

Poetry Series

Dan Quiles
- poems -

Publication Date:
2015

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Dan Quiles(March 10,1975)

I was born and raised in Boston, MA. If you want to know about me, read my semi-biography written in the poem, 'Reflection of then Now.'

'la Gotita De Agua'

La gotita de Agua que cae y inmediatamente expande Es la gotita de esfuerzo que Dios pide en el campo de labor. Como la gotita de agua que cae y inmediatamente expande Es la gotita de amor que Dios pide para tu projimo. Como la gotita de agua que cae y inmediatamente expande Es la gotita de sacrificio que Dios pide en el pueblo de Dios. Como la gotita de agua que cae y inmediatamente expande Es la gotita de union que Dios pide entre su creacion. Como la gotita de agua que cae y inmediatamente expande Es la gotita valentia para seguir peleando en la Buena batalla. Como la gotita de agua que cae y inmediatamente expande Es la gotita de envagelizacion para los mas necesitados y mas Como la gotita de agua que cae y inmediata? ? ?

Dan Quiles

A New Beginning To Life

You have a long a road ahead of you.
We all have a long ahead of us.
Get ready for reality.
College life will not be easy.
Get ready for sleepless nights.
It will surely prepare us for the better.
Responsibilities will come in bushes.
Being pro-active is crucial.
Responsibilities are part of every day life.
I have had my share of some of it.
I am still getting more every day.
Is not going to be that easy.
Nothing ever is.
Get your amour and gear ready.
Be ready for the unexpected.
Careful for those snowball surprises.
Surprises do come in bunches and sometimes in punches.
Life is full of suspense.
At times it can be a mystery.
We don't have all the answers all the time.
It takes time at times.
Be patient and lenient.
We must always maintain to keep level headed.
As Joseph Conrad says; 'It is a survival of the fittest
Only the strong survive'.
The ride can be wild at times.
The tide can be fierce at times.
Hardship in life can be cruel and brutal.
Battleship is essential.
It is preferential to stay focus, composed and not decomposed.
But the perseverance of man is always in question.
We are all defined in how we approach our challenges of life.
In is our defining moment.
One must be self-defiance to all hurdles.
Defiant to all things that get in the way is essential.
I am learning everyday to be more perseverant.
Perseverance is key to life.
Not many can identify with being valiant to owning one's shadow.
Self-identity vs. Influence is always in the horizon.

It has been around for generations.
It is what really defines people.
To be our own individuality should be instrumental.
It is never the case for most people.
It is sad but true.
Always be you.
People should accept you for what you are.
You are special.
You are unique.
Your parents did a great job raising you.
You should be grateful.
I am grateful.
My parents did a good job themselves.
They cultivated me well and swell.
I am glad they prepared me to what is ahead of me.
Life has many steps.
Life has many challenges.
We are faced with different types of roads.
In each road we choose we always learning something new.
Some lessons are better than some.
Eventually we all learn from it.
Reality is crucial but vital in life.
It will define us much better in the long run.
While in school never loose a sense of self.
In each road you will be confronted or peer pressured.
You will witness many things.
You will learn many things.
You will grow and out grow.
But never loose your self-worth.
You are too valuable.
You mean something to someone.
If not now you will soon enough.
You are worth more of a pot of gold.
You should thank God for your existence.
You are the treasure of life.
You are my gift from God.
You are everything I never expected to have or see.
It is special to know that you are authentic,
Ready and gearing for a new chapter
And let's fly like a helicopter.

A Son's Wish

Father, oh dad; I think of you often.
I love you dearly. It's clearly how I feel.
I can barely feel the last thought of you.
I merely know thee.
Yet, you reject me.
You keep your distance.
By chance I hope we meet.
Yet, my hopes are slim and dim.
The coldness is brutal.
Why are you like that?
Why do you keep me with hunger?
Do you know they are many other kids like me?
I don't want to be like that.
Life was different when we were together.
We had it all.
We used to have a ball.
After you left the house.
We struggle.
There a throng of kids just like me suffering, hustling, Prostituting themselves to
make ends meet.
Older adults prey for us little ones.
I don't want to feel pressured to use and sell drugs.
Others kids do it on a daily basis.
I stole a loaf of bread the other day.
I felt horrible committing sin,
But I want to see another tomorrow.
Borrowed time is worthless, so tasteless.
I don't think, I am evil person.
I am trying to live just like you.
I didn't force you to make me.
I have your eyes.
I have your face.
I have your voice.
I have your hair.
Is it for my mom that you are like that with me.
Please, all I seek is a constructive relationship with you.
In order to have everything to last forever.
But please don't make me suffer anymore.
I am getting older now and time is running out on you.

