the only reason of my  
being, is beginning to crack, I cry, I cry,

to solutions, to God and his mercy.  
I cry and I cry, while my heart carries on,  
I cry to the mourning of each mother's heart,

I cry, I cry because I can't let him die,  
My puppy is roaming like the angels of dark  
nights. I cry and I cry, and I can't make it stop.

Elena Toledo

# I Do Not Exist

I do not breath,  
I do not bleed  
I do not hurt  
I do not exist in your eyes,  
not anymore,  
I am far, far away, like  
the stars that don't exist,  
but still they shine and  
you can see them far away,  
but there not alive, there not  
really there. Yes I am not there,  
not for you, I do  
not want your pity.  
I do not want my broken smile  
painted in your thoughts.  
I do not exist, I am not there,  
do not look for me, I do not  
exist, I am not there, I am not there

Elena Toledo

# I'LI Be There If You Need Me

I'll be there if you need me with  
a bruised heart, with a wounded  
soul, and yet inexhaustible, but  
then again drained away from  
reality, I'll be there rigid and exact.

When you need consolation, my  
love will flourish your grieve and  
gleam your darkest moments.

When loneliness strikes your  
night and the moonlight won't

shine, I'll be there, I'll be holding  
myself to the highest tree, struggling  
too; but still holding on that tree that  
will hold us both till we pass the tribu-  
lations of our path in faith, that will

always be a challenge in our wayfaring.

I'll be there if you need me, once I said to

you- I'll be there, even when you caused  
me vast pain and obscure hope, I'll be there  
if you need me. Little I know what your

heart cries for, but I'm certain that one  
day you'll be yearning for my love; I'll  
be there if you need me.

Elena Toledo

# In The Valley

Tear to tear, breaking  
heavy steps. A mountain  
I must climb and deliver  
every hunt- to the sweetest  
waterfall. All burns, all scars-  
must remain where they began.  
Every flower has its nectar, this  
seed to be born, is a symbol of  
rejoice. In a garden where all  
was burnt; in need of pouring love.  
And of many little stars to move  
with this bruised heart. In the  
Valley of secret mourns, where  
mountains hear the cry, and the  
mist darkens the route. This  
mountain I must climb it will  
always take the steps through  
the glorious hand of God

Elena Toledo

# Keep Me Warm

A winter day will sometimes bring me the flu, but I always wait on the blazing sun that rises every now and then in winter season, warm sunshine, warm you are, every morning you bring your life, your lucent light warm up my fingers, my face my body, sometimes my nose I can't feel, but you indulge my face and warm my cold days, your risen in winter season is like seen you giving birth to life, winter, winter wont give me the blues, nor make my days gloomy, there will always be you cheerful and bright, my mornings you bring the gift of sunlit, a glint of sunshine can make me feel blessed, unalterable you are, sovereign, enigmatic and brilliant to all beings.

Elena Toledo

# Killing

Love sweet vintage wines,  
cross meadows of purple  
seeds, vagabonds through  
roaming waves, touch the  
sky in act of sin, divine sunrays  
indulging minds, sexual whims  
with ruling thoughts. Killing love,  
rising lonely days, rising nothing  
but limit of our desires, drowning  
fantasies in vivid thoughts. Live to  
live another day, on the edge  
of broken dreams.

Elena Toledo

# Lgrimas

Lgrimas

El me tiene en el abismo,  
el boligrafo y las olas de  
prosas prolongada.  
Sus manos se mueven,  
escriben sin proposito,  
solo para desaparecer  
en su muerte.

Anhelo de sufrimientos  
convirtiendose en piedras  
oscuras,  
lagrimas convertidas en gotas  
de hielo, llegando a su  
fin, rompiendose como susurro  
de lagrimas secas..

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Elena Toledo

# Let Me

Let me breathe  
the scope of your thoughts,  
let me  
lose the manic of my heart  
with your intoxicating charms,  
let me lose my aspect  
in your chaste eyes,  
let me  
be the lyrics of your amore,  
let me please!  
let me be the  
essences of your touch.

