

Poetry Series

**rosalinda flores rosevoc**  
**- poems -**

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## rosalinda flores rosevoc()

Rosalinda Flores RoseVoc is a freelance writer and a teacher. This is her third account on Poem .

She has written the "Stations of the Cross" in poemprayer.

In God's mercy and grace, the poet (Rose Vocations) has written the 150 Psalms (in first drafts) as poem prayers in a short span of time, while experimenting with various writing genre's and poems (structured/free verse) , linking the past to today's life and culture. Since 2009, she has been a member of the "I Share Community" (of the World Wide Web) , to the present.

# A Necklace From Heaven

Pearls of life more than the South seas  
Woven violets, blue, black and whites  
Painted sea shells or crocodile's teeth  
Transparent gelatin, a dancing fleet  
A pouch of gold, silver in Atlantis  
Nets filled with fish cast from the sea  
'O men of little faith, why are you afraid? '  
A necklace from Heaven, be shining on your neck!

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## A Poem From A - Z

A day of wonder waits  
Be God, my light dictate  
Come Lord, to me your aid  
Do brush, my fear, you bade  
Engulf your hands you sow  
Full moon thy fingers row  
Good days ahead let grow  
Healed hearts we live we go  
In days of bleak and gloom  
Jesu, dear one, be home  
Kneel light my body be  
Look up to thee I plea  
My sorrows cooled in love  
No hate but love above  
Oh Father, joy, I pray  
Pray all! Rogate! Be!  
Quiet seas air fire earth  
Rise, thy light, rebirthed  
Sing angels choir be lamp  
To heaven's kingdom come  
Umbrella daisies strummed  
Vined honey grapes, aged rums  
White sweet ambrosia melts  
X'mas joy, God with us felt  
Yellow gold, rest in night  
Zion come, day's Holy light.

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# After The Mirror's Crack'D

I need you to look at me  
after the mirrors cracked

Groom me how  
God would grow a rose

Let your fingers paint me  
colors. Be my other self

Measure the angle of  
my brow. Examine me -

Closely - like the back  
of your hand.

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# All Times Of December

You live in this, and dwell in my eyes all times of December

We'd feast in the smoking patio with carols and lanterns of gold

We have always been good together; days, months, years

Father and child, child and father!

Perhaps thirty days or nine days of Christmas close to union in the Eucharist

I could have told you more stories, one thousand and one nights, or we could have laughed more - together

But in November, you bade goodbye, for all Saints day

I have realized how perfect you could be: my zeal!

And how beautiful the Cathedral lights shine!

And that is why you brought me there, in days of youth

Like nectar, the rice cake in my mouth stays

Like Jesus, the Bread you break, in me, lives

So shall Christmas be...

Peace on earth, goodwill to men!

So shall Christmas be...

Love on earth, life eternal!

So shall Christmas be...

You and me all times of December.

How beautiful when the Cathedral lights shine!

How perfect in God, all, we would be!

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# Blankets

Sheets, layers of shelter  
Cradling babies, cuddling in sleep  
Nap sack for a journey  
Mantle for atoms

Thick, furry, thin, and crust of earth  
A horizon woven, a nest of clouds  
Or arms that rail to sky

Mat in a wake  
Shroud of the dead  
Holy linen of Resurrection

Orange, white, yellow, and green  
And reds from a hymen

7 blankets washed  
on a Tuesday, hung on sun rays  
Sweet suds of soap, anoint my hands.

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# Bless Us Lord And Our Duties

To God be all glory in all the earth!

To God be all thanks for our birth!

So sing hallelujah to our Father

In holy temples we all gather.

Bless us Lord and our duties

Pardon, pardon our frailties

Bless us Lord for what we ask

In You, dear God, we only trust!