Father, just hear my cry.
If you stay long enough,
I have a song to tell share with you.

Dan Quiles

Always Save A Prayer For Needy

Under the stars
Beneath the sky
Near the lake
The moon shines
Silent night
Some sleep
Some roam,
During the night
A lot tends to happen
Sun arises
People awaken
Movement grows
Under god's guide
A new day begins
Be grateful for this gift.
Due to our health, life, work, and food.
For a new challenge everyday.
Another day, one more time,
To conquer it all
Some work, study and play
While others take it slow
And just too easy
Day progresses and people
Are already complaining
Of tiredness, sleepiness, the weather,
Always save a prayer for all people
We all need each other regardless of social status and political views
Some do worst and complain about food, work, life
Its how countries suffer to have daily food,
Struggle to find work,
Have a worse time with life compared to the ones
in America compared to Africa
Its funny at times but sad and pathetic at the same time
The truth of the matter is
We should be grateful
Because some have it far worse in some poor country,
Always save a prayer for needy.
Already its time to come home
For some its not so sweet or a treat

Therefore some bury themselves onto their work and come late
Drink endless coffee that has made billions for Dunkin Donuts
and has made Starbucks the spot to hang out with friends
Folks are more overweight than ever before due to their struggles and emotional
state wide as a lake.
No family unity or much bonding
Life in America is what it is.
Busy and full of daily obligations
No time for family time
Quality time
It's the prime reason the divorce rate is are sky high.
Single parenting in households are more common
Children are being hurt because of it
Yet, some have a stable family household, some don't.
Resting time laying flat in a bed.
Thinking about debts, work, demands, family.
We all want to strive upward
Hoping for the ultimate best
We all have a zest for life
But constant worries brings constraints, stress
And less fun for life
So we all sleep w/headaches, stomach, depression and anxiety
It is our America we live in.
Always save a prayer for needy

Dan Quiles

Bonding In Family Is Key To Happiness

Kinship is the kind of membership
& Partnership that should be idolized &
Idealistically & preferential keep intact;
For the sake of the relationship.
In order to have stability, tranquility
and The aBility;
TO worship one's own actions.
Balance in life one must start w/one's blood.
That represents everything
Our kinship should always be worship.

Dan Quiles

Dame Solo Un Poco De Ti

Papa dame tu cariño
Tan inocente soy hoy.
Dame tu amor Adonde esta tu consciencia papa?
Ni una lata me has dado.
Ni una papa me has regalado.
No pido tanto.
Solo es mi derecho.
Es mi deseo.
Pero nunca lo recibire De ti.
Porque estas lejos y jamas eres capaz de tal amor. Tan tierno que tanto eh
deseado De un ideal papa.
Siento la urgencia del tiempo corriente.
Que solo existe en mis sueños.
Tristemente vivere.
Pero un dia voy a lograr de ser mejor papa que tu.

Dan Quiles

Dare To Be The Light

Smile a pile
of Tiles of Smiles.
Leave an imprint,
Leave your stamp
In the damp surface.
Race each moment as if your last.
Blast & bury w/fury your past.
Make your present last.
Leave a lasting affect.
Effectively deflect
& Always reflect the needs of others needs.
Weed out the root of the problem.
Make your omen to be part of the solution.
Leave a lasting paste taste in this world.

Dan Quiles

Daring Others

Being from the projects,
Nope, I wasn't a ghetto soldier,
Stuck selling myself onto drugs, gangs and prostitution.
Just a self-fearing warrior,
Blood running Taino soldier.
A possible Julia de Burgo descendant,
A Spanish-American war veteran descendant for sure,
An apple tree of minister's and great orator's,
From the Quiles clan,
Willing to fight for the just cause,
Determined and willing to follow my own dreams.
That elected his own path,
Putting each emotion and commotion,
In every portion as if my last.
Ready to cast
All doubters, baiters and haters,
Into full swing,
And give them my true bling, ring,
All I sought was individuality.
Outcast all probability and possibility.
In order to inspire in fire mode,
And let others desire their own thing,
That rings clings onto them.
We only live once.
Make each ounce of your existence,
Count for something.
You can be anything you desire,
Be all you can be.
Be firm.
Stay focus.
Be consistent.
Keep it real and don't be a bogus clown.
You will only drown yourself.
Stay active in your community.
Be proactive and take initiative.
Lets all work in a collaborative effort.
Lets build a positive rapport.
Share your blessings with others
But always stay alert as a hunter for the slick sick ones.

