

Poetry Series

**Vasco M. Resendes**  
**- poems -**

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## Vasco M. Resendes(13, april)

I was born in the Island of Santa Maria, Azores. Arrived in the U.S.A., in the mid of nineteen-seventies. Since arriving in the U.S.A. I have lived in Rhode Island, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, North Carolina and now in South Carolina. Some of these states while being in the army and army national guard.

My poems have been published in different books, as well as on cds'. On my poem all about her was poem of the day, on June 28,2009. On my poem our life and four seasons was poem of the day on membersite on November 29,2011..

# A Helper

I'm here to help,  
and help I will.  
The helper I will be  
in your time of need.  
From the helpless times  
to hopeless moments.  
Glory is the helper,  
for lending, a helping hand.  
Helping is life, love and joy  
you can be a helper too if you please!  
I'm a helper, anytime you need!!!

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# All About Her

The blooming rosy of her smile  
Glazing on her face.  
That livens and lightens me.  
It's the soft smooth and dashing of her lips,  
sparks me - up and and start's me - off!  
Thru the long and unpleasant painful day,  
And you're nary here - beside me.  
But cherishing, pleasant and pleasing thoughts of her,  
To help aid and ease me thru!

At evening time underneath the bright stars,  
Of her eyes! Just like, upon heaven.  
I've seen Polaris and Betelgeuse  
SHE IS - my north star!  
SHE IS - my guiding light!  
That's where I HIBERNATE  
All my nights!

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# Awful Flaw

The awful flaw is there a law!  
What is the law? Of the flaw.  
We all have flaws

OR

Does the flaw - have us!  
Does it have zest?  
And no sense.

OR

Zest and sense  
The sense to love could be a flaw.  
The zest to lust - it is a flaw! !  
Perfect we're not! Who is to say?  
If yours or mine's is worse or better!  
Flaws-we got `em.  
Some say - admit to your flaws your faults!  
The facts are - it's easier said than done.  
Some wonder - why they do the things they do  
-or say!  
Some have reasons why they do the things they do!  
Just remember there isn't a perfect diamond.  
ALL DIAMOND HAS FLAWS! ! ! !

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# Found Heart

I found my heart  
after all these years  
but it's not the same heart  
it's an older heart  
it's a gentler, pleasing, Peaceful  
and understandable heart

it laughs when it's sad  
it understands  
when it can't  
comprehend

it pleases  
even though  
it's in pain

the heart that bleeds  
With tears

This tired heart  
tell's me

Over and over again  
that's what  
love Is! ! !

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# From Eleven To Eight

THE NIGHT WAS COLD  
AND  
LOVE WAS IN THE AIR.  
YOU'RE ON MY MIND  
LIKE SUGAR AND SPICE.  
LIKE A WATERFALL  
YOU RAN THROUGH MY MIND.  
GIVING ME THE JOY OF LIFE  
AND  
TWICE AS NICE.  
IF YOU STAY WITH ME UNTIL 11  
I'LL SEND YOU TO HEAVEN.  
BUT KNOWING YOU  
YOU'LL STAY UNTIL 2.  
IF YOU'RE STILL THERE BY 8  
WE KNOW I WAS GREAT! ! ! !

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# Go Away, Go Away

You're looking at me, with those eyes!  
You're telling me, it's all right.  
If it's all right, it's o.k.  
So let's go, from dusk till dawn.  
Joy is unreal, pleasant is unbelievable!  
Breathe taking of satisfaction, relaxation of satin sheet.  
The end when it dawned on us!  
Go away, go away, and back with the dusk.

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# Lies

it's sad - to see  
you unhappy  
with a smile on your face  
how you sound so perfect  
telling - those lies  
we're neither deaf or blind  
but some how you are!

we don't need  
Eyes or ears  
to see or hear your lies  
we all - see it  
but you don't  
so come alive  
and  
get a life!

to all - the liars! ! !