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Elena Toledo

# Longing For You

How much longer must I wait, sitting on my rocking chair, on my porch, waiting all day long, the days pass by like clouds rushing through the sky, and a shadow saunters by my side. My mind is going crazy! I'm thinking; and must I still wait? I even smell his fresh cologne of Irish spring, his natural smell of Ivory soap, when he's just coming out of the shower! how many more nights? sometimes I can feel his breath so near, his skin so close, I can almost feel it's real. In my sleep I call out his name, Oh darling how much longer? You linger and I wait, your return is uncertain, my body weary from longing for your return, Today I still wait, please don't hesitate, I can't dream anymore.

Elena Toledo

# Love And Other Drugs

Love and other drugs  
The burden of beauty that keeps  
tormenting my skin,  
the love of thee that comes  
only with label,  
'beauty', if not I'm doomed.  
I can't compete with the normal female,  
that one! yes, the one you yearn to  
have intimacy with!

It is not me the beautiful me that was; taking  
sedative to ease the pain, the misery of the  
pills taking by day. I keep forgetting I'm not with thee.  
I keep forgetting I'm a suffering slave.

And I remind myself you are not with me.  
the pain is inevitable to stop.  
Why am I not with you? because your  
not with the less fortunate.  
'You believe you can do better'.

I don't want it! No I don't;  
Your pity is more than a sword through my throat.  
Yes! I need the drug and the love too,  
both to keep living this misery;  
I can't let it go. If I could just disappear,  
I would be there in the other side of my  
reality pushing my luck once more.

Elena Toledo

# Mask

I can't live like this any longer, the  
mask that covers my grief,  
again and again, I can't stand  
it anymore, you're like a shadow  
in time, I yearn for the moment  
you can give me- the short time  
you offer me like a charity or  
mendicant. You walk out again  
after you satisfy you're crave;  
then I'm here alone and I can't  
get it out of my mind, that I tell  
you nothing when your gone-  
you are like non existent, there's  
no trace of you, no calls nothing  
to let me know I'm alive and in  
your thought's. What do you think  
of? How can you not feel me when  
your gone? I keep covering my  
emotions like a mask covering the  
face of ugly. It's you in my head,  
and I am nowhere in yours. I keep  
giving you the pleasures of my cravings,  
I keep waiting and you walking out.  
Memories withhold my lonesome nights,  
It's burning me alive, consuming me each  
day, I hear nothing of your sound, I see  
nothing of your trace, how can I keep  
going like this. The uncertainty of you, the  
cold feeling in my skin, the warm touch  
of you're hands, they disappear after a while.

Elena Toledo

# Must

She writes as if there's not much time.  
She writes to pain, to happiness,  
She writes to every remote detailed thought.  
She writes to the departed,  
to the extant,  
to poverty,  
to wealth.  
She writes to mourn, and grief.  
She writes to the wind, the rain,  
forest, the desert, and mountains.  
She writes to her pouring tears,  
to her grateful moments,  
She writes because really what she has is time.  
She has no little ones to feed, or bathe,  
nor a husband to make happy. To write is  
to escape- to her. Time is not a problem, time  
is just a killing system, she needs to kill in many words.  
She writes as if there's not much time.

Elena Toledo

# My Companion

I don't know where I'll be,  
when who ever buys my book to read.  
I was just writing the date on my new  
notebook, and these thoughts came to my mind.

Sometimes when I'm going over some  
writing I see the date on the paper,  
and it brings me memories of  
how I felt at the time when I  
wrote those poems,

Those notes, they have the flavor  
of me. My intimate thoughts my most  
saddest and happiest moments of  
my existence.

My poems my notes my  
stories and my hands, they are one.  
One memory in all together.  
The way my hands clinch my  
writing my every move of prose.

I don't know who  
Will want to read the writing coming  
from a stranger a none-known poet.  
From lonesome I, no one  
knows who she is.

I cherish every letter,  
word and phrase my hands have writting.  
Because all of this has been to me a wonderful  
companion of my lonesome life of appetite to feed.