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## Colors: Painted Texts

Maybe, red ocher is the color of  
Theology. Or blue as your shirt and  
boots. Down rolls a canary wing  
draping a stage, like curtains between

now and tomorrow. Your kiss is my  
benevolent utopia, down my navel,  
a sting like mint, and mine is pressed  
pink between your loins. We are full

of love. Our ferry cannot drown, it rows  
dancing suns, shafts of untarnished twilight  
and a rainbow after bliss of drizzle.  
Love gathers - dug in generations of

transient hues. 'I miss you badly! ' I send  
on my phone, 'I miz you.' Nights leave me  
cold without your thighs and more empty  
pillows. I drift to where you are, where acres

of trees grow clad in silver and gold  
nectar, whites and orange. My words peak  
glints of white light, a purple book etched by  
Ratzinger, shades of dear ones, halos of

Saints and martyrs, fireworks of elusive  
time blazing fire and tongues, reeling  
constellations of roses and amazons,  
bulk of history flourishing bright green.

Our ancestor's sturdy night graves' watch  
over, as black bulls of science must obey.  
I wait along pavements of fourteen stations;  
I wait along trails of skulls, in Nazareth.

I wait down fields of earth, on blessed  
mountains, on a plinth, only the angels see.  
Our hearts wondrous adventures whisper a  
prayer, placid then shifting a brilliant crimson

etched on sky above. Have you ever thought  
my smiles are memories of your colors?

Have you ever thought my nights and days  
are shades of you? Hearts of red, God paints  
blood; bleeding drops of red, brush in me  
One Sacred Heart - brush in me.! Brush in me

that immortal color of Him. In the red ocher  
temple, I stay. Don't delay, please...

Be home soon.

'Kirye eleison. Kirye eleison.  
Christi eleison. Christe eleison.  
Kirye eleison. Kirye eleison.'

'I miz you badly!

I really, really miz you! '

Sends my message, paints my heart.

'Luv u, baby! '

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# D U T Y

You claimed your duty when I asked for your  
promise. A maze runner in the nameless wild,  
  
you dazed territories for defense. Like a full  
moon, your eyes was a panther's. Like fire,  
  
your spirit, fierce. Valour clothe you, a pledge  
of obedience. 44 silent guns amidst legends!  
  
44 silent guns, a tact of bravery! 44 true roars,  
a successful kill! Rest the endless wind of Spirit!  
  
In the charred terrains, after an immense duty -  
  
Be there immaculate. Elsewhere is Holy.  
  
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# Dare Me To Love You

Dare me to love you, in the spaces of my imagination where there is no reality.  
Dare me to sleep with you and chain me to your heart.  
Dare me to seek out adventures of life where our mouths suck each other's  
tongue.  
Seize me not to think, but only love you.

I will let you touch me now.  
All those years we've grappled to remain pure.  
The flesh grows old, but then blood would always be clean in a spectrum of  
rainbows.  
Your colors are elegant to me.  
Your vivid sense of loyalty and stand illuminates salvation.  
Our houses keep me.

They make me strong as a bull, but scared as a baby when you go.  
When would you come back?  
When would you sing out your heart?  
When would we read again, then stop and kiss?

Our emotions will not furrow, I tell you not.  
I would not allow it.

God has built you an android beating.  
I live from time to time, newly created.  
My poems forever will speak of zeal.

It is meant for you.  
Dare me again.

Be with me on the subway, in the library, in the park or kneel with me side by  
side.  
Dare me to love you.

Seize me not to think, but only love you.  
I will stay.  
I promise.

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## December Sonnet II. Hope

Days of wrath, I have seen, now over me  
Gone loathsome rains of weeping, after dawn

Should I fall, in praise I'd rise like kids - found  
Glory in God's kindness of boundless seas.

From dark days of doom and cyclone, now free  
Gathered silk fields, fire, water, nothing owned

A heaven's grace, in faith, I pray no bounds  
Erect stone monuments like pliant trees!

A Savior is born, rejoice and sing praise!  
Hope of today, a blessed light unveiled

Born a Savior, redeems us, human race.  
A Savior is born, doubt not, see thy might

In chaos and wars, he saves in the right  
Hope of today, a blessed light unveiled!

