

Poetry Series

Estefano Molina
- poems -



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Estefano Molina()

Still searching.



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Daydreaming

I sit and think
And drift off
Creating these scenarios
Impossible ones
And sometimes
Or most of the time
I favor this imaginary world
Over the real one
My actual waking life
Is more impossible to live in

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Memories

It's been quiet a journey
From here to there
And at the time
It seemed endless
Now that I'm here
And traversed all my paths
I'm at the end
I turn around
And stare back at that same path
And make my way back every night

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Hungry, Happy And Sleepy

I stopped at a friend's house
We sat outside
It was a nice day
Birds chirping and everything
Passing around some good smelling stuff
Haven't had a good day in a while
but an hour or so is just enough
I don't ask for much
The rest of the day can have the other 23 hours
I wish I could stay like this
But this thing's been eating at me from the inside
My liver might already be gone
And after this
Lungs too
All this for happiness
Can't pass up a deal like this
I'll take it

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Living Just To Breath

I don't love anymore
You took that with you
I don't hurt any longer
I learned to become numb
I don't trust anyone
So I ponder alone
My smile and behavior
Is a façade
No tears or frowns
Just a face
Expressionless
My actions are nothing more
They're just actions with no emotion
And these women
I don't bother to entertain anymore
It's all strictly business
And they ask more from me
Everyone does
What they don't know
Is that the joke is on them
I have nothing more to give
I don't owe anyone a thing
I have no motive
I just simply 'am
I only exist in my thoughts
Intangible by any outside force
No longer corrupted by an outside world
I live within my thoughts

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One More For The Road

I'm not a drinker
But lately these beers,
They seem to be hitting the spot
One, two
Four and I lose count
I don't even think of you
Not anymore
I have no more problems
I have nothing to let my mind dwell
I'm empty like the cup in front of me
So I sit and think
but I forget
These great ideas come and go
and no one to talk to
It's bittersweet this solitude

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Existence

I don't know what I want anymore
I don't know what I need
I write to make thoughts vivid
Never works
My dreams have been taken
My memories corrupted
I have lost all sense of myself
There is no me
I'm just a vessel
I carry these organs
and these gallons of blood
I breath
I eat and sleep
I talk and walk
But It's not me
I'm not here
I do not exist

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Stuck In Traffic

I'm not that old
But I've experienced quiet a bit
In my short years here
I've learned from mistakes
I've grown from them
And made some more mistakes
Traveled to and from
Here to there
And back again
Met people
and forgot some
Broke some hearts
and found out I had one too
and in return
it broke as well
I've felt invincible
When I was at my happiest
and fragile
when I was helpless
I've lived
and I've died many times
The world changes
year after year
It's getting harder to keep up
I'm growing old

The world will keep spinning
The cars will never leave traffic
Something new to keep your eyes on your phone
Bills and cars not starting
Flat tires and excuses
Christmas parties
Thanksgiving and Birthdays
It'll never stop
year after year
waiting for the income tax
There has to be more to this
There has to be
but then again

maybe there just isn't

As this traffic moves at 20ft. per hour

I'm not in a hurry any longer

I have no one to meet

and no one to answer to

I'll be home soon enough

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A Though Or Two

My first memory was in 1994
I had just turned three
I remember small parts of that day
It was July 12
My mother carried my baby brother
As I looked outside the window
I saw a tree
Green and lush
Where I'm from
We don't have those
The ones we have don't grow as much
My father took me outside
to go see it
and as I walked out of the hospital
The automatic doors closed
Hitting me somehow on the head
I cried
I remember the pain
My dad came
He picked me up and held me tightly
From then on
Everything has been a blur

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Just Waiting

I begin today
My excommunication
My self imposed exile
I've had enough
Technology
People
Persisting problems
Endless dilemmas
Countless situations
Where fingers are so easily pointed
No more loyalty
No more honesty
Respect or Valor
And even then
I'm tired of that too
I guess I do work better alone
My best work had always been individual effort
But I lack that as well
No more motivation
No more drive
And this is pointless
Where can I escape?
It would be impossible
for me to isolate myself
I can't hide from these things
these people
They'll find me
And some are in my head
I can't do this
I can't take this stress anymore
I can say I'm ready
I won't need bags to go there
Playing the waiting game now
Cus I've lost all the other ones
But he sure is taking his time
Anyways, back to this
I have forms to fill
and Papers to file

Rotten Thoughts

I walked out the door
With nowhere to go
Just started walking
The sun on my back
down the service road
against the traffic
I don't like parks
they're too crowded
I like to be alone
with my thoughts
I'm finally free
Within my head I roam
As I slowly stroll
Down the gravel road
Under some trees
In the cool shade
I rest these ideas
Restless thoughts of mine
I have come to the conclusion
That they are here to stay
Locked inside my head
I'll learn to live with them
Before they escape me
And hopefully take them with me
Where no one can follow me

