

Poetry Series

Zoila T. Flores
- poems -

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Zoila T. Flores()

America, My Home! !

It's a beauty with no pair,
Spacious mountains, enormous sea,
Wilderness Kingdom, Growing we...,
In North America, the sphere key.

All the roads arrive in you,
North to south and East to west,
Air and ocean, claim they do,
To Every nation you're their clue.

You're the power you're the ruler,
Don't one-sided, don't upset,
As the leader, please be fair,
On decisions of oppress.

You're America, We adore,
You're my kingdom, the world's door,
You're my man cave, my refuge,
Since we arrived here; to a new world.

Zoila T. Flores

Angry As A Troll

Anger is something, we CAN control,
If we can't, everything around will be destroyed,
As we allow it to come out through,
It comes and burns, to someone and you.

It's a monster, with spikes and knives,
That once it's out, that's a poison device,
It comes and hurts, what's loved the most,
Destroying your heart, and spoiling your soul.

It is OK to feel it, and overplay as a troll,
As long as anger, don't trespass out your door,
Keeping it inside and draining it all,
So, when it's gone, you'll feel like a doll.

Zoila T. Flores

Christmas Tree

Christmas tree good to see,
Jubilant and cherish, indeed.
Christmas tree, Christmas tree,
You do look splendid to me.

Blooming and lighting.
Evergreen leaves and spiking,
Please delight us with,
All your presents, jubilantly.

Celebrating something precious,
Jesus birth to this earth,
Bringing peace, bringing love,
And, the goodness or more.

You deliver a note of peace.
Bethlehem star; I can see.
Adorned with goodies and grin,
Displays the nativity, of our King.

Zoila T. Flores

Conscience

Conscience, don't abandon me,
Through my journey, on this day,
Keep supporting, as you're always,
On the wisdom, of my say.

Conscience, don't rely on me,
Because my soul, is not prepared,
On directing, to my people,
On their lives, to be repaired.

Conscience, please forgive me,
To my morning, if you may,
If my eyes, refuse to open,
It's my soul, that's in dismay.

Conscience, please assist me,
In the passage, through this world,
With a cheerful, sense of spirit,
Making life, relish much more.

Zoila T. Flores

Dad's Love

Wisdom on words,
Knowledge to spend,
Healthy advises,
Offering today.

Born to this world,
Welcomed one day,
Growing into adult,
And father to celebrate.

Never too hard,
Helping your children,
Go back in time,
See, through their eyes.

Give them some time,
Share them some patience,
Laugh of their jokes,
Grant them some love.

Zoila T. Flores

Father Is Much More

To a father and provider, who's been always warmth and good,
Here it goes a cheerful praise or an anthem if I could,
You're a blessing on this planet, procreating with engage,
And your guidance more important, on your children of young age.

Parallel is the function, father and mother in accord,
On preserving a good family, and succeeding; the reward,
If the father leaves the house, is the mother, who takes place,
When the mother goes away, it's the father the replace.

It's his strength on display, if he is doing well indeed,
Just the time will say last word, if he did succeed on lead,
Love your father the way he is, and don't judge him; I request,
You respect him as a wiz, and uphold it as a blest.

Zoila T. Flores

Favorite Coffee

What a gorgeous, scent of burst,
On my brain, it comes as thirst,
Green its pits, are found on tree,
Red and riped, they get indeed.

Such a scent, delights my mind,
So, its texture delights my taste,
When its grain, catches my eye,
Lovely aroma catches all rest.

It was blackened, in the fire,
This big process, gives the color,
Red as cherry, grain to see,
Blessed taste, rejoices me.

Zoila T. Flores

Happy Birthday Pat!

On the 28th! ! !

Please forgive me, if you may,
On forgetting, to ring your phone,
To sing you a lovely, Birthday song.

Zoila T. Flores

Here's My Home! !

Home, lovely home,
A cave with a throne,
Where I sing my song,
And I'm rarely alone.

Descendant and offspring,
Companion, ancestries,
Guard like sweet angels,
Thank Them! So much.

Dispersing the thoughts,
To give out the Gosh,
For something not earnest,
No someday, No Now! !

Don't judge them, good fella,
It is what it is, with this Cinderella.

By Zoila T. Flores

Zoila T. Flores

I Saw Him! I Swear! ! !

Intense red on, sitting up there,
In Buddha's pose, just on the air,
Into this world, came for my care,
No. Not a dream. I saw him, I swear!

Oh! You're great Lord, being a gift,
Taking the time, to stand up for me,
Beautiful my green eyes, him they did see,
In One Holy splendid, were all the Three.