You can be an arsenal full of characteristics.
Build new skills and work on those foundations.
Full of spirit and desire.
It doesn't matter where you from
How you look like,
What makes you who you are
Is your based performance.
That will establish your legacy.
Go for it.
I dare you.
I am.
At least I will die trying.
Don't worry about mistakes and failures.
We all commit them.
Its okay.
It will help you in the long run.
Just try and be an arsenal of hope for self and others

Dan Quiles

Dear God

To keep plying to the lying is the ultimate deception of la la dream.
I don't want to fool myself and others any longer.
I could never be the next great one; but I'll continue battling as I was born to do.

I could never be a colossal composer as Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Vivaldi were..
I could never be a cyclopean writer as Hemingway, Cervantes, Hugo & Poe were.
I could never be a gargantuan poet as Neruda, Burgos, Dickinson, Dario and Poe.

I just don't want to be some mountain that is broad and mysterious as an oil painting.

I want everything to be vivid, notable, narrow as a sparrow can be.
I am tired of being an enigma and of hopeless thoughts

My time is now or never.

How could I have forgotten about GOD for so long
How foolish and disgraceful I have been. You are my ultimate helper.

Oh God, help me! Please help me live life again.
To think clearly and to be palpable onto your merciful eyes.
If my dreams don't come true then let me be a great Christian according to you.

Onto your hands I leave my complete will.

No Mas!

I'm all yours.

Dan Quiles

Dear Ian

On October 25th, of 2003
Saturday evening, right after class,
Tired, tensed, and overwhelmed.
Your mother called me with the notice of your grand debut.
As I was thrilled with great will.
I just ran like a speeding lion.
I ran so hard, that I forgot how heavy my bag was.
I even forgot how tired I was after a long day in school.
As the world moved on as usual.
Near Charles River, very cool night,
While, I awaited in the waiting room.
Seconds, minutes and hours passed by.
Then the World Series was going.
The last out of the game took place.
When finally, at 10: 55pm,
Ian was born with a bang!
What a sharp tang!
The beginning of a new era.
In the abyss of the heart an opera began to sing.
Our worlds changed forever ever.
Everything is/was seen with a new face.
Everything suddenly became different and so serene.
Everything is seen with a new set of eyes.
Filling all past void.
An emote hard to avoid.
Cultivating self endlessly and fruitlessly.
Revolutionizing our core worlds.
You have become my beautiful little butterfly.
You have become my heaven and earth.
A blessed birth.
My endless rainbow that flows into my crystal eyes.
The one that captivates the moments and leaves me with Goosebumps.
The one with the plain feet that, I like to tickle as a brat that I am.
You have even motivated me to dance with you even though
Some laugh at me and call me 'el loco'.
Quite frankly, you have become my new source of energy.
Leaving endless moist stamps.
That lamps & revamps all silent vamps.
Becoming and evolving as my new little, 'Champ'.

Making this camp a new happy foundation
Of stable generations to come.
A blissful penetration.
Becoming my new home a welcoming dome.
Your birth helped heal and stitch together my bond with your mom.
To better able channel ourselves.
To a road of recovery, healing and better dealings.
Making our journey a battle of wills and chills.
Spilling and filling what was lost was essential.
Beneficial and preferential to the kinship that was meant to be.
Today and tomorrow, I will forever love you.

Dan Quiles

Embracing The Present

Daring to make a difference
Willing to challenge authority,
Eager to face adversity, fight vs all forces,
Learning to believe in self,
Trusting one's strengths,
admitting too one's weaknesses,
Each day is my length of wisdom,
Leading to new opportunities,
To new roads, nothing is ever a given,
Nothing is ever as advertised,
Working forcefully, focused with what I have.
Circumstantial evidence makes us who we are.
Nothing else.

Dan Quiles

Franciscan's Hospital

Franciscans Hospital

Dim thin lights

Long white with endless halls

Full of terror;

Endless and defenseless torture.

Nurses are like militants.

