

Poetry Series

**rosalinda flores martinez**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2011

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

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Freelance Writer, visit my blogs at

Thanks and GOD bless all!

# A Love That Breaks The Age Of Glass Into Pieces

Love can't be what it isn't

You cannot swear by anything without love

And the Cross

You cannot push it and no one can dictate  
About it

You cannot tell stories without authenticity  
Even in fiction

It is only in an art form that love sees  
Itself.

Love is you and I together

Kissing each others soul

And touching what is only for you and me

I cannot be so tactful in love

Because my love would let you die

Longing for my breath

You would dream of me

And seek me

More than your body would need

My warmth

No other woman would draw you logic

Except, I

Who loved you, and saw you naked

In all forms

I would break the age of glass into pieces

And taste your tongue

When all that wine spills

I will let it bathe me

So my tears will fill the rivers

And parched lands

And we would glory in the rain

Our wills can be one, but only in love

Because I cannot be a hollow mind

And you can't give me what I ask

The poems of Nizar Qabanni

The poems of Rilke

The poems of Robert Frost

I have broken the age of glass into pieces

And got all of it - in my heart

Bled in the astute face of a Nazi

Birthered in Renaissance

My thoughts can never release you

Because your thoughts are the towers of

Me

I want to run away, from you

Yet my womb, your Isis

Seeks only

You

In love

I want to kiss you now.

Rose Flores - Martinez,2009

rosalinda flores martinez

# A Miracle Of Love

For Vocations:

You have made me love you

And I believe this miracle.

I couldn't question and I

Couldn't answer this devotion

of GOD's mercy and grace,

how you came into my life.

And that every time I

think about you,

I'm lifting up a vow.

My promise of giving you

My heart and my soul, as GOD

Entrusted you to be keeper

of my soul,

Gives me the

Solemnity of my being a woman

And my being

A mother to those

Who would follow after you.

RoseVocations 2009

rosalinda flores martinez

# A Prayer Poem For Calamities

Lord, we could do nothing but wait at what would come to us  
We are nothing but dust, yet you made us your children  
Our hands could not reach out, but only measure from one arm  
Our feet could not run, but only walk a few steps till the next turn.

We couldn't hide God, but just stay where we are  
When the earth shakes, the waters rise, and darkness visit our lands  
We could only cry for your mercy and seek Your Face.  
Where are you dearest God?

Please protect us and those we love  
Hold each falling leaf, and sweep with your breath  
Every rattle of doom. God come, come God to us, and carry  
The weak earth, every crippled nation and mend  
Those teeth all cracked from the mouth of life.

We are so afraid dear God,  
Forgive our transgressions  
Help us rest with you, forever  
Halt the chaos, and give us tranquility  
Be our strength  
Now.

Most Sacred Heart, we trust in Thee  
All angels and saints, hear our prayers  
Into your hands, God Almighty, we commend our lives.

rose flores martinez  
3.11.2011  
RoseVoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# A Promise And Clothes Of Time

September 9,2010

1.

The first thing to do is burst

My heart, my soul, my mind

The tiny breath of life let blow, let flow

In the sublime gift of sky wind and water

My feet arising from the ocean's bottom

Will walk the waves of the earth and stones,

The galaxy my playground

I will run in both ends of North and South

East and West, time and dreams

Stars one by one will bounce like twinkles of diamonds

I will come naked -

Playing in the wind,

In the forest dawn till dusk

Sun and moon will be the pins of my hair

Flowers will dance with me

In spring and autumn

And in the summer, its breeze will free

All the kisses I have kept

Through the years,

Those I have saved and endured for you

2.

I still cry

My tears couldn't stop

They're like waves that return to the shore

GOD's watchin'

He saw how I bruised and scarred the planets

And how aliens chained me, when I could have

Exploded cities

Instead of hiding from wars

Guns were out there seizing everything I had

That was you

I haven't grown

All I wanted was a flower on my hair

And a kite to fly

My only desire was to chant

With waves and tides

With thunder and lighting

I still miss the bones of your hands

Those lips that rocked my ribs

Those gaze that skinned the metamorphosis

Of my flesh

All that was you when your mouth kissed

All that was you in my night fall and

Sweet dawn

All that was

You - inside every atom

That collide dusts of an earth in me

My body molded in the sand and crumbs of history

Would always remember

How we held tightly like twigs on trees,

Veins in heartbeats

Our thoughts,

The sun soaked into water

Immerse brisk

Cone - clouds of generations

Your smell lingers a purple Rose

Of spilled perfume to the Red Sea

Would you leave me or

Take me till death

In different clothes of time

Swearing in faith?

/Rose Flores Martinez

September 17,2010

RoseVoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# A Scent Of Ribs

The silence of the lambs scares even the bats that lurk in the night  
It mutes the eyes of those who before saw how once a lamb was skinned and  
bruised. I am a shepherd of lambs

Like the trees in the forest I spread my branches like a roof  
When I sing to the lambs, my voice the harp of angels plucked by the Master.  
My body, the sky and the earth merged into the seas

My tongue, the wind stretching and swallowing sup of time  
My mind, the ground burying every dead  
My thighs, the warriors' temples, giant as a bull and the horse of Troy.

A myth of constellation hands me a rod  
Strong as a soldier's gun and sharp as a bullet embeds into the skull  
The flock knows my voice  
The flock smells scent of my ribs

They will come and gather around  
Hungry for a meal  
And then, they will stay and feed.

rosalinda flores martinez

## A Short Exam

1.

I am thinking of me

And you

And our future together

Or:

Your future alone

My future alone

In separate ways

A question:

Which is better?

2.

The rise and fall of the tide crack

The walls of my thoughts

I never stop dreaming

Guess my thoughts -

Yes, you are right

I don't love you.

/ishallwrite

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# A Small Prayer For Today, March 17,2011

LORD, RENEW OUR STRENGTH

HELP US FACE THE TROUBLES OF LIFE.

TEACH US WHAT TO DO

TAKE CARE OF US, FATHER OF ALL.

/for japan and for the world,  
rose

rosalinda flores martinez

# A Teacher's Prayer

Dear Lord

Help me to care for my students just like a good parent or friend

Help me to show that learning is fun and responsible

Make me a good example to inspire their dreams

Make me strong in faith, so I could teach them strength

Most of all, let me show them love and kindness

That they may learn of wisdom

As they become bright lights in the road they walk.

/roseprayers blogs,2010

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# A Tight Grip Of Your Hands

A parent, to the pains of his/her child  
'Why wasn't it I Lord, to bear my child's pain? '

But it has to be so.

'Olah' in Hebrew on Mount Moriah

Then a voice was heard, 'Now I know you fear God.'

Why do we feel pain for the struggling sick?

Why do we feel mercy for the helpless poor?

Empathizing with the oppressed, when no one would listen?

The unfathomable 'why's' scrape off skin down brawn,

When nothing but nothing could be done,

But gaze at bullets and sniff killing gas

It has to be so.

Each one faces a destiny, his own

As unique as an endowed crown of life.

Is there something more agonizing  
Than a crown of thorns, undeserved?

We take of the cup, sweet wine of grapes,  
A nourishment for hearts to carry burden.

It has to be so.

How could we lessen a beloved's pain?  
Or get your pain on me?

Perhaps,

But - act bravely, as big as the heroes  
Move on, when others stop  
Stand the highest, when others fall

It will be unfair for those hurting,  
If we cut the ropes  
Pulling up life,  
But instead, let build strong walls  
Foreseeing doom, vanished!

If my father died from a bullet,  
It would be unfair to haunt and kill the murderer.

Truth and justice must be sought. And if  
Justice, a sigh, comes far in this time,  
Be signs of abundant grace and kindness  
Be nigh, for those we love, bring peace and love,  
Above all, love.

If we couldn't heal or rip a vein for others  
If we couldn't be in Gaza, or Haiti  
If we couldn't even weep, we bleed inside  
Heart, oh heart, it aches badly.

But it has to be so.

Mountains on our backs come unbearable,  
We are knocked down praying to the ground  
Listening to the cracks of the earth.

Like Maria, her Son in Golgotha.

God, help us bear each other's pain and hurt  
In the prayers You have breathed in our mouths,  
In the prayers You have nested in our hearts,  
In the charm of love we could share,  
Big or small in pretty boxes,  
A tight grip of your hands.

We grieve  
We love

Hurting badly, as painful as when someone leaves  
Hurting badly, as painful as when someone dies

Jesus, carry all our pain and hurt,  
Carry all our pain and hurt,  
We trust, we trust in Thee.

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# After The Rain

Could I just touch the rain and the snow,  
What would I feel?

Could I keep the snow without melting, in the jar?

Could I drink the rain?

And what if I mend the fallen branches,  
Thread it with my hands?

Or would I just be there,  
In place of the broken teeth and branches

Stay with Frost  
Even wait for the next rain to come.

