

**METAMORPHOSIS AND REBIRTH**  
**twenty-five experimental poetry**  
**in broken English**

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PUBLISHED BY:  
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**I solved each enigma**

I solved each enigma!  
The distance that separates the earth  
from heaven  
is a meter of poetry.  
ooooo

**On the cross.**

I nailed the soul  
on the cross of indecision,  
I'm frozen  
undergo events  
waiting for my order,  
this well-deserved death  
for those who, like me,  
has not sought  
did not struggle  
did not believe ...  
I did everything myself,  
I was crowned with thorns,  
I scourged

and crucified on the cross of my selfishness.

I know that no one will cry at my feet,  
no one will pierce with a spear  
and no one will give me vinegar to drink.

Neither I hope to save me,  
because who could invoke if not myself?

I nailed his hands and feet,  
hoping not to be a man,  
but now I can only say:

"Father, forgive myself  
because I know what I did. "

ooooo

### **Metamorphosis**

At the first sun,  
I leave the house  
like a lizard from the hibernation.

It's me,  
if I see myself in the mirror ...  
I will see me as a being shaded green  
tinged with gray:  
it's due to the cold of the past months;  
a forked tongue:  
too many blows to the life,  
at the end they split into two  
as a wooden sword.

And the tail,  
the long tail  
for too many lies,  
because when you listen to too many lies  
even fairy tales are reversed  
and, in place of the nose  
grows the tail.  
On the way there is a bench  
carved in stone,

with endless tunnels  
bushes and grass,  
I would like insert my head  
as the others do,  
but not enter.  
However, I eat the sun  
I'm king of the lizards,  
they are deployed around me,  
stopped  
and stare at me.  
No need for words,  
afterall  
we contemplate the same God of the sun  
and we satisfy the same desire for light and peace.  
Before long  
the night come, with its slow pace  
to wrap the derelict bench  
and, while they  
remain lizards  
I will be back again man.  
ooooo

### **The weather is changing**

It stopped raining just now  
and I move the steps slowly  
like every natural thing that changes:  
slowly.  
In this September evening  
the weather is changing,  
small signs there say it,  
the old men sitting behind the windows  
already know this,  
I know, the feel on the skin,  
also you know  
because it is already dark at this time of all times,  
on the way home,

yesterday looked at the green grass  
and a moment ago you stepped on a dry leaf.

We know,  
everything will be different soon,  
when September ends.

ooooo

### **Ode to Pablo Neruda**

The poetry  
is as blood, flowing in everything ...  
and you, Neftali Ricardo Reyes  
as a vampire,  
wrapped in the mantle by railroad  
you went through the streets of Chile  
to feed your hunger.  
But, it was in the evening,  
when you undressed,  
that shone in your eyes the flame of the poet  
and that blood in your hands caught fire,  
burning like fire of passionate love,  
as a focus of complaint or revolt,  
like fire which raises man's pride wounded  
and devours injustice.

In your verses  
I make a trip without luggage,  
without respite,  
run away train as an exile  
along tracks endless ...  
I sit next to you  
and through the window  
with your eyes  
I scan the life.

ooooo

### **On the pentagram of the sea**

If you were here beside

to this tangle of light and dark  
who is my soul,  
you'll listen the symphony of the emotions  
that my sighs have engraved for you  
on the pentagram of the sea.  
ooooo

### **I love you**

I love you  
in the distances,  
in the empty spaces and dark  
when no one knows you exist  
yet we are.

I love you nearby,  
in symbiotic fusion of our bodies,  
when everyone knows that you exist  
yet we delete everything.

I love you  
when you're  
and there you are,  
because between being and non-being  
at any point it is certain that I love you.

I love you  
when you doubt my love,  
because my love  
covers all your questions.

I love you  
because if I could not love you  
I would love you still,  
because being there or not being there  
my love for you is a certainty.

ooooo

### **The crown of coral**

It is ginned  
the pomegranate of the time.  
The time is sunk  
in glasses of passion.  
I turn my back at sunset,  
I look at my shadow expand to nowhere,  
my every step  
has the weight of a thousand centuries.  
are imprisoned  
in the hourglass of eternity,  
that your hugs of crystal and amber,  
have erected around my soul.  
My room  
is  
a boat upturned  
on a beach forgotten.  
bathed in silence,  
shines only  
the ethereal crown of coral  
the night has woven  
to crown your eyes  
sovereign of my heart,  
tyrants of my sighs.

ooooo

### **Positano**

Statuary stone  
your skin,  
and from every inlet  
expands your marine aroma.  
Penetrating in your bones of cement,  
along the tiny spaces,  
arched alleys,  
my feet kissing the stones  
of your down

and collect the caresses  
of your solar earth.  
I'm going at a slow pace,  
in contemplation,  
as behind a procession of spirits,  
widening one by one the rosary  
of your fragrances, at each step,  
I breathe, what I never breathed:  
is the smell of fried  
sweet, leather of sandals,  
wooden centenary, paint corroded.  
And then I come to your noble blood,  
to your sea,  
there where a boat lonely  
with its forms of siren  
a flower carved into the chest of a wave  
and a dazzling sapphire poignant  
arose from the waters  
shaking,  
in a shiver,  
the heart.  
ooooo

### **Acid vital**

We eat  
bread of stone,  
and of pillows  
forged steel  
abandon our head,  
the water that quenches  
is like fetid mud ...  
the world,  
is a trunk solid.  
But we live.  
We're alive!

And life  
is an acid  
that corrodes everything!

oooo

### **Sky over Baghdad**

Sky over Baghdad  
at sunset,  
on your canvas velvet,  
I noted my thoughts.  
I looked up  
and I could see the stars,  
in the river of the sky ...  
every night,  
every night,  
surfing  
on the boat  
of my dreams.  
today,  
someone ripped your face millennial  
because I would have been confused,  
someone blindfold your eyes,  
so I didn't dream more.  
My sky is a cloud of smoke  
and my stars, trails of bombs and bullets  
Where are you heaven of my days and my nights?  
You, too, besieged, wounded, prisoner?  
Sky over Baghdad,  
before, your freedom was mine,  
I offer you all the dreams that were mine,  
now, even your darkness are mine.  
I lost all my dreams,  
but the one I saved, the largest ...  
my biggest dream are you:  
sky over Baghdad.



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