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Working On This One Too

Today I feel numb
And it couldn't get better
I can think of the worst day
And its nothing
No pain

This numbness I embrace
And it feels just right
My best days behind me
And these memories I'll erase
I don't feel a thing
Well maybe just a slight sting
I hope the feeling stays
Though I know it'll go away
I'll remember your face
And just like that
You'll take me back to that place
I can't escape

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Angst

Right before my eyes
My whole world disappears
And there's nothing I can do
Just sit here try to cry
Not much I can say
Now that all has been said
Life is passing me by
And I just do not care
Reality is harsh
And the world is unfair

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No Rules

Last night
I learned my fate
It's not pretty
But expected
It's all a game
Some Win
Some lose
I'm not playing though
I'll be the kid who takes his ball home with him
Stick a knife through it
Listen to the air escaping
I wish I was the air

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Philosophy

My philosophy is flawed by it's own existence.
Thought's and ideas
Thousands of years old
And I just discovered them
Who is original?
Questions of life are bigger
Than our philosophies
Therefore, a question with no answer
And the answer we have is meaningless
How can my philosophy answer a question
that is bigger than it?
Meaningless existence
A rotting thought
An unproven theory
Hypothesis
Brian fart

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My Turn

Sleep deprived
Stayed up late last night
Waiting for the silence

Some young kids stole a truck
Nice truck
Big tires and rims to go with it
Cops chased them outside my apartment
Red and blue lights
And lots of donuts
But they caught them
And the whole time
I was hoping those kids would get away
That's a life sealed and ready to go
Those kids lost more than what they know
And have yet to find out

I waited until the last pig left
Never liked them much
By that time it was close to midnight
I stepped outside
Accompanied by the Big Lobowski
Who never fails me
We sat in the loneliness that is the night
When is it our turn?
It's long overdue
Bad guys deserve a win once in a while

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Old Junk

I'm left with my junk
Notebooks and old writings
Books yet to be opened
Guitars that need to be tuned
Missing strings or broken all the way

I'll empty the fridge
Expired milk and eggs
Mold growing in the corner
Wrappers of cheese
That were never thrown away

Take down a few frames
Down goes the Starry Night
Take everything apart
Putting it in a box

5 years of my life
Neatly stacked
Not much to show
Just junk

Bittersweet leaving
Memories resurface
She learned to walk
And talk too
She ran and played
Watched cartoons
But it's all in a box now
Safely put away

I'm finally leaving this place
When you were here
I called it home
When I was here
My prison
Although we lived in it
In the end
Everything died inside

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Writing In The Lonely Hours Of The Night

Last night was a long one
I sat at the coffee table
Took a few hits from the bong
(helps with the insomnia)
And watched a movie
Maybe this third time I'll like it

I thought of some great stuff to write
But I was too lazy to get up
I told myself I'd remember it in the morning
But it never happens
If it's a good idea
It'll come back
I always tell myself

Seems like nights
Like last night
I can come up with cleverest lines
The bad thing
Is that I can only write under these circumstances
So I won't let it go to waste
As I do everything else

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Salvaging

I guess I'm not needed here
The people have spoken
And one must follow the crowd
Or risk being pushed aside
and be casted out by the rest
I prefer the latter
To keep some pride
A small victory for the present
But a life time of defeat
It may be so
But I must salvage what is left
or else what will become of me?

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Content With All This

Since things have gone astray
I guess I've pushed some away
Spending whole days
Locked away in my apartment
The same movie plays over
I'm still laying in the same position
I watch as the light of day
Comes and leaves my place
I knew it would come to this
And forgive me
But I'm not surprised
I was simply
Waiting for it
Delaying as much as I could
I was hoping I could change it
But I knew deep down
I was just fooling myself
There was nothing I could do to change this
Nothing I can do to change this
I can keep fighting it
But no use
I need to learn that this is what I'm here for
This is what I was made for
This is my destiny
I'm giving in
I'll let it consume me
Till I'm no more

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Leave It To Wonder

I let my thoughts wonder sometimes
Let it create impossible situations
Just to see how crazy I' ve become
or how insane I can get
I let these thoughts run
Into darkest part of my mind
Me at my rawest
Screams from within
No one taunts me like I do
Cornered by my conscious
My enemy knows me better than I do
He destroys from inside
So I poison this entity
With things bad for my health
And I enjoy it
every bit of it
Within this chaos
I feel safe
Within this  PoemHunter.com
I see the beauty of depression

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The Lucky Ones

I was lucky enough
To wake up this morning
And with my own eyes
See the sunrise
Lucky enough to have feet
And shoes to keep them warm
Legs that carry my body
To and from
A big heart
That loves and breaks
And pumps blood
Throughout my body