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Elena Toledo

# Ode To Passion

I say, too much passion in us poets,  
like a touch of a thousand  
saccharine taste invading our veins,  
we cannot restrain, we  
cannot condemn the only reason for our being,  
passion is what keeps us breathing,  
passion can make us see it all  
different than others,  
not to cease, not to die  
or give-up, passion grows in our soul,  
it reminds us it is there  
every minute of our day,  
when we need to count the hours  
to get to him/her.  
Passion is the sedative to our worst day.  
The essential of reason,  
the way to a path,  
to rivers and streams that find our dreams,  
passion is a vessel making a net  
reaching our heart our souls  
keeping the beat louder and quieter in waves  
frequencies, passion is vigor,  
is a sparkle in our heart that continually  
beats violently and has no outcome.  
Passion is un 'Corazon salvaje'.

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Elena Toledo

# Ode To You

It is not how you look,  
But how I see you,  
With chaste heart and pure eyes,  
I solemnize you,

My beloved,  
I restraining my fervent blood,  
To be recognize not,  
I quietly awake,

But you bed yourself in my lines,  
As in placid lakes,  
Or wave-foam

Earth music  
Seas fragrance  
In you,

Nakedly clear,  
And beautiful to me,  
Whether it is your strong hands,

On my breast,  
At a primal touch,  
Or your ultra thick lips,

Like a musical instrument,  
The essentials of your skin,  
Color and redolence.

The deep landscape  
And meekness of your eyes.

You steal my breathe in a verse,  
And I keep writing to you my love.

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# Our God

Our God

Is he just a  
reminder of our life?  
Or a remedy for our  
hearts pang,

Yet humanity takes him  
for-granted, for I have  
done it myself,  
it is he who

We owe commitment,  
but we condemned  
our souls to woe,

We drink the wine,  
we take the bread, his  
body we eat,  
and yet we are hungry,

In vain we live a life so dead,  
We say our love,  
for which we care,  
we do care,

But yet we taint  
our love our family  
our integrity,  
and light.

Our lamp is not lit,  
its deprive by our sins,  
and when we dare to commit,  
our flesh commands our restrains.

We surrender,  
surrender to darkness,  
instead of light,

Our Lord waits patiently,  
with humbleness, gracefulness,  
and mercifully,

Mighty he waits  
for our surrender,  
indeed.

We talk and talk,  
We say we are good  
Christians we love Jesus,  
but do you really? do we?

Loving Jesus is loving all, we  
walk like Jesus,  
than why love ourselves more  
than our brothers in Christ,

Why the self-involvement,  
compassion is more  
than just a feeling,  
its the way to walk with God.

We will never see that  
lucid light at the end  
of the tunnel unless we  
nakedly bring our  
sins to the Lord and let his  
light shine upon us  
through our souls,

And the remedy will be  
only from thy God,  
and let not hope be feared  
and dared to hope in faith,

For our God deposes  
he will never cease and  
will bring our door to  
an everlasting solemn.

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Elena Toledo

# Passion

Passion does not have Culture's or level's of studies passion comes from the heart, how one sees life from inside the soul, passion is like a savage animal, that does not understand or knows what he feels; but has inside him the passion that awakes his instinct of savage love, Passion has nothing but a soul and a desire to love.

Elena Toledo

# Perfect Man

She lie there half lit next to him on her cabin bed, she watched him sleep looking at his eyelids, his lips and his face, thinking how wonderful he was, how he changed her life, with his ways and magical words that made her the most lucky woman on earth. She felt alive and full of dreams, the dreams she kept inside and now have come alive. He seemed so perfect, so hard to believe he was really there in flesh and soul. She kept awake all night long watching him sleep, dreaming awake her life once more.

Elena Toledo

# Poetic Ache

As liquid evaporating,  
my reflection vanishes,  
dust of bone drifts,

And the quiddity of my  
soul collapses while it waits,  
hoping for a return,

like ships in the open sea,  
lingering for  
a placid voyage,

I continue  
in the same wave,  
like branches I waggle  
vigorously in my aches,

Trying to elude the reason,  
escaping from my own breath,  
and as I see the leaves of trees  
falling,

Each of them feel my pain,  
and I travel in my head to all  
different places without  
taking a step,

I dream with my eyes wide open,  
gazing at a fantasy frame,  
for my life becomes poetic  
by the endlessness of my constant aches.

