

Poetry Series

Theresa Granda
- poems -

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Theresa Granda()

Angel

My angel is the one who looks over me,
my angel is the one who cares for me,
my angel is the one who loves me,

My angel has beautiful brown eyes,
my angel has beautiful blonde hair,
my angel is the most generous person.

Theresa Granda

Love

What's wrong with you, with us,
what's happening to us?
Ah our love is a harsh cord
that binds us wounding us
and if we want
to leave our wound,
to separate,
it makes a new knot for us and condemns us
to drain our blood and burn together.

What's wrong with you? I look at you
and I find nothing in you but two eyes
like all eyes, a mouth
lost among a thousand mouths that I have kissed, more beautiful,
a body just like those that have slipped
beneath my body without leaving any memory.

And how empty you went through the world
like a wheat-colored jar
without air, without sound, without substance!
I vainly sought in you
depth for my arms
that dig, without cease, beneath the earth:
beneath your skin, beneath your eyes,
nothing,
beneath your double breast scarcely
raised
a current of crystalline order
that does not know why it flows singing.
Why, why, why,
my love, why?

Theresa Granda

True Friends

A true friend is always there for you

A true friend will help you no matter ther problem

A true friend is like a sister, she knows your better, than you know yourself

A true friend is someone who knows when you're sad, ans can cheer you up
when you need it most

A true friend is someone that can make you laugh no matter what they say or do

A true friend is someone who believes in you

A true friend will stick by your side

A true friend is someone you can call just if you need a shoulder to lean on

But most of all a true friend will never leave you

Theresa Granda