But I woke up to an empty bed
And the morning seems a lot colder
I had a can of soda for breakfast
And a cigarette to ease my mind
No one said 'Have a good day! '
As I walked out the door

I woke up this morning
And believe me
I'm one of the lucky ones
Some don't even wake up anymore
They're even luckier

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Under The Chestnut Tree

As it comes it goes
So I closed the doors
In a safe place
The keys I misplaced
A fort is full
With gold for fools
They came in threes
And the fort they seized
From within the structure
A captive numbs the torture
The soul has been fractured
The mind scattered and fractioned
With dreads and fears
The walls crumbled to tears
In ruins it remains
Still numbing the pains
From yesteryear's falls
I observed it all
From under the Chestnut Tree
Where it's safe to be happy

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Revolution Of The Mind

I used to get paid Friday
Spent my check by Monday
Woke up early
And arrived late
Did what I was asked
And broke all the rules
Went into the rotation
Never left the circle
Told the truth
Within my lies
Fooled everyone
To fool myself
Impersonated someone
Who I have now become
I fought for an identity
And tasted defeat
Corrupt files in my memory
A civil war in my head
Between my left
And my right brain
It is a revolution
of my mind

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Working On It

One of three lovers
Of the three,
One of two conspirators
Of the three,
One of two options
The option with more cautions
Unfortunate for all three
Love spreads unevenly
Nights of sweetness
Days of bitterness

One of three lovers
Of the three,
One less preferred
Of the three,
One left ignored
Just an option
With a lesser portion
Days with one lover
Nights with another

One of three lovers
Of the three,
One of Two with a past
Of the three,
One making it last
Enduring some pain
For a short gain
Maybe after this rhyme
I'll gain some time

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All That Is

In the engine room working
Behind the curtain plotting
Under the table scheming
All seems tranquil from this distance
Without disturbance
Minuet details of great importance
Better left untouched
Leaving stones unturned
Nature takes it's course
Coming from a higher source
Touched by perfection
Rome in every direction
Everything in tune
With the Sun and Moon
It's all connected
It is all destined
To live and die
Through stranger's eyes

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I Know Nothing Else

She was tired of it
Living like this
And so was I
But I've always lived like this
Or grew used to it maybe
There was nothing safer
But I finally heard it
From her mouth
To my ears
She made it loud and clear
and she was right
I let it sink in

I know no other way
It is the only way to cope
With the failures of my own expectations
Where is the future I was promised?
Where is the happiness that never came?
I'm still waiting
At least for an answer
Because I've grown content with this
The misery and despair
The nostalgia of every night
The troubles of yesterday
Follow me until tomorrow
And I bathe in this self-pity
And it is disgusting
The filth
And when she left
The filth stayed
The misery and anguish
It remained
It's been here longer than her
Living in me all these years
And there is nothing safer

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One Day You Will Understand

My father always stayed up at night
I would go to sleep
Asking if I could join him
But would send me to bed
Always telling me
'One day you'll understand'
And he stayed at the kitchen table
Sometimes working, Sometimes reading
very seldom actually eating
Always alone
Just resting his thoughts
I Always sensed a certain sadness to it
I would wake up and he was there
Still sitting
Drinking his coffee
Dark and bitter
Tired but thanking God
For there was a job to wake up to
Never saw him shed a tear
It only proved his strength
That was when we lived in the old country
Much simpler days
I was still a young boy
Learning to add and subtract

A few years later we were here
In this great country
But I never forgot where I was from
My father showed me pride
And I remember people would lie
Never wanting to say where they were from
I always said the truth
I'm from the city where mountains are kings
I was born there
and I can speak my native tongue
But I was raised here
Never really from here
Nor from there
He taught me that every job has honor

Told me that if I were a janitor
Well dammit!
Be the best damn janitor
I admired his strength
based my philosophy on his beliefs

I was a little older
when my father's mother passed
My dear Grandmother
I remember the image in my father's face
Stone cold
Not a sign of despair
He was strong
as he carried the casket
I didn't cry either
I don't know why
I was her favorite
but not a tear drop
My father was dying inside
as was I
When no one was there
In silence he cried

He was always a man that never showed much emotion
Didn't hug or kiss his kids
Didn't have to say I love you
He showed it with his strength
And dedication to provide for us
With whatever he could
However he could
After my grandmother passed
He sat there at the kitchen table
Every night staying up late
And finally I saw him one night
He put his head down
He was exhausted
He was sobbing
I realized then
All men cry
And it is not a weakness to do so
It shows even greater strength
and I admired him even more

So I let him have his moment
He deserved it

I have my own family now
Much different then what I had growing up
I live alone
But when I visit my father
He is still there
Sitting until the lonely hours of the night
With a cold beer in hand
And I'm old enough to understand now
I don't have a kitchen table to sit at
But only a good beer to keep company
That's all I need

