

Poetry Series

Louis Charriez
- poems -

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Louis Charriez(11/25/1962)

Hmmm were do i start? Well i am Puerto Rican by birth, I started to write poetry when i was about 18. I felt this urge to write down some of my thoughts and can you imagine, some of it even made sense to me! Words from my mind onto paper, Brilliant! ! So i decided that i would try and somehow make others think about their own lives and perhaps make it better. So writers believe in yourselves and remember, it is how our minds tick that makes all of us special and unique.

Bored

Wow am i bored! ! !

What shall i do today?

Laundry?

Wash the car?

Clean the closets?

Take a walk?

Do some groceries?

Naaaaa! ! I'm too bored! !

Louis Charriez

Chicago Streets

Living a dream,
watching as the days go by.
The boys up the street watching,
as another drug buy goes down.
Everyone sharing in its poison.
Needles on the ground.
Heaven is one step from excepting,
another high flyer.
Powder, pills, liquer, its all the same.
One person will hit his knees tonight,
enjoying the rush and pain.
Remember it's not the price you pay,
but rather the enjoyment of the chase.
Go ahead and dream my borthers and sisters.
Because one day is coming,
that is never forgotten.
The day we all cry when you pass away.

Louis Charriez

Clever

Oh how it deceives!
Jumping from one log to the next.
Heart racing as i run to it.
The fists the size of mountains.
Oh my god the pain! !
This race of life is drowning my tears.
There it goes into the forest.
I catch up to it.
Wake up, fix my pillow and go back to sleep.
Now thats clever!

Louis Charriez

Distant Lover

How does one begin when you dream of a distant lover?
Do you try and enjoy the image in your head?
Or the laughter you once heard?
Do you play the thoughts you once had in life,
that makes you wonder. Will she keep me warm when its cold? or happy when i'm
sad? How far it is to know how close she is.
When will i be able to touch her hand?
When will i stand behind her and run my hands down the sides of her body?
Will the scent on her neck wake me from from this deep sleep or will it make me
more relaxed to enjoy all that she is?
How will man ever be himself if he can think of her but never feel her touch?
Images are all that we need but never have.
The thoughts that make that distant closer will give one peace.
Do i feel her now?
In my soul she exists, in my heart she is real.
When i wake she will be there.
Next to me with her legs wrapped in mine.
No more distant lover.

Louis Charriez

Fairys

Dust in air.
Light in the forest.
Screams afar.
Lusting angels in air.
Look deep into your soul.
Warmth is only this close.
Toad jumping side to side.
See yourself in the puddle.
Flying fast they are.
Shooting their dust at you.
Shooting breath at you.
These are the ones.
Feel their touch.....Fairys on my mind

Louis Charriez

Found Ari

Walk up and there she was, first time i have ever laid eyes on her. Beautiful was she? Yes, i must admit. Dark hair and eyes, my god what a sight! Ill was she? Yes i must admit. Why think of her? Mind wishing under other circumstances i can walk up and say hi, but rules dictate other reasons to think clearer on what i shall do. Is she single? Do not know the answer. Wish she was? Very much so. Will you do good by her? In a New York minute. Think she knows how you feel? No i hope that it will sink in time. What is the first thing you will ask? Playing it by ear. Waiting till the next encounter. Waking up after another beautiful dream.....Flu meds in a box, what a first present to give her.....hope she liked it.....

Louis Charriez

Hope

Can it be given?
Has it the things you need?
Are there versions unseen?
Do you feel it inside?
Makes me want it!
Woke up and there it was!
Hope.....

Louis Charriez

Hurt

When will it hurt?

Will it be when she leaves?

Will her scent be missed?

Will her laugh be silent?

Looking around and things remind you of her.

Missing her warm touch.

Her lips so tight around yours.

The way she looked at you when you were acting silly.

Wow! ! It hurts that you have to think that it can happen.

Why not let her know that you love her the way she is, so you never have to feel such hurt.

Louis Charriez

Lies

Dreaming of you,
not knowing the truth.
Where were you?
Will i ever know?
The pain that lurks inside of me.
Will i ever know true love?
The way you look at him.
The smile he gives you.
My god what has happened?
I have lost in a game i know so well.
You see, it is never in sight but you know its there.
Lies, never the truth.
Will i ever find the one for me?
I don't know?
I wake up and there you are,
smiling at me and telling me,
you love me and all i feel is ashamed,
because it is me who has hurt you, with
lies.....

Louis Charriez

Orgasm

Touch you softly.
Licking you slowly.
Wanting you while wearing silk.
Your hair wet.
Nails painted red.
Lie there on you side
My body up against yours.
Hands reaching yours.
Feet rubbing each other.
My lips on your neck.
The start of what one needs.
Let your mind wonder, with your eyes closed.
How will your orgasm arrive?

Louis Charriez

Pain

When do i cry?

Is it time to let go?

Are the memories going to fade?

Are the sounds of your laughter ever going to leave my mind?

The thoughts of us talking on the phone, are still ringing
in my head as if it were yesterday.

How can i go on with out you?

My god i just thought of something! !

If you were alive, it would be 6 years since we met! !

Louis Charriez

Tragic

Listen as you hear.
Voices in my head.
Looking up to see the leaves shaking in the wind.
Tear drops fading as they run down my face.
Knees trembling as i fear the pain in my heart.
Windows broken by kids running.
Flowers dying as fall nears.
What is it that makes me wonder so much about life?
Can it be the danger that may hurt my soul?
The taste of death that makes everyone wonder what waits for all of us?
No it cannot be all of that.
I believe it is the fear of never knowing the truth.
Yes i believe it is that.
Tragic as it may seem, we all know that in life is it the unknown that attracts us.
So go and live your lives and remember, it is not the unknown but the known
that is tragic.

Louis Charriez

Wishing

Mind playing tricks again
Off to the right i feel it
Dark yet light
Glass of all shapes
What is it i think?
Boys and girls throwing dry air while sitting in the rain
Man i was dreaming
Wishing for things
Your things.....

Louis Charriez

Young Again

Whispers, they are all around.
Man grows, and stops.
Listening to his heart.
It pumps blood then stops.
It is his life that bothers him
The things that he missed, the way he ran and ran.
Under the tree he thinks of what now?
Remembering his first kiss,
his first crush.
Will it ever come back?
To be young again.....

Louis Charriez