

Poetry Series

lilibeth tello
- poems -

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lilibeth tello()

Beautiful And Dangerous

Who said that one can't be dangerous
and beautiful at the same time?

This is a lie created by people
who cannot be both.

This is a fallacy made up
by institutions who wanted to
restrict people with their dreams
and what they want to be.

I can be dangerous...

I can be beautiful...

and I can be both.

I am both.

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Broken Promises

The words came out of your mouth.
You said, 'I love you.'
You said, 'I'll never leave you.'
You said, 'My love will never change.'

I am now in a state of confusion.
You said all those dreamy words
but why is that when I try to get
close to you,
you move away...
when i try to hold your hand,
you leave...
and when i say i love you,
you just smile.
My heart can't take the way
you treat me.
If this is the way you treat someone
you love,
then I'd rather be someone
you hate.

When I don't see you,
I feel lonely.
I feel afraid that you found
someone new.
I always pray that the gods
and goddesses find you,
tell you, and remind you
your promise of love.

Whatever happens,
i will always love you
and whatever people say
you will always be the one
that i will love...

I will wait for you until
forever is through...
Even if I join the gods in the heavens

I will not stop loving you
because I know that
I am yours
and you are mine... till the end of time.

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Dreams Blown Away

My dream is a picture of you.
You are so beautiful,
my heart can't forget.
When I'm with you
I always see stars in your eyes.
This feeling of love is good -
so happy and dreamy.
I hope this won't change.

You bring my dream to reality
now that you love me,
and your voice,
it's music.
It soothes the mind and
calms the heart.
I love this feeling -
I pray you won't change.

You told me that I'm your princess,
That you'll take me to your palace.
You said you'll take me
where we can dance with the stars,
play with the moon
and sing with the angels.
You promised me all of these...
It turned out the wind took all my dreams away.

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Night Lover

Sitting here, all alone
Waiting for the sun to hide itself
I am waiting for him to come
Patiently waiting for he has promised to be here...
Here with me... and no one else.
The sun finally set.
A little more time and he'll be here.
I watched the waves splash through
the stone that i am sitting on.
The water feels cold
I never liked cold but
the water felt good.
I won't get tired of waiting.
My night lover promised to be here.
He will be here in a second...
I amused myself with the waves
as it crashed through the shore.
My feelings are like the waves,
crashing...
I cried when the sun showed its rays...
No, not yet...
My night lover will come.
He promised to come...
I gathered myself,
tried hard not to cry again.
My night lover didn't come.
It was just me and the shore and the waves...
My night lover never came
but i will be back again.
on this same rock,
on this same shore.
wait till the sun sets and
wait for my night lover.
but i know he is gone...
long gone...
just like the night -
gone...

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Rapture

loneliness seems to kiss me goodnight
as time empties the wounds falling incomplete
as nothing compared such a devastating
heart of despair as my prayers once led me
into a cleansed out sunrise that purchased
a new Halo falling just a bit short again;
and now it seems that I am bleeding
myself to death even when your laughter
gets louder for no just cause.

something told me to try to believe in
yet another falling tear falling down
my face again as I stumbled away back into
more wasted dried out sunsets waiting
for me to feel another wing falling off;
just to compromise a promise once said
in a twilight that dripped its Soul away
for good this time around.

and not even a sound could bear
such hurt that dread another waking
moment such as mine that ended abruptly as
the achingness confessed itself into yet
another sorrow trying to see if tomorrow
could keep drawing back into its sadness
that seemed to last forever for me.

I use to hold onto a Light that once
seemed to distance itself farther
away from me;
and in my younger days of trying to
live for something meant living for
held onto a heart that use to believe
more than its pain could ever find him
digging his own grave at midnight.

and today I turned a little bit colder
than I expected to as every feeling
I ever knew blew themselves into the

wind again; just so I wouldn't have
to know how low I've really gone
into a new set of wings trying to
rapture me back up to Heaven
again where I don't even belong

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