

Poetry Series

**Guillermo Veloso**  
**- poems -**

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# Guillermo Veloso(September 25 1962)

a chef by trade, lover of life, it's passions and pains.

# 20,000 Days And Then A Thursday

20,000 days never wiped a tear  
20,000 days never pushed away a loose bang  
20,000 never sang a happy birthday  
20,000 never shared a sunrise  
20,000 never prayed at sunset  
20,000 never danced for a ghost  
20,000 never comforted you in the night  
20,000 never stared into the sky together in silence  
Never

On the 20,001th day  
This story began again and  
Now stealing moments,  
As thick as thieves, we  
Fill our dream sacks with  
Newborn memories, laughter and  
Journeys to come

Guillermo Veloso

# 47

12: 01

It's my birthday now  
No one sings to me but  
Crickets, frogs and night birds  
My prodigal cat does not return  
My prodigal wife in bed has turned  
Yet I am at peace  
The peace of night  
It's "benign indifference";

47

An ignoble number? ?  
What does it portend?  
Half of what?  
I am now half a marriage  
I am now half a love  
I am now half a life

47

Alone and engulfed in night  
Moon and street light now shine  
Through a carefully spun web  
The architect sits silently in the mandala  
Snug in her deceit  
I trace the lines and see mine  
The nearby highway hums along

47

The world cares not  
Nor do I  
But.....48.... Maybe!

Guillermo Veloso

# 9/11

Autumn came early to the summer city;  
Trees transfixed in flame  
They fell as seeds / spores  
From the dying trees  
Ash and cloud  
Steel and shroud  
A quenching of thirst  
A candle engulfed  
Singular moment  
Hammered into existence on an  
Anvil of numbers  
911  
81  
102  
50,000  
8  
18  
8000  
300  
5000  
They fell as leaves from an autumn tree  
The passion dance set free to fly  
A final leap for the face of God  
Born on angels wings and free of insolence  
Quiet, resigned  
Arm in arm  
Delicate in the embrace of the eternal  
And brought to earth's warm bosom  
Phone calls  
Microwave notes  
Final moments in the fierce presence of now.  
"Mommy I love you; Goodbye"  
Beneath the same sky we share the same life, fears and fragility.  
the same terrible moment; the same destined shore.  
Autumn came early to the summer city.  
They fell as seeds from the dying tree.  
Born quietly; arm in arm, angels in flight; To the eternal.



## 9/11....Decade

We pack our time in  
Bundles of 10  
Each year a fractal of the greater life  
Time and passage  
Pain in nerve and bone  
The shadows of their lives  
Stain holy ground  
The essence of their being  
A part of our everyday smells  
We move amongst the worms of time  
Broken down to the simple core  
A changed world  
Yet oddly the same  
They are among us  
In the rustle of a leaf  
In the empty space of a quiet moment  
And the searing light of a  
Newborn's eyes

Guillermo Veloso

# A Buddha In The Heart Of The Rock

We fear time  
Time that gnaws like mice  
At our passing days  
We draw our lives into storyboards and  
Break our moments into decimal places further and further from the one  
Binary moments, digitized and pixilated  
Broken down to imaginary particles of desire and dissatisfaction  
Particles that have no mass  
But there is more at the core of this  
An absolute zero that is only  
The space between life and death  
It spins there with  
No wants or desires  
No evil or good  
No yes or no  
It is here that I would lay  
Tranquil in your warm arms  
Away from motion  
And robed in silence  
Still, whole and eternal  
A Buddha in the heart of the rock

Guillermo Veloso

# A Cold Vintage

The pain has past  
The ancient tears of that century  
Have dried and left only shadows of sorrow  
The vines of gray you planted  
Your lies  
Have ripened  
Vintage vinegar  
Cold and pure

Guillermo Veloso

# A Dangerous Rose

I picked a dangerous rose  
Thorny, precious and sweet  
Without blood there is no love

Guillermo Veloso

# A Lesson In Love

Two swallowtails  
Danced a dance of love  
Aloft on a summer draft  
Circling  
Rising  
Wings touching  
Glances in the sun  
Two butterflies  
The briefest of lives  
Forever entwined  
Passionate moment  
A chapel of flowers  
A cathedral of light  
A lesson in love

Guillermo Veloso

# A Mouse's Prayer

We petition for hours, beg for happiness  
Cling and crave the passing minutes  
But a mouse's prayer is answered  
With crumbs and a piece of cheese  
I will pray now  
In the way I do  
In the way of a church mouse  
No words  
No god  
No resurrection  
Just profound gratitude  
For a troubled path  
Of thorn and light

Guillermo Veloso

## A Piori Love

In dreams / I formed you  
In sweat / I gave you life  
In tears / I gave you passion  
In the heat / I gave you molten eyes  
In the night / I gave you raven hair  
In the morning / I gave you dawn's smile  
In the tremor / I gave you love  
With the spark of infinity / I brought you forth

Guillermo Veloso

# A Poem For Your Hair

This tropic  
This Sargasso  
I am lost here  
Stranded and still  
A content vessel  
Motionless in this tangle  
I could remain centuries  
Fixed on the perfume  
Of your hidden garden  
Far from the prying eyes  
Of the jealous sun.

Guillermo Veloso

# A Poem To Fit

I wrote this  
To fit the small space  
Of a last page  
Enough room  
For infinite dreams  
Of wet tongues, closed eyes  
Of passionate fountains and endless skies  
Of the smell of your sweater  
And the perfume behind your ear  
Of your fingers in my hair  
And the lasting glow of the setting sun

Guillermo Veloso

# A Prayer

Anger is pain  
Pain is suffering  
Suffering wants healing  
Healing wants love  
So then..Begin with Love!

Guillermo Veloso

# A Relativity Of Love

Can Love be relative to the speed of the heart?  
Can one lover move at the speed of light while another  
Perceives a different world?  
Love bends space and time  
A friction pushes us apart then together on our orbits around the sun  
We enter rips in time and emerge together  
Young and moist as newborn stars  
Kisses bend, expand and contract  
Lovers spin, dance and explode  
Loves at critical mass  
Black hole where nothing radiates  
Love cannot escape  
And poems dance on the event horizon

Guillermo Veloso

# A Small Enlightenment

That small bed in Florida  
Became Kushnigar  
Reclined and silent  
Like all, she had always been saying goodbye  
As all living things must pass  
We are left to strive on.  
One lone weeping disciple watched as  
She left this earth  
To expand in infinite grace  
Across the universe

Guillermo Veloso

# A Spanish Apocalypse

Born of grey froth and  
Brought forth  
Baptized in the sea  
Prodigal son

Christened in the spit  
Of the sea  
With a glass of wine and the  
Brine of blue-black mussels

Heeding the poet's cry  
Through hidden nights  
Dirges that echo through  
Narrow cobble stoned streets and patina stained lamps

Dusty La Mancha beckons  
Her mountains bursting through  
Impossibly blue skies  
Picasso blue

Toledo steel and lace  
Smell of sheep and cheese  
Citadels that stand against time  
Fiestas that scream for the blood of Christ

Flamenco smolders in  
Andalucía; it burns  
The guitar is a gypsy siren that  
Calls us to founder on the  
Rocky shoals of our soul

She dances on fire  
Castanets are crickets in the dark  
The floor is engulfed in flame and passion  
My sweat cannot quench it

From Pyrenees-perched Euskadi  
Hidden from our view  
To an ancient sea swimming with ship wrecked ghosts

She is there revealed  
In desire  
In never ending centuries

We are two and  
We are one  
Destined to meet  
But never touch

Guillermo Veloso

# Abandoned Love

A single lost rose  
Abandoned on the road  
Blood red on asphalt black  
A discarded thought  
A discarded poem  
A discarded love  
The edges of its petals darken  
With each car that passes

Guillermo Veloso

# Absolution

I free you now  
From the realm of the small and improbable  
And desire  
This cycle of start and finish  
Of longing and grief  
I free you from fear of the next  
Let me release you from  
This story written on vanishing paper  
Of beginning and end  
Of the small and entangled  
No devil to greet you  
No angel to scorn you  
Nor god to judge you  
Free of the raw and the cooked  
Free of the right and the wrong  
Left free now in the capricious winds  
Of life and time  
Free to drift from moment to moment  
Free to come to rest on restless flowers  
That never knew you  
Free to stop, breathe and be still  
If for a moment and know  
You have lived

Guillermo Veloso

# Acceptance And Honor

Not too soon  
Not too long  
Just as it is  
Honoring the life that left  
Blessing the soul that remains  
Asking the blessing of  
All that were before me  
Returning  
Continuing  
Until I too must leave  
Content for the journey

Guillermo Veloso

# Accidental Elegy

Inhabited and infested  
By thought and desire  
Monkey-brained and black veiled  
Dreaming of day while  
I dream at night

Laying low like morning fog  
Quiet and still as an old barn  
Falling to the ground with only birds and worm  
As witness

What she wants  
It wants  
Life cycles  
Life progress  
It begs this moment

He waits now  
For his nervous bride  
As I await mine  
My bride  
My mistress  
And I have walked with her  
Throughout the years  
Patient and true

Love was truth  
Love the only reason  
What was your tally?  
Did you gather your winnings?  
Did you gather your passions  
As you gathered your bridal train?

It all comes to this  
This moment, this  
Culmination of days, minutes  
Breaths, wishes and revolutions  
On this rock

All these moments

Tears, baby smiles, pain, burnt sunrises, burnt leaves, summer breezes,  
Crashing waves, first kisses, midnight loves, wet hair, flowers in bloom  
Wet grass, eternal sands, sister embraces, island moonrise,  
Leaving lovers, returning lovers, marriage, dawn's horizons,  
Moss-painted castles by the sea, deflowered stories by the sea,  
Old women creased by centuries, young women on the dirt road,  
Movies in the dark, secrets in the dark, hand in hand in the dark,  
A mountain in the sea, a sailor on the bridge, a sailor by your side  
The mist of age, the explosion of youth, the  
Coming of age, the going of life

All these pass now

Free of fear

The final surprise

The final miracle

That was this life

Free of fear now

The last lover

The last breath

Breathe it well

Breathe it deep

Then let it go

Say your goodbyes now

Look up

Look down

Look all around

Say your goodbyes

Smile, release and

Go to him

It is time to go.

Guillermo Veloso

# After The Storm

Thunder ebbs  
Rolls into mist  
One storm has passed  
And now silence  
Envelopes me  
Still  
Connected  
Rooted in soul  
Connected  
Air electric  
Connected  
A road to walk  
Connected  
Alone  
Connected

Guillermo Veloso

# After The War

"Speak to me of the man, Muse"

Sea tossed and

Tempest turned

Return to start

Center and lodestone

Poison weaned

Hydras and Sirens

Pandora boxes open and

Loosed on the raw skin of emotion

Tranquility lies behind the frosty

Mist curtain of this storm

And guarded by the spears of a thousand

Suitors

Guillermo Veloso

# Ah Well

My arrows are bruised  
My aim is poor  
Though I search for a heart to pierce  
My bow only finds stone and silence

Guillermo Veloso

# Alhambra

Lightning ripped through the black sky  
Exposing the shy mountains to the North  
I have long sensed these  
Cool rains dripping through the cracked  
Moorish lattice of my dreams  
Bare ancient walls, druid bonfires, a thousand voiceless voices  
As the good traveler,  
I had not intended on arriving but,  
Here I stand, my reflection,  
Shattered on the shattered mirror of a forgotten  
Moorish fountain  
I have gathered many stones  
Many shells, myths and bone to reach  
This one moment  
This one place, still  
What have I profited from the  
Miles?  
Loves?  
Detours?  
I've trodden  
So many roads  
So much gained so much lost  
Only to  
Stand here  
Alone  
Alone, at this moment  
To justify the dead  
To give them meaning  
In my hidden memories  
Dessert sands drift sleepily  
Across misshapen, moon-shadowed dunes.  
Night, Night she plays  
Many poets have come tonight on  
This mistral of dust  
All they were and all we are  
Bending, dancing around forgotten notes  
A wistful lute  
The horizon fades into the darkening sky  
All must rise now

All must rise now  
All must rise now and beg  
The divine stench of these duende driven souls  
Poets and madmen  
Still aglow in this mystical moment;  
No light can long endure their flame  
Rise Now and Beg

Guillermo Veloso

# All Lies Before Me

In this small  
Darkened room  
I sit before an ocean  
Stride before a continent and grasp  
For the infinite sky

Guillermo Veloso

# An Angry Buddha

Finger in the ground  
Still  
Fierce moment  
Contemplative  
Alive  
Aware  
Passion  
Passionate awakening  
Spirit and earth tremble  
No past  
No future  
Each moment is the past every second is the future  
He rests on this fulcrum of passion, time and compassion  
Balanced on a never ending pin point  
Between the cardinal directions and the  
Hungry mistrals of desire  
Smiling and angry  
In a field of blossoms  
Reflected in the mirrored lake above

Guillermo Veloso

# An Emperor Of Fools

I wear the faded purple  
An emperor of fools  
An empire in ruins  
On the crumbling bricks of my trust  
Praetorians align their drinks along mine  
Guard my precious frontiers  
Barbarians pour in and pour more  
Brittle laurels festoon my brow  
As dry and faded as my dreams  
My triumph alone under  
A mute sun.....  
"All glory is fleeting..."

Guillermo Veloso

# An End To Our Road

If I looked  
It would imply that I cared  
I will not search anymore  
Truth which I need not seek  
Beckons and  
Hides in plain sight  
One only needs eyes and the  
Innocence to see

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella And I Dance

When darkness falls and  
Night creeps and knocks about  
This old house like an old mouse  
I dance a dance of madness  
With a child of wonder  
All betrayals seem old and trivial  
I forgive the trees their silence and acquiesce to  
The gypsy wind that  
Brought her to me  
I close my eyes and dream  
Of dreams dreamt

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella And My Writer's Block

Her life force  
My indigent angels  
Her sunshine  
My moonlight  
Her green step  
My dark sleep  
Her fresh flower  
My blanched bones  
And driftwood lies  
Flowers in her pocket  
And we go  
The spinning sun while  
Spring greens  
This winter grey.

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella At The Trevi Fountain

By the Trevi Fountain  
On a brilliant day  
Busy procession of faces and places  
Dustin Hoffman in Tootsie smiles in motion  
Sophia Loren eyes.... dark and searching  
She adds drama to mute scenes  
Mouths the script to the movie  
Café and pastries  
Perhaps Fellini will call  
In the meantime  
The french fries beckon

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella Gypsy (Duende)

The bramble of her dark hair  
Hides a gypsy faerie  
Her duende  
Full of violins  
And mystic curses  
The dance is ancient  
Flamenco in the woods  
A caravan of dust and  
Faith  
Twisted in myth  
And clear as truth  
Bone and rock

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella In Dreams

The winds passed  
And clouds parted  
Sadness passed though darkly  
And my melancholy ground  
In the grist mill of dreams  
Her eyes are golden  
Pain free and profound  
A simple laugh and crinkled  
Smile; I am free once more

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella In Her Tower

Like a monk  
Illuminating the hours  
She sits  
Over pages that shine  
Wisdom  
In eyes that are  
So young  
Terrifying in her  
Sagacity  
Alienore  
The Aquitane before her  
And Kings to Conquer

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella In Progress

Her words form  
Softly at first, missing a brick or two  
But I see the frame  
Her eyes come past a corner  
Hissing and sharp  
They carry meaning  
Her hair has the feel of  
An untamed ocean  
Wild wind whipped and free  
And her face  
I see her now  
There she is! !  
Now I dream of its arc

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella In Spring

But by this grace of God  
The gentle moan of earth would not be heard  
On this spring day  
The tenderness of green enveloped in  
Impossible colors and the smile of a child  
Her hair a puff of wind  
The sun a golden arc that  
Frames her skin  
An empty canvas  
Waiting for the brush  
Life the palette and experience her paints

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella In The Morning

An embrace  
Simple and earnest  
Innocent and new  
The smell of dreams in her hair  
Hair black as crow  
A sunny day beckons  
Mourning dove coos  
Life begins anew

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella Is Sick

Can I hold you?  
Your comfort is my comfort  
Smell of sweat  
Wheeze and fever  
I want to squeeze it all away  
In my arms I am your father  
I can see the sea, sail upon it  
And envision the furthest shore  
"You are a daughter of the sea"  
In this sea I am your father

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella Moon Beam

She comes like a moon-breeze  
Whisper and pure  
Life that crashes about us; Eyes  
Like diamond twins gleaming at each other in the  
Asphalt star field  
Its clouds and matter strewn and twisted in  
Cosmic filigree  
This light comes a zephyr  
Becomes the mistral in her eyes  
The black bramble of her hair  
The ascension of a star

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella On My Neck

Something is motionless in the stars  
At the heart of things  
Peace has come in the star-painted night  
Softer winds  
Faded screams  
"Something more immortal than the stars"  
Our war has ended  
Theirs yet begun

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella Snowflake

Born in January's soft snow  
Drifting and dancing  
Against the sky  
Alone in her beauty  
Unique  
One of a kind  
Falling amongst others  
Laughing  
Mad hair  
Eyes black as truth  
And settles on our life

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella's Smile

Past the dark clouds of Saturn's return

An impossible light

Wild

Unchecked

Undomesticated

Free

Like an unopened box

Full of promise

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella's Moon

Anabella' Moon

Bella Luna

The hide and seeking moon

Lies behind wispy threads of summer night clouds

That wrap over her like a misplaced lock of ashen hair

While skittish rabbits, flop eared and under fence

Find a safer place to hide as bella searches the night for

New playmates.

But Bella's moon/La Bella Luna

Laughs along in her secret spot.

Maybe tomorrow?