Taking charge without compassion.

Getting down and dirty is only part of the territory.

Echoes of sadness and horrifying screams

Now and then succumbed by the stinging cc needles.

A disease that will never go away.

Voices are heard, flashbacks are seen:

Shawdowy figures are seen

All seems like reality but it is only their surreal world.

Most patients are emotionally distressed and depressed.

Some are Psychologically disturbed.

OThers are spiritually hurting.

When others are pretending to be sick

just to seek refuge from the real world.

Those are afraid of living life.

Often times, most of the sick ones are just plain sick

And no cure or therapy will ever cure the unpure disease of

Bipolar, depression, substance use disorder, schizophrenia and

The endless list of enemies of mankind.

Dan Quiles

From Heaven To Earth I

From Heaven to Earth,
An Angel came from heaven onto earth
A shooting star ricocheted onto my path.
To redirect, guide, embrace and protect me.
To push, hush and rush me onto what spiritually I had lacking.
I've so much thanking & clapping to do.
Since then, it has been a continual impact amongst us.
We have generated a friendship contract. Hoping that we never violate such pact.
Regardless what lies ahead we shall keep our bond intact. Regardless, what
awaits us tomorrow;
Lets never borrow any more time, but continue making a difference. Living in the
present is to be appreciative in the presence of God.
Let the bond be a true glow.
Lets wow the world.
Let's make a vow and never bow @ each other.
That will bind us forever in the blowing wind.
That will always fly high and aim right.
That our future be a true delight.
A flight to the upcoming light.
A brighter, less tighter and lighter path.
To always show that not everything will be in vain.
Or just a pain with no gain.
That we can throw all negativity And make all things a positivity.
That, we'll fight endlessly within the battle of wills.
The beans may spill;
But let's never let our hearts dropp like some crop of fruit.
That we can show to the world that it is ok to seek God.
That it is ok to be God's child.
It should be a gift.
It is a blessing.
It is a given.
An angel came onto my life to spread the seeds Of redemption, love, forgiveness
and hope.
In many ways you are the gardener I needed in my garden.
Instilling the necessary ingredients and nutrients that were missing. Now, all I
am wishing is to do the same.
Not seeking any fame but play the gam`

From Heaven To Earth Ii

From heaven to earth,
You came and now you are gone.
I thought, I would keep such flower.
What, a sun-flower!
Flame-thrower.
A shower of blessings
So, shy, bold, graceful, fey, modest Self-conscious and domineering. You will
always bloom.
I can see you fly in a broom.
You will always shine And be all a gold mine.
No question about that.
Letting go;
Has been a devastating blow.
The keys have been thrown,
Its whereabouts are so unknown,
What a facial frown.
The saddest of it all I have hit a wall.
Gosh, it is so tall.
Should I fall?
Or should I jump such hump Gees, what a great mass of trials of lumps. Just the
smell of its ever fragrance,
Will help me keep things in perspective.
In the most respective and elective way.
Now, I must continue onto the walk way.
Continuing being brave in this new day.
Making new waves and hoping for stronger rays.
May the sun shine and direct my way or at least show me the highway. Doesn't
matter what happened yesterday or the prior day.
All that matters now is what we have today.
Conquer it today before the sun goes away.
I will forever remember such sunflower.
Thanks to angels transformed in an exquisite flowers
I must believe in the beauties of heaven and earth.

Dan Quiles

From Heaven To Earth Iii

From heaven to earth,
Someone in the unknown;
In the high mountains, shadowy valleys,
Clouds loom;
The heart goes boom boom.
Where shall I find room?
For the endless boom.
Now don't show me the broom just yet.
Because I have room to groom the boom boom.
Because life is a rhythm.
It goes in stages,
Phases in slow races At times it dances
And traces back to a new beginning.
What a spark!
My kind of lark.
Is leaving an unsettling mark.
Although, I feel like the size of an ark
The heart feels like a bate for the hungry shark.
To chose or not to choose.
Making, for the taking,
Endless shaking and creating.
Developing, manufacturing fresh aroma
Leaving one in such a coma.
Now that is no bromo.
Please God; keep leaving commas in my life.
I want to keep getting the high fives in order to thrive.
I don't need any dots to end our journey of adventure
Lets keep it as a venture and never a denture.
I would think it would be for the taking.
Which would be my world of the unmaking.
Is too much work in the unmasking.
Leaving a trail of evidence behind.
Which will bind.
You are my gift.
That brought a soul a lift.
In my lifetime,
I've felt a lot of drift rift.
Unlike anything,
I feel a change of shift.

