

ETERNAL and other poems...

By Miguel Rodriguez

Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: These are beautiful: Similar in style to Leslie Dianne's poems (see TOC). It has been my experience that those whose mother-tongue is Spanish speak the most beautiful English. My sister-in-law is another example. It must be the way the words are phrased in their minds. They express everything so gently and intelligently with a Latin passion and ancient wisdoms that never seem to skip a beat or generation—the beatniks [italic] of our global village [italic]: 'Framed in a / painting in time' 'All is forever.' A fisherman's love for his Ocean Mother, 'cults and gyms' 'Why do we torture ourselves / Over inevitabilities...' Like a bottle that never empties, there is more. Sip from the glass of Rodriguez, I insist upon it. HS

“Eternal”

What is done
Is done
Erased, it cannot
Be as it has
Already been

Everything you
Know and do
Not know is
Framed in a
Painting in time

A fragment becomes
The whole of
Everything
In which we are,
Were and will be
A part of

Don't fear death
As we go from
Which we came
From nothing
To something
To nothing again
But the painting

Remains
As does everything
And nothing is
No longer nil

All is forever

“My Mother the Sea”

Separated so long
I have forgotten how
Special you are to me
Your breeze, your smell
Such salty smells
That would wake up
The adventurer in me
Those cold days in
The bridge, you sang
To me with melodious
Whistling sounds as
The ocean air rushed
Through the fishing
Lines tangled in the pile
I sat there with rod in
Hand, dreaming of
Beasts and legends
Of the Great Seas
And I would conquer
Them all as you would
Smile at me with the
Sun ray's warmth
As I looked upon the
Horizon of your
Distant waters

“The Quietude of Ends”

We fear the end
It creeps up on us, unannounced
No one is safe from it, nothing is
It drives us to join cults and gyms to
Live forever and avoid it

We obsess over it
And ask palm readers when will
Be the day, that it comes for us
Terrified every night that
That will be the
Night

Why do we torture ourselves
Over inevitabilities
To flow is a much better way
To live than to fight the current
That will inevitably
Wash us all away

The end is not our enemy
It makes us stronger
It brings meaning to our
Lives by its existence
The end is a deadline
We all must meet one day

Time is our greatest gift
Use it wisely and
Never waste it worrying
About the inevitable End

Aspire, Desire
Accomplish, Achieve
But of most importance
Is to always possess
Quietude of Ends

“Imperfect Nature”

Beauty,
Of imperfection,
As all life is, imperfect.

Inability to reach perfection,
As flawlessness,
Was never meant to be.

We are nature,

Strong,
Imposing nature.

We are nature,
Insufficient,
Imperfect nature.

“Fate the Distractor”

Do not listen to his talk
About predestination
Nothing is written until
It is written
Do not fall for his false
Curses and jinxes
Exclude your eyes from
His feign visions of
Defeat and torment
He is a fraud, a hustler
Attempting to distract
You from attaining and
Becoming majestic
Take this dagger
And kill your fate

THE POET SPEAKS: *For me, there is no better inspiration for poetry than living in a chaotic world. My search for truth, understanding and serenity in such a dystopian existence provides the perfect contrast I need to uncover the beauty of life through my poetry. The poets that have influenced me the most are Nicolás Guillén and Langston Hughes.*

BIO: *Miguel Rodriguez was born in Havana, Cuba, and immigrated to United States with his family in 1980 during the Mariel boatlift. After decades of working different jobs, he finally decided to pursue his passion for creative writing. Now, an English major from the University of Central Florida, he is on a quest of self-expression with hopes of connecting with the world.*