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# Lost And Found

I lost my heart, to a lost world, to lost cause  
Not knowing the lost cause - of - this lost world.  
But it's not this lost world that is the cause - but the lost cause  
Looking for the world without it's lost cause -  
What is the lost cause

Looking for the lost cause, to find my lost heart - find the cause  
Cause was found, to this lost world - no more lost cause  
To this lost world - no more lost world - to the cause  
Found the cause without it's lost  
Found the world without it's lost

Looking for my lost heart, in this world and it's cause  
Found the world but no lost heart  
Found the cause but no lost heart  
Found no heart and found no lost heart  
To this world and it's cause

Need the lost world and it's lost cause  
To find my lost heart

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# Lost Love, Prisoner Heart

The sadness in my voice  
Caused by love  
What to do  
Is to yell and scream  
When she left  
time stood still  
And never came back  
Now seconds turns to minutes  
Minutes to hours  
Hours in to days  
Days in to weeks

My heart feels like a prisoner  
Without any parole  
No jail I've been in  
made me feel A prisoner  
like the prisoner of my heart!  
Even in prison I had more freedom.  
then the freedom of this heart.  
We can not go to  
the Heart and soul  
to stop the aching memories'  
that causes the heartache and pain.

Why is it  
when love leaves  
it never came back  
Let's not forget that the sun  
returns every morning!  
Return my love! !  
Come back! ! !

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# Love And Joy

It's the time, of the season.  
To sprinkle the essence of joy.  
Lets give honor to the one  
that reminds us every year!  
Lets season in' our faces  
with the words of love and joy!  
Lets give glory to the one  
that reminds us every year!  
Put the spices of the seasoning  
not only in your plate!  
Put seasoning in your heart and  
spice it up with the love and joy!  
Lets give honor and glory to the one  
that reminds us every year!  
Sprinkle some cheer to the needy  
share the jingle with some change  
    It's the time, of the season  
to have love and joy

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# Mãe (Mom)

To all the moms, out there.  
From all their sons and daughters  
That finds' it difficult to express  
Their appreciation

As a baby child  
She knows you're  
Hunger, she knows  
You're wet and when you're sleepy  
Like only a Mãe can.

Growing older a Mãe  
Known's when we're hurt.  
Feel's the sadness of our pain and the agony  
That we feel  
That's a Mãe

We see the hurt  
In her motherly eyes  
The sadness in her caring face  
When we are hurt, in pain and  
Down on our luck  
How she comforts  
In away, that only a Mãe can

Let's thank are mom's  
While we still can  
for  
The love, the help, the caring  
That only a mom can give  
I will thank my mom for all she has done

minha mãe, obrigado por tudo que você tem feito

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# Mirror, Mirror

Looking at the mirror  
To look at her  
But couldn't see  
All of Her  
Not even her face

All I saw

-

was

-

Two

-

Perky - breast

and

How I would

Like to shake - Hand's

With it

I say

Mirror, mirror

On that wall

Mirror, mirror

Are them

The perkiest

Of them all

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# My Hero, The Lord

The lord is  
My hero  
The lord is  
My savior  
He helps me  
When I'm down  
He picks me up  
And shows the way

I see the light  
I see the path  
I feel the righteous  
I feel the strength  
I feel the freedom

He is my friend  
He is my hero  
He is my savior  
He is the lord  
Our God

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# Our Life And Four Seasons

Birth years and spring days  
how it all begins to liven up  
we see the light of day  
and spring begins to lighten our days

Summer days and younger years  
days are longer and we are stronger  
summer blooms with the warmth of the sun  
we bloom with knowledge and love

The fall and mid age  
Fall arrives and try's to hold on to the warmth  
of the summer  
we try to hold on, to our youth and knowledge  
fall felt the heat of summer  
and then start's to feel, the cold freeze of winter  
Mid life seen the joy of youth and hopes  
to see the old age of wisdom

Old age and winter  
our steps are shorter  
and so are the days  
winter will end and so will we  
to a new beginning and in time

Or

to the holy land  
forever and ever amen

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# Prickly Vine

on the hill top  
Lived a prickly vine  
Looking down  
On a garden  
With nothing  
But a rose & a daisy