It is an angel that came:
Mutual friendship is what we became.
Already you've taught and caught me in spurts of surprises.
Have given me the greatest lesson of it all.
That, 'caring is sharing, sharing is definitely caring',
'Daring is enduring, enduring is definitely daring.'
Loving is manufactured in many ways.
Creating long constructive highways and driveways.
For the awaiting broad road that lurks.
Preparation in life takes many steps and reps.
Options in life is our own caption to existence.
Thank you for given me a new meaningful day.
That is why I believe in Angels that come
From heaven to earth.

Dan Quiles

I Wish You Knew

I wish you knew
What I have inside,
The love for you,
I cannot hide,
The way I feel,
I cannot explain,
I give you the world,
If you felt the same,
To be sure is a good thing,
But to be mind-gobbling thing,
All I can say to you,
Is that I love you,
And that I'll care for you
More than yesterday and the day before that.
I wish you knew how much more.

Dan Quiles

It Is What It Is

Already it has been one day
and I urge to see you already
not too far away.
I urge to touch you once again
and not just daydream about it.
I urge to kiss you tightly
and not take the moment lightly.
Moments like these I become desperate
but at the same time liberated
To express and not too get depressed. Social Sacrifice Reshaping our future
Takes great sacrifice,
It takes away part
Of our social livelihood,
It takes away valuable time from family,
friends and love ones.
Nothing is ever easy,
It takes persistence,
Determination, strong will, confidence, preparation
And a little coldness and boldness
2 achieve a better tomorrow & fruitful today.

Dan Quiles

Locked In A Cell

Locked in a cell,
nowhere to go,
sleepless nights,
wondering and pondering
of what I took or granted.

Locked in a cell,
hearing the pounding's
and yelling's of each
wicked cell.

Locked in a cell,
wanting nothing else,
but to be with family,
friends and to feel free.

Locked in a cell,
hoping and praying,
that once again, I
can feel
the cool breeze.

Dan Quiles

Moving On

Onto me came a gift.
It brought such a soul lift. In my lifetime,
I've felt a lot of drift rift.
Unlike anything,
I feel a change of shift.
It is an angel that came:
Mutual friendship is what we became.
Already you've taught and caught me in spurts of surprises.
Have given me the greatest lesson of it all.
That, 'caring is sharing, sharing is definitely caring',
'Daring is enduring, enduring is definitely daring.'
Loving is manufactured in many ways.
Creating long constructive highways and driveways.
For the awaiting broad road that lurks.
Preparation in life takes many steps and reps.
Options in life is our own caption to existence.
Thank you for given me a new meaningful day.
Today is more meaningful than yesterday.
Laying yesterday like a fallen leaf.
Gaining new relief to my new day.

Dan Quiles

My Second Trip To Mexico City, September Of 2000

Being my second trip to Mexico City. It attracts me compellingly and convincingly. I don't know what kind of magnetic power it has over me. I feel it calling my soul. Is it a magical voice? Could it be a change of scenery? The people? Humbleness? Work Ethics? The food? The women? I feel that, I am attracted to a whole different world. I can always use a fresh environment. Mexico City, is full of poverty, history richness, That I could ever imagined. Here everybody is scrapping for a peso. So many people hustling out there in 'el metro' That is crazy to the point. People are just selling just about everything; From a crayon, sandals, to a pair of batteries. Mexican people, really are hardworking Mexican's. Unfortunately, the poverty level is low, That little children are put on the streets selling goods. Education is not a priority, but money sure is its livelihood. The extra peso makes all the difference in the world. Through the eyes of an child's, I read volumes of their pains and loss, I can only cry within and say: 'Oh God why? , 'Why them? ' 'Why so much poverty? ' Why the children? Why the elderly? I ask so many analytical questions I don't seem to find adequate answers to any of them. I try giving them my best smiles. It seems like a path of extreme miles. I try giving them food. I try to do all I can. I once invited an elderly grandmother and her small granddaughter named Selena To my hotel room, so they could take their shower. They had a little puppy with them. All three of them took showers. They left my hotel bathroom filthy, but I didn't care. I just could bare the sight of dirtiness. My heart was full of joy and content ness. Afterwards, I bought like 10 tortillas with chopped chicken. Soon, they left and kept walking to the directions I got them from. Next day, I was looking for them to see if they wanted to have lunch with me, But I was saddened to search for hours without any stroke of luck. I know, I can't save the world, I can't stop children from being hungry, Or stopped them from crying, but at least I try making a difference. Leaving a stamp in someone's soul is what life is all about. Leaving a positive mark in someone's soul is the best gift you can ever give. Value, fairness, understanding, sharing one's blessings is the ultimate Giving what we should all be doing in our existence.