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella's Shoes

Who's tiny feet  
Leapt from the sun  
Touched the flake-diamond snow  
Scuffed the stubborn curb  
Ran down the naughty cat  
Stubbed the fleeing fairy  
Left the mud-fossil  
Nipped the falling rain drops  
Stepped on mama as she slept  
Ran to daddy at the door  
Kicked the goal that won the match  
And slipped off to dream  
Of stars, boats, mist, candy and balloons

Guillermo Veloso

# Anabella's Summer

There is a quiet in the  
Eyes of a child  
Dark serene and true  
Fresh from god's womb  
And ripe like a grape  
Wine will come but  
For now  
Sweet nectar and sun-lit play

Guillermo Veloso

# And Slipped Away Once More

Because she was hungry  
We shared wet cucumbers and creamy hummus  
Because she was thirsty we  
Shared a pint  
Played pool  
Cigarettes carelessly dangling  
Because Tom Waits played  
We danced slowly  
Embraced as secret lovers  
Because ee cummings was on the wall  
I knew her hands were small  
And slipped quietly away once more

Guillermo Veloso

# And Water (Tsunami The Voyage Of The Children 2005)

Tsunami:

The voyage of the children

And Water

And water

My mother

And sea

Her womb

And tide

Her lullaby

And wave

Her metronome

And ripple

Her caress

And foam

Her scent

And spray

Her essence

She beckons

She calls

She takes

Her children

A Cradle for them in the sea grass

A tomb for them in the coral

Yemanja

Oracle, siren, death

Mother

On this common day

In the moist quiet

In the Dark Deep

She will rock us to our last sleep

Gently she will take us

Back to her womb

Back to her soul  
Back to our home.

Guillermo Veloso

# Angels

For you  
I leave my angels behind  
All that is left of me  
Enough to remember  
I have lived and loved  
In my time  
But first a glass of wine  
Then one kiss to reminisce

Guillermo Veloso

# Another Way Of Winning

There was a world I built  
On foundations of dreams and light  
There was a vision I wept  
Grasping at walls in the night  
Roads taken and turns spurned  
Opportunities beckoned, missed and burned  
We all walk on paths of our own wander  
We all have pains and decisions to ponder  
DNA is a helix of life, a connector of dew  
DNA has much to explain and the days are few  
A greater thread is woven from this  
A greater dream to realize bliss  
And though it may never come  
A dream dreamt is a dream won

Guillermo Veloso

# Ants

A storm gathers on the  
Horizon  
Whatever comes will come, but  
Like ants on a balloon we run and run  
Ever thinking the world  
Will never end

Guillermo Veloso

# April's Fool

Driftwood crab and  
Wooden boats  
Ancient spectacles  
Memories tie and bind  
Blood to blood  
Young to old  
Old to young  
Photograph and the sea  
His past in a box  
Dry flowers pressed and faded

Dreams  
Bones  
Skin

Textured and tender  
Weathered in the salty winds  
of youth; now  
Six foot under and  
Forever at sail  
In the eyes of the young

Guillermo Veloso

# Archaeology

I scrape away the years  
With a careful trowel  
In search of precious artifacts  
To give provenance  
And meaning to this  
Tangled stratigraphy  
And find traces of me left after the flood  
I find hieroglyphs and messy calendars  
I find shattered bones and crumbling dreams  
I find sherds and scorched stone  
But I will not find me  
Til I scrape sterile soil

Guillermo Veloso

# Arroyo

To have been loved  
To have been lost  
To have buried a father  
To have been shepherded by dissonant angels  
To have been a man in full  
To have beckoned the moon  
To have prayed over the relics of saints  
To have seen flowers bloom in the night  
To sit like bones lost in an arroyo, dusty and mute

Guillermo Veloso

# As A Maya

We will spin your tale then  
As Maya, in  
Endless cycles  
Your baktuns will burn with eternity  
Your glyph will have no form  
Your date will have no number  
Your stelae will have no root  
Your story will have no end  
We will sink enmeshed with your being  
Into an endless cenote  
Until we all emerge  
Wrapped in divine light  
Anointed with the  
Infinite and sacred

Guillermo Veloso

# As It Should

And Adam looked above at the first  
Stars, alit and new  
Spinning and his alone  
Scripture still unwritten and formless  
As it should  
No creator had shouted his name  
No belief to stain the virgin dawn  
No dew had fallen of midnight's tears  
For no midnight had come and  
The moon was free of its fears  
Dark light and light dark  
As it should  
No holy screams invaded the sacred  
Sleep of Adam  
No heavy hand; no breath stinking  
Of sanctity  
Life, new and pure  
Demanded nothing  
As it should  
Time marched on its maiden flight  
Ticking its first moments  
Time slept peaceful, remorseless  
As it should  
Abraham, his descendants and blood  
Lay in distant books and dreams

Guillermo Veloso

# Assad The Reaper

One by one they feel  
The cold sharp blade of indifference  
One by one they fell  
Gathered up by  
The smiling reaper  
Like stalks of wheat to be bundled for  
The long march into dark  
He breaks their faith into spectral hates  
And divides their souls  
He waits for waiting is his task  
He sits at the table empty but for blood  
And gorges on a million dreams  
Left floating like chaff  
In the hot dead air

Guillermo Veloso

# Assad The Sandman

Mist came after the thunder  
Sleep came to us all  
All the children  
Lay in a row wrapped in cloth  
Like cocoons waiting the butterfly  
That would never come  
The sandman; his evil eye  
Wrapped in smiles and trimmed suit; cold  
He came and we slept  
Never awakened as you looked on  
No one looked, no one saw  
Our nightmares run wild in the streets  
Sleep peaceful in your bed  
The numb and blind always sleep peaceful  
You shall always awake from your dream  
The sun shall always rise  
Morning will always come  
But not for us  
We shall never wake up  
And as we lie side by side  
No one looked  
No one came  
No one cared  
We are gone and never return  
From the sandman's sleepy mist

Guillermo Veloso

# At Crickets Peace

At crickets peace  
And frogs lullaby  
I am tranquil on this smoldering night  
Alone and still  
As the day before I was born  
I move now with the circular stars  
And find stillness in the transit

Guillermo Veloso

# At Night By Moonlight My Lovers Sleep

Only at full moon

Deathly pale

Moonlight crashes like crystal milk, shatters on the tide and

Make holes in the water to see below where

The madness of flies and saints lay

On an altar bathed in alabaster light

Her shadow remains a stain

Her perfume a shadow of scent that

Fades like memory

Only in this sullen moment

When quiet is sound can

True motion be felt

Old pictures seem to move on the walls

In my bones

Whispers, moans and

Thoughts like nervous monkeys

Chitter and jump

Close my eyes and I see her

Remembering I forget



# Auburn Sunset / Molasses Summer

Come, come, orishas  
Saints of passion  
Consecrate this hallowed ground  
Moist with sweat  
Stained with the lover's dew  
A choice  
The taste of a lover or the touch of heaven  
The fruition of love  
Love bears fruit  
Sweet figs, papaya and peach  
Entwined linked and fused  
Cicada rhythm, cicada buzz  
Brubeck takes five in the  
Summer rains that drip  
Mango love  
The night is feline, supine and lithe  
It is electric  
Symmetry, synchronicity and serendipity  
Quantum and true

Guillermo Veloso

# Autumn Dusk

Dusky moment  
This night, this  
Boozy old broad;  
Brushed her hair  
Blushed her face with  
The colors of autumn while  
Her perfumed scent  
Filled our heads and dreams

Guillermo Veloso

# Autumn Morning

Broken and tired on  
An autumn morning  
I slipped on the golden wet leaves of a sleeping tree  
With a fire locked in my bones  
A resurrection free of faith  
Plain and true lay at my feet  
As myth melted away  
Life was plain and open to  
A resurrection of mind and soul

Guillermo Veloso

# Await

I'm waiting  
Here  
Like Penelope awaiting  
The wanderer  
I'm waiting  
Here  
For the love that has traveled far  
I'm waiting  
Here  
For your return

Guillermo Veloso

# Backwaters

The light is striped  
Through my shade  
Time is warped, wrapped and bent  
I can feel the whole of my life  
Beginning and end  
See and feel the ripples and rivulets  
Find the backwater and stay still  
Let the tides flow and pass  
The rest will wait

Guillermo Veloso

# Baker

My bread rises slowly  
Thoroughly and with intent  
It fills the spaces warm and bold  
It hardens in the heat and crackles with  
The slightest touch

Guillermo Veloso

# Berbers

Reaching over dunes in the sandstorm that is our lives  
We pitch our tents apart, lit by a desert sun that burns the sky  
I sleep alone, far from the disdain of cold skin  
Once we knew each other, like a brief desert shower  
But in the swirling sirocco stained with red Saharan dust,  
We were lost  
Now we are Berbers, nomads of love  
And home is never in sight

Guillermo Veloso

# Best We Follow

We are travelers all  
Vagrants, gypsies on this fickle path  
Pitching tents on shifting sands under stranger suns  
Staring at stars that cannot recognize us  
Spinning constellations on random dots  
Do you lament the sunset?  
Can you count the souls as they drift away?  
Can you smell their essence on the vanishing breeze?  
Can you feel the lost skin and touch of lovers gone?  
And yet we sing  
And yet we cry  
And yet we love  
This life awaits no one  
Best we follow.

Guillermo Veloso

# Birds Know

the days are warm  
summer's dusk golden and lasting  
trees full and content  
cicadas last songs echo and shrill  
yet the ground wears a  
starling overcoat  
a slight breeze  
brings the scent of autumn  
and the promise of golden hued redemption  
in the death of the leaf  
there is forgiveness  
as birds well know

Guillermo Veloso

# Black Dog

Best feed the black dog  
Its chalky milk  
Surrender to its subtle growl  
Allow it space  
Now in these weak hours  
Drown it in its own broth  
In time sleep will come  
In time light returns and tormented shadows  
Return to their true form  
Chair, door, doll, urn  
"The solitary life is above all a life of prayer"

Guillermo Veloso

# Bleeker Street

Setting across the beastie midnight asphalt sea  
Sifting through the Bleeker Street sands for  
Bones, blues, top hat hobos, heroin concierge and gourmet drifters  
Darting in and out of the street light klieg  
Cherry top strobe and pizza stand whores  
My cab ascends to the rafters  
While the tequila meanders through this  
Valley of sad stories like a nosey aunt  
Listening and pursing its lips.  
Angels, demons, saints and rogues, misfit Argonauts  
Look the same to  
Democratic night; color blind and indifferent to light

In search of stillness  
Poets cast nets here and sit quiet for their catch  
A moment here a moment there  
Until stories rustle and struggle in the pen's firm hold  
But the night is a slave to time and desire  
Unsatisfied, it can never accept the day and  
Once spent, like a rose  
It folds unto itself, unfulfilled.  
Longing for more but  
Never enough  
Still never enough

Guillermo Veloso

# Blind Love

The poetry of a blind man  
Is not metered  
In contrast hue or color  
It is textured  
In smell  
In sound  
In feel  
A light finger upon the breast of a lover  
An epic is forged  
On the shallow breath  
Of a tender sigh  
Of his unseen lover  
And verses fall like rain

Guillermo Veloso

# Blood Flows As Water Flows

There are leaves on fire of the  
Singed Tree  
But this darkness will not pass  
So I follow the ghost  
To a sermon in the ocean  
Southward to warmer waters  
Yemaya  
Mother of our mothers  
Father of our fathers to  
Wash this crackled skin  
Free of false gods and  
Imagined sins  
So let the blood flow as  
Water flows  
To the sea and  
Join with the ages

Guillermo Veloso

# Brittany

My first  
Terrible beauty  
The wild coast of sea  
So much like me  
What will you look like  
When the winds have calmed  
And time has finished her work

Guillermo Veloso

# Bronx Orishas

Old saints come now/Bronx orishas/ Raymond/Denis/Mario/ Manolo/guide this  
novice

I am fat/with wine/with food/with time/with doubt/but not with love/that I starve  
for

Guillermo Veloso

# But You Were Gone

the movie lasted hours  
the popcorn warm, buttery salty  
like love  
the light subdued and seductive  
cherub moths bounced on the porch light  
looking to loose valentine arrows  
through the screen  
the bed unfurled  
the pillows fluffed  
and candles to light the way.  
the night was perfect  
but you were gone.

Guillermo Veloso

# By The Beach

Madmen stand in the morning mist  
Shimmer like cellophane statues  
Shouting hosannas and hallelujahs to the  
Sea; waiting for truth to  
Arise like Venus from the green  
The old crawl like crabs along the crooked line  
Of shell and bone; algae and memory  
Searching as well  
But I find peace  
In the breath of a wave as it comes  
The sigh as it ebbs  
Life bubbles and foams onto the shore like  
Champagne from a glass  
Dancing merrily on the crystal edge

Guillermo Veloso

# Calor

I would trace the dew on her breast with my tongue/ I would feel the rise and fall  
of her breath/I take in her scent and lay quietly in the night/and sense her  
dreams as they dance over her/what would they sing? /wife /I would loose the  
jesses of our passion and let it fly/would she return an angel?

Guillermo Veloso

# Can The Heart Forgive The Mind

Its endless wandering  
Its fruitless battles / straw armies  
Its senseless dreams  
Its relentless motion  
Its careless thoughts  
Its loveless passion  
Its restless sleep  
Its mindless being

Guillermo Veloso

# Cemetery

A late spring  
Wind bastes  
The bony  
Tombstone spine  
Ancient trees  
Silent guardians  
Of the loamy dead  
Breath easy  
in Time

Guillermo Veloso

## Chapter 5: Still Alive

Sun Explodes in  
Particle and wave  
Head cracks wide and universes spill  
In rainbow dreams and  
Deep forest faeries  
Spring springs forth a million miles a second  
Not measured in bits but  
Absorbed in eons  
A feeling in my space of connection and immersion  
Of unison and subsuming  
Energies and lights  
This world beckons beyond the banal  
This energy awaits and  
This feeling of useless gestures,  
Wasted breaths and lost loves must fade  
Conversations about nothing and minutes spent  
On nothing  
What an impact (impact...such a word)  
What is this weightless life worth if not impact?  
If not  
Then what  
If so  
Let's go  
Water in lungs replaced by air  
An exchange of life giving elements  
And time is illusion  
As is space  
Silver gold trinkets fade in the grind of erosion and time.  
Wealth measured in mineral is lost in air and process  
Oxidation degradation degeneration move to  
Regeneration, repatriation, restoration and  
Time awaits the one who feels no time,  
Who feels no repercussion  
A life ahead that warrants no bail  
And wants for nothing banal  
The old, the young, the gentle, the poor.  
I met with Jesus in a blind alleyway and felt a blind love  
Divorced from dogma and verse  
Saints be praised and saints be damned

And this world spinning like a ball of yarn  
Shrugs at the infernal like  
Gauguin in his moment  
Tahiti virgin, free and alive  
This is how the fever breaks  
This is how it moves  
On a chariot of cells and misplaced prayers  
Alive and benignly indifferent  
Yet happy for the journey

Guillermo Veloso

# Chasing Ghosts

One a saint  
One a rogue  
One a poet  
One a stone  
One a boy  
One a beard  
One a tree  
One the root  
One the betrayed  
One the betrayer  
One the lover  
One the loved  
One the living  
One the ghost

Guillermo Veloso

# Clear

It is now that my eye  
Has become honest  
I see the worm that turns in  
My bones

Guillermo Veloso

# Coffee

The aroma escapes with a hiss  
Aroma of dawn  
Winter morning becomes remembrance  
Mother and father return  
Not the dead father or the wrinkled mother  
Mother, father and I am a child  
Toast to dip smiles to sip  
The pot releases its genie  
Time stands still

Guillermo Veloso

# Colestown Cemetery

The entrance was built with  
Haphazard bricks  
Random as the lives  
That finished here  
Crossing over full circle  
The sun lies just right and the shadows are perfect  
A wind-willed hawk  
Hoisted on a scaffold of light  
Stones as comfy as down  
Earth as crumbled as cheese  
Life at dusk  
And the world speeds blithely by  
The dancing dead

Guillermo Veloso

# Companion

Time

Eternity's portrait in motion

Time

God's mural in motion

Breathe / withdraw

Breathe / withdraw

Scratch your chalk lines

Walk with your companion

Walk with time

Hold its hand

Walk with your animal

Move quietly at dusk

Move in sympathy

Look quickly

There, did you see! !