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## December Sonnet Iii. On Love

Engraved on sky, your love to us so true  
Blessed are we, blessed in a Father's delight  
A baby born on earth shines forth tonight  
Believe in God now, here for me and you

Kneel and adore in prayers, old and new  
To one great King, holy immortal light  
Guide in thy care, make our homes in Your sight  
With angels' strength, duties let us pursue

O Divine Love, holy God, mighty One  
We adore, we repent, we thank and seek  
Be near, O hear what we ask from the Son

Like miracles big and small heaven brings  
Like happy bells sound when the angels sing  
See best of all God's love and smiles on cheeks!

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# December Sonnets 1. Joy

December! Happy days of waiting here!  
For You, to us, come after toil and grief  
Christmas lights and stars adorned colored wreaths  
December joy, grace brushed, in eyes of tears.

Salvation, gentle God, cast away fear  
Justice sought, to God's lands, punish ill thief  
Thy power of light, can't blame, can't deceive  
Because born is Jesus with us, be near!

And after November of all Saints day  
Past memories of death, but life anew  
Chant our hearts, in faithful, bright joyful ways!

At break of day arising heaven's gate  
Hearts singing loud, dear Father God in faith  
Dear Holy Spirit, we are touched by You.

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# Fierce Love

Once we made love  
and again, a concession of love  
my homage to Love.

His eyes were pleading aplomb. His heart, adoring, stunning even the rain. His hands were quick that held my breasts. He could not speak, my hands, he kissed. He closed his eyes, his heart searched warmth. His mouth chanting, nailed me down. Our tongues kissed, we whispered love, a roar of life, away from strife. Slowly, every letter of his yearning, etched in me, bent enough, to carve radiance and chronicles. Every letter of his moan, his name, a music of quiet. Both of us were tied and isolated a minute, isolated in spaces of rain, a minute. We drowned, letting go of our doubts to a flight, like vines flawless of departures. We chanted on air, of sky, of Genesis, a cabala of generations, a reborn of fists. Soon, a grave, our breakable flesh will sleep, but unfading love in Grace shall arise fierce.

He loved me.  
And again, a concession of love.  
Do you still love me?

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## For Macky

i pity your indecency

with your off-shoulder blouse

when you asked me

for a gown that wouldn't fit you

those gray pearls that

seemed nothing to me

when i put them round

your neck made you sob...

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# Forever, Holy God Keep Us!

Thank you dear Jesus for today

Thank you dear God that You stay

Guide us how and in our way

Hear all our hearts we do pray

All to you dear God we give

All here God, that we grieve

Nothing for us - coming best

But You dear Father, strength in tests.

Almighty Father, empower us

Holy Spirit, light us

Most Sacred Heart, save us

O dear Jesus, hold us.

O dear God protect us

Almighty One, bless us

Forever Holy God, keep us

Most Sacred Heart we commend You our lives.

Amen.

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# I Make Prayers, Lord

I make prayers, Lord

I make poems, too

I write words and phrases

This my life, for You.

So help me, Father

For all it is to be done

And thank you for your guidance

That life for us, in You, be one.

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## In The Relics

Hold on to me  
In the relics that align us together  
The dead rise with us  
Stars float in the water

When the sky turns red,  
Fire burns in the clouds  
Sun and moon merge in a cross  
Balls of light glow

As I see you here  
Between night and day  
I seek the warmth of your face  
I hold on to your hands.

In the relics that align us together,  
In a love so cherished forever,  
I wait. I wait silently, achingly -  
In the love you promised.

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# In The Summer

Wild pretty flowers around, small ones in pink and yellow  
easily ripping and fading in the summer heat. Even the pool

boils like hot spring. And big ants eating mangoes and avocados.  
All, happy tanning their skin and riding a boat. Splash! Splash!