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The World Behind My Door

I enjoy it
Those few seconds
Here she comes
Looking as beautiful as ever
Tight jeans to compliment her legs
Hair straightened down to her back
Leather jacket fitted to her body
Red lips with a careless smile
And those high heels clacking on the pavement
Walking casually up to my door

She knocks
And I examine
I have to
She knocks once more
And I immerse in her beauty
I must
She knocks again
And I open the door
I'm obliged to
And her smile vanishes
She says nothing
Staring a hole through the ground

I get it
I understand
We never met
Or laid next to each other
Never touched
Or felt my breath on her neck
Slept in comfort
Knowing she laid peacefully next to me
Or Blessed me with her presence
When in the morning I opened my eyes
It never happened
So I close the door
To please her once again

I watch behind the door

There she goes once more
Beautiful as ever
Tight jeans
Leather jacket
High heels
Luscious hair down her back
Red lips
And a smile

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The Toll

I rest my head on the ground
Hypnotized by the blades of a ceiling fan
Hollow silence, a deafening sound
Escaping this life within a fantasy I ran
In a foreign place I stand
Surrounded by corpses and friendships
The fowl stench penetrating the dead land
By the shore of the Styx I await his Ship
Two golden coins
The dead man's toll
Where the Acheron and Styx adjoin
From the mist he comes to gather my soul
Charon and his ship full of dread
Crashing the shore making every wave roll
There I cross from living to dead
The heavy fog hiding what is ahead
Three, two, one
I arise from my trance
Two golden coins in my hands

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Enjoying The Solitude

I used to enjoy this solitude.
With good books and music to keep me company.
My mediocre writings kept me busy.
Small projects that remained unfinished.
I was content with it all.
Comfortable, if I may say.

I used to enjoy this solitude.
Now all I have is these books and songs on repeat.
I write of the same subject
and disposed of my projects.
In need of something new.
I have no choice.
Life unfolds.
I stay the same.
I stay comfortable.

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For You

This has been the greatest journey of my life.

I' am in great debt to you

For giving this fool something as beautiful as this to remember

You have changed me

And made me see what I' am capable of

You saw the potential

You believed in me

You gave me hope.

You were loyal to me.

Always there for me when I needed you,

even when you knew you didn't need me.

You were stuck with me,

but I had found my winning lottery ticket.

I was lucky enough that out of the 7 billion people in this world

I met you.

A miracle.

You will be missed.

You were sent here to save me,

and you did that exactly,

without even knowing.

You are my savior.

I worship you.

Nothing more than your servant.

That's just enough for me.

Although I may seem distant,

I'll always be here for you.

I'll always protect you

but always keeping my distance.

I can't stand too close to you.

You're gravity would pull me towards you.

I can only wish you the best.

You deserve the whole world,

take a big bite out of it.

It's yours.

You deserve to be happy.

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Neighbors

I sat on my throne,
reading in my cell.
The footsteps got louder
quickly turning into stomps.
I returned from my daydream,
to the walls vibrating,
and loud screams.
Upstairs they marched around
Following each other from room to room.
Doors slammed behind them.
She wasn't happy,
he had reached his limit.
Emotions exploded.
I could picture it all.
I've seen it before.
They heard our symphony
as I hear theirs now.

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The Third

Midway upon my life's journey
'I found myself deep
In a forest dark',
And though I yearn to follow,
Her pathway I hope to cross once more,
Just once more.
For I have lost my way,
And go directly towards the known.
Only to be taunted by the past
As I descend into the pit.
My home.

As we traversed this path
She lit the way.
She showed me life
And taught me love
I had it all,
The fragrance of her hair,
Her delicate touch,
The mouth that soothed my misery,
And the eyes that read the library of my mind,
And through those eyes
Gave me a glimpse of the paradise above,
The mother of my child,
She gave me the gift of purpose.
Safe from harm was I,
As she triumphed over my demons.
For they knew her strength.
They trembled in her presence.
Pleaded for mercy.
And I sold it all,
The whole world,
Everything.
For nothing.

I have lost my Virgil,
My guardian and protector.
And without Virgil,
Dante would remain in the Inferno.

A prisoner, waiting to perish.
A slow agonizing death.
I blindly tread down my path to damnation,
With knowledge of what awaits me.
With no guide,
What is the purpose to keep going?
But not I.
My punishment is due.
I have somewhere to be.
I crawl and stumble
But I must get there.
There in my sight.
Behold!
I tremble upon those gates.
All hope abandoned there.
All will collapse at the feet of the fateful entrance.
I submerge within this stench.
Where fowl corpses rot
And still moan in pain.
For I have been here before.
The diabolical figures embrace me,
Feeding from my wicked soul.
Speaking in tongues
Controlling me.
And as this abyss takes hold of me,
I lose my grasp on humanity,
And become one of them.
I know there is a circle
Or a bolgia of which I belong to.
For my crimes here,
The path leads me there.
To my destination.
To my fate.
Written before time.
They have finally learned of her absence.
They fear me no longer.
They mock me,
With grinning teeth,
Drooling for my flesh.
Fighting for the first bite.
Impatiently barking.
Jumping over each other.