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# An Ode To Silence

Your silence is harp to me  
When I travel into you, I feel so in love  
Lifted on clouds, the hum of peace  
Rotating the sun and moon  
Like an angel

You are the music in my heart  
You are my temples  
Thrust your silence, say nothing  
When you said nothing, your eyes  
A strong ripple, bathed in me, bliss

I am at the level of your madness  
So beautiful and free, bursting a kid's laughter

I sleep in your eyes  
I dwell in your heart  
I am your miracle  
Our love is a miracle

I come naked in your sigh, a secret garden  
A pillow for your head  
My breasts supple for your mouth  
I have taken off, everything  
Carry my bruised heart  
And before we'd die our love  
Would kiss enough

Your kisses, cherished by time  
Diamonds and flowers, a rain  
In the shadows of my grief  
Hold me tight, be forever mine

Your kisses, the plight of my heart  
They teach me all the languages  
I can't speak  
The questions  
I can't answer  
Those things, I do not know

They teach me everything  
How to write  
How to weave  
How to wind words  
And prayers.

I trace your face, your lips, your nose  
Your hair, your body, all of you  
And when you smile and cry  
Day and night, you are  
In my memory

I awake with you in my thoughts  
I sleep with you in my thoughts  
Your eyes look at me  
Like a warrior's eyes, fierce from a battle  
Your fists bold, with blood, the baptism of loyalty  
To be back in my arms, be mine forever

Those times I cried  
Your face, my light  
Your love completes me  
It is all I have

They saw me bathing in your eyes  
We can't conceal our love  
We can't conceal the love in your eyes  
They would show to the world

Your silence fills me, deep as the ocean  
Your smell on me, like birth  
Your touch, I adore

Hold me tight, in age and sweetly  
And until death, keep me  
Let Heaven bind our promises

My heart is yours as my diaries  
The words I speak and those buried on God's hands  
Are gifts, I have carved on my heart  
My sorrows, only heaven can heal  
Come kneel with me

Take me, take me now, drink the tears  
I hide beneath rainbows  
Take me, take all of me, touch me  
Never let go

As I am cleansed, in heaven's mercy  
Untainted now, and separated  
I am yours forever  
Veiled in a mystery of grace  
As I lay down my life

Because I want you  
Because I love your silence  
Like  
Eternity drizzling on us  
While we kiss  
Like  
Snow falling on us  
When our bodies become one  
In a lightning's hilt  
We create

And that is why, I love you  
And that is why, I love you  
And that is why, I love you so much.

RoseVoc2.3.23.2011

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Thank you, Nizar Qabanni

This poem was inspired by the verses of Nizar Qabanni (As shown on You Tube, Love Poems by Nizar Qabanni. (on Hanna Hammer's Channel, N. K.) . Thank you.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Be Merciful To Us, Dear Lord

Truly, birthdays happen and the earth is growing older  
Sometimes, it is difficult to move far from whence everything started Some of us  
even grope in darkness  
And lament the many questions of life.

And though, we advance with science, technology, and knowledge no one could  
create one precious life, as beautiful as it was created and moulded by God's own  
hands.

We ask for mercy, Lord  
Here - we would not need anything  
We don't have to bring our resumes, awards, gorgeous clothes and estates,  
Neither do we boast of our sacrifices nor offerings.  
We come to you like a child.

Forgive us Lord and please stay with us  
We trust in your love to us, no matter what,  
And though our frail bodies die, You,  
Our real Father would never abandon. (as from the Holy Bible)

Give me a clean heart, O God.  
Give us clean hearts, O God  
So we may serve you, and be happy.

With all the chaos now,  
With all the war, differences, and calamities, in our world today  
Be merciful to us, Lord. Be merciful to us, Lord.  
Bring us back together in your loving care, be merciful to us Lord.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Brave Knight

Shimmering white angel  
dust and honey  
flow on me

like a shower of lilac  
in the fragrant dawn  
and cool mist

while waiting for you.

The beauty is remembering  
our existence. You have  
come to me one by one

as brave knights,  
gleaming swords of  
clasping hands untainted.

Your habit defies  
dirt and stinking corpses  
and loathing days and

nights. It glories in the  
pouring of rain and the blood  
of a dutiful battlefield,

The brave knight is  
You  
Kneeling for peace.

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# Bread Of Clouds

When would you seek my face  
and drink my blood,  
beg white lilies that flow  
gather yellow sunflowers that scatter?

The howling hyenas frighten you  
with their big flashing eyes  
and the lions teeth and claws  
gnash and prance at your smell  
waiting at the foot of the mountain.

You will never come,  
and see the gleaming beauty  
that hides when the moon is full  
when stars surround forest  
till you bow and rake your fields.

Dance!

When the sky is open

When the rain falls

when the trees sway and sing

when the night folds.

Then wait!

Till break of dawn snuggles you

then God cries

then God laughs

then God molds blood

like bread of clouds,

to pelt the fields and

feed your mouths.

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# Busy

I am busy with everything

And nothing,

The spaces around me

collide

and twist

breaking the walls.

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# Celestial Coming

I held on tight to the clouds

last night, when

your mouth embraced my mouth

each breath adored my soul.

I felt calmness in autumn

last night, when

your eyes sought

mourned each falling leaf.

Shadow and light pressed limb after limb, wind

shuddered waves

the floating galaxy last night in

your force.

Last night, eternity

was mine lain

on hiding rainbows,

I moaned my greatest fright, I

cried my sweetest blink, when

you tucked the stars, last night

into

my womb.

/Fiction of Rosalinda 2004

rosalinda flores martinez

# Cemetery

Darkness paints empty spaces

Tombs white as snow,

Angels flying among the crosses

Burning candles, flames aglow.

Bones on the earth

Ivory pearls rebirth

Swinging palms to freedom,

Glowing blessed kingdom

Completely to merge

In hues of yellow-orange dusk.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Colors Of Rainbow

You were there beside me  
And we didn't speak

I saw your cloak and the habit  
You were wearing  
In black origami

I looked how your hands moved  
They were laid on each other  
Your mouth was  
Silenced in your thoughts

You didn't tilt your head  
And your neck was  
Monumentally glued  
So your eyes wouldn't  
Speak your heart

They only looked at me  
When I clasped my hands

I knew it was you  
I knew when our breaths meet

Because when you laughed  
I heard it teased me  
We understood each other  
When we laughed

It was so beautiful

And then you built  
A rainbow

I saw the true colors  
Of flying cranes  
Circling around you

We always looked out the window

After the drizzle to find the rainbows

I miss you so much.

rose flores martinez,

4.16.2010

ishallwrite

rosalinda flores martinez

# Contact

When your eyes meet my eyes, it  
Makes me a woman. I start  
To hear whispers of the forest  
When the wind blows softly

Caress strands of my hair all  
Over my face. Gaze creeps on my  
Body like sun as it radiates  
Heat that melts clothing bares me

Naked to crave, breathe, gasping  
For arms to shelter. When your eyes  
Look at me, I soar into heights.  
Your look pierces my faculties

It wrings my brains, sucks it empty  
And makes me dumb but beautiful.  
It grasps my every fiber, drains  
the inmost secrets of my being.

It kills me -  
For a minute I want to die,  
But how can I? My soul is ripped  
And now I'm blind?

rosefloresmartinez/

rosalinda flores martinez

# Corridors Of Gold

Time, the precious stone of sunlight  
Was your gift to me

Your hymn, the rising and falling  
Tide of the shore  
Was the only voice  
I could recognize

Gold lights in the corridors  
Were the precious hours  
We laughed aloud the pantry  
Reading,  
And when the lights were off  
You told me I was beautiful

I have kept your word  
Your every promise of hope  
All that made you  
Inevitable

Gold was  
The evening color

Gold in the calm  
Corridors of the house

When your sturdy footsteps were  
My pride

When faith in your eyes gleamed  
Like agates  
In the tint of golden rays  
Coming from  
The core of a pure heart

Gold  
When, in the Blessed Sacrament of Gold,  
Nested in the hours of longing  
Breathed in me mercy

It was in the corridors

We sat together,  
In the corridors, you held every bead  
Tightly  
Grasping for grace

My heart wanted you  
Your language of adoration

In those corridors  
You were most amiable,  
In your every breath of prayer.

RoseVoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# Dead Fire

Tonight, I shall set myself free.  
I want to see some spurts of blood  
from my hands so what would come  
is a fine sculpture of breathing veins.

Life is not all wars, ceasefire birthed  
as Mother Teresa saved lives  
of children. Peace in the camps.  
Nights in dead fire. My nights are

dead fires. Only shadows creep  
after sleep steals and kills my time.  
I am still seeking how I  
could love, how I could divulge

loves greatness by slaying pins  
of hate. We couldn't hate so much  
but only for a time. Like death, all  
ends up in death except love. Who

would want to stop breathing with  
anger? No one. GOD created  
us part of Himself. I know there  
will be another chance. I wouldn't

take that other chance. Because  
my nights are buried, as they are  
peaceful and deeply carved in the  
roots. The mountains dropp in my

agonies, no one will ever catch, except  
He who Created life. Love comes sharp  
but sacred like the wind, like night,  
like day; like storm and calm. It is

fleeting and cold like the rain. It is  
in many ways so incomplete -

Dead fires, dead nights, dead stars.