It has vanished

Guillermo Veloso

# Cuban Love

Glistening under the  
African sun  
Taino heat rising through her,  
The scent of rum and sea,  
Her wave-tossed hair tangled by  
The breath of Spain  
Sweet gold of  
The sun in her smile  
Her back arched, sweat soaked, she pulses and  
Sways, trunk of palm that  
Quivers with salsa rhythm and tropic breeze  
Xango hides now  
The forest is  
Tobacco deep dense with  
Mulatto leaves to cover our sin

Guillermo Veloso

# Cuban Loves

Glistening under the  
African sun  
Taino heat rising through her,  
The scent of rum and sea,  
Her wave-tossed hair tangled by  
The breath of Spain  
Sweet gold of  
The sun in her smile  
Her back arched, sweat soaked, she pulses and  
Sways, trunk of palm that  
Quivers with salsa rhythm and tropic breeze  
Xango hides now  
The forest is  
Tobacco deep dense with  
Mulatto leaves to cover our sin

Guillermo Veloso

# Cubes

2 cubes in a glass of water  
Slipping by each other  
Blind to the world  
Trapped in this glass  
With no feeling but the wet cold  
Of our iced skins and dead memories

Guillermo Veloso

# Cynthia On Her Wedding Day

Travel back  
Back through  
Harvested fields of our youth  
Reach back  
Back through the warm sweat  
And moist memories;  
Where passion was tongue and  
Love the language

I remember cold nights  
Trembling in your arms  
I remember days when life was a mistress  
Inviting coquette  
Coy and jealous  
Her hair set free and the faint perfume of  
Her femininity

So now you marry and  
We share another bond  
Yet all I feel  
And all I remember  
Leads me to a peaceful and tranquil oasis  
A pool of calm that compels me  
To gather red-warm petals of flowers and set them  
On your new path  
And beg eternity's winds  
Blow you afar in love

Guillermo Veloso

# Dark

Morning is peace morning is soft  
The rip tide and labyrinths of dreams  
Frozen by chemicals and locked inside like  
The madness of a fly  
The dreams of flying and sex that lace my night are put away  
Neatly folded and readied for bed  
Sleep wiped from my eyes  
I awake; still I wonder what was real and what was not  
And feel as though the dark is my only friend  
Understands me  
Caresses me  
Awaits me  
I am not alone even as I sleep

Guillermo Veloso

# Dark Matter

My soul is lit aflame  
by a million stars  
a trillion souls my companions  
awash in a sea of dark matter  
alone in the crow's nest  
afloat in waveless oceans of time  
and bent by gravity's will

Guillermo Veloso

# Dark Muse

This summer night  
Thick with textures  
A broth of mist and sound  
Alive with bells / sleigh bells /  
Mournful black streets are  
Spun with webs of light  
That move like the tide  
Back and forth  
It is the deepest of summer now  
The fresh rain in the deep green  
Caresses my feet though I cannot see them  
My foot prints rise in the green  
Eyes upon me  
The compass in my head guides my motion  
Continuity spins on in the cosmos  
Revolves around this instant  
That will never come again  
Eternal and mortal at once  
The companion I seek is a dark muse

Guillermo Veloso

## Darker Flowers

Your dreams brush past mine  
Reaching, touching like lost twins.  
What seeds we sow this night will  
Bring darker flowers to bloom  
Do not pick them  
Leave them as they blossom  
They are our masterpiece  
The sheer honesty of our demise  
Must end on the stem

Guillermo Veloso

## Daughters (Anabella And Brittany)

They are my light  
Both wave and particle  
Though rainbows betray  
Their myriad colors  
No prisms exist to  
Separate this sun  
Clouds part  
As they awake  
And dawn penetrates the day

Guillermo Veloso

# Decades (Manolo)

Angel of death  
Angel of sight  
Sentinel to the hungry sea  
To see the arc of the years  
Through this dusty window

Recite a worn Kaddish  
Two decades  
Dried flowers in my pocket; an  
Old mass card and  
Picture memories

Memories that stick like plaque  
To my skull  
Stories that lap like waves  
Bring your days  
To this dry shore

You are young  
On ships and shore  
You are old  
By ships and sea  
You are mute in profile

Your bride  
In gowns and mirrors  
Your love  
In flowers and silk  
Your soul-keeper in her silent keep

A kiss goodbye  
On the day of the fool  
A kiss from above  
In the silence of dreams  
A kiss on the sweat-dewed brow

And this morning  
As grey as the tide  
Comes and goes

And your voice as  
Bold as gulls and sea; comes and goes

These are coins  
That the years have kept  
These are the shadows of tears spent  
We are all memory and dream  
We are all minutes in the decades

Guillermo Veloso

# Dew Drops

We are infinite  
Dew drops on an  
Endless web  
Neighbors on a matrix  
Of dream and  
Frequency  
Glistening, new  
Touch one thread  
All feel  
Cut one thread  
All fall  
Love one and  
All are loved

Guillermo Veloso

# Divinities

These are the  
Quiet divinities;  
Sacraments in  
Air and soil  
The death of a sparrow  
The worm-turned earth  
A molted skin  
And the cool  
Forgiving rain

Guillermo Veloso

## Door Open / Light In

this spring door open  
poets alight on the screen  
dust from afar  
bread rising slow on the board  
breezesspillinfromequatorsandpoles  
horizons beg  
flowers preen  
mingus pulls  
monk is  
davis does  
coltrane could  
sky is gray  
sky is bright  
sun is there  
sun is not  
Pain / Delight / Question / Answers  
Ghost peppers and sugar

Guillermo Veloso

# Doppelganger

She lives my past  
Sins loves and fancies  
My lies my dissimulations  
My masks my prevarications  
My nights my obfuscations  
My smiles my masquerade  
My goodbyes my pretense  
I turn she flees  
I see my life rewound before me  
Karmic Sisyphus  
Destined to be run over by my own sins  
Hotel rooms and nights away  
Dreams do not lie  
Visions are not the property  
Of madmen and saints  
My bones scream and flesh resists  
Faraway places and scenes draw me  
Death or rebirths are the only exits

Guillermo Veloso

# Dreams Are Kites

Dreams are Kites  
Alive in the night  
Hidden out of sight  
Dreamt in flight  
They lose all control  
They swallow my soul  
Pay the ferryman's toll

Guillermo Veloso

# Drunk One Night In Montreal

I spoke French  
Broken as high school  
Lost in transit  
Sipping along the dark, empty and yet welcoming streets  
Not knowing if he was a madman or usher  
We teased a life story from the night  
French to Spanish to English and back  
As if we had just met on a long forgotten shore  
The dark houses handed us down past the fading street lights  
Names are lost and the film blurred  
We shook hands and parted  
I stumbled, drunk on the way to someone else's home  
Yet sated on life's little midnight snack

Guillermo Veloso

# Duende

Dangerous.

This night

Dangled its fruit before me

Fragrant with power and passion

Some call this sin

But how can this connection,

Tethered to the very universe,

Be forbidden

Shame?

Why?

Touching skin, bone and nerve,

Is this not the very bellows that

Stokes the

Furnace of the sun?

My end lurks behind its

Very flame

I will touch it! !

I will burn with it! !

Guillermo Veloso

# Dying

She is asleep / eyes open

Escaping/she is forgetting

She is dying

Wrinkles and age leave her / her lover remembers her as she was

He awaits behind the moon

With wine, roses and song

Guillermo Veloso

# Earth

She waits  
Dawn to dusk  
In patient rust  
She exhorts;  
Live Love Die  
And love you must  
Ashes to ashes  
Dust to dust  
She rocks and spins  
Empty arms await you.

Guillermo Veloso

# Earth As Woman

Giving, full and ripe  
Brazen treacherous  
Jealous of her seas  
Worn and new  
Babies at the nipple  
Thighs wet with the tide  
Callous and loving  
Pitiless and pieta  
What secrets does she hide away in her locket?  
Heart shaped boxes/at ocean's bottom

Guillermo Veloso

# El Viajante

El amor viene de lejos  
Como los polvos de África que caen Cuba  
Lo siento en las aguas antiguas que prueban mi piel  
Lo siento en el aliento de una mariposa extranjera  
Lo siento en la brisa que estorba la hoja en la madrugada  
Lo siento en la luz que alumbra mi sombra desde  
Ocho minutos y una vida  
Y se al fin que el amor es viajante

Guillermo Veloso

# Ellipse

Wind to skeleton  
Travel to stillness  
Stream to pond  
Path to trail  
Sea to wind  
Root to leaf  
Leaf to light  
And it passes  
Moon, planet, star, soul

Guillermo Veloso

# Embrace Me Now

If I were African  
Proud Nubian  
Or if I were of the tribes  
I would now call upon my ancestors  
I would call and ask  
Embrace me now  
Give me strength now  
Imbue me now with your  
Wisdom, patience and vision  
Truly I am ready for their  
Return

Guillermo Veloso

# En Familia The True Tribe

Blow the winds of  
Mistral dream  
Gull and crab  
Sand and tide  
Oceans tossed on the foamy edge  
Then deep with whale fin  
To pastel plankton  
Down where silt paths  
Swirl in grey  
Hopped on mottled turtle back and up  
To surface and sun  
Open faced to the light  
Wedded in frothy bridal white foam  
An island lies in the mist  
Burning with green passion  
Wet with desire  
My home in the mist  
My bride in jungle green  
Only here can I rest  
Clear eyed with true sight  
Burning sight of  
Leather hands that do not tremble as  
Generations pass through them  
The blood of ritual like babies and wine  
Stories and myth  
This is my true tribe  
Roots deep as the sea that  
Cradles the island/the sea grass its womb  
Tribe as fierce as the dry golden plains that midwifed  
Conquistadores  
Here is my true tribe  
Bursting at the belly of its prodigal children  
Here is my blood  
Here is my soul  
Here is my quiet puddle in  
Torrential sea  
Here is the mask that  
Waits the face  
Here is the warm hand

Leather hand  
Creased with generations  
Here are the worn grey eyes, ivory  
Clad with years  
Here are the old become young  
And babies become sages  
Here we are sharing birth and  
Death in the rolling centuries  
By the sea

Guillermo Veloso

# Entangled

Oh colors come and go as  
Suns change their wigs  
My day shone somewhere else  
And as this one closes  
So does his.

Guillermo Veloso

# Entanglement

A fleeting memory  
Stretched and out of focus  
A cloudy day on the Malecon  
An ocean on one side  
An impossible love the other  
Tin voice on the phone declares  
Your session has expired...

Guillermo Veloso

# Esposa

From the ends of the earth,  
I have felt this wind  
Bend my bough and stir my leaf  
I sense the wave on my toe that began an ocean away  
And know love is a traveler  
A zephyr that alights on my heart  
Eight minutes for the light to reach me  
And an instant for dawn to come

Guillermo Veloso

# Every Day I Search For God

Everyday  
Everyday  
I search for God  
Never remembering  
The breath of dawn  
The skipped stone across the lake  
The glint in a child's eye  
The tear of my first love  
The sweet rustle of a golden leaf  
The scent of your hair  
And moments spent in blissful  
Stillness

Guillermo Veloso

# Eviscerated

One moment  
One paused moment  
Mid-sentence  
A passing car light  
A few short sighs  
Truth squirms here in these  
Timid and clumsy hands  
Always an infant  
Eager for release  
Eager to be heard  
Eager to roam free

Guillermo Veloso

# Finch

Will you give me some  
Small comfort  
A tender ear to rest my  
Aching complaint  
A warm corner to nestle and curl  
Away from the day  
And its unwanted glare  
An embrace free of passion  
But welcoming and true  
I am tired now  
And like Darwin's finch  
I have adapted to the loneliness  
Though, I would fly away  
If the winds will take me.

Guillermo Veloso

# First Day

The yellowing eyes embrace the yellowing sun and follow its arc through the white fence

I am seeking crumbs of memories like the chango that dart in and out of the just painted fence

Crumbs of memories

Something to hold on close to on the dying day

Shadows fall in the words in sleep

Shadows in the darkening room

Old stories, new ones to me

Hands clasped across the strange sheets of a strange room

Her life in a shed with padlock and cold industrial paint.

Memories of a life left in boxes and covered in bedsheets

But these are not of her making

No memories to scrape up

No memories to sustain

Only the pain left in the shade of the first day of

The dying days

Guillermo Veloso

# Fog

The old fog draped city  
Gave up its ghosts  
Free in misty play  
Like children in rain drenched mud  
Oblivious to the forlorn tethered living  
Earth tethered  
Lost on the stone horse cobbled streets

Guillermo Veloso

# For Shari

Before

Before I was bone, flesh and downy warmth  
Before I mouthed mama and cooed  
Before I giggled and laughed  
Before I could run and play in the rain  
Before I could open my eyes and see the stars  
Before the first tear

I snuggled in the hearth of heart and womb  
I smiled in the sunshine of your smile  
And rocked to sleep in your lap lulled by your gentle hum  
You may think I missed the rainbow's arc  
But your love was all the colors of heaven in song

Now we are apart  
And tears pave the way  
Yet heaven and I are not far away.  
I am the diamonds pasted on the inky black  
The thread that mends the grief with the memory and the forgetting

Oh, how heavenly an angel in flight!

Guillermo Veloso

# Forgiveness And Forgetting

A storm must pass  
A cry must silence  
A rage must ebb  
A light must come  
A new dream must be dreamt  
A beginning begun  
An ending end  
All past fade  
All present dissolve

Guillermo Veloso

# Forgotten

You've forgotten  
Those tender nights  
When sweat was the glue  
You've forgotten  
The tears we shed  
When we said  
"I love you"

Guillermo Veloso

# Fortune Cookies

Then this picture of Dorian Grey  
Frays as his  
Tattered foretold-you-sos laying across the writing desk and  
Scattered across a life as  
Dull as death, wait for  
The capricious rains of saintly sanity that never come, though he is  
Yet free to roam with oil skin and bound leather through  
This world of fortune cookie gypsy  
Dreams and sad goodbyes  
Hanging in the window like the wooden hummingbird frozen in flight  
Motionless over the dust covered room and pictures that  
Never age, into a sunset that sets on him,  
Bit by bitter bit

Guillermo Veloso

## Four In The Morning

Alone with her ashes  
Alone with his wood  
Alone with that face in the mirror  
Alone with thoughts alive like unchained monkeys  
Alone with stains of dreams splashed on the white night  
Alone with this quiet room  
Alone with the years allowed  
Alone with the dawns yet to come

Guillermo Veloso

# Fractals

Wine attracts neighbors  
Voisin  
Fussy yellow-jackets jealous of color  
Giddy fruit flies bob in out  
Of the hair of the dog  
A wandering spider gathers  
Its unruly train  
Jays announce themselves  
This day  
This autumn day is colored  
With these friends  
A fractal of my textured life  
All of us  
Drunk on the light.

Guillermo Veloso

# Fragment

Wine will/beer can/whiskey seems/rum should/vodka might/gin didn't  
Drinks/ doubts/drugs/loss/travel/night/talking to bushes/moon-wink

Guillermo Veloso

## Fragment Max

Memories of smoke and talk/conversations asleep/love and lennon/ max

Guillermo Veloso

# Funeral

I buried this romance today  
Deep in the graveyard of my bones  
I carried the corpse in my dream-draped memory / stiff and dressed in Sunday  
best  
It was illusion after all  
Fairy tale and daydream  
I had returned from the sea and  
All my trees, driftwood and oak / leaf-bare and sad  
Aligned silently for the procession  
Mourning as mothers and moon  
For the fallen sun.

Guillermo Veloso

# Gabo

You left us  
Lost in a world  
Bereft of your magic  
For an instant and now,  
In an eternity you glowed  
The light of a thousand Latin suns  
Fell down upon us like stories of the old  
And walked us through  
Worlds of myths, ghosts, generals and  
Unrepentant love.  
Your ghosts did not haunt but  
Walked with us hand in hand  
Like our orishas and saints  
Shadows in the dark and light  
Now in this world where  
Magic is dreamt and not seen  
Now in this world where  
Clouded eyes, TVCataract eyes  
Are mystified by nothing  
We are left your words dreams  
And visions  
Stories by candlelight  
Families in the centuries  
And generals in their dying rooms  
Loves across the years that hide and seek  
Lovers across the years that dart and miss  
Love unrepentant, unbowed and unrelenting  
It is for us to turn the pages and dream once more  
It is for us to pull the thin eternal veil  
From the centuries to come  
And see what your eyes saw

Guillermo Veloso

# Geckos Climb

Geckos climb

Pasted on the walls

Silent witness to the day's progress

Weed Wackers and Cloud/ cat and sun/ aquarium waterfall and creeks edge

Silent fisherman hauls in his wooden catch

Day passes in silence....

The days are slower as a child

Quiet as the world labors...

The sun is gentler and the birds are friendlier

As the old come out to play

Guillermo Veloso

# Good Morning To My Life

A golden morning  
Syrupy light shimmers  
Desert heat as shadow  
On the wall  
Green is infused like sun-lit tea  
And brews as my bird-choir alights in song  
Another morning in many  
Another awakening has come  
To have been here at all at this simple moment  
Is the most improbable of miracles  
Humble yawn and the day begins

Guillermo Veloso

# Grief

I cannot let it go  
Though I chastised those that  
Could not  
This grasping for you,  
These thoughts that peck like  
Persistent doves on the scattered grains  
Of my memory

Guillermo Veloso

# Haiti Endure

Proud people

Proud spirit

Who have seen the whip and known the fire of freedom

Who have thrived under a searing sun and enveloping sea

Who have bent under iron but never broken

Yes the ground has shaken

Orisha and earth conspire yet

These who have born pain with strong will and sea air in their nostrils

These proud of L'Ouverture

Will not pass tears into tomorrow

This life is for the enduring

Endure

Guillermo Veloso

# Hammer Hammer Hammer

The hammer  
The nail  
In sympathy  
One uses the other  
Until the crucifixion is complete

Who will suffer  
At the fulcrum  
Between  
The good thief  
And bad

Freed from the tomb  
And the stone wall of death  
Risen and bathed in tranquil Jordan  
Who will feel my wounds  
And believe that I ever lived?

Guillermo Veloso

# Hand Me Downs

Let some come  
Let some go  
Let some stay  
Keep the trashy ones  
Toss me those hand me downs  
I'll wear them if they fit

Guillermo Veloso

# Hard Dreams

These days need dreams  
Hard dreams  
Dreams that paralyze  
Dreams that guide  
Dreams that caress  
Dreams that electrify  
Dreams that clarify  
Dreams to perfume the  
Waking hours with  
Hope and love

Guillermo Veloso

# Here Then Now There

Firm at the wheel  
They come in with the tide  
Past Morro Castle into Habana Harbor  
Young and free  
To ramble past  
The beauties that  
Wait on the Malecon  
Drenched by the crashing waves and two moons  
Washed over by the eyes of Cuban stars  
Pouring in from the opening black sky, feeling the  
Music stirring as hot blood drifts like fog on the water  
Sweat drenched shirts come undone  
Quickly by expert fingers  
Lips and eyes will have this first dance  
Under the perpetual moon rise  
Here at this moment that  
Has always been  
Only here  
Only then  
Only now  
Only there  
It was them  
It was me

Guillermo Veloso

# Heresies

I walk this way  
Guided by a morning star  
Recite my little heresies  
About this life I chose  
As if I had chosen anything,  
My life or the path I took  
As if I could choose sun over rain  
Or a love eternal

Guillermo Veloso

# Holy Moments

Connected in dissonance  
Riding the light of  
Both particle and wave  
Trapped in a matrix of thought that builds the frame  
Stuck in collective memory and  
Slave to a constructed instant  
Reduced to desiccated words and their emptiness

How do we breach the walls of existence  
When we are our own guards  
Our lives the tower keep.  
Outside a sun blooms and falls  
Outside space and time dance a tango of love and passion  
Curving to the delicate motions of an unseen finger as it  
Draws across the black silk of dark matter  
Pointing and prodding in our dreams  
Set the top spinning over and over  
As we revolve around fear and laziness  
In search of holy moments

Guillermo Veloso

# Husband And Wife

Our lives are a filigree of moments  
They ebb and flow on a sea with no shore  
Our bed is sargasso / dead calm and lust-less  
Smiles and cousin-kisses are the trinkets entombed in this tangle  
Lost in theses horse latitudes  
A Tropic where the sun does not set

Guillermo Veloso

# I Am A Thief

I am a Thief  
A cheat  
I steal minutes that do not belong to me  
I steal moments meant for someone else  
I allow the night to parry the day  
A child's dream  
A baby's vision  
A wife's devotion  
A mother's care  
The true owners of this life?