They await my arrival.
They knew I would return.
And I feel nothing any longer.
I' am numb.
No fear or dread.
No self-pity or sadness.
No anger.
Hopeless.
I'm empty.
There is nothing within.
Resistance is futile.
I let them take me.
I belong here.
For they are my eternal companions.
Tireless tormentors.
Eternal demise.

Our paths have ran astray
And from down below,
Her memory stays.
They will not take her from me.
I'll die a thousand deaths,
To keep her name alive.
And she would do the same for me.
No matter the distance of our paths.
And from my fowl hole
I wish her path stay brightly lit
With friends and family
When the path gets dark,
To push her when path gets steep,
Give her warmth when her skin is cold,
Dry her eyes when she loses sight,
make her smile when the journey seems long
and overall
Loyal company to enjoy the path ahead.
I only wish because
Hope does not exist here.
My hope escaped me
When I crossed the gates.
They say miracles can free
A damned soul from the shackles and chains.
But only to those who deserve them.

Cleansing themselves on Mount Purgatory.
I'll make myself comfortable here.
For my path has turned to rubble.

Her path paved in gold.
Love will find her path,
For by some miracle she found me
Deep in the forest dark,
Lost within the falling leaves.
And I without fear
Took her hand,
And let her courage lead me
Towards the celestial spheres
High in the Heavens.
My Virgil and Beatrice
My guardian and protector
My love and my miracle.
An alchemist's dream.
Like turning lead into gold.
Water into wine.
Footsteps on water.
Light upon my path.

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A Dream

It was an unusually cool morning
We walked on the road's shoulder
Heavy bags on our backs
I followed close behind
But I was tired
Thick fog kept us from seeing ahead
But we kept going
I can't recall where we headed
Or what we were doing there
I simply followed you
Without questions
In full trust
Then you disappeared into the fog
I tried to return
But you vanished
Exhausted, I kept walking
In hopes of finding you along the way
So we may walk side by side this time

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Yesterday, Today And Tomorrow

Today I 'am forced to write
this paper listens
better than people
Because today remembers yesterday
and it will always be that way
yesterday only knows how to follow today
like the moon in pursuit of the sun
like a dog chasing its tail
like you greeting me with goodbyes
and whether I want to or not
I will always remember yesterday
today and tomorrow

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Another Thought

Here is another thought
I wrote it at work
Because I didn't bring lunch
Had some free time
And lunch i shard to come by on my budget
No leftovers for me
No one cooks at home anymore
Toast is my specialty
But it's enough for me

Another day
Another mindless tasks
Teaching me to use scissors
Cut the paper into squares and stack them
It's embarrassing
And I feel mocked
I need something else

Can't wait to get home
Sit in my balcony
Sun to the west
Beer in my hand
Cigarette in the other
Til the moon arrives
And that delicious
Buttery toast
Awaits me
This is the life

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I'll See You Soon

I watched it go up slowly
zig-zagging and circling the pole
searching for food maybe
it was a small fire ant
I found it captivating
but extremely peculiar
it was by itself
you normally see these insects in groups
never alone
it was strange
so I watched it a bit longer
as it made its way up the pole
I thought there for a few minutes
maybe its going to its final stop
to its final resting place
Once it was about level with my eyes
with the palm of my hand
I stopped its journey short
it was gonna die anyways

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As I Sit Here

As I sit here
in this desk
I'm here but not here
People come in and out
they ask me for things
and I answer politely
come to me with small talk
and tell them how nice the weather is
but I'm not here
I don't like being here any longer
this routine
this job
the stress
it's getting to me

As I lay here on my sofa
I stare at the ceiling
immobile
I forget to breathe
and don't remember where I am
I forget I'm here
and no one comes in
no one knocks
or asks about me
I wonder if they know I'm here
or maybe they think no one is here
even worse they might know I'm here
but they don't care
because I'm tired of being here
there is no need for me
I have met my limit of usefulness

As I stand here
in the middle of this field
the only thing that made me happy
lost its power
I run there
run back
watch as the others do the same

I go through the motions
but it doesn't work anymore
not like it used to
it finally sinks in
and I know I'm not supposed to be here
I don't belong here anymore
I'd rather go sit