Rain, water, wet skies. Love  
comes in mist, in tears of hope,  
at dawn, in bloom, and in - darkness

when there is nothing but a flame  
and naked nights in an embrace  
of a full moon. Love comes so  
beautiful after wars, when everyone

can drink freely, when there  
is peace and I am nothing  
but dust, and chipping coals  
begging the skies.

rosalinda flores martinez

## Dear Father (June 22,2011)

Dear Father GOD,  
We offer our heart to you  
We offer our mind to you  
We offer our self

That everything of us  
Is  
You.

Don't leave us  
Down with our sorrow  
Drenched with our pain;

But hugging us tight  
Safe in Your arms  
Locked in your heart  
Dear Father.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Dear God, Father Of All

Dear God,

We pray for Japan and our Japanese brothers and sisters

We pray for our migrant families, too

We come together with them, even in our small prayers

And we ask for your mercy so they would be safe from the blows of nature

And earthly accidents.

Have mercy Lord, have mercy on us all.

=====

Keep the students, Lord

Be with the students, be with everyone

And since we're oceans apart -

Let all our prayer for one Almighty GOD, bond and

Reign with power, over all the troubles we now face

We offer all that we are -

Our love and prayers for everyone - for calmness and safety

Father of all, let Your miracles from Heaven be upon us

In Jesus Christ love, mercy and grace, we trust. Amen.

I love you God.

We love you, Father of all.

rose flores martinez

3.16.2011

rosalinda flores martinez

# Dear God, We Hold Nothing But You

Monday, March 14, 2011

Lord, we hold nothing, but You.  
In all the burdens that press us down  
We hold nothing, but You.

In all the agony of our hearts  
We hold nothing, but You.

When we're crushed down to the ground  
We hold nothing, but You.

Because we are imperfect  
Because we are filled with pride  
Because we are short with love  
Because we doubt you  
Because we divide,  
When we're blinded with insecurities  
And selfishness  
Let us grip on you tightly for renewal.

Let your hand brush the curse  
Nature has laid upon us  
Let your tongue speak the words of power  
From heaven  
Let Your heart be our hearts  
Filled deeply with love and peace.

We hold nothing, but You.

We are crushed because of each other  
We doubt because we are weak  
Let us love each other, show mercy  
And kindness to each other  
So we could build the earth, again.

We pray for minds filled with wisdom  
With wills strong in obedience to you  
With hands full of mercy

With eyes, the beauty of your face.

Be with us Lord, in the troubles of our time  
And let (us) our hands work together  
Free, but prudent for love and peace  
For all the earth is ours.

Oh, One God of Love  
Our Father in Heaven  
We hold nothing, but You  
Let Your kingdom come now  
We hold nothing, but You.

We hold nothing, but You.

Rosefloresmartinez.3.14.2011

“The Our Father (A Universal Prayer) ”

Our Father, who art in Heaven  
Holy be your name  
Your kingdom come  
Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us today our daily bread  
And forgive us our sins  
As we forgive those, who sin against us  
Do not bring us to the test,  
But deliver us from evil. Amen.

Thank you dear Jesus,  
Rose

for

rosalinda flores martinez

# Dear God,2011

Dear God,  
There are just some things we don't understand  
But then it shouldn't matter  
You are the answer to all the questions in our mind  
So please be near around

Come to us  
Every time we call and during the hardest in life  
Your love will free us, your will will make us stronger  
Let us be thankful of life

Let us be prepared of death  
Guide us Father, in all our travel  
And see that, your arms are always there  
To carry us.

I love You.  
We love You.  
Amen.  
A small prayer, Holy Saturday,2011

rosalinda flores martinez

# Dear Jesus

Little things we offer dear GOD

Grace and gifts in life that prod

Thank you Dear Jesus for love everyday

O Sacred Heart, beside us, do stay.

Rosevoc2,2010

rosalinda flores martinez

## Dear Poets: May I Leave A Comment? Thank You.

To: Sir William C. Williams (on The Descent)

Descent is the moon that wanes beneath darkness  
Clouds, gray nights of cold  
Like a love unrequited  
Like tales untold

Like throes hiding under shadows  
Like dreams unrealized burrow  
Etched is truth, there lies abyss  
Lonely lilacs surrender peace.

To Mr. R. Eberhart (on Grave Piece)

Death nigh unto life, lay questions of tomorrow  
Four doves in the grave, blight then, now sorrow  
O crystal Tear, of all be near, I shall not fear, I shall not fear!

To: Mr. W.H. Auden (on Perhaps)

Your "barren virtuous marriage of stone and water"  
Is a ring in my heart where name and image meet.

You paint a soothing ocean in the summer  
Black stones glittering gold cobwebs ponder  
Underneath stones sparkling ripples of kiss  
My lips supple - still, pure pink for your love  
Lithe for your flesh; be for you, Dear love.

To: Sir Dylan Thomas (on After the Funeral)

Could there be a love like Michael Furey's love?  
Could Ann Jones be the reality of Gretta?  
What other thoughts tie Sir James with you?  
And me, and the others? Perhaps love, that of Auden.

Scrubbed and sour humble hands of old Anne  
Clench monuments for the boys shedding dry leaves

And I, now a mother, a womb of oceans  
My naked chest for the world

And after all the lovers gone  
Vigor and bloom on window sills  
Everything fades from a love, all transient like grass

Only funerals in choir of angels  
Only God's love eternally lasts

And for my lover, my lover, my lover  
Haul me up your arms when in death;  
Nigh your heart, nigh your breath,  
In peace, cast away my fear  
To Father God, I shall forever rest.

Did I make sense, dear great poets?  
Thank you for the poems.  
God bless the poets!

rosalinda flores martinez

# Death Row

Wall of Egypt in Haiti

Crumbles

From one space in the corner

Time and tide wait

For healing of sores

And fresh wounds

Dripping blood arouse

Gleaming sirens

That fright even weeds

To hide

Scream the corpses,

Prepare the Heaven,

Open!

Sooner or later,

Death will come

The ghost of Scrooge wilts

In pain.

rose flores martinez

2.23.2010

for

rosalinda flores martinez

# Dream

Staring at blank spaces,  
entombs me alive  
seven feet under,  
wrapped in chains.

Struggling to be free,  
my body becomes  
a sea  
of blood.

Groaning,  
frozen soul in caves of ice  
worms and black ants  
eating flesh,

Darkness,  
A spectacle – of  
ugly memories.

/rfm2000, dlsu

rosalinda flores martinez

# Empty Sheet

I am busy with everything and nothing

The spaces around me collide with each other

And twist breaking walls

It is better to sleep

It is better to sit down

It is better not to write

Perhaps, it is better to pray

When things and everything

Are right

And not all right

Nothing follows

But an empty sheet.

rose flores martinez

rosalinda flores martinez

# Father God

Oftentimes

we wallow that our good actions come unnoticed

and errors do come so visible

We question why the notorious become popular and

the reputable just a whiff in the wind

We have to remember what our Father in heaven told us,

'When we do something good, we shouldn't shout in the synagogues and not be like the pharisees.'

This is quite difficult to achieve, for us humans...

We need a lot of humility to do something good for someone

even if we become the last on the list

We need a lot of responsibility, even away from the crowd and the laurels

GOD sees what many people don't

GOD sees what many forget

GOD forgives errors

GOD hugs

and cherishes each one of us

all the time,

especially when we are stripped of everything

and we have faith

and we call Him

Father.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Finally

June 16,2010

It is done.

Everything in the doors

And windows of myself.

Everything I want to hold, to play, to kiss,

Everything I dream to be mine,

Comes true

That moment I was shouting at life,

Was crying because I lost my teeth

And my underwear

And my shit was around the block,

Finally.

rosalinda flores martinez

# For James

Stars one by one are like us

Far and alone

Our faces only God kiss dear

Tattoos and scars burned in our bones

Lighting of blood

Ceased in the mantle of the Trinity.

/for Vocations

rosalinda flores martinez

# For My Bestfriend

I do not suffer the miseries of dependence.

I know I am capable of doing things on my own.

All my life I have learned to solve problems by myself

Learning through the process of bitter experience as I have grown.

There are times mortal experiences seem to be a sacrifice

Yet deep in my heart I have always wished

There was always you to lean on.

While earnestly wishing a deeper impression of our bonding

I am afraid of your betrayal

Even in the state of mind it would seem inexcusable

Exposing my nakedness might be a reason

To end a moment's confidential business,

Wringing my heart in the end

No one else could ever mend.

Friendship involves intellectual mastership, integrity of understanding

Discernment and perfect bonding

It is also an extension of personalities

And a combination of energies.