Guillermo Veloso

# I Am All And I Am Nothing

I am the wildness and dust that spun into the  
Light that burns our days  
I am the hand that carved the rock  
And laid them up to touch the clouds  
I am the eyes that looked  
Upon untouched shores and dreamed of more  
I am songs that echoing in the deepening night  
I am wood breathing and the whispering grass  
I am still pools that reflect our very souls  
I am flesh I am ghost  
I am all and I am nothing  
Who am I to deny this death? I cannot  
Anymore than I would deny birth  
I will celebrate them both  
From the very breath I take until the very last I return

Guillermo Veloso

# I Am Not So Bold

I am not so bold as that  
To cross minefields without caution  
To cry out my dreams and bare all  
To sing alone on the stage  
To tell a well worn joke or cozy poem to jaded listeners  
To say I love you across an ocean  
And hope for a response in a bottle  
But oceans have risen and fallen  
And winds have come and gone  
Still there is time

Guillermo Veloso

# I Call Upon You All

There are days I call upon  
My poets  
Ghosts on page and wind  
I bid them descend from the stars  
I bid them break bread and sip wine  
I ask them fervently and humbly  
Steal me away  
Allow me the sight that burns  
If but for a moment  
I would join them  
On the endless wind and  
Blow

Guillermo Veloso

# I Cannot Mourn This Love

Smells on your coat are not of home  
Dreams together or smiles or I love yous  
Empty eyes and silken lies  
Silence wrapped in silence  
Connections and fabrications  
Time away hardens the heart like plaque  
But I cannot mourn this love  
This child I cannot see  
A sun will break on my winter face  
A morning frost shall scour this grief  
From my eyes

Guillermo Veloso

# I Have Loved

I have loved the night as  
I have loved the dawn  
I have loved the thorn as  
I have loved the rose  
I will love my death as  
I have loved my life

Guillermo Veloso

# I Like This Season

I feel the breeze that comes  
With your breath, the shift in  
temperature that comes with your kiss  
There is a turning on its axis the world  
seems to like, as  
Autumn light  
Pours out like honey over the fields  
I like this season when you shed your green to  
Become Aphrodite in gold and bronze  
The grape is pressed, its essence wets your lips  
Wine deep and love profound  
I like this season

Guillermo Veloso

# I Want To Fight

I want to fight! !  
I want to argue til dawn  
Chem trails, man on the moon deception,9/11 lies  
Dinars and dongs  
Doors and Stones  
Chrystal skulls and mandalas  
Sacred geometry and black flags  
Fortunes made fortunes lost  
I want to eat pork while  
You sip rebellious organic, raw milk gluten free shakes  
And pretend you like them  
I want to fight  
But you will have to show up.

Guillermo Veloso

# I Was Old Before I Was Young

Dropped like a bull from the womb  
Three steps from the tomb  
An oak in the acorn / the fire in the wood  
Waiting for a lover to find me  
Across the years and towards a dawn where  
A nervous sun rises to stand where moon has stood  
To shine light on the gardenia's wilted fragrance  
To once again embrace as one in passion's dance

Guillermo Veloso

# I Will Not Yield

To this world  
I will not acquiesce  
Though lonely of heart and flesh  
I am rich in the company  
Of the dead and their lessons  
Somewhere in the dark  
I will find that light that is  
Mine alone

Guillermo Veloso

# I'm Leaving Now

One fine morning the little planet  
Thumbed its nose at Albert and wandered off into space  
Bouncing from planet to stone to icy ball  
Until at last there was no more dawn  
No fearful sun to worship and please  
No noisy moon to brush away  
No annoying visits from angry visitors  
Here at last it drifted into the dark void  
Only dust and wind to tickle its clouds.  
But now there was no tide  
No crashing waves, no subtle lapping  
The trees gave up reaching for the heavens and skulked  
The cocks died of want and the wolves fell silent  
Its crown no longer illuminated  
And the people, the people  
Well they stood dumb, blind and useless  
Lost with no way home

Guillermo Veloso

# Impermanence

Listen now to the world

Cry out

It pulls you to place

It begs

"stay here, lay roots"

"breath this air"

"eat these fruits"

"swim in this sea"

"now leave and never return"

Guillermo Veloso

## In The Ancient Way

Though you are meant for the pyre  
I would bury you in the ancient way  
With shells, flowers, broach, and bone  
Facing east to rise again and again  
With the star that set you alight  
And shine down upon us in our dwindling days

Guillermo Veloso

# Inchworm

Wrapped  
In  
Silk-moss  
Caftan  
Inchworm  
Hangs  
By thread  
In the thin  
Mist  
Of the  
Eastern sun  
Tricked by the light  
And the  
Jester-wasp  
Fat for the  
Waking birds  
Quietly chirping  
Of the dew dipped day to  
Come

Guillermo Veloso

# Is Autumn Our Middle Age?

Is Autumn Our Middle Age?  
Twig, vein and leaf laid bare  
Soft sway, rustle and quiet rage  
Now naked to sun and air  
Stripped of summer's sinful green  
Radiant Colors true and proud  
From tip to root now sage and lean  
But too soon for winter's shroud

Guillermo Veloso

# Is Is And Was

Mathematicians, alchemists and impertinent children  
Paint, tie and taunt the earth  
In webs of numbers, symbols and imaginary castles  
With hubris and religion we sell imaginary empires  
Stomp  
Cry  
Only to be washed away by the indifferent  
Turning earth  
Earth is. is..was  
Turn with the earth  
Move with its waters  
Live and die in its bosom  
And lie indifferent to the spinning stars  
Is Was and will be.....

Guillermo Veloso

## Is She A Dream?

I seek her in the countless  
Grains of sand that  
Sift through my gypsy fingers in this  
Hour glass life  
I seek her in the perfumed  
Intoxicating stain of dreams  
Moistening my pillow every night  
Leaving their driven scent on the furtive  
Shadows that darken my memory  
Each one seeking, each one asking, each one vanishing in vain,  
In the fading gold  
Of dusk's sobering call  
Until at last and without reason  
She appears.

Guillermo Veloso

# Kaddish For A Living Man

I said a Kaddish for a living man  
My brother  
Placing patina-stained coins on your eyes  
I sent you on your final way, then  
Surrendering possession of your pain  
I mouthed the words to bid you farewell  
Thoughts as old faded Kodak paper  
Making sense of the sentimental flotsam  
Grasping for what was never yours to begin with  
Losing the fact that the you you ran from  
Is the you that was always waiting,  
Like star crossed Penelope for  
Your Ulysses pipe dreams  
Discarded like gum wrappers in a subway station  
But Penelope will not remember  
The child that left those many years ago  
Her suitors on street corners and dark bars  
Crowding her very breath  
All claiming her for their own as  
She stares past the neon bars into  
The dark night  
A profane mist shrouds the street lights  
But it's just a ghost that you used to know  
Set free so long ago  
A child in the mirror that dreamed of distant  
Shores and adventure  
It's just a mask that u once wore  
Before the scars were laid  
Before the cracks in your heart formed  
Before your darker clouds became part of the tapestry  
And now, all woven and washed,  
Is this your wardrobe?  
Is this all  
Is this the you you became  
Is the reflection you see all there is,  
Content as a moored boat at low tide?  
But look, there is another sea  
There are other tides tugging at your keel  
Full moon, now a timeless mother

Bares her breast for the currents to feed  
No time then, for  
Fear  
Anger  
Pain  
Despair  
The sails are set  
The trades beckon  
Life has yet to  
Set sail  
I prefer to keep this Kaddish in my  
Pocket, warm and safe for the right time  
Just not today  
Okay?

Guillermo Veloso

# La Marea No Perdona

Te dejo ahora  
Y por cierto  
Ya llego la hora de Lola  
Suelta ya las sogas  
Que nos tiene pegado a este muelle  
Seco y muerto

Al aire! ! Al mar! !  
Otra vez a soltar las velas  
Dormidas y triste que amaramos hace tiempo  
Ellas esperan las brisas de la madrugada  
Somos marineros gitanos en busca  
De nuevas arenas, pero  
Primero, un brindis al gran pasodoble  
Que bailamos juntos,  
Hasta la última nota  
Castañetas y guitarra, gastadas  
Mudas, sin nada más que contar

La vida es coqueta y caprichosa  
Nos invita  
Vamos a seguirla a ver  
A donde nos lleva.  
Bueno o mal  
Es la aventura que nunca se repite.  
No hay recurso,  
El mar nos espera y  
Las brisas cantan  
Ni la marea ni la vida perdona.

Guillermo Veloso

# Lacrimosa For Today

I picture that soul in a jar  
I picture it sullen and defeated  
I stare through the  
Grease smeared glass that hides  
Us from the prying eyes and prodding hands  
Goddam its dark: how dark can it get!  
Confessing sins in the velvet lined  
Musty-priest-stained-sanctified-saintly-sophist-god-abandoned-lost-cause-  
Mary-blessed-crucified-jesus box  
Q, P, M, lost gospel and all  
Thomas stepped out and Paul took over  
Nicea was a bitch  
Gangsta apostle takeover on the back street  
Jesus of the roman hood  
Carjacked-hijacked-Godjacked now  
Merton alone in that desert  
Sees god, but why is he in the desert?  
Why not the ghetto?  
I need a ghetto Merton  
Live there bro! !  
That's where a god should live.  
Look out for Jesus in the puddle of  
5 year old blood.  
Can you find him?  
That's your slaughter of the innocents.  
Herod of the hood, white as can be and black as can be  
Not some dusty  
Marble rocked Jerusalem page out of a dog eared, dog scrapped  
Bubble-gum wrapper-Heston technicolor-Moses-bible thumping sarcophagus  
Get out of that white chapel with its  
Cell phone-collect the cash-love thy neighbor-if he's like you- crony catechism  
and venture out savior  
Blood bullet and despair is there.  
Or should we call your bluff?  
Get out savior  
Get inside them  
Live inside them  
Bleed and die with them  
These are your children..

That suffer unto you but can't find you except from some  
Sunday-lying meme moment hinting at  
A paradise that disappears at the door to the cell  
There is the blood..  
Puddle of life lost and wasted  
For a preacher's riff, fake hope and a  
Measly buck  
Jesus of the pretty  
The ugly need you now  
Need you again  
This darkness is not pretty  
It spreads and will not be cleansed  
By platitudes and lacrimosas  
Jesus with teeth  
Come and bite this  
Taste the bitter fruit that never ripened on your vine  
Taste the vinegar pressed by the vintners of hate  
In YOUR name! !  
You picked them!  
Its time  
Dorothy was right  
Its time  
We must fight for love  
With angry love  
With angry hearts full  
With you  
Its time  
With the muscle of the heart  
With the iron compassion of Theresa and the dying  
With a will to love that will spread  
We must spread and smother the flames  
Soak up the blood puddles  
Honor the innocents  
They are too many to count.  
Start a new count  
Start with 1 for  
The 1st life saved  
And don't stop counting until  
There are none left to save and we can  
All sleep



# Las Razones

Tu sonrisa  
Tu niñez  
Tus pecas  
Tus ojos sonrientes  
Tus ojos ansiense  
Tú rabia  
Tu furia  
Tus labios  
Tus besos  
Tu pasión  
Tu olor  
Tu pelo  
Las razones

Guillermo Veloso

# Last Dance

She awaits her dance/she is patient/she knows many faces/she has known the  
wind/she will wait for me/no rush

Guillermo Veloso

# Last Day

I will travel today  
With my ghosts and stories  
In a bag  
I go to shepherd  
Her to another field  
Where she will  
Be green again  
At play with the new dew

Guillermo Veloso

# Leap

The page lay empty before me  
Like a magical canvas of dreams awaiting sleep  
Years lay before me seducing me with hope  
A life still to live and lovers still to love  
All that is required is a leap into the lips  
Of the eternal

Guillermo Veloso

# Legends Of The Invisible

These winter hours toil in the cold grey air  
As time hides its work  
Awakening every morning to her reflection in  
The mirror  
She finds a new wrinkle and reasons anew  
Hope becomes its own reward  
To forge ahead  
To live this life alive but  
Invisible to the world

Guillermo Veloso

# Let Her Come

Scratching my nails on the  
Wet sand, I wrote a name without letters  
Waiting on the full moon to brighten my tides  
Soft sea to show me my heart and  
Soft breezes to set me adrift

Guillermo Veloso

# Let Me Love From Afar

Do not begrudge the sun  
A cloud or two  
Nor deny the moon a peak at the dawn  
Let the rain put away its boots to  
Stroll the desert sands and  
Let me love you then from afar

Guillermo Veloso

# Letter To You

I wrote you a letter  
By hand  
My hand  
Where blood flowed  
From the heart  
My heart  
To the tips of my nails  
That grip this pen  
And feel the ink  
Flow onto paper as thoughts  
Like tears  
Stain the page

Guillermo Veloso

# Letting Go

Dreams unfurl in the restless  
Winds of your sleep  
Roses come unattended to your door  
Where do your valentine roses come from my dear?  
In whose garden do they bloom?  
No matter.  
As long as they bloom on  
In your heart

Guillermo Veloso

# Life Beckons

Are you coming?  
I could use the company it asks.  
Is there a forgiveness in the passing?  
There!  
Around that corner  
Follow it!  
It's your destiny, seeking its fate  
Come for the ride and  
Allow your angels to hitch as well  
The years will not forgive as I will  
There is magic in this moment that will turn  
Dark to Light  
All that it needs is a new dawn and  
The alchemist's will

Guillermo Veloso

## Like Percy So Carmen

She came as a whisper  
In the rush of dusky sleep  
Maybe a fleeting thought  
On the lips of Morpheus,  
I don't know.  
But she came and  
I know now that I belong  
To this dirt this green  
Mountain and sea  
I will swallow it all  
Rose, root and thorn  
Until my blood flows and  
Melts with hers

Guillermo Veloso

# Little Flowers

I sent my little flowers  
On a journey  
To the universe  
This small life will end and  
What form my bones may take I'll  
Leave to wind and worm; to  
What form my soul will return to,  
I ask only that its heart beat to the frequency of love  
With eyes open to the beauty of the now and these  
Little flowers that I allowed to roam

Guillermo Veloso

# Lorca Blooms

Who knew where Lorca lay on his final day  
Where the duende found its rest  
Only fire blooms there  
Persistent and impatient

Guillermo Veloso

## Love Letter Hidden

I want to walk with you in this sun  
Slip through the winds that swept  
Across the ages just to touch us at this moment  
I want your hand gently tucked in mine  
Sharing the shy sweat as a leaf gives beneath our careless steps  
I want to say I love you in a language only our  
Eyes and noses can only decipher  
And let the birds give witness to something forbidden  
Hidden and ours

Guillermo Veloso

# Love Lost

Love lost  
when is love lost?  
When fallen kisses and caresses  
Are shadows on the neck and lip  
When the other is no more  
When the fire and spark that drove the piston  
Are embers alone.  
When all that is left is that tame salamander  
Unscathed, uninterested  
Passion is not to be fired or cooled  
It is and no more.  
It is in the taming  
That love is crucified  
On a cross of time.