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Elena Toledo

# Quarrels

There's not much time. All the reasons to quarrel;  
used up moments, and never you are right. life  
Crumbles when we fight- why not wait to reason,  
and then call your rights. Is a thing we all feel...to  
win the quarrel against the other. What makes you  
think you are always right- you're full of egocentric  
thoughts and lack of selfless. The mirror looks  
back- not knowing who reflects. Full of it you!  
You detest my opinions and speech, all my intentions  
of deed, turn dark. The enemy looks sweeter than you.  
I never know which words to speak, where to  
start or even how to end...when you try to seduce  
my thoughts you end up in quarrels somehow,  
it never ends, it never stops, Then you ask "forgive  
me" And the humble spirit in me forgives- but again  
the war comes back to defeat our peace. Quarrel.  
Without you he just can't be.

Elena Toledo

## Quote Of Earth

Earth is a natural pearl that will always give us Joy.

Elena Toledo

## Quote Of Human Being

We all have a little creativity in us, God didn't created us boring.

Elena Toledo

# Quote Of Beauty

Beauty is not  
defined in the  
color of your eyes,  
hair or skin,  
beauty is defined in  
the color of  
your heart.

Elena Toledo

## Quote Of Evil

The killer of love is not a person, the killer of love is the evil devil.

Elena Toledo

# Quotes

## Quotes

The next time you come to my door,  
the next time you reach my bed,  
It will not be the same, it will be a different  
time, a different world, a different me.

&#9829;

I am a tree, a lonely tree,  
that every year dies  
and lives again, every season,  
new branches,  
new leaves and new sights surround me,  
and I am living and dying all the time.

Elena Toledo

## Quotes 2

Quotes

I weep in the silence of my  
conscious,  
I cry in the midst- loneliness of my  
humble heart

&#9829;

A weaver rest his wings, adorns  
his nest like gifts, his soul is a drifted blessing  
to the gronds of earth, his hymns invates our  
thoughts with grateful joy of bliss

Elena Toledo

## Quotes 3

### Quotes

Death is not death  
if you kill me  
with your kisses, is life in a dimension  
and death in a sigh from love  
&#9829;

May love and peace  
conquer our grief,  
for bitterness and hatred die  
in the mist  
&#9829;

What to do with my life,  
when my  
life is my child, and he dies little by little  
by the blindness of dark.

Elena Toledo

# She Walks In Beauty

She walks in beauty, eyes soft,  
Innocent; silky breast that captures  
men's heart, her alarming whiteness,  
making angels turn dark.

In times of sorrow, she's the light; if she  
cries, her tears breakdown into drops of  
divine moist. Wrapped in her skin, never  
has a sin, her lips turn to fear in

the eyes of evil. Her sacred presence makes earth  
heavenly; her beauty blinds the power of vision,  
her virtuous is an envious, making instinct  
jealousy take over. She walks in beauty.

Elena Toledo

# Somber

When I feel somber, take petals  
of roses and cover my body in  
them, caress my spirit with your  
smile, kiss the sky above me-  
and warm the room I live in with  
your music.

Love is all one needs,  
love is the only thing that will make  
the days magical and precious;  
days without love is like days  
without sunlight.

Elena Toledo

# Sorrows

You come as you always do, making your way to my heart, telling me stories about your dramatic life with the woman you love; and I feeling pity for you. You come to me and make me think you are tired and exhausted of the nonstop arguing, you come and rest your head against my chest. I comfort you and caress your back, and you tell me, 'it's been so long sense I've being loved, " Why then do I still feel you don't need me, you leave after the night has gone, I feel this emptiness and grief in my heart, it feels like my heart is shrinking. I give to you my deepest passion my heart filled with romance, and I get back an empty sound in my heart. Don't you know that I love you? don't you know that I want you? . I tell my friends about our love, and they say our love wont pay the rent. I got nothing only you to hold my hand, I got flowers in my garden, but without my smile they wont give flourish, I got patients to wait for you, but I got no shoulders to cry my sorrows to.

