

False POEMS



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False Poems

REFLECTIONS OF THE SOUL

REFLECTIONS OF THE MIND

REFLECTIONS OF THE HEART

Written
by

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Preface

This book has no pretense whatsoever.

Not looking for fixes, not looking for adequacy.

The cover is a reflection of the title and content of this book,
a blue rose on fake flames.

Are 3 themes and 7 poems by theme, in blank verse.

This book has only one objective: to touch you.

I hope that touch!

Ricardo Garay

Reflections of the Soul

Weary soul

The weary soul is soul that wants to be loved

You can not love, you want to love, perhaps

But longs to be loved

In not being loved, tires

Tired of not being loved

Love of my lives

I love you so much before was born
In this life is not first
I do not know how many lives i had
But certainly I know that you were always
My beloved in all of they
I do not know how many lives I will have
ut for sure I know you always will be
My beloved in all of them
You're certainly the love of my lives
All of them
Of the of the past
Of the present life
Of the of the future
You will always be the love of my lives

Encounter of Souls

Does not fortuity

We meet in this life

Because we had not by fortuity

We are part of a whole

We are one

Even though it looks to be two

So had to be

For good and not by fortuity

Light of My Soul

I discover not by fortuity

I discover unintentionally

Unsurprisingly I discover

That the light of my soul

It is only a reflection of the Your

Spirits and Souls

Spirits become Souls

Souls live lives

Lives what vanish

Souls who return to Spirits

The cycle of lives, here and there

It remakes

Immortal spirit

The spirit is immortal

How lives before life

And after life

The many lives will be gone

The many lives comes

The spirit as if it were

A eternal wanderer

Wandering with a single purpose

Living lives and remain immortal

Soul Mates

Two as to found

Who feel that the meeting was inevitable

Who realize they can not live

Without belonging

Because I already belonged

Are two and are a

Are nothing and nor nobody

Without being themselves

And if belong

Reflections of the Mind

The Adversities

The adversities harm

The adversities hurt

The adversities released tears

The adversities released sorrows

The adversities imprison pain

The adversities strengthen

Difficult Paths

The difficult paths of yesterday

They seem today be the same paths

When paths will be less difficult?

When is tomorrow ?!

Memoirs

Memories that missed without knowing why

Just lost

Adolescent memories, most, loses

From childhood I remember more

Memories that are gone and do not come back

As the adolescence that I lost

In a corner of memory I lost

Fragments

Fragmented thoughts of a useless dawn

Clouded thoughts by others so many

Disconnected fragments in a futile search

Desire to give order to fragments

I could never even remember which were thoughts

Legacy

Bequeath is to give meaning to life

A legacy is the meaning of life

Build then is the value which gives the existence

Bequeath is breathing

Bequeath is aspire

Bequeath is live

Bequeath is let

Perseverance

To live is to fight

Fight for what you believe

Even when all insists

In, not let it happen

Even when the light does not illuminate

Even when the mind is blurred

Giving up is not live

Follow is live

To live is to believe

Sonhar

Desired a dream

To dream a desire

The air is breathe

That's what is needed to dream

Dreams are wishes that will accomplish

Reflections of the Heart

Your Smile

Your smile is light

When you smile her face illuminates

Strange not see no one equal

When you smile her face illuminates

Everything can be bad or good

When you smile her face illuminates

Desire

Desire look you

Desire touch you

Desire love you

Desire-now you

Desire in anywhere you

Desire anytime you

Desire desire you

Life

Life is the most precious gift of an existence

To live is to feel the wind touch the face and not see

It is close eyes and feel

Is feel, with open eyes, walking or stopped

Is know that the invisible touches

Refreshes, shivers, vitalizes

To live is to feel the wind touch the face

Sweet

My sweet

Thyself hear is sweet

His voice is soft

You are soft

Her voice is sweet

You are my sweet

Go

One day I went

No more I came back

But let

There is pain at the let

There is joy at the let

None of that matters

When spending time

Loves

I have had several loves
However they passed
Memories stayed
Diffuse like mist
Experiences of a Lifetime
Of a good life

Long life

That life be long

That life bring me pains

That life bring me joys

That life bring me unpleasantness

That life bring me victories

But mostly it

That life be long