A lush of greens in the forest cooling drowsed mouths, sips thirsty  
throat! Colored swim suit, sandals and glow- in the dark nails trot

the beaches, and oh boy, they are beautiful! In the summer, everyone  
is away leaving the house. The house becomes vast, except for cool

babies like angels. The babies make noise and speak in fairy tales, we have  
lessons. At home, clouds of dust gather, up tables and cupboards

and altars, disturbing the silenced sun. They let the frogs croak  
"Clean up, clean up in the summer! " On a Thursday,

one dream comes true. You know I love the rain, and on a Thursday,  
along Liverpool, it rains. First only drizzle, then big rain drops

then rain showers, then a lot of water from the sky like  
God taking a bath in the summer? I am walking and I am

very, very wet around 7 PM. No soul around, except running cars  
accompany, I - wet from the rain, back home, my garments

dripping small bubbles in the summer. "Dear God!  
It is funny! Is that the concept of getting wet in the summer? "

My dream becomes real. It is funny. LOL!

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# Inspiration

I have been waiting for you. Last time, my books and keyboard damp,  
I thought you were there. I have been waiting for you all day long.

I thought you'd come or if I slept, you would wake me dawn, how  
I longed we could do all those tales and secret whispers, yearned I,

For you. You were so far away, but I believed you. Come to me, come,  
Like small thuds of ink and a deep sea – immortal, bursting and free.

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# Just How Can You Write In A Storm?

When your thoughts are not yours but the earth's  
When all you can do is wait  
And grieve how others bear?

Just how can you write in growls of the sky?  
And nature's anger and creature's woe  
In waves of rain and thieves of grain  
In turbulent seasons, echoes of pain?

Just how can you write, how can you think?  
When words are sick, and you just pray  
When sky is bleak and days are gray  
When all's not well and the sun delays?

When your thoughts are not yours but the earth's  
And your heart shakes like mountains  
And your fear grows like mud,  
You are an island in a box of chips

A drop of vaccine, an arrow in the wind  
Tight hugs of air and hands that hold  
Until in God's breath, bells chime!

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# Love

Love so sweet of Sacred Heart  
Opens paths to secret lights  
Vain fright thoughts of gray  
Eternal true light burns away.

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# Pleading

I have come to you today because my grieving has not been over.

I remember the dead, those hurt in my land, the ruins of my country.

My tears can't stop like the rain when angered -

Lord, stop the fury of nature to us

And help us rebuild our land.

Strengthen and heal our people, all broken and crushed.

Bless all the world, too, and all the chosen people of the earth,

Our hopes and dreams, our works of love.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, we trust in You.

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## Quick Rain

The quick rain washed a spotted pavement on the block of garrulous tongues.  
The pressure from the clouds was intense and fiery. It was a storm in one  
minute wrecking an obnoxious assembly of thieves.

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## Seconds

Losing grip of love affair, I hold thin folds of time like tongues of cookie layers on the shores of white sand and white sugar in the tub. Draping darkness lulls I to sleep, tired I, rolling side to side like benign beatings on low shores. Timepiece of earth, one heart of day and night, up radiant sky, the yin and yang, cloud cookie smiles and crossing slice of brilliant sun rays grip our sweat of rain in secs.

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# The Grace Of His Light Saves Us

I hurried to reach you in your room of books.

There you were praying, anointing your blessings for us.

Your prayers and all our prayers unite in God's heart.

You said, "The grace of His light saves us! "

I worried. We worried. Be peace in Syria!

Be peace in all the world!

Prayers, big and small miracles become a concrete wailing wall,  
a dome, the mountain of Moses, the sacrifice of Abraham, fatalities  
of Job.

Prayer is Magdalene's incense, Solomon's songs, the widow's alms.

It is the sacrifice of the sick, life of soldiers, the cross of Christ!

Vocation!

Chants must surround the earth like angels.

I wish I were beside you in my lamentations.

Passing lights, neons of blue, green, yellow and whites,  
in a spectrum of Theology I dreamt of you.

Last night, on the ninth day, in sweet September  
with Santo Hannibal, we were there.

For zeal, in ten days of union, you came in my night of pleas.

"The grace of His Light saves us! "

I danced that you may see a daughter, a poem for your heart.

Angels opened doors, chanted as summoned.

Mats, soft and red, laid bare my womb.

Newspapers abound culture. Everyone read the texts.

My letters, wrote vowels of barks, like ancient  
stones, a ziggurat!