As I sit here in this bench
and watch the leaves fall
autumn is here but I'm not
I wonder where all this went
and if I'm actually here or there
I'm somewhere in my head
endlessly running
I'm exhausted of sitting
and confusing myself
tired of the lying
the cheating
the egos
the failures and expectations
I'm tired of these people
and getting trapped
in their miserable lives
I'm tired of thinking
and writing this poem
just tired of being me
I've finally lost connection to this world
and I'm not here any longer

Estefano Molina

Abyss

I left them
Left it all behind me
I abandoned my philosophy
my beliefs, hopes and dreams
I erased my mind
Deleted everything
Absolutely no trace
Nothing
Of my former self

I go deep into the dark
Back into the abyss
Where I learned what I was
Before I met you
Before I became you
Before I died
And emerged as you

Estefano Molina



PoemHunter.com

What Is Happiness To You?

Today I was asked
'What is happiness to you? '
I opened my mouth
but not a sound was made
everything froze
searching my inner thoughts
I could not find an answer
the heavy stone in my chest sank
what is happiness to me?
but then I knew
that the answer was not within me
there was none
no answer
so I lied
and with all my might
I faked a smile
looked you in the eyes
and I said 'you'

Estefano Molina



PoemHunter.com

To My Greatest Love

I worked hard for her
I was only 5 when I began training
but tried her even before then
blood, sweat and tears
through scorching summer heat
in 100 degree weather
during the coldest months of the year
the bitter cold leaving my lips chapped
under the refreshing rain
pushing myself to the limits
my body took damages over the years
but bumps and bruises never stopped me
I felt invincible
unstoppable
I felt superior in my skills
confident in my craft
reading the game
noticing every movement
predicting the next moment

I never knew of any other love other than this
my father introduced me to her
the love of my life
and like the women in my life
she kept me returning to her
except she was different
I felt a greater passion for her
we knew each other from a young age
she knew every thought of mine
you see
she was her
before I was I
I burned inside with desire
just to get to see her again
and everyday it was different
never the same
new tactics
new visions and ideas
everyday my love was renewed

as if we had just met
like the beginning of every relationship
everything is flowers
and she would deceive me
but yet my heart could never let her go
I would always return
she became I
and I her

I was only a boy
as I stepped on the dirt
rocks dotting every inch of the wide space
I 'am now a man
as I step onto green pastures
and the fire now burns ever so strong inside
I was almost there
I tried and failed
my anger got the best of me
it always does
but she makes the rules
she does as she pleases
like women do
but I can't let go of her
even if I wanted to
I couldn't
she will forever be one with me
and so, like men do
I sit here
knowing my future
but always reminiscing
remembering every step taken
every salty drop of sweat
every bloody gash
every tear from every pain
dreams lost
dreams taken

Estefano Molina

The Second

It was late in the summer
I had been around town and back
I knew my ways
wasn't happy
but it kept me from going insane
you had asked your friend about me
I was still a kid then
20 years young
living a fast life
from the moment I saw you
I thought, me? seriously?
You were something else though
I still believe that
I asked for a kiss that same night I met you
you threw yourself at me
as if we were past lovers
you told me some great stories
I made up a few to impress you
but to my surprise
you caught me in every lie
so I told you the truth
we sat outside
while everyone got drunk inside
we talked for hours it seemed

You were a college girl
I was a bum
no direction
probably still the same
but I liked reading
and writing
as well as pretending to play guitar
a learned bum I say
you used to drive from Nacadoches just to see me
you cared for me
my parents loved you
We shared many nights together
just you and I
talking and laughing at everyone

we lived in our world
for close to a year we shared the same bed
and for that whole year
I could not believe it
a girl like you
laying next to a bum like me

I was a fool
as always
I let the distance get to me
My ways caught up to me
I broke your heart
You caught me in my biggest lie
You weren't the only one
but you never shed a tear
I'm glad you didn't
I wasn't worth it
The scum of the Earth
was what I was
You looked at me with disgust
You said everything with your eyes
And with your eyes you destroyed
what I was
and what I had been
what I would be

The last time I saw you
you sat on the bed
I was to move with you that summer
to start our life together
but our plans came to ruins
You sat there with your head down
disappointed in me
and heartbroken
I couldn't brake character
I was me as usual
but inside I was dying
I wanted to hold you a little longer
You told me that you had to go
they were waiting for you outside
I sat there without saying a word to you

just taking one last good look at you
seeing this beautiful woman
walk away from me
and I thought I'd better get used to this sight
I don't know where you are now
but I only wish you the best
and hope that love finally finds you
because you deserve it
for all what you have been through
As for me, second chances thrown away
that's for sure

Estefano Molina

The First

She wrapped her arms around me
pulled me closer to her warmth
as dark as that room was
she was still bright
I observed her blonde hair
soft and silky
she never had it down
always in a pony tail
she wasn't the girly girl type
she was herself
and had nothing to prove to anyone
she was free
that's what I admired about her
she wasn't afraid
she was yellow