Guillermo Veloso

# Love Me Now Or Love Me Not

The sky is filled with comets  
On the way to the world  
An impatient sky at dusk  
Birds drift like falling autumn leaves  
On fickle winds  
Life is on the whole is indifferent  
Either you dance and drift like dust on this  
Blushing sun-kissed sky or  
Sink silently into the yielding loam of your sadness  
My days dance before me now  
The bad, the good, the we don't know  
Our past dance is song and faded pictures  
The force of youth is behind  
The truth of our days lies ahead

Guillermo Veloso

# Love Of The Now

Stone yourself man!  
How could you confuse  
Possession with love.  
Love the wild gypsy wind  
Possession the cold gated cage  
That seeks to hold it  
Face the sun  
Sense the air  
Then drift with it  
This is love of the now

Guillermo Veloso

# Love Optional

Deep in the dark-jungled green  
Of my day dream addled  
Despair  
The man sold me  
This pre-owned soul  
Good as new he said  
Sunshine and moon-glow guaranteed  
Love optional

Guillermo Veloso

# Love, The Alchemist

Look for the beauty in  
The old woman she has become  
There, undiminished, is the fire  
That set a heart aflame  
Her weathered skin is still supple  
In his timeless touch  
Here is lead turned to gold  
Gold to dream and  
Dream to the infinite  
Years are but a poor translation  
Of an unknown tongue  
Your calendar has no dominion  
Here  
Love forgives time as  
Time forgives the clock

Guillermo Veloso

# Loves Unspoken

Can love be written  
In a book of hours  
Stenciled and illuminated with  
Scrolls and lace  
Or is it meant to  
Remain mute; without words  
Eternally seeking that which cannot be spoken  
And that which makes it thus  
A flame that flickers and consumes

Guillermo Veloso

# Lying In Dreams

Dreams do not lie  
They deceive and distract  
They weave, expand and contract  
They lead us away  
They lead us astray  
From truths that do not die

Guillermo Veloso

# Main Street On Moorestown

Gas-lit and lost in  
Time  
A Ghost horse  
Hitched to the watering post  
Neighing  
Belching  
Anxious to gallop  
I sip my espresso  
And dream

Guillermo Veloso

## Manifesto At 50

Seeking youth I lost age  
Seeking passion I lost love  
Seeking insight I lost truth  
Seeking a partner I found solitude  
Nature, my muse  
Her tender breath and soft sighs  
Universe, my lover  
Her motions and fidelity  
Above these  
I will seek no others

Guillermo Veloso

## Many Birds (The Abandoned Nest)

I came upon a fallen nest  
Left to dry and alone on the ground  
A passing rain had but for a moment given it  
Brief life  
And I wondered  
What scarlet cardinal, azure jay or resolute robin  
Had returned to find this empty home  
Once downy warm with egg, twig, and spittle.  
Once a home once a love once a life  
Many birds mate for life  
Some do not

Guillermo Veloso

# Marrow

To say this thing  
To feel it said  
To release a thousand years from  
A bottle  
To say this thing  
To strip it to the bone  
Clean the bone  
To the marrow  
Spoon the marrow and spread it on toast  
Warm and ours  
To say this thing  
To feel it said

Guillermo Veloso

# Mayfly

Now on the gravel lie  
River rock and mayfly passion  
A moment alone  
A sliver of solitude  
Allows the passage of  
Caravans of thought  
Dream and debris  
Drift in and out on  
Spendthrift tides  
Set in motion by the weeping moon

Guillermo Veloso

# Me

Deep where there  
Are no mirrors  
Where there are no  
Echoes  
Is where I am not  
Only a still voiceless  
Voice  
Only a soul  
Not mine  
Not yours  
Possession cannot exist  
Silence  
Has no master  
And stillness no mate

Guillermo Veloso

## Memories And Verse

The browning pages of his notebooks  
A fierce bodhisattva  
Left behind to remind him of the dangerous times  
When they were lovers and all but  
Passion faded from view  
Now thoughts like mice  
Gnaw at the pages□  
Leaving the confetti of unfinished love,  
Roses and doubt

Guillermo Veloso

# Memory Muscle

In the dark, scotch in hand  
Muscle memory  
Memory muscle  
The freedom of age  
Freedom from youth  
Freedom from immortal fantasy  
Freedom from whispers in trees  
You know the names on the tombs  
And they remember you  
This has a finish and there  
Is a peace in that.  
No tears here  
I saw the maps in my youth  
Nights alone in the dark  
Hands of the old  
Hands of the new  
Hands of those to come  
And I know  
This has not been wasted time

Guillermo Veloso

# Memory Must Die

Erase it

Scour it

Bury it

Forget it

Kill it

Delete it

Ignore it

Annihilate it

Then Live

Guillermo Veloso

# Monde Ancienne

Moon lights

Ghost snow

Warm chill of silence/quiet statues/ the gallery of night/

Old road wrinkled warped worn and torn

Old friend mute and loyal

Walk with me in the comfort of years

Guillermo Veloso

# Monet's Table

Monet at his Table

The soup is first

Gone in an instant

Rush the tender bitter greens

Cepes and chanterelles glow on the plate ephemerally

The rabbits sacrifice in a terrine is brief

Cezanne's bouillabaisse can wait

The split melon is the last

Then

On the Japanese bridge

A world of color and subtle heat erupts

On an untouched canvas

Guillermo Veloso

# Morning Mass

Astonishing

This pulpit of sound

Every bird a preacher

Every preacher a prophet

The sound of this mass

Rises me more to the crux of the thing

Than any celibate monk

Here, the infinite arises like

Vapors from the dew

With no need for fear

Starling, mourning dove, cardinal and robin

"Rise now...this is your Cathedral"

Guillermo Veloso

# Morning Of Mourning

Let the cleansing winds come  
With dust and one-legged birds  
Over this darkening ground  
Let the furrows across the fields  
Left by this rusty blade and scoured by time,  
Find seeds in the everyday despair and beauty of life  
Night is ugly only to the fearful

Guillermo Veloso

# Morning's A Memory

Memories lap  
Upon my dream-shore  
Like the morning tide  
They stain my sands  
Names, faces and glances  
Fade and emerge  
The heart races and eyes twitch  
Across time and place  
Until I am left  
Quiet in effigy  
A Plantagenet  
Reposed in  
Marble stillness  
And wry smile

Guillermo Veloso

# Mugged By Life

Once in a twist  
Life pulled a fast one  
Called its chits and  
Squeezed me cold on the scene  
Asking so many questions  
Yet demanding no answers  
In this way the moment  
Was free to live  
Until its natural demise

Guillermo Veloso

# Multiverse

As the sun sets over my horizon and rises in another  
In fossilized dreams  
I taste you  
A mute love  
Fleshy and pink  
A quiet corner of a forgotten universe  
Kisses and caresses in the shade  
Of an unrecognizable sun..

Guillermo Veloso

# My Coquette Moon

The moon is brushing her hair

The river her

Mirror

The fish are watching and sigh for the ending night.

Guillermo Veloso

# My Emancipation

I released her

Really?

Can a master release what was never his?

Can a heart be liberated when it was always free?

Arrogance! !

The only freedom gained

Was mine and

It was granted

By a soft goodbye

Guillermo Veloso

# My Future Lies In The Present

This fierce moment  
Its arrogant teeth  
Gnaws at my past  
And grins at my future  
With bones and sinew  
I am here exposed and true  
What can I hide from eternity that it already does not know?

Guillermo Veloso

# My Garden Of Broken Things

I hold this chalice virgin, but  
This glass is already broken  
It shines radiant in the light  
My garden is a garden of broken things  
Lives like glass already broken in youth  
The wounds I suffer I suffered in the womb  
The sun I gaze upon rises in the dark and falls at dawn  
The end I embrace  
Lives in the precious moment  
And so releases me

Guillermo Veloso

# My Goodbye

Everyday is my goodbye  
Expressed in quiet solemnity  
Hushed but sincere  
Moments come  
Moments go  
All, crumbs to follow  
To that appointed place  
Where fate and destiny will meet  
To say their fond farewells

Guillermo Veloso

# My Guardian Saints

Rogues

Drinkers

Poets

Strollers of light and color,

In the morning, aflame, I feel

A strange feeling of company and care

A vision that laps at the shoals of my horizon

A tide that slowly appears with no moon

To guide its machinations

I hear music

Ethereal fingers trace the outline of my life that comes at

This solitary instant

A flash of movement behind me

A sudden wisp of air

My arms are light as they lift me

I am light

My ghosts file in a row, a passage of memory

Tidal flow that leaves its fossils trapped in mud

Like ancient tracks of insects, birds and twig

Light now, sifts through the sepia fall pastel

An ebb and flow of tear and light

Old photographs record a happier time

Times of tearful happiness long washed away in the grey tides

Now I await the return of my saints

To drink a toast and spin light into gold

Guillermo Veloso

# My Love Asleep

Lips like plums  
Burst and beckon  
Wet and ripe like the sea  
The geography of your body  
Curves with the earth and moves with your dreams  
To follow is to explore  
To explore is to love  
You awaken and wipe the sleep away  
But I have left and hidden in your horizons

Guillermo Veloso

# My Melancholy Horses

My melancholy stains the day  
Litters these streets empty and hollow of sound  
This heaviness weighs on as  
City horses myopic and deaf  
Plod through my dreams  
Morning light is wrenched dearly from every drop of dew  
Every kind word you loose holds a glimpse of sun light that I must drink  
Lest I dry out and drift away on a fickle breeze

Guillermo Veloso

# My Most Excellent Complaint

Our love has no dignity  
Love apportioned in grains  
Like sand through an impossible hourglass  
Minutes strangled in their crib before they are  
Even born  
Stillborn and blue in the apothecary's jar  
Who can remember the graffiti  
We left on the clouds  
Carved with our passion  
Who can see the we  
That we were  
When we were we  
And life seemed an unending canvas  
Ripe for the brush and sunlit paints  
Now unfinished with only the patina  
Of the dying oil lamp  
That is our cage

Guillermo Veloso

# My Planet

I ride the voracious light of amorous Venus  
Planets align round a moon in distress  
Spinning quarks rotate in chaos  
Beautiful chaos  
Purposeful chaos  
Meaningful chaos  
To what end?  
Restless and bored  
A faulty plan leaves clouds in my coffee  
Parted at dawn  
Tossed at night  
Return to start another day

Guillermo Veloso

# My Wild Eye

Adrift on these days of comfort, no sail no rudder  
Listless, cynical  
I am losing my ghosts and their stories here  
I see a baptism in the mist that steals my wildness and rocks me to liturgical  
sleep  
"I fear winter because it's the season of comfort! "  
I need my wildness, my wild eye  
To see the world as a drunken priest should, behind altars, around corners and  
under tables  
Holding the keys loosely in the wilting grip of one who has said his goodbye  
before the last hello  
It is here I will start my pilgrimage  
It is here in this darkened small room that is my mind  
Full with dusty things, it is from here that I journey  
To reclaim my ghosts, free of angelic sophistry  
My ghosts, farting, belching, shitting, living, loving as they should  
To find them at the table, eyes closed, looking at me and  
Toasting death

Guillermo Veloso

# My Wild God Blooms

I live with a wild god  
Of no face  
Of no voice  
Of no intent  
Of no liturgy  
Of no hate  
Of no love  
Of winds  
Of smells  
Of the earth  
Of the black of space  
Of burning sun  
Of Snow  
Of blooms in the snow  
Of coal black eyes  
Of impossibly tangled hair  
Of warm rain slow and wet  
Of leaves that crackle in dry death  
Of cicadas that electrify the air  
Of the blue that explodes onto mountains  
Of impermanence  
Of eternal and infinite  
Now

Guillermo Veloso

# My Wound

In this garden  
I tend my wound  
Prune my memories  
Water my loves  
And travel countless miles  
Beneath a careless sun

Guillermo Veloso

# Never At Home

Never at home  
Never at peace  
Never at me

Fear in the corners  
Shadows in moon-less night  
Rustle and whisper  
Liquid and night  
Dreams at play  
Dreams in the way  
Dreams that sway

Love in corners  
Love in acts  
Love and lovers

Chasing Poe  
Chasing his woe  
Chasing his moan  
Virgin child  
Virgin woman  
Virgin death (the first and last deflowering of death)

Guillermo Veloso

# Nicolas Blessed

Skipping stones through  
The stained glass  
Across the heads of those brought  
Together at the church  
Hands clasped with them that  
Came before  
I heard laughter in the slight breeze that  
Slipped through solemn  
Pews filled with frown and tear.  
The little blue box alone  
But some are just  
Passing through  
Transient reminders of  
Our fragile journey  
Stopping but for a moment  
To bring the  
Ephemeral light

Guillermo Veloso

# Night

I screamed my name to the night  
Waiting for the echo that could save me  
I found the arms of an ebony mother in autumn dress  
Cool and blind to color and sin  
In this lap I lay my head and sleep

Guillermo Veloso

# Night Alone

A bed mourns  
The loss of shape  
Empty shadow of you in the moon's oblique light

Guillermo Veloso

# Nijinsky Laughed

Nijinsky laughed  
As he flew;  
High as birds  
Wind became dance  
Sounds became dance  
Sex becomes dance  
Spring and passion became dance  
Dance became poem, wordless and true

Guillermo Veloso

# No Mind

Reed

Thrush

Damselfly

Still reflection (in the)

Still water (of the)

Still pond (in the)

Still light (of the)

Still sun (on this)

Still day

And for a moment

All became one

Quiet

Pure

Brilliant

Still

Guillermo Veloso

# No More A Refugee

How many nights mornings must come  
In darkness and misty fear  
How many times must the hammer land before  
The nail remembers, stiffens and  
Says &quot;no more&quot;  
I will not be a refugee from my story  
I will arise  
And bear witness to my life and skin  
I will settle under the blood red summer sunset and this  
Drop-eyed moon to  
Walk with my ghosts, my tribe  
Until my duende  
Like Ulysses  
Returns

Guillermo Veloso

# No Words Can Justify

I followed an autumn branch  
Blackened by morning mist  
Followed the bumps, slashes and curves  
Followed it to its end  
And the last golden leaf  
And the last golden word  
Slipped off into the wind  
I smiled, walked away  
In silence

Guillermo Veloso

# No, Buddha, Tonight

Are my desires so dark?  
I sit waiting as Buddha for  
Mara and his arrows, but  
No, Buddha, tonight  
I embrace the dark  
Offer my heart up  
A fitting trip through my deep  
Dark dreams, dark sounds  
&quot;The true struggle is with the duende&quot;  
I will weave a web to  
Ensnare those insolent angels  
Show them the death that awaits  
How that end sets fire to our days  
When we see  
My awakening will come  
In its time  
In its way  
In my way

Guillermo Veloso

# No, Not Like The Rest

How to explain  
This attraction?  
This pull?

Her bare eyes reveal  
Her bare soul

There is a tear  
In her fabric  
That releases light  
Relentless light

At once  
Astral and  
Sanctuary

As if  
The sun,  
Bursting from the  
Green prison of the  
Flower's gasp, still  
Yearns  
To return

Guillermo Veloso

# Noble Truths

And noble truths  
Shall return to the maker  
Mortar and matrix  
Nihilistic in the  
Singularity of the  
Moment snuffed by wet fingers  
And Silence

Guillermo Veloso

# Not For Torment

3 flies took my measure  
Around my thumb  
As children play  
Heads up turned to a sky more shore and sea  
Than cloud and air  
Upside down in a world  
Senseless by design  
Where love is bought and sold  
Time spent and lost  
Where the heavens awash in grey,  
Allow black and white to come out and play

Guillermo Veloso

# Now

Face the sun  
Face the moon  
Face the stars  
Face yourself  
Your bleached bones  
Will never sing of  
Your fire

Guillermo Veloso

# Nunc Sacri

Sitting, still now  
Alone in this cathedral of light  
I sought no prayer yet regained my sight

Guillermo Veloso

# October Sun

I drove; a vision of  
Holy Spirit trees  
Flamed and spun on apostolic streets  
One after another in a broken line  
Of autumnal fire  
and October sun

Guillermo Veloso

# Of Love

And of Love

What will they say?

Passion at night

Caresses in the day.....

Bathed in its own light

Set forth on its own way

Guillermo Veloso

# Old Man And Rose

Old man  
Tends his rose  
The wind-drift grey road  
Speckled in pink and white  
Is a mosaic of his years  
Each lost petal a careless year  
Each drop of water a shed tear  
Each snapped stem a lost moment  
Each bloom caressed, a lover's touch  
Each unopened bud  
A promise of lovers to come

Guillermo Veloso

# Old Rusty Moon

I opened a torn box of memories  
Folders, moth-eaten notebooks and yellowed photographs  
I rummaged about looking for lost muses and mute lovers

An old rusty moon poured like sand from my dry pen  
Tears poured down and gave life to parched pages  
A candle burned the past away  
Hot to the touch and better now for the pain

Guillermo Veloso

# Old San Juan

So let me suckle on the  
Sun-baked breast that was  
This day and pour  
Its glory over my head  
With the baptismal sea  
Til I can't see a thing

Let it all come now  
The old woman with withered hand gripping  
The wilted cane by the weathered church  
The young girl shy and sly by the shore  
The lovers lost in a moment we cannot penetrate  
The hungry doves that do not ask but wait for a kindness  
The reluctant pilgrim pushing onward  
The relentless lullaby of the waves  
The prodigal stranger in his native womb

Ancestral bones lying by the waves  
Let this all come  
Absolve me of the  
Life-drenched-light-stained collar  
That gives pause to the jealous night  
Then Lord, let it pass

Guillermo Veloso

# On The Bay

On the Bay  
Sun rained light  
Crashing upon the waters and  
And shattering like  
A million shards of  
Brilliant glass  
Each reflecting the  
Glow of angels  
And the beauty of now

Guillermo Veloso

# On The Day Isaac Lay Upon The Rock

Isaac felt the knife  
The smell of sheep, manure and sadness  
Rust blood stone, chilled mountain air  
He heard no voices  
He saw nothing this day  
To stir fear as his father,  
Trembling, wild eyed, palmed the dagger  
Stoned sharp and eager  
Still on his throat  
On the rock  
On the hill  
On this day  
Still and cold on his throat,  
His father's heavy aged,  
Desert smoothed hand divorced from  
His body was  
Firm and resolute  
Never betraying the mad doubt that  
Tormented his thoughts  
Clawing about in the dark  
Isaac was still  
He felt the blade  
It rested on his pulse  
It rode his breath  
It held a lifetime in a cold second.  
For the trust of a father  
For the trust of a faith  
The red-stoned altar cried for  
Its due  
What god would demand this  
Proof?  
To sever the vein  
Of his vein  
Scatter the mist of his blood to the winds  
What god could ask this?  
We are like Abraham  
Knives to the vein  
Our flesh spread like offerings  
To an exhausted god

The blood drips, pools and  
We are numb to it  
This carousel of blood  
Spins a druid circle  
Enclosing the carnage in  
Indifference and blindness

Guillermo Veloso

# Once More And Release

Is this the dream that dreamers dream of  
Chasing the duende in blue-lipped flight  
Death more merciful than life?  
Mad-bladed thought scraping the hardened fields  
Mad-starlings crazed with hunger settling in  
Mad furrows random and scattered  
Marred and disfigured rows  
Not a coherent thought to grasp for  
Not one light in the dark to reach for  
Not one warm thought to nuzzle with  
Is it a wonder then, that  
I seek release  
Silent release, once and for all  
An end to struggle  
What do they want of me?  
What is needed of me that is not needed of them  
This world is beauty  
This world is ugly  
This world demands much  
I have been left unrecognizable and  
I have tired of the dawn's tease  
I long for one last sunset  
On last quiet moment in the perfume of gardenias  
One last moment with the trees  
One last moment with the birds  
One last deep breath, then  
Release

Guillermo Veloso

# One By One They Must Burn

Spinning in this demon's cocoon  
Wrapped in holy silk and set away like  
Lost summer loves  
Letting the worlds I knew  
Crash and burn one by one  
On the penitent pyre  
They must burn! !  
I need to set them all  
Aflame so I can find a new one  
In the bony ashes, somewhere  
To call home in the darkness

Guillermo Veloso

# One More Night Brother

&quot;Throw one more piece of wood into the flames&quot;  
I implored, once more  
One more night tripping in the hedges  
One more night in our skin  
One more night in our sin  
One more wild eyed night with fires ignited  
Forgiving ourselves,  
Our absolution is true  
Damn the priest  
Damn their expectations  
Damn the script  
Damn the dark  
Yes brother! !  
&quot;One more, seasoned and ripe&quot;  
&quot;Throw it in&quot;  
Let's burn for another night  
This black needs light

Guillermo Veloso

# Only Child

Two twists of pepper  
A pinch of salt  
Adrienne Barbeau and life is good  
Funny movies on a quiet day  
Glass of vino on slow days as slow days should  
What a head of hair on this one! ! !  
I need a brother I think..  
No friends on my own..such a loser eh?  
No no no it's the family  
And why is she breast feeding in the mall?  
Por el amor de dios! ! !  
Is she gay  
Not sure but he is! !  
Life is an opera with big tenor moments  
And this is the one.. the clock ticks  
And the food gets cold  
Suddenly an empty room  
Acting out the parts  
Laughing, crying  
Defective and authentic  
But we drown good..  
Then again TIMING..IS..EVERYTHING....  
And sometimes  
And sometimes you just know.....  
So good night my love  
And see you soon.....