Dan Quiles

My Usual Walking Journey

My Usual Walking Journey

In order to expressed and not repressed
Each walk is badly needed in order to feel refreshed
For the sake of the mental health.
Let go of all the stress and feel less useless and hapless.
All I seek in life is a bill of wealth of health.
And stay away from the ever being shelved.
All I seek is continual liberty to write for God's delight.

Walking long times at a time.
Each minute is my time of lime.
My moment of self in order to replenish.
It is when I relish the moment.
In which I never seem to lament.
It is when I know, I have new materials to generate from.
With so much exhilarating anxiety to work in the arts.
In parts to full full my inner attacks to always show.
And glow with the available paper and watery ink.
As long as I am alive, I will continue feeling rosy pink.
Feeling good as if, wearing a coat mink, with my stacks of pens and bondless
reams of paper.

During my usual walk,
I hear my heart talk,
I hear voices of people, the bible's spirit voice whispering.
My thoughts at times can be full of smoking chalk.
I can feel it overwhelming at times.
The wind encourages me to keep walking onward,
I see paths of many choices,
I see many people, I see their depth of great needs,
Their pain is what I feed off, It helps me to pray for those in need.
It helps me understand and appreciate the little, that I have.
It helps me comprehend where I came from.
My roots will always be remembered.
My appreciation will always be intact.
With my constant reminder of my old roots.

The other night, I was walking in the neighborhood, I grew up.

I felt a lot of tension and apprehension from some.
I felt resentment of my presence.
I didn't care, I was coming home again.
I will always come back to kiss it and say hello and refresh my memories.
Below all circumstances and continual twisted paths,
I will forever visit Lenox Street Proyects.
Come and go, The seasons may change,
I will come back to say, 'hello'.
Now, today, I have a better acknowledgement and feel of my very beginning.
Reflection of my past will always be impressions that left me a lasting damp
stamp.
So, usually my walking journeys is a self reflection of self, that has great
theraupetic value of itself.

Dan Quiles

Oh Beautiful

Oh beautiful, oh Beautiful,
How bountiful,
You are plentiful,
Always lighting up my day,
Make my life a wild one,
Please keep rolling on with me,
And I will make your wildest dream come true
I wont disappoint you now.
I have learned my many lessons.
Don't go away forever.
Never again shall I take anything for granted.
I feel one more chance is warranted.
I wont take things for granted,
All I ever sought was to be wanted.
Taking you for granted was a foolish thing.
I miss the phone continuous rings,
Oh beautiful, oh beautiful you are forever more.
Come back home and I will never make you see night again.

Dan Quiles

One Dropp Of Blood

One dropp of blood In the streets
And already you can hear
The tear of the cries and sense the pain
Nothing more to gain.
One dropp of blood,
And everybody is on the move
For cover all fearing for life.
One dropp of blood,
In the city and already
The coppers are on the move.
A second too late,
A minute too late.
One dropp of blood
And what a shameful place We all live in.
One dropp of blood
In the cold city of Boston,
The media going bananas.
The commish feeling the heat
And the cities beat
One dropp of blood,
In every second
For the sake of tomorrow,
We should unite as a one
And work cohesively together.

Dan Quiles

Overcoming Rejection

The strong root of rejection
Leaves a clear projection
Of things to come and become
Is not a feeling one should call home.
It is a road that is too broad and hard to unload.
Overcoming it is a challenge itself.
Taking a first step of healing and moving onward is beneficial.
Then answers is not always in man or in therapy.
It must sought and fought to someone higher and powerful.

The root of rejection comes from many roots already planted.
It is a constant struggle of security vs. insecurity.
It is something no one likes to speak openly.
It is what makes others feel uncomfortable.
A lot of times people feel an unease and act inappropriately.
In that process people can be morally or immorally wrong.
Most are in self-denial about this issue.