On a stormy windy night  
the prickly vine  
Barked On a journey  
along a narrow, slick  
And steep hill  
suddenly,  
A dash off - wind  
blown  
The prickly vine  
Rolling and bouncing  
Bouncing and rolling  
After all that  
bouncing and Rolling  
the prickly vine  
Bounced  
on the rose  
and rolled on the daisy  
With his  
bent prickly thorn  
"flowering" the rose  
And -blossoming- the daisy

know  
The plain garden  
Is dashing  
With Little  
roses and daisies

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# She's Barely A Woman

She's barely a woman  
said bye to mom and dad  
and left her little world  
with barely a buck!  
now working as a waitress  
serving to make a living  
she gives - her body for love  
to build her little world  
she gave love and got pain  
and she is barely a woman!

she often cried for love  
but after the weekend  
they were gone!  
she Learned how to give her body  
for other than love.  
and her Parents  
far away not knowing!

crazy for one, Gave to many  
now she dresses  
in silk and lace  
not serving any more!  
and her Parents  
far away not knowing  
that she's not  
barely a woman any more!

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# Shine, Smile, Sugar, Kisses

The day was long  
When I did you wrong!  
Like a stone, that was thrown!  
And now I'm left, here all alone!

Like the sun, WITHOUT it shine.  
Like cake, LACKING sugar.  
A garden, WITHOUT roses.  
Like wine, BEFORE aging.  
That's how my life, has been without you.

The day was long  
When I did you wrong!  
Like a stone, that was thrown!  
Where's my smile, kisses, body and life.  
So I can live, in the Garden of Eden!

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# The Conniving Woman

The conniving woman  
Won't leave or let go  
And at the same time  
The conniving witch  
Bad mounting me  
To all her friends  
At the same time  
The conniving bee  
Pretends to be happy, and in front of me, all goes well  
But behind my back conniving witch, bad mounting meeeeeeee  
And I'm thinking- that all is well  
with the conniving witch, bee of the woman and me

This is the punish that I get for fooling around with someone, I didn't care;  
But Only to fool around with!  
They say? Pay back is a bee and pay back I got it,  
from that conniving witch, bee of a woman

The lesson here, to all, to everyone  
Don't go and fool around, just with anyone  
You might hurt their feels, you might hurt their heart but most important of all,  
you might get stuck With that conniving witch, bee of a woman

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# Then Why Can't We

we're not erotophobia  
we are not haphephobia  
and not hedenophobia  
and for sure,  
not gynophobia

then why can't  
we get along

isn't it romantic  
when we talk  
isn't it magical  
when we kiss  
isn't it fabulous  
when we touch  
doesn't it lunge-a spark  
when we love

then why can't  
we get along

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# Who Are We

Asked and asked□  
Were I got  
The words  
For the poem

I've been among  
The smarts and bright  
People and the world  
Where we help  
one another

We all - look out  
Of the same window  
Follow the same rules  
And we all here  
for different reasons

Helpless and some way  
And strong and brave  
And others  
But it's the helpless  
That make's us

Look out of the  
Same, same window

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# Who's The Poet

The painter or the writer

The painter's poem

The art of the light feather brush - fine flexible of strands

No matter the color - light, olive or dark

Should he start with the nose - smell - exotic intoxicating fragrance

Maybe the eyes - to see, to see the colors, but to see color - is to be blind

Start with the hands - to feel, to touch, to hold

Lips - to taste, to kiss - the begin start's with a kiss  
and then it blossom into love

the heart - is the foundation of love

Now that you "read" the arts of the painter's poem,

Go back and read the writer's poem

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# Young Night & Love Air

The night is young  
and love, is in the air

you're running thru my mind  
like a waterfall

giving me the joy of life  
and twice nice

like sugar and spices  
we'll zest it up-  
our fruits of life

now stay with me until eleven  
and i'll send you to heaven  
with pleasures of joy

but knowing you  
you'll stay until two

if you're still there by eight  
we know that I was great! !

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