Guillermo Veloso

## Papa And Sunday

I smell the caldo/ham and cabbage/chorizo and beef/potato and grelos/scratchy  
record/ Pepe Blanco and Carmen Moreno/tie and apron/scotch and soda/cologne  
and tool/papa and Sunday

These are not the smells of the grave

Memories alive, fresh and colored

Guillermo Veloso

# Patagonia

Have you ever seen the sun at midnight?  
Have you ever felt the cool rain on a cloudless day?  
Have you ever run your toes through the tall grass on a city street?  
Have you ever made love to a lover on a loveless night?  
And my lover lies besides me a million miles away  
At the end of the earth

Guillermo Veloso

# Pause

Things seemed to fall in place  
That day at the grave  
Birdsong and backhoe hummed  
Otherwise it was quiet  
I sat at that moment with father  
I sat at another moment with mother  
A quiet I longed for  
Seemed to drape over me  
As a soft warm shawl  
And voices gave assurances  
That all was as it should be  
That the motions and machinations of  
Of our lives can stop if but  
For an instant  
And feel the peace of an eternal pause

Guillermo Veloso

# Peace Be With You, My Brother

You have bitten my arm and  
Drawn blood  
Peace be with you my brother  
You have gnawed my bones and  
Eaten my leaves  
Peace be with you my brother  
You have withered my mother and  
Stolen the years  
Peace be with you my brother  
You have taken my wife and  
Left with my trust  
Peace be with you my brother  
And now life is good  
Full and drunk  
Pain part of the arc  
Love is free and easy  
Love is pulled from the dark  
Sun is warm  
Rain is fresh  
And years flow  
As years and water should  
Peace be with you my brother

Guillermo Veloso

# Penelope

You have bought me to this place  
Penelope  
Far from home and unrecognizable  
Now torn and ripped by Scylla  
Swallowed and spit up by Charybdis  
Only to wander aimless again  
Between crag and shoal  
Are these the years to come?  
Round about a maelstrom of sadness  
Venture in search of the other  
But remember always Penelope  
That while others came, withered and faded  
I was here in flesh, blood and bone  
And remember me as the downy snow  
That fell through your dreams,  
Softly with smiles, laughter and love.

Guillermo Veloso

# Perfect

What form can I give these feelings?

No elegy ever fits the pain

Always

So tired

So trite

So I say this:

We arrive to leave

Flesh, bone, water, ash,

You came

You lived

You loved

You left

Life

Perfect

Guillermo Veloso

## Petrified Things

For I am a child of the sea  
Though I roost on land,  
Tree is my canopy  
Earth my deck  
My sill is an ocean of petrified things  
Crab, Wood, Shell, and Glass  
Turned in the gray foam of the sea  
And I as these petrified things have  
Been turned by the sea, scoured and polished into  
What I am....and will become.

Guillermo Veloso

# Pilgrimage And Alchemy

She sat olive-eyed  
Laughing at the thick skinned moon  
The madness took hold of her in the tall grass as she played  
The worn reed flute channeling songs of her ghosts  
Dark monoliths standing like sleeping mares still in the night  
Druid reminders of another time

Concupiscent airs drift through her fields and dreams  
Charged and wet  
She wanders yet  
Her pilgrimages are measured in days not miles  
Scallop shell, withered palms and  
Lichen covered saints carved from ancient stone, kissed by the faithful  
Smoothed by their sanctified lips

Her demons return, come and go like  
Domesticated lovers  
But the alchemy of her heart yields no gold  
Only loneliness and sighs  
Manifested of shortened journeys and  
Late night knocks and calls

In search of her myth  
Discovering words spoken by stone  
Dreaming of lost voices fragile as  
The oncoming mist  
She peers ahead and like a bowman  
Releases her breath  
And walks on

Guillermo Veloso

# Promise Of Dawn

The dawn brings the smell of sea  
Winds born of angel's wings blow at the door  
They shake a Lazarus tree alive with wings  
The taste of salt, foam and shell  
The dawn brings the smell of the sea  
And angels bring dreams of tomorrow

Guillermo Veloso

# Purging

How soon the sinner's tongue is  
Snapped shut like a sparrow  
In lurking mouth of a cat  
Yet the cat lets the mouse go  
Dying, yes, if only to play with it  
For a moment

Guillermo Veloso

# Quanta

Time has arranged itself  
In neat bundles  
Orderly  
Strict  
Domestic  
A house  
A family  
A fading love  
Each moving in random  
Orbits around each other around in  
A hollow nucleus

Guillermo Veloso

# Questionnaire

Romantic guy

Poet guy

Nice guy

Boring guy

Invisible guy

Incomplete guy

I circled all of the above

What did I lose that I found?

What do I crave that I have?

What years did I miss that I lived?

Why do I seek shadows on a moonless night?

Pilgrim guy...

Not on questionnaire

Guillermo Veloso

# Questions

What prayer can I say?  
What incantation can I speak?  
What evocation can I profess?  
What worlds can I dream?  
What life can I bring to fruition?  
What wings can I unfurl that  
Will take me aloft and away?

Guillermo Veloso

# Quiet Dinosaur

The thesaurus is a quiet dinosaur  
With no word for love  
She is a solitary word and of her own  
As it should be

Guillermo Veloso

# Quiet Now, Please

Blake, Jung, Rumi, Tsu, Buddha, Merton  
Each confessor and priest□  
Each now silent  
As they should  
Leave me now, to sit  
Still and quiet

Guillermo Veloso

# Rain Dance

What shall the rain say  
If we should dance in its gentle grace?  
No matter,  
The rain will wait  
Its turn!

Guillermo Veloso

# Ready But Patient

I am ready to follow  
When you are ready to lead  
I am ready to close my eyes  
When you are ready to take me  
We have danced and touched so many times  
I have never pushed you away  
It is an eternal dance that awaits me  
I will not hide in the shadows  
But if you see fit to wait  
I will not complain!

Guillermo Veloso

# Release

Death comes easily  
Best to get on  
And do this thing  
A thing they cannot steal  
Your life cannot be stolen  
Your last moment is yours alone  
Release like the last breath, easy and free  
What is behind the veil  
Mysterious burka of eternity  
Dark beauty  
My tribe will set me free in full flight  
Tossed to the elements  
The four corners to expand  
Cry no more  
Love has taken a stroll amongst the flowers  
The garden breathes gardenias, pollen and scent  
Aroma of the last day

Guillermo Veloso

# Renewal And Return

I will move cautiously  
In this new country  
And explore this redemption  
With delicate steps  
In the end  
We are masters  
Of our silences  
And these worlds that  
spin between our words

Guillermo Veloso

# Right Of Return

You beside me  
The scent of your dream  
Haunts the blue-gray night  
The slight touch of skin  
The right of return

Guillermo Veloso

## River To Sea; A Joining

At last the crushing weight  
Of doubt is eased and this  
Story must end.  
All stories must end so new  
Ones can begin  
No one will speak the final words so  
I will  
The venom has leached  
And no longer dangerous

I am unrecognizable in this stillness  
My heart and senses deeper,  
I move as an old river, slower  
With intent over the same stones I ignored  
In more effluent times  
Feeling for a texture that  
I ignored in haste,  
I am clear now  
And see my estuary for what it is  
A joining

Guillermo Veloso

# Rosy Glasses

I awoke in secret  
To spy on her  
To see her dress  
To see her dry her face  
To see her body fresh from dreams  
To see her unadorned lips  
To see through closed sleepy eyes  
And remember

Guillermo Veloso

# Said The King And Seer

A star will guide us  
Said the king and the seer  
A star will take us  
To all that is dear  
Yet the path is made  
In the travel of its stones  
And the destiny it holds  
Will be held in its bones  
This horizon at night is lost at its edge  
We must feel for its geometry  
Lest we fall of the ledge.

Guillermo Veloso

# Salt

Years of tears lay in marshes  
Still, hot and fetid in this new sun  
Desiccate, crystallize and flake  
Take this salt now and  
Season the feast to come

Guillermo Veloso

# Samsara

Afternoon

Syrupy light flows through  
Oblique blinds and  
Falls on an autumn rose  
It removes itself from the world and  
Splashes on the darkening petals

?

Shall we say hello  
Shall we meet again  
Shall we discern  
Love in a single moment  
Can we return to the moment  
When the moment was born  
Shall we remember and  
Love anew  
?

Let us introduce ourselves now  
As friends and lovers  
Let passion fall  
As light falls on the rose  
And allow our souls to  
Mingle on this soft afternoon  
Born, wondrous and radiant  
Again

Guillermo Veloso

# Sea

The sea takes its lesson from the sands  
Realizes its purpose in the shoals  
Accepts its destiny in the unending tides  
Carries the hope of the sun in its currents  
And dances behind the piper moon

Guillermo Veloso

## Second Day

My lizard saints  
Play in the bramble  
Under the morning haze  
Beckon and seek  
To pull my soul from these tired bones across the garden gate  
Come now and play in the island rains  
The time is close and these  
Doors must close  
If I am to travel on..

Guillermo Veloso

# Secrets

My darkness falls on the page  
As moon-lit shadow  
Dawn is spared the black  
Day is numb to the night  
Hidden like seeds,  
All my secrets scatter in the light

Guillermo Veloso

# Self

Where have you been?  
I've waited all these years  
You set off  
So many odysseys  
So many people so many places so many nights  
So angry  
So selfish  
I have been here all along  
Waiting  
Waiting for you to silence the voices and see only me  
I am here  
I have always been here  
From those moments alone / the crib / the night  
I have always been here  
Can you see me now?  
In the moment between sleep and dream  
Between breaths  
Between blinks  
Between alone and love  
Between life and death  
I am your only true companion  
I am your angel  
I am your minder  
I am you in the mirror  
I am you  
And you are me

Guillermo Veloso

# Set In Amber

old waters are wiser  
deliberate  
feeling for beds  
rushed over before  
texture  
depth  
hot summer stretched  
molded  
day by day  
slow ends  
left motionless  
and set in amber

Guillermo Veloso

# Shadows And Masks

My confessions would be the envy of hell  
If hell was my mind

But mind has become hell  
Imprisoned with no exit  
Alone with my many shadows and masks  
In the end very alone  
Do not follow I will no longer beckon  
In an instant I have slipped away....

Guillermo Veloso

# She

She

She is there

Behind the veil of mist that is desire

Awaiting / passion / in sensual dance

Flickering candles

Music that whispers

Warm first kisses / skin at play / poems unsent / flowers in bloom / the gaze of  
the moon

Eternity in her silk-black eyes

Guillermo Veloso

# She Shuns The Page And Pen

I

She shuns the page  
Ignores the pen  
Only the wordless train of staff and beat  
Words have no fire for her  
They do not arise in her  
They do not awake in dreams  
Words have no fire for her  
They do not leap like basilisks across the page  
There are no birds  
There are no metaphors  
Words are creosote  
Words have no fire for her

II

Archaic words  
Newborn words  
Ancient words  
Future words  
Words that harden in centuries  
Like coral dressed in fire  
Only to release  
A million words into  
The current in their ardor

III

Feral words  
Raised by wolves  
Nursed by wild teats  
Milk fed words  
Left to fend for themselves in the night  
These words are skinks  
Shiny and gone  
Lift the leaf and you will find them! !

Guillermo Veloso

# Shelter And A Friend

Soul stripped bare  
Open wounds salted  
Fester and ooze  
Once hidden well-  
Now in full view  
Here I am, here for all of you  
To poke and prod  
A curiosity  
A freak  
In need of pity  
In need of mercy  
In need of absolution  
In need of renewal  
Opening my eyes now  
I welcome the sun in the window  
She asks for shelter and a  
Friend in the dark

Guillermo Veloso

# Shoes

Time passes/shoes grow/extra shoes/shoes move room to room/shoes are shy/shoes hide in boxes/shoes go to work and return/shoes take the first steps/shoes kick the cat/shoes play and stumble/shoes warm and slide/shoes slip off to make love/shoes wait in the closet/shoes wait at the door/shoes demand attention/shoes catch the tears/shoes sleep beneath the kitchen table/shoes dream of school/shoes shine for weddings/shoes walk slow at the end greened with grass browned with soil and get put away to remember.

Guillermo Veloso

# Skin Has Memory

friction

brushes

gloves

leather

wet leaves

lips

tongue

tingles

tickles

sweat

fire

ice

dust

A tender kiss on moon-less nights

Guillermo Veloso

# Slow Memory

Memories are slowed  
My Mind the Sap  
It's trap  
Echoes in the moment bounce in mitchondrial dream  
Reverberations in space, trunk and root  
My feet in the rappahonack  
Drifting on the patomac  
Tripping on block island  
Sliding down the pyramid  
Hand prints of the maya  
Max and john lennon  
Dave in the box  
Virginia of the Bronx  
Virginia of the verse  
Virginia of the mountain  
Papa with clams  
Papa with women  
Papa with food  
Papa with wine  
Papa on the bed  
Papa in the box  
Raymond on the street  
Raymond in the box  
Francis in the bar  
Francis in my dream  
Lucy with her question  
Lucy with my dream  
I absorb my moments  
My roots my senses  
My trunk my life  
My leaves my hands  
My soul my eyes  
My soul comes and goes as  
It pleases  
It visits it's past  
It gauges it's present  
It dreams of it's future  
My seasons  
as warm long friends

calendar a misused amusement  
My days metronome of life  
My years a symphony  
My centuries eternal prayer  
I breath life on this rock  
I take death in my roots  
I give back that which belongs to all  
On the currents of my breath.

Guillermo Veloso

# So Many Years

Left alone to play in the rain  
I kissed her tonight  
As she dreamt  
Her voice stared across the dream  
I felt the stringent pull of time  
I know and knew this for  
So many years  
There is no surprise on this trip  
The end has always been there since the beginning  
And love  
What of it?  
If it hides and plays  
Can it ever be yours?  
Desire is the beast  
And possession its bone..  
But in the dark of a cold winter night  
I kissed her on a cheek and bid  
My nightly farewell  
Because I knew and know  
Candles flicker and extinguish  
Flowers wither and  
Memories fade into dream

Guillermo Veloso

# Somewhere Far Away

Somewhere an ocean spreads on a sleeping beach  
Somewhere a wave falls red with krill  
Somewhere a blue whale leaps in scaffold breach  
Somewhere a tern paints an arctic sky  
Somewhere the day is quiet, golden and still  
Somewhere a man faces his death and asks why  
Somewhere a pie cools just baked on a wooden sill

Guillermo Veloso

## Son (Liam)

Quiet tenderness  
Tranquil soul  
Stone still  
Stone thought  
A library of thought in his  
Gentle eyes  
Beneath an ocean roils  
Beneath an epic is forged  
Beneath the hero wanders  
Waits with quiet masks  
And worlds to conquer

Guillermo Veloso

## Son, Forgive

How many tears have I missed  
How many monsters have gotten through  
How many balls have sat un-thrown  
In summer grass  
How many years have I let slip  
Sitting still by the light in my window  
Poison consuming  
My soul.  
My son  
My sun  
Forgive

Guillermo Veloso

# Soup

My soup is made of despair and hope  
Simmering side by side in a  
Broth of sunsets and dawns  
Raise your spoon and taste it!  
I made it myself

Guillermo Veloso

# Spiders And Their Kin

Come down  
Come down now  
From that sticky web  
Release your venom  
Into my mouth  
Come down  
Come down  
And make love on the ground

Guillermo Veloso

# Spring Companion

What is the cardinal singing  
Its rhythmic chortle  
Flame red, proud, alone  
In its vernal leaf  
Feels the drip of the cool rain run  
Down its spine and slip off its feathers  
Senses the worm beneath the soil  
Moving and sliding through the moist earth  
Feels the faded last breath of winter  
Feels the motion of earth as it twists  
In its well, the sun as guardian  
Peers down through my shade as I  
Pen these thoughts and keeps me company  
As I break and molt these worn feathers  
My rosy down and pink wonder

Guillermo Veloso

# Spring Mass

The twist in my side  
Like an unwelcome touch  
Marks a mortality  
Felt with sincerity  
The cardinal chortles a mass that I  
Am not prepared for  
Starlings quiver and chitter in their pews  
This church of God spins beneath  
My congregation of  
Birds, trees and bugs

My generation in motion passes the old and the new  
Looking back and looking forward  
Still this church of God spins, still  
I would be a puddle gathering the rain  
I would be as earth and gather bones  
I cannot cease  
I am not cooed by mourning doves  
This procession shall pass  
And all will follow

Guillermo Veloso

# Still Life In Blue

Flowers and mysteries plucked in spring  
Daughters and fairies flow and sing  
Light pours like wine  
Grass rises to catch your step  
It's ok to whisper on a day as such  
It's respectful and humble  
Words are ripped from my mind  
Torn and reformed in thought and dream  
They cradle my fallen head  
And caress my sullen spirit  
I am floating now  
Above a village of worm and quiet motion  
There are no bells here  
No church or temple  
No parishioners or faithful  
Light is as it is and gathers no followers  
Time is not present only progress  
A progress of sun, moon and wind  
This is a universe  
Of scent and touch  
Of song and movement  
Solitude arises from this moment  
Plants war in gas and root  
A quiet war  
Far from the sea  
Far from our world  
Far from our lunacy  
Is no one but fools saints and madmen allowed these views?  
None but fools saints and madmen need know  
I will sleep tonight and  
Think of these things  
Morning will come and the still life  
Will be complete

Guillermo Veloso

# Still You Linger

Lovers for a brief incandescent moment  
Woven together on a loom of hot summer passion  
Revealing, sharing, daring, transparent  
This duende of fire, desire and nightmare is  
Stitched together like jazz notes  
Your life a string of newly born riffs  
Nights with cats, pen and hidden touch  
Stolen nights spent inside you  
Stolen nights when I tasted you, moist, anxious  
Stolen nights that left your aroma an immediate memory  
Stolen nights shaded away in secret ecstasy  
Still the stolen night did not feel wrong  
Should it have?  
Lovers of love, I think, assign no guilt to its natural path  
Only follow its scent wherever it leads  
You scent still lingers in my dreams  
You child of stars, faeries and angels  
You mother lover shaman priestess teacher  
You woman

Guillermo Veloso

# Subtle Moment 1982 Nyc

subtle moment  
silent street  
Bridge; Man  
Frozen in mist

Rum Soaked and Mellowed  
The Sullen Sailor  
Weary Torn  
A Cotton Man  
"When will she come? "  
where is that hair, that smile  
that tacky coat?  
" So long now.....  
Time has separate rooms  
For the quilted mind  
Antique leather  
The smell of cigarette, perfume and tears  
Smells, comfortable that point the way home.  
So many rooms in the house of thought  
Lights grow dim and fade as the fleeting night greets the timid dusk  
Sun.  
Sun fails and cracks  
The concrete veil loves the night so.  
Thinning day paints and dapples the water  
Ebb and flow sets new canvasses and brings forth new artists  
Sharp pencils.