I wept at your feet, before you, like Magdala to Jesu,

I kissed your feet.

You were there with the relics, a guru that always asked  
me to write a hundred inspirations.

The Psalms came into what you hoped me to be, a bloody  
hero of words, day and night a target of muses,  
and bleeding drops of red.

I am a relic of the past sifting through time.

I am judge of the moons, spine and bones of literature,  
here is the twilight of the gods and  
golden hours and metaphors to your desk.

"Jesus heals, " you said.

"Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est."

Tongues of fire in the room and a tiny hat on your head Pope Francis,  
you, adorable as sunrise!

Brother Cyprian of St. Mary Magdalene speaks,

"Monks are man alone but united to all."

My poem Imbroglia rhymes with Bergoglio.

Monkey George makes Marco and the children happy!

St. Benedict's medal around our necks!

I remember you, dear Father, as two rivers come together.

Nuestra Senora De La Paz, pray for us!

"The grace of His light saves us! "

Then you touched my head like a baby,  
let anoint me words that kiss clouds with flames,

"Oracion por la paz en Siria! "

"The grace of His light saves us! "

Vigilia por la paz!

In a great circle of the horizon, all hands meet with God,  
like forming halos of light with angels,  
a zuni becomes a heart of peace en el mundo!

Layers of light, come!

Flower lights be after the rain!

Come, Holy Spirit, come!

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# Winter Poems Translated In Japanese By Christjohn Flores Abecia

1.

kagayaku tsuchi,  
watashi wa kisu wo shi  
tsumetai kuuki no akegata to aoi kiri,  
yuki no nakade saisho no shifuku

2.

yuki no tama, yukidaruma  
no tanoshimi!  
kodomo wa tsuki wo asobi.  
manmaru na yuki,  
kumo wa tenohira de tokeru

3.

momoiro no sakura  
yuki no tsumotta nanimonai douro  
de kagayaki  
chikyuu wa kami ni hohoemu

4.

taiyou wa ike wo mioroshi hanabira wa  
yura yura to ochiru kaze wa kakurenbo wo suru

5.

anata ga watashi no saisho no yuki.  
mabushii taiyou no hikari ga kokoro wo egaku  
amai nigatsu

6.

hatake ni niji ga deki  
nendo ke-ki no ue midori

de koutta retasu  
kin no hachi no naka ni amai kajitsu

7.

chikyuu no shiroi moufu  
fuyu no tsukihi  
de dekiagaru  
marui cheri poppuko-n

8.

kugatsu no samui  
yuru  
kisetsu de iro wo kae  
subete ni, hitotsu  
akarui tsuki

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# You At The Center

You, at the center, appease my fright

A kid's heart, at that

Like a hand that reaches from a slope

Like flesh that waits a hug

Like a father eager for a kiss.

You have always loved me

And my needing self

My asking self

My stubborn self.

My endearment of you makes you want me even more.

My grit surprises you, my aches, my glory.

You are my home, builder of my ruins -

As I am your falling star

Your rising stars, your one darling,

You never doubt my love.

You, at the center, appease my heart.

Halos on your head, fill me tenacity

Lights of your promises, empower me vitality.

You, at the center, appease my heart

One Sacred Heart, my Lord and my God -

Don't leave me.

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## You: A Fusion Of Tongues

We dance in a room of purity where statues come alive

Painful reveries rejoice in lights of hope

Shitty scalds on my back are nursed by your hands

And I, bruised by time heal in your arms

You are my only fortress in an absence

my fiery red and black horse of earth

my only snowflake in dusty heat

my only dream in lunar silence

From crescent to full moon, you are my dance

I sleep in your heart

Of nothing, you are my zeal

Hold me like only light is between us,

hold me sharp and strong,

hold me in dazzling flame

Let legends of bones obey a creation of love,

Rotate me in a waltz -

Suffuse me the ancient, future and now

Bless my brokenness

Like a stream, like a turret, like a wind

like billows of clouds, break into me

In roars of chants, break me

In all that you are, be free

I love only you.

My nightrise and dawn seek

a fusion of tongues,

You become my husband.

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