There is no breach of promise and no desertion in the case,  
Not even the slightest obligation of support  
Sometimes it is like a maze!

Friendship is the freedom to share love and freedom to belong  
The most beautiful part of a dance and a song,  
How I wish friendship would be in noble simplicity -  
A sincere earnestness to wipe away tears  
To give guidance and drive away fears.

In my weak moments, I long for a soft whisper  
And a warm tender hand to hold on  
To be free from my mental boundaries  
As if a spouse I've won.

Would I give into my deepest desires and play  
On some idiosyncratic fantasies?  
With tremendous restraint  
I pretend to be skillfully in control  
So that respect remains.

I grow pliant as a reed  
But I know all the time somehow I will yield

However I should not be made to repent

I have always been strong

Though pain reminds me of my limits and my mortality.

And when that time comes

I rest assure that you are there

Not because of pity or obligation

But because I am your friend.

Then will I know that you are my best friend

My soul faithfully vows to let thy love flow till the end.

Rosalinda Flores - Martinez 2009  
my old poem

rosalinda flores martinez

# For Noel

Miles of travel sweeping us  
To a journey yonder the market.

Screams of whining people  
Beside our bus reach for you

You hold them one by one  
Tuck them in the comfort of leather seats  
As sentinel to souls,

Our backpacks wait in the tower  
The bus races though the hills

If it's our end  
Did we die?

You stand in faith  
With me  
Carrying your other shoe.

rosalinda flores martinez

## For Vocation

Tongue of fire lights a candle for me

In the presence of your habit.

Shadows of the past hide in

the sun of your radiance, rays

twinkling raindrops. I seek nothing

but heaven, I seek no one but God

You are an eternal candle in

front of the Cross.

/ For Ted.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Four Seasons With God

Dear God, dear God  
I give you myself  
Split from skull to toe  
Hold me

I give you myself  
My hands and the work I do  
Hold me  
Talk my thoughts

My hands and the work I do  
Let bloom like yellow flowers in spring  
Talk my thoughts  
A plethora of honey threads

Let bloom like yellow flowers in spring  
Because I miss golden autumn  
A plethora of honey threads  
And breezy humming mountain

Because I miss golden autumn  
When dancing ripples cup my tears  
And breezy humming mountain  
Waiting winter earth's arm to hug like twin hearts

When dancing ripples cup my tears  
How magnificent boats of pearls and seashells  
Waiting winter earth's arm to hug like twin hearts  
Where we'd go summer dear God?

How magnificent boats of pearls and seashells  
Seasons of life like melons and ponds of fruity icy cream  
Where we'd go summer dear God?  
Kiss me in prayers and hymn of love

Seasons of life like melons and ponds of fruity icy cream  
Are you beside me dear God?  
Kiss me in prayers and hymn of love  
Till the time my breath fades and bones pound to ash

Are you beside me dear God?  
Sweet four seasons a life dance  
Till the time my breath fades and bones pound to ash  
Never let go

Sweet four seasons a life dance  
God hold me  
Never let go  
I give you myself.

Rose Flores Martinez  
9.8.2010  
4: 10pm, Wednesday  
RoseVoc2  
RosePrayers

rosalinda flores martinez

# Glass

She broke the glass,  
She and her wicked teeth broke it,  
Her gums did not bleed while  
She swallowed the chips.  
The monster in her  
With its slimy green saliva  
Feasted  
On my precious glass.  
But after a while,  
She burped,  
Her black, heart  
Out.

rosalinda flores martinez

# God, Be My Light

Lord my God, my guiding light

Don't let go just hold me tight

Fill my heart with love to share

That I may help and not despair.

rosalinda flores martinez

# God, Let Your Holy Spirit Be In Us

How everyone worries

With all that happens now -

How like rags we kiss the ground

How like water we would flow

And unstopping, lend our thoughts of kindness.

And because we're all imperfect, and we want to help,

Our prayers and good wishes sent to One God unite

Like a French kiss, like humans do, full of passion.

Maybe, we are serious

Maybe, we are not.

These troubled times, truly, there are no tags

Just the naked body

No color, no gender, no status, no country,

Just life, solemn as light popping clouds of hope

One precious creation, the earth has suckled

First milk from breasts dropped in pain and sweetness

A concoction only Heaven brews, for us

We are all fed, nature above and below us feed.

Our minds grow, heaven's gift to nourish our lands

And from time to time, we learn our lessons

That man has limits

That man needs man

That man finds truth yesterday, now and tomorrow

That man must respect each other.

That man must love, and

That man must pray

To seek God's will everyday,

And in all the aspects of our lives

Our God of Goodness will never abandon,

Us, His children

Us, He created for His Kingdom.

Let Your Holy Spirit come now to us

O God, let Your Holy Spirit be in us -

On earth, as it is in Heaven.

3.17.2011

rosalinda flores martinez

# God's Design: World Wonders

The world is a beauty  
Such a gift from the Almighty  
Rainwater flow  
On my head

Bathe me with ice caps of  
Rubies and sapphires  
In the frozen winter  
Of waiting

Angels arising  
Rainbows dancing  
God swings me on clouds  
And a merry-go-round  
Of satellites. RoseVoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# Goodbye Dear Grandmother

When I was younger, I thought you would never die

I thought you were an immortal

You were wonderfully healthy

You were morally good

You were a virtuous woman, always in the mood.

Once I asked you, "Why do people work? "

And then you answered, "Because to live is to work! "

Then I said, "Life is tough, we need to stop and rest."

"No! " She told me, "Life is beautiful; it is a test."

And now you lay down

Destined for a peaceful town

☐ "To live is to work... To die is to rest."

Goodbye Grandmother,

Goodbye for now.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Grief Is Never Having To Say I Grieve

Your grief has been too heavy

I don't know how much grief buries you down

Please let me weep with you

Please let me weep with you

Like the others, I adore you for keeping up with life

I could imagine how you cry in your thoughts

How like blade, grief cuts your heart, your throat,

the top of your skull - slowly

Like wars in history, there are no exits

and there are no choices

If you were there, you had to face those rattling guns

Plead, please plead

Remember "Our Lady of Sorrows"

Mary carried part of the grief Jesus has

been carrying to save us, during the crucifixion

Mary had no one with her

She was helpless, yet in those moments

God's strength kept her unmovable and brave

How long does grief stay?

People are not things

How long does grief stay?

If you lost something, you can always build it again

How long does grief stay?

If you lost someone, and someone, and someone

again, in any way – they are part of you

For as long as you live, grief changes into

remembering happy days with each other

Grief becomes faithfulness

Grief changes unto faith

Those drops of blood, while Jesus prayed in the garden

Is grief

Grief is never having to say "I grieve, "

but "I love, "

This is how long grief stays.

RoseVoc2, ishallwrite

rosalinda flores martinez

# Happy Birthday St. Hannibal

Happy Birthday My Father Hannibal (Mary Di Francia)

I love you, Saint Hannibal

I know how you pray very hard for me everyday

Because I am yours, and you are my guardian

You know my heart,

And GOD knows my thoughts from the very start

I accept my transgressions and imperfections

And I don't swear of anything, but to the Divine

You have built in me power in faith

Refuge, what a Father can give a daughter

Please suffice me of God's grace

So I won't need of anything

Thank you for teaching me Jesus' ways

And in my failures, thank you for giving me hope

You will always give me rain

For rain, makes heaven cry with me

Till my death, give me loyalty to those I love

Let me love.

Rose Flores - Martinez,7.5.2010

8: 30AM

rosevoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# Happy Easter 2011 To The Community

Truly, Christ is risen  
Happy Easter to everyone  
Blessed be God forever!

rosalinda flores martinez

# Heart Of Many Shapes

My heart is a pin cushion  
Where many needles are kept

And an emery bag  
That cleans the rust.

It is like a red tomato  
But doesn't squirt when pricked,

It is firm like a red ball  
with players to hold it

And dribble it many times  
To the ground.

It is like sunflower with many petals  
Some strong and some wilting,

It is triangle like a tree.

My heart has many shapes  
colours like cakes

wiggling under skin of veins  
Curves, straight lines,

And bath bubbles of fine red

rainbows that magnet grief  
loves all so brief

soon to oblivion. O heart, you,  
forever God will keep!

06.29.09

rosalinda flores martinez

# I Have Something To Tell You

I have something to tell you  
I have something to say about you and me

And in any way you put it  
My love couldn't stop

When you told me I was beautiful  
A crown of glittering rainbows  
Covered my head  
I was very happy at the thought  
You got me forever

It was not easy to figure out  
How we can make love  
Because there's love every time  
We look at each other

Your eyes make me shiver

Every time you smile  
There's something inside  
Pulling my hands together

And every time you talk  
Inspiration creeps into me  
Levitating my heart to look  
Beyond  
The white light,  
But up the sky

Every piece of you -

Your hair  
Your mouth  
Your rib

Your hand  
Your heart  
Your habit

I love.

RoseVoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# I Love: The Pronoun You

To everyone, and specifically for the second person pronoun, singular and plural in number: You.

I am she, third person pronoun: singular in number, feminine gender. My name is Rose.

Don't you know that I love you? Every beat of me lives for you. My every breath longs to linger in your mouth.

Do I really love you? Why do you have to ask? Your face is the sky to me.

They told me you were a great man.

You don't need to win that soccer match.

Your peculiarity and your brilliance, come to serve everyone.

I know where to tickle you.

You don't need a hair grower.

You don't need an enlarger of any stuff.

You don't need those big muscles to punch.

And I don't want you to be a senator robbing money from the people.

You don't need a Volvo.

You don't need to be young.

You don't need to be old.

You don't need to be what you aren't and pretend you are someone else, like Superman, or an American Idol, or a rocker like Bono.

You only need to be you -cool and cute in any angle that I look at you, during work.

I need you to be a man for me: strong, and a baby, sometimes.

I need you to clasp those hands together in chants and Kung Fu.

I need you to go on your knees every morning,

Lift your hands and bow to the sky. The sky is your mirror.

I am not anyone's wife. I am somebody else's wife.

My husband knows I belong to him alone.

Oh, and how could you tell that she really loves you?

In marriage and a family.

Oh, and she, another she?  
If she's concerned with how good you could be for others,  
But I don't know exactly how, maybe if God's will comes.

And forget about her, are you with me?  
Every fiber of your vein is woven in my prayer.  
Every muscle that you flex, I could feel in my heart.  
Every time you say you love Him,  
I love you more and more, more than anything - that very moment.

Your heart is in mine?  
My heart takes the place of yours?  
We beat as one now? Take care of my heart.

Are you confused with my answers?  
You have to pray, so you would find out.  
And who do I love? The monks.

And you, too, brother, father, and son,  
And all else is for God to decide.  
It seems that we have to love each other, too.  
Take care of my heart.

I love you. Be with me in prayer.  
Now we are the first person pronoun, plural in number: We.

rosalinda flores martinez

# I Will Beg God To Come Down And 2 Morepoems

'I will beg God to come down, '

Because we have to pass long and winding roads together

If I slip, come and pull me up

If you fall, 'Wooh' you seem quite heavy, my hands aren't strong enough

But I will beg God to come down,

'Please God come down.'

Poem 1:

I have asked you

for nothing but prayer

Your prayer is your

love for me.

Poem 2:

Both of us

we're standing still,

after the wrath

who will go first?

In anyway,

We will never

forget

each other.

/Rose Flores - Martinez

rosevoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# If Tonight

Tonight I will hide from the world  
And sleep with my sorrows

I will remember how in my delusion  
You are real, like my flesh

Heavens say my lovers are angels  
And so does unreal stories

Now I'm a frozen battlefield  
Of thoughts which I couldn't draw

My mortal body lay alive shielded,  
And unharmed  
It abhors those, unlike you

Would I ask GOD why He called me  
To pen about your surrendering self to Him?

I just adore your lovely hands that raise up  
Your fragrant mouth that tastes nothing but grapes  
Your lucid eyes like stars and spring  
I curl in humility where you love only GOD

When I see you with other women  
Holding tight and even, if kissing only friends,  
I feel furious  
I can see your imperfections haunting me  
Like a world of explosion on my being

I am your mother who weeps  
Your daughter who seeks you  
Your wife who gets your shoes  
Your sister feeding your kitchen

I have no face

If you forget me, I have gone miles away  
I have left with traces of my dreams

Burned under boiling sun rays

If only for tonight,

Find me

Let me hide from the world

So I can know myself.

vietnam rose 2009

done 7: 05 philippines

march 28,2009

rosalinda flores martinez

# If You Come Back

If you come back  
I will breathe in and kiss  
Every corner of your mouth

I will bathe your hair  
Down your toes

I will anoint perfume  
Those hands that fall to the ground

I will brush your chest  
Let my hair curl on every pore  
So they throb with your heartbeat

I will hug you  
And let your lips taste  
How long I have sat and waited  
For you to come and carry the luggage  
In my heart,  
My hurts  
When you left

If you come back  
I will whisper and confess  
Words of my prayers  
When every night I cry

I will tell you stories under a tree  
While we'd watch stars glide  
Till we tire and close our eyes  
Holding each other's hands

And even if your hands are cold  
I wish I were there

I wish I were there -  
And wait here  
No more.

Rosalinda Flores Martinez

rosalinda flores martinez

# In Many Moons

Soon, I will die for my love

and he will die for me

When our cups will be one

the earth will tremble

the mountains will crack

and the sea will divide

My dearest will embrace me

in the nest of the battlefield

and I will kiss the hilt of his

sword that will pierce the dragon

My dearest will chain Medusa

and bury the serpents head

I will let my knight ride on

my back and we will fly

and slash with lightning

any creature that goes

between our love

We shall never separate

until death meridians will  
hold us together from pole  
to pole our stars, an  
army to guard our nook

The wind a shield to cover  
from the foe and the  
moon our bed of conception  
will hide itself in red blaze

We will make love in  
many moons, in 360  
days we'll sup bliss, sire an  
offspring in Indian summer

They will till the soil  
dig the sea, a harvest  
so great, deities will agree

Me and my love, an  
army of constellations  
will never separate

Until in GOD's hand,  
In a deep peaceful slumber,  
He will lock us in His chest.

rose flores martinez,3.2.2010  
ishallwrite,2010

rosalinda flores martinez

## In This Blog

In this blog, is solitude

a sanctuary

and nothing follows

i would wait for the postscript,

the calm in the pages

tells a lot of things

stories never told

black drape, the mystery

one cannot see

innocence of pure thoughts

i come to you in words.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Interrogation

You were once a leech on my lover's neck-  
Torture and anguish to lights of my days

With Medusa and Judas, can you  
Be drowned in the underworld of phantoms?

You robbed full long days of felicity  
My diamond, my only longed affection,

My precious posterity of time, you  
Dumped selfishly inside a rotting jar

Of cursed stones, puke of Sodom and Gomorrah  
You devastated my life, drought my breasts

Those nights,  
Those haunting gray nights, haunted

Haunting,  
Hopeful, dutiful tomorrows

Cracked walls of sacred covenant,  
Buried home of family

Those nights  
Ached

Haunted  
Love's promises

Corrupted hymns of twin hearts. Those nights gripped  
Nights that shrieked my flesh into shreds of dust

Shot soul of Eros, lulled December breeze

Hardened soft tongue, but cold lips in winter

Nightmares of forbidden cities, cutting  
Like blade, broken bones beyond healing

How your tongues kissed terrified me. How you  
Rolled, tenderly held each other

Nailed me, nailed me several times to a Cross  
Those nights bled my solitude  
'Gotterdammerung! '

Shocking waves in Apocalypse  
Mercy!  
Why did you steal the heart of my affections?

Green eyes of deceit crawled scales of snake on  
Your back. May God pardon and throw grace

Tight beads cuddling at dawn were all I had  
True love, a crown of glory and youth once

Lost, burst a necklace of stars and moons  
Heaven lay sturdy bright nights mine forever

Thunder, smokes of fire burning old filth  
Death sickles prune eyes, skin gums, and rust of boats

Decked on wrong ports, needing incense and whiff  
Of Heaven's rain – we beg mercy, pardon, mercy

God's Sacred love and peace,  
Be love and peace

Almighty Trinity  
Heal hearts, glory to Heart most pure

My heart, all hearts, let follow  
'Rogate! ' □

Rosalinda Flores

10.13.2010

rosalinda flores martinez

# Labyrinth Of Time

Labyrinth of velvet soft chants, stay  
Dwell in my heart like a baby  
Carnival of childhood, teacher  
Of truth beyond Cities, hold me

When I have missed Big Dipper and  
Roller coaster fun, my wail reached  
Your deepening rites, and I  
Remembered I'm but dust and too

Fragile like the leaves falling on  
Your hands. There you were on clouds  
In caves, rocks, chipped snows, and rain  
Showering fountains over me

My stories are my flesh, an  
Incense that would lift you - fly, run  
You. Be drumbeats of Kilimanjaro  
Let you, climb the Horse of Troy

Around and around let go, let my  
Tongue moan the maze in your heart  
Trace vein, muscles of mountains  
Where you kneel and etch those lips

Engraved on chest of blest nations  
I do cherish who you could be  
Longed your breath in wind of grace  
Every time I glide a kite or

Fire a gun, or kneel beside the dead  
All of me is Yours -  
Red, ripe, grapes and mist of  
Dawn, cup of eternal blood

Flex a simulacrum of walls  
Between labyrinths crumble  
Crumble before time, you lay  
Bring me where Saints weave ripples of

Amaranth and gold. Shimmers  
black butterfly wags you bold in  
Stance, ready to plough pollens  
Rich milk and honey, honey burst

From sun and stars. Let you bow,  
Bow a thousand times and kneel  
Plant, play bones and meteors, conquer  
Free with your arms and hands  
The promises of Moses

Traces of my breath speak of you  
My nothingness dwells believing  
Flames from heaven will burn and scythe  
Scars shaking boundaries of men

Don't you leave me now, but hold me  
Tight. Grip my fingers tight, rest me -  
On your lap and kiss me. Kiss me -  
That blood I spilled, bled in your  
mouth -  
On you - forever.