Elena Toledo

# Tattoo

In this autumn storm, and this loneliness,  
I would tattoo your face to my body; and at  
every long night, autumn leaves will fall,

reminding me to write my 'pastorals'  
and the serene skies above me, will  
calm my ridiculous consuming passion,

the passion that makes my path misty and  
foggy; is my body so weary, that your face no  
longer is visible; its faded away the tattoo

of your face. When autumn rain falls I'll  
pick my chestnut leaves thinking you are there  
to help.

Elena Toledo

# The Lies

Crawling into my bed, with innocent eyes,  
hunting my fantasies, Why? 'I ask myself'  
Why? the lies. The barbarous lies, coming  
out of your mouth; I pity myself, but even  
more the depths of your holds a  
deep sharp tongue; the lies have spoken  
your hazarding thoughts. Shame will hunt  
you down, when the Angel's of heaven  
manifest their anguish. The lies I believed  
in; will speak back to you. And torment you  
like a prison sentence, the angels of heaven  
will never entwine, with hell and fire. I am the  
heaven you are the fire that burns the pure  
and holds the lies that come from  
the heart of evil. The lies will never conquer the  
depths of my thoughts, nor the truth of my soul,  
the lies will eat you alive, and keep you from  
the bliss and joys, becoming like knives through  
your tongue. The lies that grow in your twisted  
mind.

Elena Toledo

# The Walls

Life, here in the surroundings of my white walls,  
The walls that watch me while I pray, while I sing,  
While I dance and work in my little room, while  
I cry, these white walls they know my life, only  
they cry with me or sing or pray or dance, they give  
my life the warm feelings of hands. The colors  
of my works the fabrics, the pen that move my hands,  
the architect of my bones, the father, the I AM, they  
all life in me. Life, life is my big question! , life is the  
I AM, and the I AM is life. I gather here in my room  
all of my works, the good, the bad and the worse,  
they come alive with my help. Life in these white  
walls, pink I rather say, ' I love pink' My sink full  
of dishes waiting to be washed, the flowers on my  
table growing roots, the doors and windows always  
on guard, the lamps that never cease to give me light,  
the sofa so exhausted of my exhausting body, the tree  
near my window poking at me, then the cry of a puppy  
I hear it all the time. My shop my objects; they dream  
and have their own mind, they wear the colors of life,  
they dress up and move my soul,  
I love how they love me back...

Elena Toledo

# The Waving

I'm here, you are there,  
a vessel waving in our veins,  
the hours that count my significant  
life, the constant image of thee,  
you! you are the title of my book,  
of my memento, how I seek  
thee in the little things I see  
your face there in the body  
of a grasshopper, a butterfly,  
a nectar flower, any where  
I look I see the endless of your  
profound eyes, in the landscape  
of my deserted life.  
Where do you go and where do I look,  
it is not that I worship thee  
but that I need to live.  
I'm dressed with the vision  
of the bride to be in vain,  
who told me I was his,  
I can lie all I want,  
I can pretend all I want,  
'why are you so vivid'?  
I know is all an illusion,  
theres nothing real there.  
You are gone and I am here  
trying to dismiss the fact  
of your cruelty, the smell  
of your last day in my true,  
in my illusion, the fantasy  
I created to replace the  
pain that follows my aching body.

Elena Toledo

# Thorns

A deep dark ocean swallowed  
her dreams, a black rose with  
thorns pinched again and  
again the edge of her wounds.  
And vivid cuts adorned her like  
a perfect crying frame, decorating  
her heart with only suffering sights.  
Shadows of dark clouds follow  
constantly by the mist in her eyes.  
Path conceal with her own grief,  
and not knowing where the roaming  
spirits guide her, or where the star's  
point out a path taking her through.  
She stumble, she mourns, and she  
drops her fighting sword to the  
ground. She surrender's to the damage  
of pain and woe, her eyelids bleed  
and exhaust her, tears are dry, not  
much to pour, they can't even blink  
anymore. Deal with despair- no

longer aware of many more days

to compare.