Her arms held me tightly and I held her
Oh she was such a tease
she bit her lips
soft hands underneath my shirt
caressed my back
breathing heavily
only inches away from each other
it was magic
always with that smirk as she pulled away
biting her bottom lip
ever so sensual
she knew she had me
and she never spoke after
it was peaceful silence
I would study her without a sound
she wasn't here long
but I cherished every moment of it
and in that silence
in that dark room
with or without her
I found peace

To The Man At The Bus Stop

I woke up this morning
because I decided to open my eyes
Well, I had to go to work
to provide
as any man should
one can't complain
at least there is a job to go to
I put my clothes on
as they were laid out from the night before
I dragged myself to the kitchen
drank from the milk carton
put my ragged shoes on
haven't cleaned the stain
made by an unknown substance
like a sloth I brushed my teeth
fixed my hair
which is in need of a trim
I make my way to the screeching door
lock it as if there are valuables inside
what are they gonna rob?
my sofa?
It's a great morning I tell myself
with an immense amount of sarcasm in my thoughts
I hate today
I'll hate tomorrow as well
I get in my car
needs gas
no surprise
but it'll have to last
I take the usual route
yell obscenities at fellow commuters
It's beautiful
Then I get to this lonely intersection
and I see him
at the bus stop
He's there as usual
rain or shine
cold or hot
His company hat on

worn jeans and a light sweater
cigarette in his mouth
He's seen some tough years
One can tell by just a glance
he is used to this
I wonder how he does it every morning
and I think I have it rough
I wave at him as usual
he waves back with a smile
I nod my head
I admire him
As I drive away he stands there
the same as he was
The sun is bright this morning
beams shine through the trees
the cool breeze is refreshing
It sure is a hell of a morning
It's beautiful
no sarcasm
So this is to you old man
Have a good day

Estefano Molina

Company

I have no dining table
no need for one
I eat on my only piece of furniture
I sleep on it as well
my sofa has many uses
the leftovers were good
hope they're not spoiled
I wouldn't notice either way
meanwhile it sits on the opposite wall
keeping watch of the room
observing every inch
no movement at all
like a speck
so small yet so large
I feel annoyed by its presence
its hideous
I roll up a magazine
and face it
its like a duel
we're eye to eye
it is very still
looking straight into me
and as repulsive as it may be
I put the magazine back down
I sit back down
observing the room
some company is needed
I join my new friend in the silence

Estefano Molina

Here's Your Letter

I wrote you a letter
and my words were confused
9 pages of thoughts
worthless to you
I wrote you another
for which it was not for you
I wrote that last letter
for myself
I knew you were gone
all I needed was an audience
the paper will listen
maybe you will too
but I expect no replies from either
no one listens nowadays
this last letter was for me
to stay busy or pass the time
in it I wrote things I already knew
things you know
I do know you like letters
maybe not from me anymore but from lovers
letters are for romantics I say
but this last letter wasn't for you

Estefano Molina

Knock Knock

Someone is knocking at the door
I'm not gonna open it
there is a long pause
it begins again
still knocking
it's getting louder
someone is knocking
now more aggressively
knock, knock, knock
the tempo has sped up
but I'm not opening the door
don't they get it?
Someone is still knocking
Leave!
knock, knock
it's piercing my ears
it bursts my ear drums
my ears are bleeding
but he, she, they keep knocking
all of them
don't they understand?
I don't want to hear about Joseph Smith
I'm not going to your churches or temples
I don't want your cookies
your insurance
your useless product
to change my electric company
No, I don't know if I'm going up or down
Heaven or hell
they are still knocking
why won't they leave me alone?
there is no ending this
knock, knock
who's there?

Estefano Molina

Rituals

I don't know why I'm here
but I sure made it
She comes and greets me as I pull up
and we go through the regular ritual
'How ya been? ' and what not
she looks different
she was never the greatest
but she'll do
and so will I
I get a grand tour of her condo
seems she is doing well for herself

I still don't know what the hell I'm doing here
but after we get comfortable
we make our way to where we were bound to go
she puts a random movie on
tells me its good
but we both know we're not watching
it's just background noise
its that moment we both been anticipating
Our bodies finally touch
and thus another ritual begins

I enjoy this one better
until my mind wonders off
what the hell am' I doing here?
I can't seem to shake this feeling off
then I think
I'm just here to meet my needs
selfishness at it's finest
no pleasure
no attraction
but I'm here

