

Poetry Series

Jon Blanes
- poems -

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Jon Blanes(04-10-66)

Bring Me

Bring me
your tender heart
your ruby sunset smile
your broken skin.
Tie me down
with your gypsy hair
melt your dusky shadow
over my lost heart.
I will climb you
like the trees in your hand
and burn the map of territory
between our wild skies.

Bring me
those autumn eyes
flame them blue
like the ocean inside
your broken remnants.
Take my hand as a diamond
sharp like the knife
guide your way
along the broken line.

Bring me
your diamonds of distress
broken wood of silver birch
desert moons, disused tides
oasis of stone.

Bring me
the winds in you
the blaze of dawn
that rises through me.
Bring me
your world
of existence
bring me you.

Dark Butterfly

I miss our love and its infinite skies,
I miss the dark butterfly that flew from your heart.
I miss the cherry blossoms that fell at your feet,
I miss your tangled hair in the sweet summer breeze.

I miss your dancing smiles and the stars in your eyes,
I miss your diamond tears that you never cried.
I miss the tree-lined streets that hid our embrace,
I miss the secret words no longer graced.

I miss all the moments of our lost love,
I miss the dark butterfly that flew from your heart.

Jon Blanes

For Our Dawn

I am an acolyte of
your deliquescence,
your

f
a
l
l
i
n
g

I forget, remember, and forget you.
But I only have to glance
at the allegorical sky,
and you appear.

You are star
wind
moon
sun
the edge,
of possibility,
of beautiful sorrow.

Tears of flames
dance and blaze
in your amatory eyes.
Burning into a broken, cobalt sky
they cry for me
as I cry for our dawn
amidst your unbearable absence.

Jon Blanes

Have I Told You?

Have I told you oceanic girl
how many moons I see in you
how many burning stars I see fall
from your soft ochre eyes?

Have I told you that the grass turns from green
to fragrant pink with every step of your bare blossom feet?
Have I told you that suns burn in your sacred heart
and that all the tears you have cried
shine like diamonds in your raven locks?

Have I told you that your silence speaks as beauty
like autumn leaves falling to the redolent earth,
like your dark hair raging against a blue sky of desire?
Have I told you that my nights grow so long
and my days grow so lonely without you?
That my eyes are aflame when I think of you
my heart rising like a golden dawn,
then setting like a blood red sunset when you are here?

Have I told you all this my love?
I have told you so much that I forget what I have said.
You know how it is,
when love sets your tongue loose
and your heart grows free,
you forget everything.

Jon Blanes

I

Your blossom lips
and tangled hair,
your yellow dress
of burnt memories
shining like the dawn;
scion of the sky.
Your earthen eyes
that burn
through broken dreams
in silent green.
Your olive symmetry
warm like the breeze
on a hot dusky night.
They all call me
like the sea calls the shore
like the sun
call the shadows.

Jon Blanes

I Do Not Love You

I do not love you because of your gentle heart,
or your broken wings.

I do not love you for the stars that fall from your hair,
in our nights filled by your restless sleep.

I do not love you for your sky widening smile,
or the sea of your eyes.

I do not love you because you faced the momentary furies of my heart,
and my sadness that misses you.

I do not love you for your butterfly heart,
or for the girl in you who must keep so busy.

I do not love you for your beautiful idiosyncrasies,
and the dreams that you have for us.

I do not love you because of your love for me,
or because I feel so right with you.

I love you because there is nothing else I can do but love you.

Jon Blanes

If I Loved You

If I loved you
if my words were flame,
if my passion poured over you
like broken stars.

If each night I held you
in loves embrace,
and awoke with the
shadows of your morning smile.

If I danced with you
under night skies,
and walked with you by the sea
as the breeze adorned your hair.

If I kissed those lips
that spoke my name.
If I loved you
would your love remain?

Jon Blanes

In You

In you I throw my heart, like a soft sun in a summer sky,
hiding behind a blade of grass, enlarging our love in your azure eyes.
Laying with you under immanent dawns, and hazy moons of broken light, loving
you through blue nights in the circle of your flesh.
Your kisses caressing me then falling to the ground
like red stars on a terrestrial sky.
My heart beats out my thoughts to the rain;
In the centre of my solitude, there is always you.

Jon Blanes

It Is Written (For Mari)

It is written
in the blood
of the stones
that our love
will collide
in vertiginous skies.

It is written
in the beating
of the butterfly's wings
that our dreams
will intertwine in forests
of emerald green.

It is written
in the rush
of the river
that our embrace
will find the sea.

It is written
in the waves
of the shore
that our love
will find each other.

Jon Blanes

Life

You come into this world
everything is new, everything is wonder.

You look to the vastness above
you are told it is the sky, you smile
and you open your eyes wide.

You grow and take hold
of another in your arms.

You create like gods, other comings
passing onto them the love and the pain of your world.

