

Poetry Series

**Viviana Torres**  
**- poems -**

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Viviana Torres()

# Silence

Your efforts to be oblivious of me  
To dress a minor wound,  
To maintain with sweaty fingers,  
your disillusioned pride.

Your head is down,  
willing  
against my stare

At times I wish  
my eyes would  
pierce through you  
reading you

But instead they do so  
to me

Oh the silence,  
the work it takes!  
to be blank  
and give way  
either way  
to what is  
unsaid

At every angle you glance  
and do not see

Every step you take  
pulls you from your destiny

I laugh at your foolishness  
but you are a child

And though as much as I deny  
I am one too

for if I wasn't  
I wouldn't care,

and I wouldn't be writing this to you.

Viviana Torres

# Soldiers

Behind camouflage green  
They keep a strong stare

Out into the air  
There is no one there

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# The Music

It is very late

my eyelids  
a heavy weight  
they bear

Though I do not care

the music still lingers  
in the air

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# Waking Up After 3 Years

Closed mouths give way to stale breath  
abandoned homes will welcome decay

Depressive minds, they crave death  
unused clothes are eaten away

Extreme precision usually fails  
the nerves like to betray

Lust leaves behind putrid trails  
following you through each day

Uneaten food is the curse of the poor

Our hunger for God is an unopened door

not enough patience or will did we store

To die to ourselves is to live even more

Viviana Torres