The background noise returns
we're done
back against the head board
I don't want to touch her anymore
and I don't want to be touched

but she is there
touching
and still I'm thinking
now angry at myself
what the f*** are you doing here?
I get up in a rush
she knows I'm leaving
and I know she wants me to herself
I know she loves me
but I'm too hungry for flesh
and she very well knows this
I'm not that type of man
she walks me to the door
another ritual to say our farewells
these are always awkward
she hugs me tightly
and I know it's coming
but it would be rude not to
she plants one on my lips
it leaves a sour taste
she closes her door behind me
its late
I make my way down the long corridor
down the elevator
in my car
I'll be back again
I know
and its a long way home

Estefano Molina

Destination

Driving around after midnight
streets are quiet and empty
not a soul in sight
windows down
cool breeze
smooth touch to the skin
more than a million people in this city
yet not a sign of life
I can't find one
there is no destination
but somehow I end up outside
I observe carefully
its dark inside
I know you're in there
but I'd rather keep wondering what goes on inside
and it must be nice being kept warm
I'll stick with the cool breeze
it's safer
I drive off slowly
as if not wanting to leave
but I have to
there's nothing here
where to go next?

Estefano Molina

Everyday

When I see you I still love you
every part of my body pulls towards you
I long to hold your hand
grasp you tightly in my arms
but its all cliché
and I've never been the type to show affection
its weakness to me
so go ahead and leave for good
like the rest of them
this is easy for me
always has been
I'll even help pack your bags
When I see you I still love you
very much so
but I hate you with all my guts
with every thought that slices my mind
I despise you
you dismantled our home
I can't stand the sight of you
you are repugnant
and I have to see your face everyday
it ruins it for me
When I see you I try not to love you
but I fail every time

Estefano Molina

April 28

I woke up that morning
And the bed was gone
So was the fridge and everything inside
The dresser followed and the pictures
I kissed our daughter
Held her tightly
You said you were leaving
I told you not to come back
The place looked bald
Just the couch stayed
I've never known silence like this
Twisting my insides
Silence in my head
I always wanted this
But not like this

Estefano Molina



PoemHunter.com

Pie

Everyone wants a piece of it
Take all you want
I don't even like pie

Estefano Molina



PoemHunter.com

No Title

I've known for sometime
I could see it coming
and you can only delay these things
but no matter what, it's coming
you can't stop it
I sure as hell can't stop it
no one can
it's unstoppable
You later accept it
make it your own
but it feeds off you
takes your life little by little
you're dying
and you just have to take it
until you are nothing more
you are someone else
you are not you any longer
and yet you look back
if I had done this
or maybe that
if I
if she
if, if, if
those useless 'ifs'
you couldn't have stopped it
it was inevitable
it already happened
and your not the only one
it happens to everyone
and what happens to you
is happening to the world
and everyone knows
you do too
its coming blazingly fast at you
but know one is ever prepared
no one ever really knows its coming
not even I
but it's coming
fate

you say the strangest things

Estefano Molina

Decorating

I was full of anger the other day
so I decided to decorate my apartment
A lady friend seemed to notice my décor
she said 'Looks nice'
with a tone of sarcasm coming from her noise maker
I wanted her to leave soon after her comment
but she stayed a bit more
way more then intended
she finally left
I finished decorating
the landlord won't like my sense of interior design
but these holes add a warming touch to the empty room

Estefano Molina



PoemHunter.com

My Apartment

I open the door
all the lights are off
the only sound is behind the walls
its the neighbors again
but overall it is quiet in here
tranquility I say
the fridge is empty
pantry is lonely
not even a vermin in sight
bliss I think
but no one is waiting anymore
no one is pestering me
no more chaos
solitude again
nothing new to me
but too much time to think
insanity I feel

Estefano Molina



PoemHunter.com

Nine Seven

Today is your birthday
haven't seen or heard from you
I still see you yellow
too bright for me to stare at directly
I guess I never really knew you
but then again who did?
it seems you never let anyone in
Well, I'm the same now
I'm exclusive or maybe outdated
I get those confused
Your life still seems like a movie
an Oscar worthy one to me
I was able to sneak in
but the usher found me
I got kicked out
but I'll settle watching the bootleg version
It's still a great view from afar

Estefano Molina



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Full Stomach

My stomach is full once more
I offered a stranger a drink
he deserved it
After a bottle of Tequila he was no stranger
he taught me his life and his perspective
I offered my own
we drowned in our sorrows
he said he played guitar
he didn't know
but he was of good heart
and I could tell by just looking at him
he brought me a plate
I was starving
I couldn't say no
we ate
and we parted ways
My stomach is full again.

Estefano Molina



PoemHunter.com

Tequila

This feel better
incredibly, surprisingly better
I've definitely been smelling the wrong flowers
I'm smiling
I'm back for a short amount of time
I'm whistling as my foot taps the floor to the rhythm of Europa
Santana must have been on something
Good for him.
Good for us.

Estefano Molina



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