You age and you accept your madness
everything is new, everything is wonder.

You look to the vastness above
you tell yourself it is the sky, you smile
and you close your eyes wide.

Jon Blanes

Liquid Nights

She came without flesh
on the stallion of the night,
I nearly traded her the wind
for her steed, raven black as it was
like her dark diamond hair.

The moon cast shadows
through the window
onto the valley of her waist,
and her spangled eyes
shone like burning stars.
Dark butterfly
do you see the blood of my heart
mixed with the red
of the wine stained floor?
Do you see the crystal tears
that empty my glass?

Rescue me from liquid nights,
caress my face with your tangled hair,
burn this night into the dawn.
Oneiric woman, avant-garde heart,
after so many thoughts
have I found a way
to your love?

Jon Blanes

Love In My Stride

As a sunset flames
in a crimson sky,
my eyes flash
a dawn of golden blue;
I enter the street immaculately.

Reflections of broken men besiege me,
their destiny no longer mine.
Dead, immortal trees
let loose autumn leaves,
like drunken arrows,
they disperse
in the wind of my heart.

One foot follows another;
I walk with love in my stride.

Jon Blanes

Love Is The Only Journey

Bodies touch when lips kiss,
hands reach out
eyes close
hearts open.

In the silence of the night
the velvet sky
covers lovers in stars
that light their path.
The kiss becomes desire
the silence echoes
words and wounds
that their lips cannot trace
lost as they are in an embrace.

Love is the only journey.

Jon Blanes

Mari

I used to look at you
when you weren't looking,
because I didn't want you
to owe me anything;
love only exists in freedom.

I used to look at you
in your quiet conversations
always listening more than speaking,
nodding your head with a smile
that hid your sad eyes
from everyone but me.

I used to look at you
always trying to be here
but always being somewhere else,
another place under another sky.

I used to look at you
in your quiet concentration
seeing that you didn't realize
your tranquil power.

I used to look at you
your curves your shape
your mystery of beauty
unknown to you.

I used to look at you
when you weren't looking,
because I didn't want you
to owe me anything
I looked at you
until you were no longer there;
love only exists in freedom.

Jon Blanes

Mountain Girl

Mountain girl, eyes of sky
Star laden feet from moonlight passes
the evening wind winding around your waist
fragrant with the apple blossom.
Horse in the valley
sunset in your hair
lead me through the meadow pass
your broken hand in mine.

Mountain girl, eyes of sky
the storm that rages in your heart
the shining stars
the diamonds on the blades of grass.
The surging swell of dawn
across the harbour
drying the dew in your wild hair
cleansing your heart from night's blue shadows.

Mountain girl, eyes of sky
laying with me in the orange orchard
sunlight through the branches
falling onto your open smile.
Our hearts entwined
tangled in the grass
looking through the leaves of green
breathing in the mountain blue.

Jon Blanes

No One Stays

They will leave you
on a summers day,
as the sun casts
its longest shadow.

Or on an autumn evening,
when the leaves
scatter in despair.

Or in the plight of winter,
when the nights are
cold and long.

Or in the spring,
when cherry blossoms fall
like broken words of love.

I do not know what moment
they will leave you,
I know only that
they will.

No one stays.

Jon Blanes

Ocean Of The Night

In the ocean of the night
under a star burning sky
my heart spills upon liquid streets.
It pours the pain of moments lost
that could have been spent with you.
My diamond tears fall and shatter
against the paths that deny us.
Arrows of flame assail me
as the isle of my heart lies adrift
in desolate isolation.
I cry to the sea of sky
for your tides to caress my shores
and vanquish the flames that burn
my wild, crazy heart.
And you, with your broken distance,
who catches your crystal tears when they fall?
Who lights your smile
and holds your fragile heart
in the ocean of the night?

Jon Blanes

Oceanic Blue

I have set a vector
for your oceanic blue,
sea of green
river red.
Sails set
through the wind of the waves
and the waves of the wind.

I have set a vector
for your liquid eyes
diamond tears
in your hair
long as sorrow.
All alone
on this little boat
rudder in hand
aimed at your shores.

I have set a vector
for love
or maybe loss,
for your green heart
is buried amidst the autumn leaves.
I fight a battle
with life, with consequences
to reach your oceanic blue,
sea of green
river red.

Jon Blanes

On The Verge Of Your Blossom Smile

On the verge of your blossom smile

I exist

I yearn

I love

My ravenous appetite for you

lays horizontal, but my love

stands upright saying,

Here I am

Here I am

Your dusky shadow

shades me from

the heat of your

burning flame, fire heart.

My love rises, and heightens

and circles in the tomorrow

that you existed in,

and the yesterday

that you will exist in.

I love you

I express myself

in you

through you

by you.

On the verge of your blossom smile.