Morning now  
A ship passes  
It's mourning dirge  
Honors the passing of the youthful night  
The heavens smile and a new dawn is born.  
"How far the love we seek  
how precious the life we share  
How dear the pain we rent  
How fleeting the life we leave behind"  
At the hem of eternal angels  
Singed wings and stung eyes shed tears that fall to the warm womb of summer  
Rain and tears fall from grace above

" She will come today  
That smile, that tacky coat"  
As he walked away  
The bridge felt still  
The dirge faded  
And time, weary, found a room.

Guillermo Veloso

# Summer Ends

Enjoy these last blooms;  
Drips of light  
For summer is a  
Fair weather friend  
We fence and parry  
The sun's glaring bite  
Blinds our eyes and fools  
Our sight  
The stars so starry  
Are jumbled in another sky  
And autumn's golden fleece  
Portends another lie

Guillermo Veloso

# Summer Nights Loves

Sunset;  
Molasses /Auburn /Summer  
Heat; sweat  
Choice; the taste of a lover or the touch of heaven  
The fruition of love  
Love Bears fruit  
Sweet figs, mango, papaya and peach  
Cicada rhythm  
Cicada buzz  
Brubeck takes five  
Summer rains  
Mango love  
Aphrodite /Prometheus/Charon  
Sins of the self/  
The night is feline/supine and lithe

Come, come, orishas  
Saints of passion  
Consecrate this hallowed ground  
Moist with sweat;  
Stained with the lover's dew

Entwined linked and fused  
The senses of symmetry synchronicity and serendipity  
Electricity quantum and true

Shall we be as Plato's dead and know the end of light in a blazing instant?

Guillermo Veloso

# Super Massive Black Hole

Love sunk in the voracious  
Curvature of space-time  
Heavy to the point of singularity  
Dreams sprinkle along the horizon  
Passions eaten and burped up  
Arise in another place

Guillermo Veloso

# Supplicant

You are the deity  
And I the supplicant  
You are the mystery and I  
The believer  
Before there was mist  
There was stone  
Before there were lies  
There was truth  
Your lies are askew  
And the truths you mouth are  
Suspect  
The comings and goings of  
Your dressers are linear  
Tracks easily seen and easily followed  
Yet I am a believer  
A supplicant  
Of love and loves  
Home; a desert cave for  
A desert saint  
Your coldness my manna  
Your betrayals my scripture  
Your absence my rapture  
Your silence my gospel  
Your indifference my faith

Guillermo Veloso

# Syrian Haiku

Blood flows under bomb blast  
Concrete tears nightmare fear mothers hear this  
Child dresses doll in black

Guillermo Veloso

# Tend To Your Garden Mistress

Tend to your garden mistress  
It lies fallow  
And in need of tilling  
You, thick legged in the bush  
Seeking the mortification of vine and thorn  
What penance can you find?  
Pain; forgiveness?  
The red-rashed past  
That blushes your thighs  
Is burned in sin that will not fade  
And your confessions rise as thin smoke tendrils in  
The dark with no trellised  
Ear to cling to

Guillermo Veloso

# Tender Moment

Tender moment  
No embrace  
No practiced gaze  
No scripted page  
No contrived map  
No cynical expectation;  
Tears guide the eye  
Pain reserves the visage.  
That which is not sought  
THAT WHICH WAS NOT BOUGHT  
That which was not caught  
And all that was for naught  
That which has not been wrought  
Hangs delicately  
With tender grace  
On the still tender winds  
Of an instant in time.

Guillermo Veloso

# Terminus, Concedo Nulli

I concede no ground  
To this love as it was  
I traveled the hard road to its  
Final boundary  
The trail fading into  
Trinket kisses then,  
In the end,  
Finally nothing

You are as shadow in a dream  
Your lips in dream  
Are someone else's  
Your coquettish smiles locked away  
In someone else's heart locket  
With someone else's heart key  
Our stars have faltered and  
Our planets no longer collide

You are free to go now  
I release us both  
Free of these horse latitudes  
Free to roam  
Beyond the sadness  
Beyond our story  
Beyond Terminus

Guillermo Veloso

# Terroir

Scars on my heart are the  
Maps to my soul  
When once I dreamed of return  
I found the natural terrain of this love  
I surveyed a poisoned terroir; a bitter vintage  
Black wine now pours into tired glasses  
No destination for this life that lies ahead.  
The rainbow I followed to its darkening end held only  
Stolen blood, love and hours  
Now I seek new soil  
Tender earth to till and care for  
What fruits it will bear I leave to the sun

Guillermo Veloso

# That Day In Picasso's Studio

Le Demoiselles de Avignon  
Formed in a mind in many places  
Form is lost and misplaced  
Trapped and formless like cut flowers  
Form is construct and must by nature  
Be deconstructed. Be destroyed  
Beauty comes in wave and particle  
A wick was touched to the fuse  
Universes appeared virgin and new

Guillermo Veloso

# The American Hand

Well-worn rough  
This American hand  
Creased with soil from cotton fields and asphalt  
Calloused with trains, skyscrapers and baseball  
This hand is smooth from  
Molding a nation  
Set fire to freedom while cracking the whip  
Breaking black backs and raising hope with words  
It is fierce it is still  
It has torn mountains in Panama  
It has seen sunrise in Manila  
It is Berliner loved and scorned  
It is buried in strange and faraway places; cross and star  
This American hand is still young  
Two century teen  
Rambunctious, impetuous, looking to get its way  
Awkward in many ways  
This hand is still warm and ready for the weak, weary, unwashed  
Eager to grasp at a future  
Still unwritten and full of nervous energy  
It is reaching for stars  
It is swimming with quarks  
It is putting pen to fresh paper and writing new stories  
And lies upturned, open and waiting

Guillermo Veloso

# The Bad Day

Robbed Now

Of all that is to come  
Of an end in the arms of love  
Of growing old in company  
Of a second innocence  
Of my heart  
Of old moons  
Of summer silences on the porch  
Of my smile  
Of a baby's welcome home  
Of the tears left to cry  
And a soft kiss on the day to die

Guillermo Veloso

# The Catcher Has Passed

The catcher has passed  
Phoniness is echo alone  
The rye is quiet, still / no sound  
Alone in the woods and  
Away from the unwanted gaze  
Holden has slipped away  
A smile across his lips and the world moves on

Guillermo Veloso

# The Compost Of You

Lay down now  
In the soft grass  
Lay still now  
Slow breathing with no purpose  
Lay down now  
It grows  
Light comes in green and gold shafts  
Soil moves beneath you, a  
Bed in motion

Worm grub and maggot  
Gather at your feast  
Fat with sin  
Fat with tragedy  
Fat with compassion  
Fat with lovers  
Fat with slow dances  
Fat with Monk at midnight  
Fat with life  
Fat with you  
Flesh is flayed  
Scraped and peeled  
No more hates  
No more loves  
No more jealousies  
No more fear  
No more masks

Here now,  
The compost of you  
Old beet root and gristle  
Bone laid bare  
Self laid bare  
Truth laid bare  
You are free  
Now leave

Guillermo Veloso

# The Compost Worm

Love with no skin  
Is there a greater sin?  
No passion-blister  
No love-whisper  
A turn in the bed  
Marks the minute and hour  
When love's sweet cream  
Is churned butter  
Bitter and sour  
Left alone to stitch a moss blanket  
Ponder  
Thunder and stone  
Sinew and bone  
Mortality....  
The clock mocks  
Time crawls  
Shawl becomes shroud  
And I  
Unblemished by lip's caress  
Left with a love  
Turned by the compost worm  
Til it becomes a stranger and something less

Guillermo Veloso

# The Face In The Mirror

I allowed myself  
To be myself  
Never realizing that I have  
No self to allow,  
Only a face in the mirror

Guillermo Veloso

# The Fierce Now

I sit here and think that the past has fled  
and yet it has never left.  
You in my arms and passions aflame.

Guillermo Veloso

# The Flower Of Power (Syria 2011)

A child's head  
Burst into a  
Sinful rose  
Leaving its mournful petals  
In tender arms  
Such is the flower of power.....

Guillermo Veloso

# The Ghost Inside

Photos like masks hang in the hall  
How many masks have I worn and  
How many bodies have I traveled in?  
The face in the mirror wears  
The years well, I think  
The ghost inside;  
Gentleman  
Poet  
Peasant  
Fifty  
Bones and self  
Fossilized  
I roam with the traveler  
And seek a quieter shore

Guillermo Veloso

# The Heart Of The Rose

my heart longs for a vision of us  
entwined at the heart of a rose  
embraced  
enmeshed in a web of love.  
I dream and the fantasy of your kiss is made real.  
Love, but for an hour I would be lost in your moment

Guillermo Veloso

# The Hour

As we spoke,  
The summer warmth caressed  
The hour; the black night  
An hour as black as figs  
An hour that defied the moon's angry vigil  
An hour that cried for its rightful place  
An hour that demanded  
An hour that commanded  
An hour that spoke of centuries  
As if it knew them by name  
As if the wind itself set the minutes adrift.

Guillermo Veloso

# The Keeper

There is a darkness I reach for  
In these cynical times  
At once cold and comforting  
She allows me respite from  
Tears and loss  
Repelling all thoughts of love and  
Simple longings  
Enveloping my dream, it elopes  
With its futile fable and  
Hides it away in a quiet corner  
Far away from my prying eyes

Guillermo Veloso

# The Lakes Of Titan

The lakes of Titan are cold and still  
I swim in the deep blue ripples  
Watching the methane clouds drift overhead  
The spinning  
Rings of stern Saturn  
Keep watch and company as I,  
Alone on this cold world  
Far from the sun  
Far from those I left behind  
Far from the distant dreams I dreamt  
Far from the fragrances of paradise  
Weep frozen tears for frozen flowers  
That will never bloom again

Guillermo Veloso

# The Last Dive

It's her hunger,  
Her body's hunger,  
That draws me to feed on  
Her mind's fire  
Setting my imagination aflame with  
Dreams that leap from the  
Edges of my night-less sleep  
Dancing, pulsing, gypsies and madmen  
Grasping her wrist I draw her to me  
Breathing in her sweat, scent and all it brings  
Cupping her tense neck, finger tips riding her racing pulse  
Breathing her breath, feeling her motion in motion  
Light comes like blazing suns exploding from the  
Shy dark corners of guarded thought  
Pressing her closer, tiny hairs rise and fall, skin renders away  
Embraced, useless friction renders away  
Fusion, soul, entanglement  
Staring intensely, entranced and lost into those eyes  
Eyes that cannot lie or deceive  
Reaching, grasping  
Like blind man in unfamiliar rooms  
I jump with faith and abandon  
Into an abyss with no end  
Never to return

Guillermo Veloso

# The Lender

I seek the lender of time  
A key to a door I cannot find  
Just a small loan to tide me  
Just an hour or two here and there  
But the interest is high and I cannot afford that pound of flesh.  
My mistress eyes me. I cannot hide  
My mistress seeks me. I am loath to join her in that cold embrace. Yet I am  
compelled to watch her eternal grace.  
I am here mistress; my last true love.  
We have two mothers in this life  
Mother of womb and mother of tomb

Guillermo Veloso

# The Long Goodbye

I am traveling,  
Drifting as the roaming smoke  
Rising from the last embers  
Of the last fire  
Remnants of  
Soul and flesh  
Blood and a thousand pains  
Wispy dreams  
Arriving in these familiar woods  
Blood and soil  
Pull as tides  
This is my last journey  
My last story  
Yet to be written

Guillermo Veloso

# The Long Season

Winter has come  
Poets are uncrated, unpacked,  
Like ornaments  
Adventures and cookies are warmed by our dreams  
The world sits beyond the glass  
And trees sway softly  
In the black

Guillermo Veloso

# The Lost Moment

We felt those Antilles breezes  
Part the palmy leaf  
We felt the soft night tide  
Slip slowly upon the beach  
We stole our whispers in shadows, with  
Moon our confessor and stars  
Our witnesses  
Moment and this moment alone  
Instant and this instant alone  
All that is observed and all that is hidden the  
Heart shall forgive, the  
Moon will absolve  
Love of the moment is the greatest of all  
She must withstand the furies of a thousand thoughts  
Hurled in anger, fear and couched in stone  
She must hold firm in the storm as the eye passes and  
The maelstrom returns.  
Time devours the moment's resigned offering  
Time passes like the storm  
Though time returns  
Moment does not  
Love Lost  
A sigh in a lifetime of breaths  
Never breathed again

Guillermo Veloso

# The Lovers

The lovers embraced  
As thieves in the night  
Stealing precious moments  
Under eternity's listless eye.  
A dust speck in the wind knows no motion;  
A moment frozen on the tapestry of time  
Begs to remain forever thus.

Guillermo Veloso

# The Meeting Place

Lips

Lush

Brush

Flush

Blush

Hush

The kiss

Guillermo Veloso

# The Murder Of Love

There is a murder  
In the theft of love  
Dreams, scents and memories  
All fall victim

Guillermo Veloso

# The New Pollinator

Asleep my youth, flesh and appetite  
Under the sun-devouring clouds that shade  
The oak  
Skin like cicada, buzzing and crisp  
I have but to bury myself for 17 years  
And leave my after-death, dry as shed skin, walk forward  
The new pollinator, blood up and steamy  
As summer peat  
This new fish, feeling its unused dorsal fin  
Sliding in a sexual river, carving canyons and rushing  
To the sea  
A new Adam, cutting through the green vine, fingers out-stretched  
Touching all, electric, bold and  
Reborn

Guillermo Veloso

# The Ocean Of Souls

I cannot control it  
I cannot guide it  
Across this ocean of souls  
Still  
I wonder  
Does it travel with light?  
Does it meet its fellow pilgrims?  
I want to meet this part of my bones  
Smile and say..&quot;buen camino&quot;

Guillermo Veloso

# The Private Life Of Birds (Birds Will Do It Anywhere)

Wrapped in the  
Blind passion  
Of feverish abandon  
Tumbleweed of  
Feather and beak  
Love on a bed of  
Wheel, steel, girder and brick

Guillermo Veloso

# The Promise Of Dawn

I will live again  
As lover  
As poet  
As sinner  
As pilgrim  
As a man  
Opening my eyes to the  
Virgin sun bursting on the horizon  
How can I ignore the promise of dawn?