Elena Toledo

# Vanish

The elements in my thoughts are emptiness in my hands, the uncertainty of your reach, i cannot think of, but only hope that the day is not yet gone entirely from my extending shelf. Where the literature of infinite prose are the taste of one self, to become myself as one into your spoken words. The writing all becomes a shadow of many regrets. My hands can only feel the texture of the paperback, but not the words written, they can only register in my conscious to stay and appear when i need them. I cannot grab your voice nor your thoughts, if only i could reach the sky and write my prose in a cloud you shall read my contemplation from a distance where ever you are. Tell me where it is your standing, unless you want me lost. For eons I have longed the moment to come. Tell me where to find you unless you want me to fall. The prose only say you wait desperately for hope.

Elena Toledo

# Waiting For You

Waiting for you

Waiting by the strand of the sea, the sand  
cold and wet, the moon in silence guards my path,  
the wait is tedious and long for I feel is not in vain,  
the tide was rising in a rather slow motion, I could  
smell the scent of the ocean, a scent I can't see.  
Countless of stars in the sky each with a unique gallant,  
the air fondly indulged my face, and a tranquil  
feeling drew me to a state of peace, a cadence voice  
singing like angels in the wind. A thousand years may  
pass me by, counting the grains of sand, endless till  
I fade away with them, I'll walk the shore with freezing  
toes, with no hands to hold me warm. I'm still here near  
the moon, near the waves that call your name,  
they hear my heart, they keep the secret I pour in tears,  
I wait here still and weary with my head up with a  
little left of my happy heart...

Elena Toledo

# Weary Body

She gave him her dreams,  
he made them nightmares.  
She gave him her love, he  
turned it to hatred, she gave  
him her warm kisses, he  
turned them into regrets.  
She gave him her enthusiasm;  
he turned it into distress.  
She gave him her sweet hymns;  
he turned them into howling wolves.  
She gave him the flavor of her  
craves, he turned it into bitterness,  
She gave him the nectars of her  
fruits, he made them go bad.  
She gave him her time, he took  
it for granted. All she gave, became  
in vain; a weary body and broken  
lies, are the only truth she has to  
confront. Her heart was still alive  
she gave it to him, he took it in  
warm blood, and let it bleed to death.

Elena Toledo

# What I Feel

After every month, I know  
you are near, I wait anxious  
but for a moment I think of how  
you take me for granted.

I feel like I've been violated,  
I feel used like when  
People use a cloth, and then they  
throw it out, or like when a child

throws his toy after playing  
with it for a while, because  
Is old or it looks worn out.  
I feel like you need me, but

only for a moment, not for the  
time I deserve to be needed.  
It's been five months, and I  
feel like I've never been with you.

I feel lost without your love, without  
that little time you bring into my  
world. I need to tell you what I feel,  
how much hurt I have in me, but

how, how to describe this to you.  
How, how can I do what is needed  
when all I feel is pain.  
why? , why is it that loving you is

so painful to me. When love should be  
like floating, feeling light headed  
with distractive thoughts that make

one feel intoxicated with love and pleasures..

The passion, the unforgiving love  
that settles in my weary walls.  
In my senses, and in my existence. Why  
do I not feel the love, if it is you who I love,

Because loving you is all I want  
to do, why do I not feel it? The love,  
I just don't feel it anywhere.  
Not in the air, in your words, or  
in your touch, or your absence, why?

Elena Toledo

# What You Want

The walls that grab your voice, remembering  
how you repeated again and again what  
you wanted from love, I say love never  
comes complete.

Never stays the same, you wanted pure  
love, the one that has no shame, the  
one that comes with peace, and here it is,  
My love has what it takes, but still you won't give in.

Elena Toledo

# Why Do You Remember Me?

Why do you remember me?  
when your heart weeps,  
when your heart breaks.  
You do not know if  
my heart yearns for love,  
if it weeps from your abandoned,  
do you not know that my heart belongs  
to you? and you keep stabbing it with  
knives and flavors of you,  
do you not know how many months, years I  
have spend in journeys searching for the flavor of  
your lips, for the fragrance of your skin.

Do you not know my body is  
dead till you bring it back with your touch? .  
Do you not know?  
Why do you remember me?  
if you don't even yearn for my yearns,  
if you don't even taste the essences of me,  
when you touch me or kiss me. If you  
could only taste me with all of your senses,  
you will know then all  
of my secrets of lust, all of my nights of desires,  
only the twilight of my evenings and mornings,  
only the time that follows my path day and night,  
they know why and how my skin screams for you.