Jon Blanes

One Day

One day
I turned the page of my existence
and there you were,
silent in your beauty.

I wonder about your silences,
your stillness.
You say that you have missed me
in the long lonely time before.
Is that why you are silent?
Do you think that words
will break our dream?

Or are you wiser than I
and know that there is nothing to say?
Or do you say something just by being here?
Or make a sound that I cannot hear
like petals falling onto meadow grass?

Is that it?
Have I solved the mystery?
Have I walked into a meadow
filled with the fragrance of you?
Is that why you are silent?
Because you are waiting for me
to see, hear, and feel with my heart?

Jon Blanes

Roots Of Love

I planted us in the field together
so that our roots may entwine
and we may grow towards the same sky;
together in the spring, together
in the rain and wind of the winter months.

With all the troubles in this world
our life is simple, we have but to love one another.
So much confusion disappears
in the shade of this love.
So much empty space in my heart
is filled by you.

I see your wounds and broken spears,
your fear of too much time
in the same earth, under the same sky.
What can my words say to your fear,
that cannot be said with a kiss?

I met you in the liquid night
walked with you in the streets
that led us home.

Jon Blanes

Shadows

The moon and the sun
cast shadows on my face,
more precious is the touch
of your lips within those shadows.

A surrender of symbols
fragmented in you
can tear my heart
out of my chest;
the crystal rain in the night,
the diamond stars in the sky.

Memories that move along
their shifting paths,
the half open white of your eyes
turning to blue like clouds above the ocean,
and your blazing smiles in the still of the dark.
A man could die of such memories,
memories of you,
shadows within shadows,
from the moon and the sun.

Jon Blanes

Silent And Covered In Stars

Your hair falls like the night,
silent and covered in stars.
Your lips ripen as summer fruit
from the orchard of your olive skin.

The small of your back like a valley of desire,
rises to the climax of your sensuous hips,
and you open like a rose to the hidden smile
of my solitary heart.

Fragrant as the apple blossom
your aroma disentangles
my thorns of flame,
woman of love, woman of passion.

Your gentle hands enfold in mine
petals closing with the setting sun,
everything is silent
and covered in stars.

Jon Blanes

Sky Breaker

Sky breaker you
have broken my sky,
I live in a world of sunsets
yearning for dawn.

There is no day or night here,
just the sun in a constant setting,
a red stone in the golden hue
of the evening.

When the cool breeze blows
I think of your hair in the wind,
those ochre eyes, and
cherry blossom lips.

My open wounds bleed a lament
into the stream of a carmine sun,
as your arrows that have pierced me
sink deeper still.

Jon Blanes

Somewhere

Somewhere, in the dream of the night
in the silent temptation of imagined love
she lies under a night sky
burning stars piercing her flaming heart.

Calling him with the heat of her body
calling him with the flames of her heart,
he who would place archipelagos of stars
in her empty brown eyes and a rose within her burning heart.

He who would be the cartographer of her symmetry
and kiss her eyes burnt with broken promises and lonely hours,
somewhere, in the dream of the night
in the silent temptation of imagined love.

Jon Blanes

Somewhere II

Somewhere, in the dream of the night
in the silent temptation of imagined love,
I hear her call as burning stars
pierce her flaming heart.

Calling with the heat of her body
calling with the fire of her heart,
yearning for archipelagos of stars
to fill her empty brown eyes
and a rose to quench her burning heart.

Somewhere, in the dream of the night
in the silent temptation of imagined love.

Jon Blanes

Somewhere Iii

Somewhere, in the dream of the night
in the silent temptation of imagined love,
burning stars pierce her flaming heart.

The heat of her body
the fire of her heart,
yearning for archipelagos of stars
with her empty brown eyes.

Somewhere, in the dream of the night
in the silent temptation of imagined love.

Jon Blanes

Soul Beloved

Soul beloved
you shook my heart
like the mountain wind
in the solitary trees.
You breathed me in
and exhaled me
like a river mist
wet with dew.
Your beauty
was so much,
I fell into desire
like the cherry blossom
in the fold of spring;
this now, this now.
I do not wound you
with my longing desire
that remembers you.
But the dark, dark night
bears down on me
like a harsh, silent pain.

Jon Blanes

The Colours Of You

Raven hair
storms the skies,
tangled wild
in blue.

Olive skin
flames green,
autumn gold
breaks through.

Love lifts
its eyes,
and I see the
colours of you.

Jon Blanes

The Crushing Blue

We are young for love
drowning as we are
in the crushing blue
of the divided months.
Ardent flesh, green of heart,
slender arrow of the broken sky.
Girl among the blossoms,
pressure of broken nights,
your summer dress,
your winter scarf.

It is a shame
that I have nothing to give you
but my words, my flesh, my shadow
and the flames
that rise all around me
burning your touch.
Siting in my room
with unlit candles
waiting, listening
in diamond nights,
to the wind, the rain and you.

Jon Blanes

The Esoteric Of You

Once in the poem of my life,
I walked the shores
of your symmetry.
I smelt the aroma of blossom trees
that filled the hills and valleys of my caress.
I watched the crimson sunset
over the mountains of your heart
and searched for the sea
of your eyes.

Now I look to the golden blue sky
and see the flash of your eyes,
in the cloud of your face
and your wide blossom smile.
Your wild gypsy hair
tangled in blue,
caressing the sky
like the beating
of a dark butterfly's wings.

Sometimes
I feel your heart
shift in mine
like flowers opening
to the dawn.
Your silver glance
calling me in a silence
that says more than any words.
The silence that washes
over me in the oceans of the night.
The silence in the poem of my life.

Jon Blanes

The Love That Wounds

Where does the sea
of your love foam
in the love that wounds,
love of flesh, of skin?

I see the blood
of your tender heart,
empty eyes of stone,
saddened smiles of sorrow.

You with your need,
eyes open as you sleep
letting loose arrows of flame
into the insomnolent night.

Body of lust
heart of torment,
whose shores
do your waves now caress
in the ocean of the night?

For the night is an ocean.

Jon Blanes

The Pure Blue Sky

Under a burning sun
deepening shadows
in your flame-like hair
become spears of fire
that meet a pure blue sky.
Self ablaze, your golden contours
contrast against mountains
that embrace your shadows.
The rivers call your name
and your eyes burn
like stars yearning for home.
Your lips blossom
with wordless growth
and your feet stand firm
in the earth below you.
Your fingers outstretch,
love falling between them
as your heart opens
with the blood of a rose.
Like the bird that flies overhead
in the pure blue sky,
I feel your heat
and see your blazing heart.

Jon Blanes

There Are Days

There are days
that come
with such beauty
to conquer you
such pain
to vanquish you.

There are days
that come
with such strength
so full of life
and hard truth.
We do not know
where they come from
but they come.
Laying in wait
to ambush us,
falling upon us
like silent blood-red
autumn leaves.

There are days
that remain
forever with you
like long lost loves
that stay only as memories
remnants of a fractured life.

There are days
that come
with such beauty
with such pain
until the hardest day comes
and you yourself
become a memory.

Jon Blanes

When It Rains

When it rains here it lasts a long time;
all through the night, the morning
and sometimes the afternoon too.
I lay awake listening to the rain,
the sound of it falling on the roof
and against my window pane
as it fills the gaps of silence
between the distance of you and I
and this broken blue.

You know that I could make this easier,
climb upon my saddle
and ride off on a horse of sea and fire.
But I ask myself, could I ever forget this love,
or you and your open heart.
I ask myself, if butterfly lovers ever truly part.
So here I stay, listening to the rain
and waiting for you.

Jon Blanes

When This Distance Becomes A Memory

When this distance becomes a memory
we will grow strong in each other,
my roots in you and your roots in me.

The tears will fall from your black diamond hair,
and your summer smile will never leave your tender lips.
Your eyes will lose their sadness
and dance in the orchard of you.

The golden shore of your olive skin will shine
under the morning dew of cherry blossoms.
Your gentle hands once clenched in despair
will open with the wonder of spring.

You will wander in meadow grass valleys
and butterfly mountains.
You will swim in the waters of a tranquil sea
under the light of a fragrant moon.

The sunflowers will sway in the wind but never die,
the roses will lose their thorns but never sleep
when this distance will become a memory.

Jon Blanes

Where Walls Do Not Exist

When your walls stand tall
you will be lavished with gifts
and flowers will be thrown over those walls;
metaphors of love, metaphors of urgency.
If this does not subdue you
your barricades will be stormed
with swords unsheathed
and primal battle cries;
spears of passion, aegis of intention.
But when your walls tumble
when they fall and let in the light
and your city lies naked.
Conquerers will retreat
and prepare for another battle
in another land
on another day
and you will be forgotten.
For only a child
can love an open heart
and an open sky
where walls do not exist.

Jon Blanes

You Say I Love You.

You say I love you.

But why do your eyes
not pierce mine like verdant arrows?
Why does your heart
not flood mine
like a sea of desire?

You say I love you.

But those fragile words
break in your mouth.

Jon Blanes

You, With Your Blue Eyes

You, with your blue eyes
heart burning like the sun,
scion of the sky
azure of the sea.

Red wine
blossom lips,
that I kissed
as I held you.

Like the spring
holds the cherry trees,
like the night
holds the stars.

In you I dreamed
a different dream,
as the crystal moon
cast shadows on your symmetry
like the burning candles
of our restless sleep.
Mirror of green ocean
butterfly of dreams,
reflecting my desire in you
and your desire in me.
The dying night
yearning for the dawn,
my dying heart
yearning for you.

Jon Blanes