I am your besieger, no matter whatever,
To prove me that day, God was so clever,
Smirking at my fright, so gentle however,
Affirming my faith, on him; YES! forever.

Zoila T. Flores

Invisible Love

Early in the morning,
When my soul is blessed
My clean mind is learning,
And my body, refreshed,

My duty is to recognize,
How beautiful life is,
Then, spirit won't minimize,
Tons of love, as a quiz.

Zoila T. Flores

Jack Pot

I'll just play, to entertain,
Gambling spirit, blown away,
For hundred millions, is my ticket?
Gold and shiny, on my tray.

There! It comes, my first big number,
Was one number, only one!
Second matching ticket figure,
Getting excitement on this game.

Oh my Goodness! Here it comes,
Lottery ticket, it's my third,
! Now, I like it! Shout it out,
Jumping off, my comfy spot.

! Holy cow! ! ! I can't believe it,
Sparkly fourth, made me shout,
"Please my Lord. You make it real! "
About good luck, don't make me doubt.

I just know, that you can see,
Bonus number on my sheet,
Picking carefully, the magic three,
Winning ticket! ! Come to me!

Hard discerning such a price,
With so much; yet, so silent,
Now, I have received my dice,
I can buy, myself a diamond.

I can buy myself a Porsche,
I will purchase myself a castle,
Airplanes, boats, fancy dresses,
Having fun, with what God blesses,

As I always, wished on good,
With my family, friends and pets,
To be going everywhere,
Bubbly partying, for the bet.

I'll invite you! All my girls,
Come along to shop the pearls,
At the exclusive Beverly Hills,
And don't worry for the bills.

At the fashionable, I will pay,
Beverly Center, be prepared,
I have plenty cash to share,
Me and spending, is my flair.

On TV, you'll see my face,
At your home, you'll hear my voice,
With my talent to entertain,
Charming voucher, to the fame.

There you'll grasp me, every night,
With my flair and with my bright,
Throwing money to the fullness,
Pleasing Virtue, for the goodness.

I for once, can love my shine,
Looking at, my perfect line,
On same mirror, that refused,
To appreciate, my simple used.

Money made me, a fashion doll,
Golding hair, and gleaming teeth,
Sculptural body, perfect walk,
In life Achieving, such a wreath.

Zoila T. Flores

Little Fly With No Flag

In the middle of a task,
Unrelenting, there he was;
No requested, no permission,
All inspection at my cause.

Tiny little flying creature,
Navigating at my sight,
From one bottle jumped to next one,
All distraction with no right.

All the focus on the adorning,
Was diverted by this fly,
He persisted on performing,
Such a scene to my eye.

Zoila T. Flores

Love's A Strange Friend

I've bet to love and lost again,
Deep in heart, it's not the same,
Strange because he was a friend,
Although, stops by now and then.

Nights with no sleep, trouble in deep,
Eyes to the sky, as sign of deny,
Breathe with some fear, eye with a tear,
Love stops by, now and then.

Tracing your loved one, waiting to come,
Sighting his face, no-way, no-why,
Playful to you, teasing your glum,
Tossing your blows, up to the sky.

Zoila T. Flores

Majestic Power

Mountains tall and old,
Rivers deep and long,
Existing forever around,
Billions, trillions, and much more.

Majestic Ocean big and blue,
Rocking waves running through,
Delighting always to the moon,
And gigantic! You are a boon.

I'm in love with the meadow,
With the green and with the sun,
What you brought us as a present,
To your people just for fun.

I'm amazed with what you've done,
To create us and this all,
Can't imagine how you did it,
And to keep us in control.

Zoila T. Flores

Mi Vida De Poèta

Nacì en un rinconcito de Ecuador, mi país.
Familia muy extensa, y de alcurnia a exhibir,
Profesora fuè mi madre, y poèta fuè mi padre,
Aprendì, de su trovar, de su vivir, y de su soñar.

El vivìa con la tinta, con la pluma y el papel,
Sus ideas impregnaba, al momento del saber,
Su talento era grande, y su tiempo su rival,
Proveer era su meta, nò, a su escritura formal.

Yò tenia 5 años, seis o siete, a lo màs,
Con mis tìos y familias, se reunìan a buscar,
Coplas, versos en sus rimas, que me hacìan suspirar,
Y a mis ocho, yà mi padre, no se podìa màs quedar.

No obstante en su ausencia, a mis 15 yò empecè,
Componiendo y rimando, sin acordarme el porquè,
Un poèma y luego otro, en papeles coleccionè,
Con el primer amor de entonces, sin esfuerzo me inspirè.