Rose Flores Martinez  
RoseVoc2  
10.28.2010  
3pm, Thursday

rosalinda flores martinez

# Little Prayer For God

Dear God,

For all good intentions, may we show in acts so true

For all we want to share fill it full with You

For all we could have shared, did wrong, didn't do

Give us strength to rise and love, with light and joy each day anew.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Lullaby

I must never rest,  
I have to clean the house  
Serve my masters  
Feed the chickens  
And cook the food.

Then at bedtime, I also fix the mess  
Cannot sleep, cannot rest  
Cannot even close my eyes...

In delirium, I electrocute the chickens  
In the cage,  
Let the masters drink from a cup of venom,  
Dump them in bed  
Sing them a lullaby,

Rock a bye baby  
On the tree top,  
When the wind blows  
The cradle will rock,  
When the bough breaks  
The cradle will fall  
And down will come baby  
Cradle and all..."

And then, I burn the leaves.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Mountain Music

Mighty forest speaks of peace

Footsteps hopping slow

You and I with heavens tease

Resting our breath goes

Trying to reach the center

Around tough twigs foreign of touch

Needing smiles to enter

The Love Valley patch

Birds fly leaf to leaf

Bushes gliding freely

Sun watching not a thief

Cares come gleef'ly

Keeping the wind kiss

I breathe your breath

I play your dreams

I touch your thoughts

Tongue taste the dragon fruit

A sip of Vietnam tea

After the lazy afternoon broth

Guitars laying me

The merry-go-round of our games

Palms holding plea

In the peaceful forest names

Guiding eyes for me

Your faces clutch of my hope

When mud flows down the mountain

When soil buries my flesh to earth

And rain spouts a fountain

Don't kiss me goodbye

I've always sought from you

Hug me in your embracing sighs

Kneeling to GOD so true.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Net Scribbles

For: WWW/The Internet

Anything goes on a rainbow

Stay, smile, pray

I shall write

Buzz, email, laugh

Learn, work

See the world,  
Let us work together

A gift of time to life,  
Thank you dear God

The internet  
A community of the world.

(video on [and](#)  
RFvietnamrose's channel on You Tube)

rosalinda flores martinez

# November Poems

1.

I have died with you

and with him

and with everyone.

In our temporary clocks

our breaths fade away

in the wind, but our hearts

Forever one in God.

2. My Beloved

This is

The heart of my beloved

I will carve my name into it

And kiss its - every vein.

I could imagine Jesus Sacred Heart

Would it look like that?

Would it beat like that?

Would it search me like that?

Would it keep me?

Would it stay with me till I close my eyes?

This is

The heart of my beloved.

□

3.

I have told you I love you many times

I have waited for always

I have cried because I love you so much

Everyday, my life is you

Did you not know I always sought you?

Why did you doubt me?

Did you not know you were my life?

Why did you filter my faithfulness?

Was I short of promises and pledges?

Where are you now?

rose flores martinez,2010

rosevoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# On God's Will

Life is GOD's way to show us He exists and loves us all.

The Father GOD made us become His children: without tags, without discrimination, but only the faith we have in Jesus Christ

Whatever name we call the Deity, and whether we like it or not, there is a GOD,

Thank you dear GOD.

In life, choices is a showcase

And we are free people, yet, freedom here calls for responsibility

And as we love ourselves, so we have to love our friends, family, co-workers, strangers, enemies, community, and everyone

This is hard to do...

Quite ideal

But LOVE and the Holy Spirit will help us if we try

To experience this freedom and responsibility in service.

I have wanted to do things, like others do

I could always choose and say 'yes, ' for glory

But then, I had always said 'no'

And let GOD do it for me

I say it as 'GOD's will, '

Where strength and courage always came from GOD.

YOU, to accept what you don't like

And let go of what you like most

Is a miracle of GOD's Love

How can you endure?

But by GOD's grace and hugs!

To admonish

To fight

To make things happen and act now

Or to adjust

And be serene in prayer

In resignation or confirmation.

Such is the Rune Prayer:

Lord, grant me the serenity to accept things

To change the things I can

And please, give me wisdom to know the difference.

And of course,

The Our Father,

The prayer Jesus taught us.

In writing literature, some writers aim for patterns

Maybe, Father GOD thought there should be an example

We could understand

Love in one universal prayer (The Our Father) .

GOD's will?

This, I shall write.

Lord, stay with us all

That we may live for a purpose

And find joy and meaning in our service.

Rose Flores - Martinez,12.03.09

rosalinda flores martinez

# On Hope Building Up A Community

Master

Let us be zealous and persevering in work,  
Serve one another,  
Let us hold hands and lift up neighbors -  
Brothers and sisters in despair.

Let us feed the hurting bodies of the poor,  
Heal and cloth them, too  
Let us hear the needing screams of the abused,  
Show justice and fairness to all.

Let us taste the joys of sharing  
Breathe GODs breath of charity  
Pray for holy priests and workers  
Work together in peace,

That we would build GODs kingdom  
Here on earth  
Today and forever in Jesus,  
Amen.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Only God

True love in sacred matrimony

Alien love

Disguised in testimony

Love that stays forever

Love that flies and hovers

Love, the glittering sword

Love, the guns and bullets

War and love

Love and war

Nothing is fair in love and war

Only GOD, one true love, eternal star.

rosalinda flores martinez

## Picture Verses

1.□

God looks down and lifts us on his hands.

2.□

Here reminds me of our vow  
Only me  
In front of the altar  
Kneeling for you

3.□

He waits  
To rest after a day's work  
I would like to chat  
And ask what makes him happy  
And still -

If I could hold his hands  
We'd talk till brightness fades  
From the post  
And the sun peeps  
And the sun warms our hearts

4.

I have always thought  
That cars following another is a funeral parade

Not trains  
Not traffic

You at the front, and  
I am at the back  
Scary etch of wheels  
Back to the hollow ground.

5.

You have let me ride your back  
Many times

Crossed streets

Forests

Flood

Valleys

I have embraced all that

Held you

Day and night

To the funeral you carried me

To the temple we swore-

Love running

Paths of life

RoseVoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# Poems: Refresh Seeds For Harvest

From a burnt wood  
From the slivers of time  
From the gusty wind of waves  
How from heart unto heart life could feel and see  
Believe the hum of seasons  
Touch the blossom of sun  
Face the whip of tide; receive the mercy of Allah.

In poems, my hands are filled  
With abounding grace, those  
In time, be denied  
Sweetness of flesh  
Grip never releasing  
Until blooms of stars refresh  
Seeds for harvest.

A poem is from God's sup,  
Dropped down our tongues,  
That sweet taste of bliss!

rosalinda flores martinez

# Power From The Monks

Breath from Heaven blows in me

A glimpse of You

Secluded in the desert

You make me a mythic

Sculpture of stones in the rapids

I want to adore your hands

That pray current dawns,

For us decked in polar paths

I have made myself Yours

And I couldn't be for any other

You are mine,

I kiss your feet.

.  
Let us pray for Pope Benedict XVI

St. John Mary Vianney, pray for us

St. Hannibal, pray for us

Send O Lord, holy apostles into Your church.

Rose Flores - Martinez

02.02.2010

rosalinda flores martinez

# Praying

i would always go back where my roots are

to the temple, every thursday

every time it rains, im one sun and earth

playing in the wind

i own the universe in tears of prayer

dropping like pearls and crystals

sometimes GOD wants it that way,

when work is praying

rose flores - martinez

rosalinda flores martinez

# Returning Something Borrowed

In our everyday living we can see

That we have to buy things and nothing is free

Yet always we have to count our blessings

Realize what God has given you and me.

Things that make us live the best of life,

Talents that generate work

Wisdom to understand grief and strife

Blessings a hundredfold.

All these and God asks nothing in return.

But what do we give back?

It is our conscience to share the packs

Not just money

Neither much honey

But a bunch of good deeds, labor, and love.

We could help a neighbor,

And share some time,

Abounding possibilities

Even a happy face, kind word that chimes.

These are ways we can return something borrowed from God,

And say "Thank you."

rosalinda flores martinez

# Rock Of Faith

For Vocations2

My sanctuary is your will  
The temples of my body

Sweet honey and rosy fog  
Surround the house you built

Rainbows of your soul let children pass  
Your arms bridge dirty swamp

Heaven knows  
You are the keeper of souls

A rock of faith.