Guillermo Veloso

# The Rose Of War

A flash  
A scream  
And a new rose  
Blooms in  
Rubble

Guillermo Veloso

# The Scar

Its time to go  
The moment demands it  
Passion has slipped away  
And left its delicious scar

Guillermo Veloso

# The Shiny One Beneath

It is time  
I've said it before  
It is time  
The skin grows rough and is  
In need of sloughing  
That tired shell  
Does not suit me any longer  
A shiny one lies beneath

Guillermo Veloso

# The Sin Of Forgetting

Dylan called grief the thief of time  
But it is time stealing the urgent  
Pain of grief that leaves  
A poor facsimile in its place  
Time has slipped away with  
The bone-raw moment  
When all is clear  
When all is laid bare  
And now  
My grief like marsh water, sits  
Still, fetid  
In need of a cleansing rain to  
Strip it naked and  
Scour it of the  
Sin of forgetting

Guillermo Veloso

# The Stages Of Forgiveness

The end of rage

The end of possession

The end of ego

Forgiveness

Guillermo Veloso

# The Steel Grey Eye

See this morning

New

The sunflower and morning

Dew

A dream mid-wifed in heaven

Of a Lazarus father and his steel grey eye

Of names on his lips as he struggles to

Speak

The soil caked hair and crumbled box

Skin and bone the smell of death

Worms of time

Worms that toil to bring flesh back to the

Maker

Taker

Jowls fall / pennies fall / the white hair falls/sandy flesh falls

Cold dream/fierce in its stubborn form/shaken and worn/

I awake, colder

Bolder

Guillermo Veloso

# The Unbearable Indifference Of Death

Cancer took you today  
My friend, as cancers will  
Quickly, patiently and without malice  
But took is probably the wrong word  
Wrestling this sullen angel like Jacob, you waged  
Battle on the road, struggling in fever  
Strong of heart and hot of spirit  
Smaller than when you began you left with  
Death and life, those inseparable lovers  
The angel stronger by a hair,  
Embraced you  
Claimed you  
Took you  
For her own

Guillermo Veloso

# There Is A Death

In the loss of love  
There is a slow murder  
In silences  
There is a sad hue  
In a passionless sun  
There are many days left in  
The sentence imposed  
Who knew at the start  
Of this journey  
That the mourning would begin so soon  
And birds would sing the sonnets  
At dawn's behest

Guillermo Veloso

# These Twenty Stars (Newtown)

Let this time come  
Let this time pass  
Quiet and still now  
There are twenty new stars in the  
Heavens  
Shiny, new and  
Glistening; diamonds  
Of mother's tears  
A constellation of angels  
To gaze up to  
And give pause to our  
Dark night

Guillermo Veloso

# This Skin

This skin

This mask

This bag

This story

This prison

This shell

This illusion

This useless struggle

Guillermo Veloso

# Thoughts In The Metamorphosis

I was dreaming my dream in my dream  
Soaked in your scent and tangled in your hair  
Swimming in the dark to find the you of you  
A drunken dharma set in motion, reaching for  
That line on the back of your neck that  
Quivers and pulls tight at my touch,  
I want that!  
A play and a joust  
A back and a forth  
Maybe it's a madness I seek  
Maybe a poem that needs birthing  
Maybe a sympathetic muse  
Maybe a comfortable ear  
Maybe just a touch to feel alive  
Or maybe just lunch..  
I don't know  
As I pause now and think,  
I don't know  
I don't know if I need to love you  
Or if you need to love me  
Is this electric touch is worthy enough  
Of these dreams?  
Maybe  
Then day breaks through the drawn blinds  
The cat wanders in and watches while  
We go back to our chairs to wait the next dance

Guillermo Veloso

# Time Enough

Time Enough  
Just a minute  
And the day's toil begins  
Time enough to breathe eternity in the smells  
Of this old house  
And listen to the hum  
Of the world as it turns  
Yet again to face the sun  
Time enough time enough

Guillermo Veloso

# Time The Minder

Time is the metaphor  
Time is the nurse  
Time is the minder of all things.  
Time demands many loves and many lovers to  
Satisfy the wants of life/ the needs of death.  
It was a sound I once heard;  
Of songbirds and baseball  
Of rock songs and baby coos  
Of the autumn rustle and winter rush  
Of soft nights in the arms of lovers  
Nestled in the tender embrace of the winter night.

Guillermo Veloso

# To See No More

These jealousies  
These obsessive monkeys  
They crowd my days  
I am chained  
Chained to a wheel of  
Failed moments  
I know I love  
I know I burn with passion  
I know the true way to escape  
Yet  
Yet  
Yet  
If only I could close my  
Closed eyes and  
See no more

Guillermo Veloso

# Too Low A Number

48

Seems too low a number  
For a soul such as you  
Too young for the urn  
Too little time for your sun to burn  
But even this denies your divinity  
So now I bow, pray and beg your blessing  
Until we meet again

Guillermo Veloso

# Travelers

He is gone now  
The minder of roses  
We never exchanged number or name  
But greeted each other as we greeted the dawn  
Exchanging night for light  
And bidding each other a good day  
As we went on our separate ways  
Travelers in life

Guillermo Veloso

# Tree Is My Animal

Tree is My Animal 7/09

Tree is my animal  
And I burst forth from the soil  
Past root, worm and grub  
Unfurled now my leaves seek mother sun  
Nourished and illuminated  
I stand neath Methuselahs  
Father old and true

Aged moss (ancient moss)  
Comforts and warms me  
Vines find shelter and comfort along my bones  
Mother sun still sings  
And centuries have past  
But as a new nest appears in my arms  
Oh I know I have much to go  
And I am now Methuselah  
And stand next to my father old and true  
And watch as my young sapling grows neath me

My love is alone  
I am alone  
I stretch to touch her leaves and tickle her branches  
My poems I send on the wings of birds, butterflies and bees  
I feel the scent of her in the perfumed pollen born on wisps of wind  
Wherever you are my Love  
I will find you  
Though seeds may scatter  
And leaves grow few  
Though centuries may pass  
Here I stand

Now  
Tendrils touch  
At long last  
A Moorish lattice of leaf and bark  
Filigree  
A canopy of lovers to shade

Lovers from the unwanted gaze of mother sun  
Our songs sung by birds at play in our tender union  
Our union complete  
Til centuries wither our bones  
Then to earth  
A loamy death to share  
This union and  
Alone no more

Guillermo Veloso

# Two/Sanctified

Two Hearts as One

Two Lives Entwined

Two Breaths in a Lifetime of Sighs

Two Souls Embraced in the Dark

Two Flowers at Play in the Light

Two Lovers in a Lover's Dream

Sanctified

Guillermo Veloso

# Un Camino Nuevo

Golden dusk  
Splashes over my shoulder  
Guilts this clinging melancholy with a  
Moment of peace  
Love becomes a possibility once more;  
Not martyred but alive,  
Amongst us to put our fingers  
In its wound and see its truth  
It sets a flame  
Spinning on my head and  
All languages of its tongue  
Become clear and one  
A scallop shell, a token, a piece of cheese and a road  
This journey begins anew

Guillermo Veloso

# Un Sol Amargo

De suspiro a escalofrío...

La sombra de mi alma blanquiada por un sol amargo

(from sighs to chills... the shadow of my soul bleached by a bitter sun.)

Guillermo Veloso

# Una Ceba Fría

No me puedes lastimar más  
Las lágrimas ancianas de ese siglo se secaron  
Dejando solo huellas de dolor  
La viña de canas  
Que sembraste  
Cosecharon un vinagre frío hecho  
Con mentiras de  
Pura cepa

Guillermo Veloso

# Una Rosa De Paz

Te mando una rosa  
Sin forma  
Sin perfume  
Solo tiene envuelto en sus  
Pétalos mi amor por ti  
Solo crece en mi corazón  
Día a día  
Año por año  
Ofrezco esta rosa  
Para que regreses  
A mi cama  
A mi lado  
A mi vida  
A mi corazón

Guillermo Veloso

# Unattended Loves

Love under cover  
Love understood  
Love understated  
Painful Love  
Anonymous love  
Unrequited Love  
My whetstone awaits the blade of your silences.  
On tender sands  
Our emotions stand  
On shifting waves  
Dreams are slaves  
Unattended loves are  
Harried doves  
Sent in flight  
Candles flicker in the night  
Only scent remains  
Only memory stains  
Only tears rain  
On this desert of fear.

Guillermo Veloso

# Unbound

The slavery of emotion  
The illusion of desire  
The lie of life  
The deception in her eyes  
The façade of this house of cards  
The dream dreamt

Guillermo Veloso

# Under The Moon's Gaze

Love comes easy,  
Like this  
A motion  
Free of me and you  
Skin in unison  
Breath, movement and  
Ripened passion  
While the blushing moon  
Gazes through the drawn  
Curtains of night

Guillermo Veloso

# Undone

Pilot/ lost on the shoals / mist and fog / the pilots house is empty / the wheel  
unmanned / jetsam and flotsdam in the paddle / threads come undone /

Guillermo Veloso

# Unrequitedness

I was not asked nor invited  
To love  
Why then should I demand  
Admission to  
This garden

Guillermo Veloso

# Until It Was No More

How did I lose you?  
This wrenching but subtle pain  
I held you so close to me so I could feel  
This connection to earth and years  
Your tight embrace that stopped my heart  
Loosed now for a moment  
Where will my heart travel now in my dreams?  
Where will the memory of you,  
Scented by these withering days, go?  
I did not wish to be set free of this bond,  
This raw connection of wild grief  
It is here under the pursed brow of death  
That life is sharpened to its finite point  
Light finds a peace, cradled in this darkened room  
All is as it should be.  
I became as all and were and am and as  
Infinite and pure and present as this moment  
But this pain beheld its beauty in the  
Still puddles of my tears and like Narcissus, swallowed itself  
Until it was no more

Guillermo Veloso

# Unveiled

The screenplay written  
You played the part as you wanted  
Free of the fetters that bind the ordinary  
You tore up the script and banished it  
To the dusty corner of a room you sealed with  
Tears for a lost child  
The rising curtain unveiled  
You.

Guillermo Veloso

# Unwanted Company

Anger is a fidgety partner  
Jealousy a sticky companion  
Loneliness an enduring mistress

Guillermo Veloso

# Vasca

You stain my dreams  
Perfume my wandering mind  
I would wash it out  
But I like the way it feels

Guillermo Veloso

# Vellum

We can change

We can scrape the vellum

But the shadows of what was written cannot be erased

Banished with a wish

Still...

Embrace the shadows as such that make up our whole when the moments are tallied

And the game comes to an end. The true sum will come forth and burst into posthumous bloom. 'When the evening of this life comes, we shall be judged on Love'. St. John of the Cross

Guillermo Veloso

# Vernal Sky

Starlings shrill like breaking glass  
And moments are lost on the wind  
Opportunities for love pass unseen  
Unexplored, tears form iterated icicles  
A bed unruffled and untouched  
Detoured years  
Quiet moments seem yours and comforting  
Alone to your thoughts; your dreams,  
Hang motionless in the sky  
There is a freedom in the open sky  
A blue heaven of cloud, feather, and bug  
To shepherd the sun to the moss covered earth

Guillermo Veloso

# Voices In The Other Room

The cloud draped moon  
Like an old oil lamp drifts  
Behind the leaf- bare trees  
Winter breezes are voices  
In the other room  
Whispers  
Of things and family  
Of death and neighbors  
Of loves and secrets  
Of stars and calendars  
Of sea and grave

Night has a movement  
Independent of the heavens  
Kepler and Newton have no dominion here  
And shadows are free to dance

Guillermo Veloso

# Waiting

My fields lie fallow now  
Un-tilled.  
Geese form a  
Black-necked picket fence  
Poised to fly  
On the given day

Guillermo Veloso

# Water Older Than The Sun

52 trips around the sun  
To come to this bone-chilled rainy September day  
Dripping with water older than the sun  
Absinthe and coffee before the world  
Awakens to its chores

The earth breaths, I hear its breathing  
Still street with no cars  
Still trees with no sound

Radio sizzles and pops  
Tornado dogs and babies come forth like Lazarus from the bricks  
While I dance on the tree tops  
Tai chi on the tendrils of morning mist  
Light drips through  
Dropping like silk webs from dream-spinning spiders  
Weaving tears and voiceless whispers

Unsettled and anxious to move  
Pushed somehow by unseen hands.  
I have wrestled with these dreams and  
Will not leave this grey morning  
Without its blessing

Guillermo Veloso

# Were I To Die Today

Were I to die today  
Bathed in this light  
Awash in spring and  
Anointed by this gentle wind  
I could not cry for this spectral life and its  
Flowing years, its  
Tender green and dreams of  
Dandelions  
I would cast off this mask and stroll away.....

Guillermo Veloso

# What Is The Language We Seek?

What is the Language We Seek?

That burns our tongues

Speeds the heart

What are the words that remain unspoken for lack of translation?

A new dictionary

New thoughts

New emotions

New quests

New centuries

Dancing we lay a path

Dancing we follow the path

Dancing we walk the path

Never looking back

Never looking forward

Guillermo Veloso

# What The Tombstone Does Not Tell

He was poured from the sea  
She grown of it  
He a rogue and sailor  
She an impossible flower  
Entwined and ensnared a life lived  
The tombstone speaks only in its  
Sun baked granite-tongue  
Of their passage here  
Nothing is told of the wet passion  
That is left engraved in the  
Flesh and dreams of  
The left-behind.  
Bone and dirt now bind them.  
In this the tombstone is silent

Guillermo Veloso

# What Water And Carbon Allow

Smoothed like a gemstone  
Now alone in the mine  
Grey and full  
Left to my thoughts and dreams of yesterday  
Playing hide and seek with  
Masks and plays  
We are what our muses allow  
We are what carbon and water allow  
We are what memory harsh and persistent, allows  
Time to break this skin and emerge once again  
Time for last blossoms, coffee stains and notebooks  
This chilled grey dawn  
Brings a lonesome birdsong, a  
Chortling cardinal seeks its mate in the dew it's song  
Like dawn's soft Kaddish for the departing night  
Alone in his branch as am I.  
Who but time would know of my memories?  
Left now to turn in the breeze like the last leaf  
As I look on the coming daylight washing in and  
Stink bugs lie in their stink bug window sill grave  
I see the hollowed shells of hallowed lives  
I see my essence  
Left in the Mayan jungle, 10 foot down with  
Ghosts, calves and snails  
Covered in ancient dust and  
A feast for the gnawing bites of time

Guillermo Veloso

# When Autumn Came This Summer

Dusk came  
With the lonely dirge of a dying cicada  
Carried mournfully on the disguised breath  
Of an autumn breeze  
Geese and robins ready their bags  
Quietly in the still hot  
Summer morning  
While we slept  
As we awoke for our coffees and  
The matins of the falling leaf  
They were gone

Guillermo Veloso

# Where Has Your Touch Gone?

Passionless love is platonic love is hollow love is cold love is senseless love is  
colorless love is empty love is incomplete love is cowardly love is unattended love  
is .....

Can I be inside you without being inside you?

Guillermo Veloso

# Where Will You Swim Now

Where will you swim now?

Are the starlit perfumed waters warm and welcoming?

Bursting with lotus petals, lovers and friends

Guillermo Veloso

# White Butterflies Of St. Bart's

The soft caress of a lover's gaze  
Captures forever this  
Mystic scene

Caught in the maelstrom of  
An Antilles breeze  
Held aloft on a whim  
Risen, dancing  
Impertinent angels  
Precocious and wary  
Children at play in angel's field  
Innocent as the world's first day

Now  
Flee unwanted attention  
Passions so strong  
To make the dream real and  
Paint our world in  
The colors of love

Guillermo Veloso

# Winter Becomes Spring Becomes Summer

The fruit of our summer's passion  
has ripened and withered  
On the vine  
Fallen, it  
Awaits  
The benediction of the leaf and  
White shroud of winter

An alabaster tomb  
Icy and sure  
Soon to give resurrection to bones  
Bent to the will of a memory  
Cast in richer times

Now in the melting trickles  
Ephemeral threads give rise to the bursting flowers  
Bees descend in hordes to deflower the virgins of spring  
Hot tongues to split the forge  
We awake and beg our task  
To see the face of god or feel our lover's touch?

Shall we then set fire to  
This summer cauldron  
Boil this witches brew;  
Love (Yes it is spoken.)  
Or shall we flinch and fear the  
Consuming flame.  
Rise up upon the spirit of the wood and like  
The courtship of trees  
carry our love on the on the wings of butterflies and bees

Guillermo Veloso

# Winter Birds

Winter birds lie still  
In the grey dawn  
Quiet, humble and  
Patient for the spring  
Still thankful for  
Winter's gift

Guillermo Veloso

# Winter Boats

Winter boats are  
shrink-wrapped ghosts  
haunting the docks as  
they await the sea

Guillermo Veloso

# Wishes

I have blown  
my dandelion wishes  
and hold them fast in my hands  
lest they blow away

Guillermo Veloso

## With Kind Regards Ranier

and now we welcome our life...full of masks we have yet to wear  
and now we welcome the light..full of darkneses yet to end  
and now we welcome the years..full of beings we have yet to become  
and now we welcome our end..full of beginnings we have yet to begin

Guillermo Veloso

# Words

In progress  
Words  
Words progress  
Words lemming-like and anxious  
Find their way to the tongue  
Tongue; the genesis of spoken thought  
The creator of song and sorrow  
The path of no return.  
Words swim and prance  
Words sing and dance  
Words sting and prod  
Words prick and last  
Words present and past.  
Words reveal themselves  
Unwitting ambassadors  
Marionette prophets  
Mouth piece of the soul  
Dummies on unforgiving laps.  
Words leap to the void  
Words lend form to the moment  
Words decompose in the harsh dry winds  
Time.  
Moment becomes dream  
Dream becomes memory  
Memory crawls upon our  
Worn, bark dry limbs  
Memory and moment  
The discarded skin of a cicada  
Decades in birth.  
The rotten carcasses of useless words bear  
Skeletal witness  
Harsh testimony of  
The futility of definition  
The senseless, ceaseless struggle to describe  
Document and define  
The loneliness of true passion  
As it writhes  
Circumscribed by prescribed convention  
Wrestled down and held in the grip of

What should or should not be spoken.  
The unspoken truth is a fury  
The unmentioned passion is the sun's ray  
The unheld moment is the passing wind's  
Eternal glory.

Guillermo Veloso

# World Ahead

World ahead cares not  
Universes awaits the limp flesh  
respirating the airs of eternity  
Night comes and goes  
Day rises and sets  
World revolves turns and gyrates around our emotions  
Nucleus without importance  
knuckle down our ancestors in the past  
Felt this pang on trees and savannah

Death comes easily  
Best to get on  
And do this thing  
A thing they cannot steal  
Your life cannot be stolen  
Your last moment is yours alone  
Release like the last breath, easy and free  
What is behind the veil  
Mysterious burka of eternity  
Dark beauty  
My tribe will set me free in full flight  
Tossed to the elements  
The four corners to expand  
Cry no more  
Love has taken a stroll amongst the flowers  
The garden breathes gardenias, pollen and scent  
Aroma of the last day

Guillermo Veloso

# Y Se Escribe Así

Y se escribe así

En ramas tiernas, llenas de mil pájaros ansiosos

En brisas perfumada de ti que estorba mis sueños

En hojas altas, asea arriba donde duerme las esperanzas

Y se escribe así

Con un pincel de canela afilado con los años

Con anhelo tan fuerte como la muerte

Con tinta de lágrimas azul perdidas en un tintero del mar

Y se escribe así

De rosas de hierro inclinadas al sol taino

De deseos prodigo, bronceados y recostados en arenas taina

De amantes bailando sobre el rocío en un amanecer taino

Más allá de esta vida

Guillermo Veloso

# You Don't Know Me

Do not feel you know me.  
I allow you my mask  
To trace with your  
Eager fingers  
But your fingers cannot not penetrate the  
Abyss that lies behind  
Even I dare not follow for fear  
I will never return

Guillermo Veloso