Perception in rejection is not always a fact.
We must unveil all revelation in time.
Communication should bring clarification,
It should take us to a better negotiating position.
But if we have a wall of protection,
It will only bring blocks of tumble & stumble.
If there is no humble then there will be a within crumble.
Then our pride will take us to a dead end.
We must learn to defend and not offend.
We must learn to be open minded and try to believe.

'Causes of rejection:

Unwanted conception, perception of others, lack of attention,
Contemplated or attempted abortion, Comparison with another sibling, a loss of a
love one, adoption, abandonment, abuse (physical, verbal, sexual, emotional) ,
lack

Of love, being a victim of circumstances, peer rejection, turmoil
Within home, marriage rejection, unfaithfulness, loss of job.' The Root of
Rejection by P. Joyce, Pg.22

'Major results of the root of rejection:

Rebellion, anger, bitterness, guilt, inferiority, poor self-image,
Escapism, judgmentally, Poverty, fear of all types, hopelessness, defensiveness,
Hardness, distrust, disrespect, Competition, jealousy & perfectionism. Pg 25.

Many people were rejected such as:

Martin Luther King Jr. was rejected for his moral and religious beliefs.

Jesus was rejected, spit, mistreated, and despised.

Mothers have been rejected and are mostly single parents.

Women are rejected & back lashed in society as a force to be reckoned with.

Apostle Paul was unjustly imprisoned and hated for his Christian firm stance.

Nelson Mandela was crudely jailed for almost thirty decades for his anti-apartheid views.

Human beings have experienced sorrow and pain through rejection.

These beings made great adjustments to deal with such destructive rejection.

They didn't give up hope but fought. Perhaps we all have fallen and it has taken us awhile to get up but eventually we all get up. Some longer than others.

Dan Quiles

Poems From Mexico 1999

In every ending there is a beginning.
The movement of 1910, started a new chapter.
Benito Juarez, a good lawyer, who fought for the indigenous.
A civil rights fighter, a biter for the truth vs the Catholic Church and injustices
The aristocrat of the great Mexico.
Long lasting inning. In every beginning there is a start of life.
To live is to consummate what the higher Source has for us.
To construct and destruct,
But produce constructively and productively.
To full fill such obligations and evolutions of life Is to be part of every ending and
beginning.
To experience the moment and to enrich self from it
Is the ultimate reward to man kind.
To walk amongst the people,
Is it called freedom or is it our own imprisonment?
So many sadness, so much poverty,
So much ignorance, so much abuse, so much selfishness,
So much rejection, so much obstacles.
So many this and so many that.
But what happens when deep down within One doesn't feel so free.
It seems like one is a sponge.
Being absorbed through an unknown force What could it be?
Could it be the forethought that dominates all our doings?
Or is it that we try to hard to be so noble
And perfect in this civilized world,
Yet, we still remain poor and ugly as a whore.
If we can call it like that.
I believe strongly that all homosapiens Looks for peace, belonging, bliss, faith,
But overly all it is a struggle to proceed and excel.
Without proper resources and reliable institutions.

Dan Quiles

Querida Mia

Cuando te veo, eres como un resplandor,
Un calor pero bien rico y tico.
Caliente hacia mi y que calentura tan bueno siento.
Muchas veces con ver los labios de fresa,
Que me afrentan en mi plena juventud.
Mucha alegria para mi corazon
De conocer mi muñeca favorita y chavalita.
El tiempo pasa y que emocion siento
Que aliento siento.
Que amor y cariño siento por ti.
Es que tengo confianza en tu amor
Estoy seguro de ti.
Como tu de mi.

Dan Quiles

Quisqueya La Bella

If you are my heavenly god mother
(mother of my earth)
My god-mother, my heavenly father,
My sweet tooth, what a boost!
From the Taino origin,
From the coast, that toast, boast itself,
The most exquisite country,
The best dishes that makes one wishing for more
A country with a beautiful face
A history rich of many tales,
An expressive voice,
Talented and full figures,
A face of many colors
That I adore for its culture
& favor for its qualities
that have much too offer
I was blessed and fortunate
To have met 'La Quisqueya la Bella'
I am grateful, so thankful, to have met
A handful of a bountiful,
That has full filled a soul
With many memories to last, cast
A lifetime of thank you's
My brave quisqueya la bella;
I will forever love.