/For Joe

12.31.09

rosalinda flores martinez

# Shadows At The Windowpanes

Movement of life from day to day  
Is an earth of shadows at the windowpanes.

Tasking breaths, frightening past  
Writhing bodies, melting hearts

I ride on a train fated to Work Avenue,  
Children carry their packs

Smudgy sandals pass the sidewalks  
Sweat, pus, teardrops wiggle under trees

Tired limbs fall like logs  
Bellows and gnashing teeth torment  
Sky's shading light -

Life is silenced flickering embers  
From last nights burned orphan homes.

rosalinda flores martinez

## Six And More

For My Writing Teachers,

1.

As I look back to glance at your origami  
I could see how I missed one of our activities going CCP  
It was one of the best times you would bundle us  
And I didn't come because of house chores that always  
Impeded my speed.  
Yet those times I was with you at the Writing Center  
Created powerful jet trails in me  
And beautiful clouds that GOD has drawn

2.

I remember your word "candid."  
It meant so much when I write my essays, especially when I'm tempted to lie,  
And use quotes not my own.  
I remember you were my first father confessor, too  
You didn't laugh at me, but only instilled respect for a writers professionalism.  
My funny first drafts – were torrid, and bloody  
But then, our workshops were inspiring  
And those were the times – I would never forget you

3.

Your voice, I never heard  
Your hands, I never touched  
Your face wasn't even visible in my dreams  
Yet  
The time my soul was panting  
You were right there standing, in front of me  
Sharing your books  
As a father would  
To feed his child

4.

I never see you anymore  
My thoughts cry missing you  
Pulps in my brains come juicy as orange  
In our creative exercises every Friday  
Some wouldn't want it, but I do.  
You cared a lot  
You always shared  
Imbedding and locking  
mysteries in my creative being

5.

Thank you for believing in my first fiction story  
For getting me out my shell  
And showing me that  
I could write

6.

My sentences come alive because you always check it  
My crafts come better because you always improve it  
I learn my life

My heart will thank God for you.

RoseVoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

## Smile: 'L'Chaim, ' To Life!

Smile, hide aches  
Smile, look kinder  
Smile, be younger  
Your face heaven yonder.

Smile, beauty of heart  
Rips brokenness inside  
As light from heaven mends  
Healing threads descend.

Smile, a new life, smile  
Smile, "L'chaim, " to life!

rosalinda flores martinez

## Some New, Untitled Poems

1.

Deceit in whatever style  
Will not prosper  
It is like a fruit, not naturally grown  
An android, not properly used  
It will never satisfy a desire  
For it leads to destruction  
Of what God has planned.

2.

Some writers, who say they write for Fine Arts  
But belong to a group of elitists  
Will never be good teachers  
To their readers.

3.

Power imposed, cannot teach  
Service makes it infallible  
Like nature teaches, nature is:  
"First it has to be obeyed,  
Before it is commanded."

4.

Art is the genius inside every human being  
That shines forth to touch others  
Makes seen the beauty of God's creations  
Birthed how that thing called happiness  
Wisdom  
And love  
Work together like  
Bliss!

5. On June 8

Cheater, why are you so proud?  
When you ruin families  
Rob from mothers  
Burden children  
And cohabit, sinfully?  
Where is the dignity you learned  
From your parents? Where is the love  
You keep pure?  
Why do you want to rot your heart?  
Know that marriage is sacred  
Woe to you, mistress!  
Shall I compare you to a corpse of worms  
And a night of doom?

6.

Those nights Iaid me empty  
And how, oh how, every night  
I begged every piece of dust  
Be gathered on the floor  
To keep busy, dusting  
Dirt and cobwebs  
To forget  
That only the walls stood  
Beside.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Sorrow

Every time I hold my pen  
And stare at the blank paper  
I feel like a crumpled leaf  
Waiting for a miracle,

Every time I stare up blank skies  
To capture each reminiscent moment  
I try to hold time  
Desperately seeking,

Every time I see faces  
Thoughts play up slowly  
Laughter camouflaging tears  
Spitting sighs of frustration.

rose flores - martinez  
an old scribble

rosalinda flores martinez

# Stations Of The Cross In Poetry Prayer

Station 1: Jesus is condemned to death

You were betrayed Jesus  
Even by trusted friends  
Still shows us charity  
Life for us you mend

Your power brings to serve  
People you call your own  
Condemned to death, for us  
A Father's promise sown

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 2: Jesus bears his cross

Cross, you bear means love  
Almighty's gift to the world  
Jesus, brother, keeper  
To journey with us, Lord

You became man  
Mercy for humanity  
Sky and earth unite  
Miracle flowing sanctity

Jesus on the Cross, by your love heal us.

Station 3: Jesus falls the first time

Lord, let us hold you  
Lord, let us rise with you  
Power in humility□  
Shows us to be true

No man is perfect  
Only God - is  
Lord Jesus, as example  
If fallen, hold to peace

Jesus on the cross, by your love heals us.

Station 4: Jesus meets his mother

What grief for a mother  
What grief for a child  
What grief for a beloved  
Alone in sorrow, Jesus guides

Feel us Jesus  
In sorrow and isolation  
But God's will is best  
Have mercy in temptation

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 5: Jesus is helped by Simon

Simon of Cyrene, hail to God  
Courage and cross you lifted  
Bridge to us from heaven  
Angel signs we're gifted

And so we come in prayer  
Flesh, thoughts, and our hearts  
Your holy cross dear Jesus  
To us don't ever part.

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 6: Veronica wipes the face of Jesus

Saint, Oh Saint Veronica

Ring bells to God's workers  
Crown of thorns on Holy face  
Hope and bliss, His blood carves

O, poor Face we love you  
Face of beauty, Face of light  
In suffering and brokenness  
Sacred Face of might

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 7: Jesus falls a second time

My Lord! My God! My Savior!  
We trust our lives in Thee  
You know how weak we all are  
We beg, we beg, we plea

My Lord! My God!  
Be here to servants frail  
Hold me, hold us  
O'er wind we fly, on sea we sail

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 8: Jesus speaks to the women

Help us to love Mother Mary  
You longed your parents, too  
The crowd, are us, your family  
How precious all to you

Speak to us, we long for Thee  
The bravest soldier frees  
From sin and wars  
Your words a bomb and keys

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 9: Jesus falls a third time

Race and blows

The third's the final count

Your sacrifice, a painful lash

Forgive our sins abound

Hold tight hold, dear Jesus

Please - do not let go

These eyes are full of tears

Wash us white as snow

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 10: Jesus is stripped of his garments

When all is done for love

So fair and pure the nakedness

And all that Christ gave

T' was peace for all and happiness

Strip all, be all

We ask You for nothing

Let You alone fill us

Christ, O Christ be everything!

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 11: Jesus is nailed to the cross

Nails piercing us

First pierced on you

Nations already won

Sacred Cross on earth anew

Man and tides pushing rocks

When life cries in pain

Trials come harrowing

Lord let Your Kingdom reign.

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

How You loved us, Jesus; How great, You are God's Son  
How You loved us, Jesus; How great, You are God's Son:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do  
Truly, I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise  
Woman, this is your son. And this is your mother  
My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?  
I thirst  
It is finished."

Then, Jesus cried out in a loud voice  
"Father, into your hands I commend my spirit."

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 12: Jesus dies on the cross

Tomorrow's death so scary  
Life today we pray  
Us - forever with you Jesus  
With Almighty Father lay

Jesus how we love you  
Let us see Thy face  
Forgive us in transgressions  
A Holy Cross wins grace

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 13: Jesus is taken from the cross

God's justice stark in love  
Priests on temples pray  
Breath of Holy Spirit blows  
Forever brothers all we stay

Body whole and pure  
No evil can defeat  
The triumph of the cross  
For holy workers banquet

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

Station 14: Jesus is laid in the tomb

Love never fails; never ends  
The Holy Bible writes  
Wake us up dear Jesus  
At dawn, resurrect flight

We adore you O Christ  
Have mercy -  
Your holy cross be salvation  
Hearts with Thee forever, have mercy.

Jesus on the cross, by your love heal us.

We love you.  
I love you.

Rosalinda Flores - Martinez,2010  
RosePrayers

rosalinda flores martinez

# Striptease

God strip me of make up and colors  
God strip me of nutrients and food

God strip me of lessons and struggles  
God strip me of dwelling and mood

Would you take me in the dark?  
In wordly ugliness, would you see my spark?

Would you kiss me and hold me tight?  
In this form raise me with might?

God see my scars, lash the unkind  
Nest me in your wings  
String me Thy golden rings

Would you give justice for the crucified?  
Would you give justice for the poor?