Desencanto con mi amor, yà un diario yò formè,
Con versos y poèmas, a escribir me dedicuè,
Pero Un dìa en la mañana, muy temprano despertè,
Por mi diario yo buscaba, y yà màs nunca lo encontrè.

Esta pèrdida fuè tan grande, que màs nunca contemplè,
Escribir un sòlo poèma, para no volverlo a perder.
Pero siempre mi aficiòn, me atraìa a componer,
Sin embargo resistìa, la tentaciòn sin saber porquè.

Acabè mi sexto curso, en Estadística y Contabilidad.
Y Casi acabo mi Carrera, de Finanzas en la Universidad.
Me traslado a Norteamèrica, en el año Noventa y Tres,
Estudiando Inglès primero, y yà pudièndome comunicar.

Como famosa diseñadora, yo querìa certificar,
Y lo hice con esfuerzo, en el año 2010,
Sin embargo mi talento, nò estaba en èse crear,
Ya que soy una poèta, por delante y por detràs.

Y teniendo 46, el intruso me confesò,
Que mi diario lo tomò, con malicia y sin razòn,
Fechorìa que marcò, una vida de aflicciòn,
Liberando su conciencia y buscando mi perdòn.

Un año me ha tomado, digerir èsta noticia,
De la pèrdida de mi escrito, todo un año de asfìccia,
Hasta un dìa que en un parque, yo corrìa y meditaba,
Como huyendo del recuerdo, de èste robo que me ahogaba.

Pensamientos de enojo, que al ladròn hechè a volar,
Pero entonces meditando, como yò suelo anotar,
Yo me dije en voz alta, nõ la guardes yà rencor,
Ese fuè sòlo tu diario, pero tu talento perdurarà.

Desde èsa tarde yò compongo, con talento y dedicaciòn,
En tan poco tiempo he escrito, a la vida y al amor,
Y he visto a Jesucristo, en mi cuarto a observar,
Mi talento y mi vida, que èl vino a ordenar.

Mi precioso Dios Querido, mi Divino Adorado,
El estuvo frente a mì, en el aire bièn sentado,
Con su rojo carnegì, me pregunto si soñè,
Sonriendo a mi espanto, al momento que lo observè.

Tengo espèritu de acero, y un camino por vivir,
No he parado en mi mente, con poèmas a afluir,
Vendiciones en mi vida, y muchos versos a añadir,
Y con sentido mis palabras, van un castillo a construir.

Zoila T. Flores

Mighty Ocean

Vast the ocean, indigo and free,
Deep mysterious, blue to see,
Clashing waves, on high degree,
Awesome gift; traveling sea.

Old in time, and wide your base,
Sea plus sea, a sacred maze,
Never change, never race,
It's your beauty, we embrace.

Salty water comes to sting,
Human kind to the taste,
And delighting to the fish,
Deep the bottom has no trace.

Water cycle what preserves,
Your deep body to its whole,
For your species what reserves,
Wonderful creation; after all.

Zoila T. Flores

Mom's Little Girl

What a doll,
Came to me,
Curls and tees,
Smiling big.

Counting out loud,
Unafraid,
Singing strongly,
On her parade.

Such a Missy,
She goes bold,
Valiant girl,
She's worth gold.

Playing hero,
Jumping high,
Being adorable,
Snuggling tight.

It's her saying,
I'm important,
On supporting,
At discordant.

Hugging kindly,
On her greet,
Fancying eyes,
Gleaming teeth.

Nice and gentle,
Smart and quick,
Helping friends,
She's like this.

Learning new tasks,
Fast indeed,
She's so sparkly,
Smart and sweet.

She's my baby,
She is my doll,
She's my girl,
She's my all.

Zoila T. Flores

My Childhood Creek

Graceful stream, sunny day,
Sparkling water, running down,
Smoothly prickling, on my feet,
Nothing stopping, on its path,

Such strength, on this element,
Such a huge, contentious force,
Has erode, along its pathway,
With its swabbing, tracing road.

Only time could dash its silhouette,
And its effect, could shape the wall,
On designing, stunning countryside,
To amaze, a town or more.

Forcing water, carving landscape,
Making sounds, and singing songs,
Fascinating softly lullaby,
Amusing me, while passing by.

Flowing water, clashing bubbles,
Hypnotizing to whom, it saw,
Big delight, I puffed on shallow,
Happy summer, with such a throw.

Jumping strongly innocently;
Into shallow to this stream,
Diving carefully, crushing gently,
That's the creek in my dreams!

Zoila T. Flores

My Sexy Pen

Being invited to a workshop,
By a dear friend, NO refuse,
Me arriving, seeing wood chop,
Finished color, just to choose.

Very talented, men and women,
Organizing, something smart,
On designing, wooden pen,
And creating, gorgeous stuff.

Metal pieces, will be on sag,
Two wood pieces, in a bag,
A whole package, to create,
Writing pens, from scratch.

Perfect Time, to start the project,
With a wise guy, named Joel,
Stepping in, to work and correct,
What a legacy, that's on swell.

Showing talent, listen carefully,
On the process, of the shape,
One by one, getting naturally,
Swinging body, mouth as gape.

In no time, these two wood chunky,
Were displayed, on such a form,
One was skinny, other bulky,
Smooth and shiny, were no wrong.

Perfect lumber, from a dingle,
All transformed, by these men,
Wooden shaping, by the spindle,
To create my Sexy Pen.

Zoila T. Flores

Not Allowed To Love

With pain in pain her love insane,
Not allowed to love like this again,
Her time just passed and that she felt,
The flames of honey invading her brain.

Not right to be in so much love,
Like fire in summer and ice in snow,
It cried on cry and moved in dark,
The soul and body were nude to blow.

Her air was gone and her breath was iced,
To think about him on such a tryst,
The passion was fire, in the ocean of sand,
Rivers of desire, 'till the moment was gone.

Zoila T. Flores

Poemhunter Gift Card

It's a bonus to the goodness,
With the talent, you'll adopt,
Readying poems, gaining knowledge,
Feeding spirit, and its soul.

Through the thoughts, they've ever thought.
Come delight, you're thirsty love,
Such a harmony, words to drink,
Gifted poets, and pure gold.

Zoila T. Flores

Sin Sentido... Te Quiero,

! Quisiera no quererte!
De la forma como te quiero,
Sin sentido, y sin pensarlo,
Te quiero, porque te quiero.

Zoila T. Flores

Soccer World Cup '14

Soccer could be, sport number one,
In the entire world,
Was hard engaged if you won,
Played with a ball,
And 22 men for fun,
On big green field,
With rain or with sun.

Germany-Argentina,
At the final meant to be,
Costa Rica and Colombia,
Amazing as we did see,
They deserved the third,
Or fourth place to me,
And team not for finals,
That would lose the ball,
Through the knees.

Argentine with the Messi,
They were amazing on '14,
They delivered strength and che,
Eliminating to Belgium,
And dear Netherlands,
Striving hard for the Prize,
Swapping warder at end,
With intention not to cry.

Watching Robben.
To the floor,
And Luis Suarez to Chiellini,
On the shoulder or so more,
Showing up his gorgeous teeth.
And controlling most the ball,
Number tenth France, fun for me,
And the USA playing better,
Much, much better 'till they crawled.

Recognizing all these people,
Our greetings thankfully,

Let's applaud to the countries,
With the hottest we could see,
Portugal with USA,
And my France with Italy,
Oh! My greetings to Best 100,
With Pelè, and Germany.

Zoila T. Flores

The Perfect Family

On portraying, a perfect family,
Every parent's, precious goal,
Gaining neighbor's, total extol,
Displaying in time, great control,

To maintain, a flawless wife,
Every husband's, spotless role,
Attaining leadership, admiration,
Great achievement! After all!

Satisfaction, the reward it seems,
Undertaking; such an ambiguous dream,
Spending time, on creating such a strife,
Complicated piece of project, in life.

Zoila T. Flores

The Tiny Beauty

The girl with some blush,
With an adorable dash,
Her beauty in splash,
Though the rest, on clash.

Soft and tender,
Nice and sweet,
Closing her eyes,
And showing her teeth.

Zoila T. Flores

Thoughts! ! !

Are you disappointed?
Are you desperate?
Are you discouraged?
Then, you are sad?

Don't be discouraged!
Don't be so sad;
Trust in the universe,
Trust in your God.

Look for horizons,
Wait for good health,
Expect a big fortune,
Cost you, none or less,

Praise to creation,
Praise to the Lord,
Praise to the people,
Or, whoever you adore.

Zoila T. Flores

Winter White Snow.

I'm glad you came,
No winter escape,
White flakes of snow,
We love to blow,
As it comes and grow,
You bring some dough.

Love my winter white,
With snow and bright,
Its light is praised,
From day to night,
For some is heavy,
For virtuous is light.

To bulls you're bender,
Like ice in blender,
Their fear, surrender,
Then, heart is tender,
Their bliss is render,
With full splendor.

Now, time to go,
White lovely snow,
Take move and flow,
Before we throw,
Cause ice on toe,
Provokes to hoe.

Zoila T. Flores