Why do you remember me my love?  
I have nothing to give you  
but my heart filled  
with ardent and aches.  
I have no more to offer you but this,  
my love, my heart, theres no more then this.

No beauty, no youth,  
only me what you see, what is there.  
But what is there is all me, truth  
unconditional, simple, humble,  
honest, and all of the pharses

I've written today in this significant prose.

And of all meanings and reasons, I ask you!  
why do you remember me? .

Elena Toledo

# Without You

The world sits still without you,  
war's day's night's, season's,  
without you I'm waiting for  
something to do, when I realized  
there's nothing, time passes me  
by, 'I've always felt that' and  
still it feels like there's so much  
to do, sometimes I feel like  
a little planet, that no one has  
yet discovered; without you is  
like missing a piece of the sky,  
or the ocean, I feel like a puzzle  
and the one piece missing is you.  
Without you there's no hunger,  
no thirst, without you my hands  
no longer will write pastoral's to  
the night, without you my eyes  
will not gaze your charms again.  
I cherish sweet love, thy lovely  
argument of bloody tears, without  
you, I shall even live and your tomb  
I'll make, or you survive when I in  
earth am dust. Without you- who  
shall cry my lost? , without you I will  
remain dead. And you still live -such  
righteousness in the eyes of one.

Elena Toledo

# Woe

The persistent of death invited me many times,  
it was like sweet invisible mist, suggesting  
passages and fake structures of beautiful  
sights. I becoming so vain, giving life to  
death, never knew where it begin, A wreck  
of inevitable escape, the overwhelming  
meadows to cross in pass, the shroud ready  
spread, on fields of stone and cultivated land.  
To attain through wind and waves, to the higher  
of deep desires in my heart, of the vast sea of  
death coming through, maybe in a hum coming  
slowly beneath the walls in through my kitchen  
sink or coming in forms of light. Not even the  
cold howling of wolves can measure the  
shivers to my soul. A slow call whisper while  
i sleep, and waking my brain from a restful  
state, yes is the evil in the air calling, invading  
my house, i declaring and pushing him out,  
I could not think of beautiful things,  
like intoxicating sense of blossom peach or  
fragments of delight snowdrift, like snow cones  
of cherries and vanilla flavor. All these false life's,  
coming in all directions, and resurrections roaming  
in my door. I keep crossing meadows of stones,  
year by year, and growing old, wishing to find a  
wide estuaries that takes me to immense rivers,  
for i swim across, little by little finding new land,  
waiting for my drifted soul, reaching for healing  
of my deadly flesh, not really dead, but wanting to be,  
because flesh is not really alive but dead from sin,  
by the darkness that follows every step  
of the way, trying to murder the good spirit in me.

Elena Toledo

# Yearning To Die

Why should i yearn?

I'm dry and weary, I feel like a zombie

naked inside and my blood becomes fatigued.

Even then my life i cherish, for I know that

the autumn leaves will fall and brighten

my injured heart. My thoughts cannot bring

me suicides language, I'm not a friend of evil,

yet still he tries to eat me alive. Worn-out; i can

still feel my body rigorous; my mind giving

signals to my weary body, not to give up. I did

not torture my body like they do to captives,

suicides will cease and let it rest. I know I

can't trust in the depths of my thoughts, or the

language they speak, that all becomes a passion.

Death is a sad word, bruised, my wound

will heal. Like the moonlight kisses the night,

I will kiss and gratify the glory of life.

Elena Toledo

# Your Presence

In the presence of you, I become like an exotic flower with delicate flavor's and color's, I scream in silence the pleasures my body projects, a delicious and delicate emotion only you can bring to my sense. When you arrive to meet with me, I can only think of the magical ways you caress my needs. I feel like I'm about to dine in a romantic place with exquisite wines and the best orchestra, with you on my side. My gentle ways and your ardent ways, they blend together and make beautiful music, my darling the presence of you is to me like a balmy breeze, with the essence you possess and the passion you awake in my senses, with all this you own, I'll become immortal and never be forgotten. And till the day comes I'll be immortal in your arms, and we will become one in two till eternity ends.

Elena Toledo