Dan Quiles

Redemption

Once a man could not sleep a single tingle bleep.
He felt like a lonely sheep.
His heart could only beep beep and only meant one thing; flip flop, bip bop in the art of tip top of clip crop.
Could it be his conscious going tin tin tin?
His contemplations were deeply annoying as the noisy sheep.
His heart was pounding, hounding, and aching furiously.
It was not letting him sleep a single bleep.
He would say to himself;
'Please keep this bleeping feeling.
I don't want to weep any longer.'
He tried effortlessly, but he could not.
He knew, that only God could peek through the clouds and see through them.
Only God can lick his wounds of the soul and restore peace & order in his life.
God then said; 'Stop being so foul to self and just believe and soon enough you shall feel relief.
He tried being strong among and along the trial of tribulations but at times it was not the case.
He knew perfectly clear that he was no one without the higher source of power.
It was already past midnight, and it felt like a mourning state of being, his heart aches, shakes, speaks, ticks, thwacks and thwart in vertigo dances like a whirl-swirl storm, so, un-norm.
'So many people demand and command so much from me' as he would say within himself.
I feel so washed and trashed away.
I don't know why? .
'I know why? ' said; God,
'You left me awhile ago.
You wanted to live your life without me, and now you realize you can't live without me.'
I feel abandoned by so many people sort of like an orphaned.
I feel part of the dust and full of crust.
God responds; 'I never left you'.
The unknown man says;
'Only God can see how I truly feel.
I mistrust people so much and I don't why.'
I am asking God more than ever to give me the inner strength to continue battling with self.
To continue giving me the values, courage and true integrity to being the capable

self I know I can be.

I want to be a light to God's delight.

I want to serve God to the fullest even if I crack at times.

I want to please my God, even if I am not the perfect one.

I want to try and never give up in his own observation.

I want to do everything under reverence with dignity and pride.

I pray endlessly in order that I not fall like a dropping ball.

I shall continue battling within jungle.

Joseph Conrad once wrote; 'only the fiercest will survive in the jungle/only the strong will survive'.

In this world is not about how perfect, pretty or what you have accomplished in life.

It is about how many times you can overcome and withstand adversity and continue fighting versus the flesh with dignity, humility and pride. This is an endless battle amongst the full cattle.

Only in the end only those that are still standing will be fully compensated by the God himself.

Keep fighting even if the world is falling like a rolling ball.

Let everything fall for you.

I will certainly catch you in time of need.

I will help you carry the load.

Never loose hope and because I will never abandon you or my beloved children.

He is too great and too loving to leave us alone.

Believe in him and he shall come through.

Trust in him like David, Samson, Moses, Paul and Jonah.

These were great men in God's eyes who accomplished so many things in their respective lives, yet, they failed God so many times.

Yet, our God is so merciful that he let them redeem themselves over and over again to shine under God's glory.

If he did it for them he can certainly do it for you and I, he talked to himself.

Repent and confess your sins and God will not pin his fury onto you.

He is also wants us to devote and provoke new spiritual growth in this journey in order to be stable and more than able in this jungle of the beasts.

With God anything is possible as little David accomplished against Goliath.

Believe and you shall receive.

Never underestimate yourself.

You are special under God's presence and essence.

He will never abandon you.

He will certainly test you as the gold is tested under the test of fire, but it is only that you get better and become much more solid and better molded.

God wants warriors in this journey where the few walk.

He wants valiant servants that serve him well.

He doesn't seek perfection in us but that we seek him fully and never give up on ourselves.

To redeem self is to reward yourself fully.

We all deserve a 2nd and a 3rd chance in life.

There is nothing greater and better than redeeming self.

It is when we shine through the clouded skies that we can see things in a positive and in constructive perspective.

God then finally said; 'your redemption to being set free is your door to eternal Salvation.

A solution many are afraid to take.

Justification is not the aberration way to go.

It is what the devils want you to think.

Your life long dedication will be questioned,

but then again, in the end, I will judge you for all your actions and not man.

I am the higher authority and not man'

Then the stranger just closed his eyes and started to renew his votes to his Creator as he wept.

A few hours later, he reopened his eyes to only see the sun rays shine throughout his room.

Knowing full well a new journey awaited him.

Dan Quiles

Reflection Of Then And Now

Born & raised in the hood;
First established in 1964,
South End Community Development
Who helped renovate 83 abandoned buildings in Boston's South End. