

Poetry Series

Karen Alc.
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Karen Alc.(December 6, Year of the Boar)

Lover of the written word, forever aspiring spiritual truth, not always sure where I'll find it.

I'm a native 'New Yawker', an acculturated Latina who is in love with her Latin roots. I would say that I'm a very happy spirit who likes to give and receive good energy from good people. However, I'm usually inspired to write during times of duress.. I suppose that's the 'tortured artist' in me who finds inspiration in melancholy.

My poems generally tell a story of something that's occurred or that I had been going through at the time. I have been writing for years, but sadly never kept any of it. I am humbled to place some of my writings amongst so many talented people, but I am also glad that there is an outlet such as this one and such a wonderful network of positive energy. I'm very happy for this site to exist and to be able to share my life in such a strangely intimate way with you all (and vice versa) .

Thank you Poemhunter for this wonderful site and for the wonderful people who I have had the honor of chatting with and reading their works.

Peace and love to all...

A Sea Of Questions

What am I to you?

A chance to flee from the tangled web you weave
A bitter-sweet note from a violin of discord
The solitary butterfly on the branch of your willow tree

Tell me, my love, how do you see me?

Am I the heaven that opens up, making it safe for you to fly?
When you're thirsting for devotion
May I be the water in your private dessert sky?

Will you love me as I am?

Rebellious adversary, challenging everything that you are
Faulty, imperfect, made of flesh and bone
Yet loving every inch of you and adoring you from afar?

Will you love me as I love you?

I can love you on my own
It needn't be a two-way street
Our history, to us, is already known

Will you accept me as I am?

Consenting to my flaws
Allowing for my weaknesses
Creating my own laws?

Why did you find me once again?

We met so long ago
Was one lifetime not enough?
I can't just let you go

No longer a caged butterfly

The oyster no longer holds the pearl
You've set me free, my love
I'm a voluntary prisoner of your world

Feb.13,2006

Karen Alc.

A Vision Of Truth

Your eyes reveal a vision of truth
A blueprint of strife and loss
A longing for lost loves and new ones to come
No one to blame, your life is your fate

Battle wounds at a tender age
The hidden scars would reveal your true pain
A choice to live life with no remorse or rancor
Unbeknownst to all, peace is your true ambition

Big dreams to accommodate simple pleasures
Never look back, but never forget
This is your life, your motto, your strength

Thrice a decade, not yet lived,
Constantly running, affording no time to quench your thirst
For all that life has to offer

And yet the challenge is to ask yourself...Why?
To fulfill childhood losses with material wins?
To escape the human weakness that intimacy brings?
To love superficially for fear of being hurt?

Stray away from that which is real
For there are goals to reach and ambitions to fulfill
But if this is your truth
Then be it... play hard, live life to the fullest as you see fit

This is your personal reality,
And if true happiness is what this brings you...
Live it and be happy if that is your will.

July 19,2005

Karen Alc.

Dear Daddy

Dear Daddy,

What makes me so unforgettable in your eyes?
Yes, I know you've fathered quite a few others
and that I fall somewhere in the middle,
Yes, I know that you're selfish, and it is all about you.
Always has been, but will it always be?

If you're not yet passed away, then the years
are catching up to you, of this I'm sure. Remember what I said to you
when I was 8 years old? You probably don't. That's okay.
I'll remind you now. Despite my innocence and lack
of life experience, my instincts were strong and my savvy
struck like lightning- I think I got that from you. As we visited one of your many
mistresses or 'good friends' as they were introduced to me, I remember one day
stealing a moment away of were supposed to be my moments with you alone
and uttered these words: 'Daddy, one day you will be old and and the only one
that will be there to take care of you is me'. The words struck you for a moment
and I remember the look of remorse in your eyes as if it were yesterday... if
even for just a few seconds, but the feeling was there and it seemed to me that
you cared. You were sorry for what you were doing. You were sorry for being
selfish. You were sorry for using our time together to portray yourself as a loving
and caring father to your many lovers. I was the perfect pawn because my
mother had done exceptionally well with me, but you always took the credit.

What would have made the difference for you? What would have made ME
different for you? I've thought that I had made peace with it all and I thought
that I had made peace with you. All forgiven and forgotten. I have visited your
grave a thousand times in my head. And yet, at the age of 36 and with the
prospect of children in my near future, I find myself thinking of you tonight,
quietly crying and in pain, because all I will have to show your future
grandchildren are a few faded pictures of you. Those will be the only memories
that I will have to show them of the other half of me. They will never get to
experience the love that perhaps somewhere deep inside you are capable of
giving. They will never get to see the half of me where my caramel-colored skin
came from. 'Cafe con leche' I like to call it- it always gets a smile from people,
but deep inside, it hurts like hell to me. Part of me wants to find you, forgive and
love you. The other part of me wants to see you, have you beg for forgiveness
only to turn away and give you my back.

So Daddy, I guess that the hurt runs deeper than I thought. The wound you left me at your sudden disappearance from my life is not fully healed. I thought that it was, but alas, I'm wrong.

I hear from indiscriminate sources that you're doing quite well, living on your sun-filled island and surrounded by women who would qualify as my younger sisters if age has anything to do with it. I bet you haven't aged well though. You aren't as good looking as you think, so I thank God for Mami. But you're charming as can be and I know that first-hand. You sure charmed me, Daddy. And then you left. Is it sad that when people ask me about you, I respond with 'Papa was a rolling stone'? Works every time. It's a real good laugh... and a real good cry.

Love,
Your daughter...

Karen Alc.

Escape

As I lie in my bed, I see the lights of the passing cars go by
Shutters closed, mind open, experimenting on its own
I'm alone in my heart and mind, and I'm free to think and explore

My belly button feels different than anytime before
As my index finger glides over it
It feels erotic and tantalizing, never felt that way in the past

Soft mountains made of lust, not mass
Forearms yearning to be caressed
Legs that are full, womanly, beautiful

Eyes closed, eyes opened- looking at you
Cheeks flushed, mouth slightly open
Thoughts of you please me to no end

Right hand wanders, left hand wonders
An enticing domain for them to travel
The essence of my womanhood is undeniable

A river of fury runs down my thighs
Uncontrollable desires for you rule my soul
Body trembling with gratification and satisfaction

Now, just hold me and let your love transcend
Let me look into your eyes
And get lost in the heaven that they've created just for me.

March 2006

Karen Alc.

I Could Fall In Love With You...

I could fall in love with you
So easy for me to see
What once seemed so blue
I no longer have to flee

I see beyond your eyes
A moon, a star, a sun
My heart no longer cries
Stale life, you have undone

Your hands, so soft, so you
Your arms, such sweet embrace
Don't think you have a clue
The rate my heart does pace

So take me in your arms
And tell me that it's true
Inebriated by your charm
I'll fall in love with you

April 5,2006

Karen Alc.

Il N'Y A Pas De Quoi (Don'T Mention It- You'Re Welcome)

Il n'y a pas de quoi, my darling
You're welcome, it was my pleasure
To be there for you when you needed me
And to go away when you were done with my love

Il n'y a pas de quoi, my beloved
For I am nothing but a wall of stone
With no feelings or emotions
And I care not of my disposal at your pleasure

Il n'y a pas de quoi, my angel
Because you are so extraordinary
That my sentiments do not matter
In the presence of your egotism

Do not mention it, mon amour,
You are quite welcome
For I am your eternally happy marionette
And my static smile is yours to keep.

Feb.18,2006

Karen Alc.

Letter To My Unborn Angel

Sweetheart,

I know that was you trying to make it
Be patient, my angel, Mommy awaits
Don't try to arrive before your time
I'll be here for you, no need for such haste

In the meantime...

Be good and obedient,
Be nice when you play
My heart, it just told me
That next time, you'll stay...

November 2003

Karen Alc.

Love Undone

The flowers have withered
The seasons are changing
Never would have guessed
Our love would be clinging

Your smile lit up my world
My eyes warmed so your heart
We said 'I do, its me and you
'Til death does do us part'

Oh yes, we did try
So hard not to cry
And walk towards that light
We held on so tight!

Started out as one
But the love became undone
My friend, my love, my partner in life
Why can't I see me as your wife?

Couldn't grow together
We could only grow apart
Pull the trigger on that gun
And admit it, we are done

Don't want to fight anymore
Let's settle the score
The words I never thought I'd say
I'm walking out that door.... today.

December 2004

Karen Alc.

Metamorphosis

There's comfort in this darkness
My existence within the confines of this shell is numbing and safe
No need to risk the hurt caused by those experiences that life has to offer...
love, pain, bliss, desperation, elation, passion, misery, desire,
alas, the unknown

But as time goes by, this darkness that I once found so comforting
Becomes a blinding madness
The safety that I once felt has now become a danger to me,
And cautiously, my eyes begin to open
I realize that the walls are slowly thinning around me,
And I am involuntarily drawn to the faint ray of light
That I've detected beyond this sacrilegious barricade

The walls are closing in and I'm struggling to breath
I now want to find all that life has to offer...
Love, pain, bliss, elation, passion, misery, desire,
Alas... the unknown

My wings are forming and I cannot help it
They're beautiful and have a mind of their own
They want to do what they came to do
And this fragile shell is no longer a match for them

They will fly... and I will live.

March 12,2004

Karen Alc.

My Mind

My mind, a confine, so jaded by graphic depictions
of this thing called life, ready to unload the trials and tribulations
it has dissected and digested

It is an oxymoron in itself
Complex, yet so simple; unique, yet so common
It wants what all minds want- stimulation, validation,
A place to feel safe, a place to call home
And yet, it yearns for challenge, variety, diversity and
All things that it knows are not right for the body

My mind wants freedom and capture, insensitivity and rapture
It believes in self-medication but berates it as well
It desires a simple life but refuses to embrace routine
It is on stand-by, waiting desperately for its name to be called,
But secretly wishing to be left behind for fear of having to react

My mind is an unconventional aphrodisiac,
So aware of its sovereign rule over this body that it governs
Its power can guide my body to the apex of ecstasy,
Whilst not once guiding a hand to court my bed of roses

My mind, so brave yet so apprehensive of causing harm,
So aware of the dangers that lie beyond the surface of its delicate membranes,
So strong, yet so susceptible to the living or dying of my physical being

Its survival hangs on my decision to deny or accept its wonderful complexities
It considers too much, analyzes too much, loves too much and hates not enough
Life is either too difficult or too easy- never a truce, never black or white
It wants to find peace,
a half-way house that accepts its complexity,
embraces its power, but accepts its vulnerabilities

My mind is mine, and mine alone
It did not provide me with the democratic luxury to change it, modify it,
Reject it or annihilate it
And so, I take it in and let it engulf my very being
like the inevitable sequence of osmosis

My mind, it will become my own. My mind, I will become.

November 2004

Karen Alc.

Not A Poem, Just How It Should Be...

For the first time, I feel that my life is real
It's amazing what happens when you allow yourself to live...
All of a sudden, life opens up to all the possibilities it has to offer
And you feel as if there's nothing you can't do.
Don't get me wrong... I always knew I could do it alone
But it's different, you see, when you find someone
Who loves you and accepts you as you are,
And who recognizes that you are wonderful
In every way that you are and loves you for you.

I feel free and liberated, inebriated by life!
It's so rare to find a partner who sees who you are,
Knows your faults and accepts them, even if he
Doesn't necessarily understand them all.
But yet, at the end of the day, he lets you be...

Do you understand how I feel?
I hope that you do... but if you don't
And haven't yet found that one yet,
No worries, the time will come
If you open your mind and heart to what can be
It will be... I promise.

It happened to me...it can happen to you too...
Faith is all it takes.

Love and Peace to All..

February 3, 2007

Karen Alc.

Sunshine

You are the power of life
The reward of my strife
My child's face in the morning
The truth for which I am longing

On my private sidewalk
Lying on my bed of shattered dreams
You are my only savior
From this treacherous arctic scene

Your light shines upon me
When I look down upon my womb
This new seed within me
To which you give life and pardon from doom

July 19,2005

Karen Alc.

The Chase

I didn't notice you
You did notice me

I run from you
You run to me

I stop running and look back
You stop then, dead in your tracks

I look into your eyes
You begin your spell

I begin to listen
You begin to tell

I start to disarm
You're aware of your charm

I hear, I see, I like
You hammer down your spike

I'm enthralled, I'm taken
You declare I'm mistaken

I'm intrigued, I want more
You start closing the door

I insist, I persist
You're interest turns to mist

I've confused it... I was wrong
You say "no, it won't be long"

I want you to be mine
You say we need some time

I recognize the game, the chase, it was on
You've conquered, you're bored, and now you're just gone.

July 11,2005

Karen Alc.

The Journey

Your tongue has made this journey many times before,
Passing over succulent folds of valleys and hills,
Scented of strawberry and sex,
Tasting sweet and sultry all at once
Your taste buds dance with every dropp of pleasure that falls upon them
As they rejoice in this rainfall that drenches and overwhelms them

My drink of desire flows sweetly down your throat,
Slowly quenching your unbearable thirst
You have found an endless stream of water
In an otherwise barren Desert
You take from it with crazed passion and lust
Until you hear my silent screams of pleasure
I'm in your hands, do what you will with me
I beg of you, don't stop, don't stop!
Head spinning, clenched teeth,
My tensed hands pulling at the sheets
I'm going mad with desire!

And finally... I arrive.
You take in the gush with a frenzy,
That mad explosion which makes its uncontrollable exit
Out of the dark-red and swelled geyser- so hot, so unrelenting
Leaving me exhausted and trembling
An involuntary tear of joy flows down my cheek
Because each journey is like the first,
And I still can't believe how high you've lifted me
I don't want to come down...

You stop drinking now and coyly smile to yourself
Because you have once again found what you're looking for
On this savory journey... this journey, that like a rush of heroin
Running through your veins,
Keeps you coming back for more and more each time...

February 19,2004

Karen Alc.

We Wrote This Together...

The future is bright
The move of my life
Me in your arms
Brings absolute calm

The fear overwhelms me
Know not what's to come
The same yet so different
Not written in psalm

I've searched for so long
The meaning of this
That is love and truth
No longer a myth

My man, he's right here
My life....pushes forward
My girl she's right there
Joined lives, going onward

Cigarettes and whiskey
So much in tow
Vodka and smokes
To each their own

At the end of it all,
we know it will last
God shines on us all
Our lives will be a blast!

Jonathan and Karen
January 25,2007

Karen Alc.

When...

When I gaze into your eyes
I cannot see them, for I see right through them
And it becomes apparent then that I have found my true abode

When I sense your arms around me
I cannot feel them, for my heart goes astray
And I am lost in blissful bewilderment within the fortress that is your soul

When you take my hands within your own
I cannot recognize that it is life, for my mind is in pure ecstasy
And I know what it is to transcend true warmth

When I lay my head on against your heart
I cannot hear it beating, for my spirit takes flight
And I get a glimpse of what it is to have a dream come true

When I think of you and all that you are
I cannot take your existence for granted, for certainty bellows my way
And I realize that my life was meant to be shared with you

April 13,2006

Karen Alc.