Would you give justice for the orphans?  
Bad life, ill deeds you'd scour

Bright Light in the darkest corners  
You, my GOD are my refuge

I am bare, my GOD embrace me now,  
Let heaven tell, my cup deluge.

rosalinda flores - martinez  
8.45pm

rosalinda flores martinez

# The Book Of Pope John Paul II

I am consoled by this book

of Pope John Paul II

This is my companion for today

Seeing someone waiting for

death is a challenge of

this evening

Time passes, and every

minute and hour of grace

is a gift from God

for purification

and prayer

of the living

of the dead,

Jesus, we trust in You.

/Rose5.14.10

rosalinda flores martinez

# The Moon, Our Mirror

There

We can see each other now.

You look to be as beautiful when we last saw each other.

Your eyes, your smile – and everything of you that grows old and stays young  
make me love you even more.

See the full moon, that's our mirror.

Know I adore you for eternity.

RoseVoc2

on

rosalinda flores martinez

# This Time Dear God I Pray

For your mercy, grace, and love made visible everyday  
For your manifestations of the little miracles  
For the happy encounters that come our way.

For your care in our loneliest and darkest moments  
Sometimes, unbelieving moments;  
Father, your providence in us to share –

Your eyes on us, do stare  
I pray, for your presence in front of us  
Face to face.

Your power in us for humility  
Your very tight embrace in joy  
The fragments of Your breath Father,  
And the HOLY SPIRIT blown upon our mouths.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Thoughts

New Year reminds me

When I look for you

Going to bed and waking up

Every hour of dawn

Just looking for you

I tell you stories, laugh and

Sob, too

It makes me sad to realize

You would leave me

And I would be left

Alone with my thoughts.

rose 12.31.09

rosalinda flores martinez

## Thoughts: On Life

Life cannot be bought, and science have no permanence

Everything would stop if GOD wills it

We've all tried - very hard to save the life of a loved one

We shouldn't be guilty for what we can't do at times

Plans are intelligent -

We shouldn't let children suffer - for what we can't do now

We have to trust GOD and one another to fulfill responsibilities

Even if we're tested by fire - we have to be strong ... make each day count

And give thanks for all the blessings we can share everyday

Our climax has ended – we have to embrace acceptance

Even limits – we couldn't hold. We have to look farther – farther

Way above life, farther, way above death

Miracles and abundance of Mama Mary's love

More than anything, is what we have to understand

The light Our Father GOD would show us

How -.

/rose flores – martinez, February 21,2010

rosalinda flores martinez

# Three Bottles

I sat there in the night, restless  
Sentinel to watch over three  
Bottles in the site to be filled

I would wait one thousandth, of a  
Liter every hour dropp trickles  
water into the brim

Drop fuses  
Red, orange, and yellow  
Three bottles once empty make  
me stay, not leave for anything

I taste catsup and sauce  
See packed rainbows  
Smell mint and roses

It makes my brain shiver and my  
hands tight with each other  
Three bottles filling with blood

Small waves dripping and rippling  
killing small waves slowly peak  
a fiend in me

Now, tides of darkness and raging  
dawn force me, press me, push me,  
again and again

Spine bows to slurp, sip hard, even  
swallow then grind with teeth  
three bottles, blood and bottles

Doctor Einsts will be coming,  
I must hurry now. He'd prick and  
taste me, so happy to see a naked  
gleaming corpse

My eyes sprout with tears,

one docile patient  
in the corner bursting

still  
till three bottles,  
are all full.

rose flores - martinez  
2.19.2009

rosalinda flores martinez

# To Poets At

Poems shared make us think

Poems shared in every blink

Poems shared everyday

Make our lives happy and gay.

thanks for all the poems shared  
smile.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Tongue Of Sword

All listen to the argument of

Adam in your sacred mouth

Prophecies in your tongue of

sword cut the heathen

The flame in your scepter cures

the lepers, heals the blind. I

seek waiting for you, waiting

till you sit with me.

/For Arvin.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Untitled

Let my mouth seal a kiss for you

In the mute statues of the Saints

Let it touch the elegance of

Their sparkling vestments

My lips have conned the

Fragrance of the temples

The hum of the sacraments

The taste of bread and wine

My muscles and my

Hands come to pray with zeal

Unveil me,

In the mysteries of God's words

That complete the divinity

Of my poor heart.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Waiting For Autumn

## WAITING FOR AUTUMN

In my place, autumn comes near Christmas  
Far less of the day and more of the night  
I have always longed to see it

The leaves of autumn and its gloom  
Cry with me. The sky  
Its golden and orange color  
Speak of my soul

In autumn are times my heart seeks for you  
I can hear your breath  
In the circles of fog that color the wind

When your eyes meet with mine  
It speaks a language we both couldn't understand  
But of efflorescence of dawn in the coals that fade  
In the calm of autumn

Outside my little hut  
I see the roses fall like sakura  
Each petal fall like a teardrop that you wipe away

My words pile up a heap of dried leaves  
In front of the grotto, waiting  
I'd sit on a log, till the hymn of the evening rings

One by one you come and go  
In the shade of stars and clouds, and the time I hold in my hand  
A time I would not lose  
Until the hours are nailed rainbows on my chest

Autumn, is my womb that grows a child  
The white snow that hugs the old big roots of giant trees  
Covering it safely, until it melts,  
They are together

I know it will take a long time  
To grow again, another tree  
My tears fall on the earth  
Burying the next seeds

Now the windows are filled with light  
Illumined with trees stretched in abundance  
Begging the sky

My womb, the earth's womb

Waiting.

rosalinda flores martinez,2009

rosalinda flores martinez

# Water

I have decided to cut the ties between us

Like what I do to my other lovers

I have been in shackles

With a sunken ship anchored down

The depths

My heart shudders

The Pacific

The Atlantic

The Red Sea in

Spinning waves and

Humming shells

Please come to me again

My milk is food to the ocean

My drink is the ocean

I am water that bows to the sky.

Rosalinda Flores Martinez

4.27.2010

ishallwrite

rosevoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# Weeping

I weep for those who weep

I weep, and so I pray

I weep for those who say

'It's alright, '

Though it is just a nay.

I weep for those who smile

yet in their hearts they grieve,

I weep for those who are cold

I weep those heaven scolds

I weep for crumbling souls

they who try to rebuild and mould

I weep for all the tears

Down every eye in years.

The flash of flaming clouds

GODs heart it sharply pierced

I weep, I weep for them

GOD help them all you can.

rosalinda flores martinez

# Why Love?

If petals of a rose wither

Red silken velvet to a crumpled brown

Oh heart why love?

If logs float freely

Electric river hit heavy

Oh heart why love?

Playing fingers cracking twigs

Iron fists pounding thorns

Nothing left, nothing new

Oh heart why love?

Drying dew, crappy sinew

Sad skeleton wilting eyes

Oh heart why love?

rosalinda flores martinez

# You

You were the dream I had last night  
All - about you. When you held me

In the arms of eternity  
When you kissed me in the brink of

Death. When you breathed in me. I  
Knew I was the first you ever loved

I felt how you ached when words were  
Mute. And you couldn't shout your moan

And you couldn't touch that dainty  
Pink lace of time

You

Deserve my love  
Every beat of my heart will kiss

For you. Every song I sing will  
Shout for you - how much, how much

I love  
You

Rainbows flow and waterfalls  
Gush on me. The clouds, the wind

A stage where I dance as day  
And night I weave moon and stars

Then you, put a crown on my head,  
The gleaming jewel of sun rays

I feel your eyes burst me. Your heart  
Raise my brokenness. I die,

For you

I live  
For you

No other man would dare take me  
Except you. In all my agonies

Drenched in every sorrow of the world  
I have loved you

How my spine shivered, how my  
Breath whispered your love. Till fragrant

Flowers bloom, Sahara flows  
Fountain, and dawn herald

All heaven's rapture of twinkle  
Little fogs, stars, and mint snowflakes

Your hands, your eyes, your mouth  
Your hope, your will are all I have

There are no other chances that  
I live,  
And, if not  
But  
With you

My life for you  
Alone for  
You.

Rosalinda Flores  
8.14.2010  
RoseVoc2

rosalinda flores martinez

# You Go

That might be the last time I'd see you again  
Everything we shared in that small room

When you said goodbye, I knew I wouldn't  
Stop you. You had to go just like the others

In your backpack and sandals armored with  
Faith and will like a bull. What we had together

Every time you asked me – was an apex in  
My womb that desired Heaven

Our room was the core where we all played  
Oracles buckled tightly pushing walls to contain

Wise words and dreams sewn like vines never  
letting  
Go of each other. Our hymns echoed

Like harps of angels, I dug your ribs of gold  
Alone with my hands, chiseled to raise you

Above all

I cuddled you in my bosom and wept for  
All that haunted you.

When you fight and

Fire your bullets they become thunder on  
Me, a sun melting the earth

Don't forget, if we'd separate I am  
Your mother. My foremilk and blood

Suckled for you,  
An offering on the Tabernacle

I would always wait in the temples

In the glory of Christ's  
Reign forever.

Rosalinda Flores Martinez  
November 26,2010

rosalinda flores martinez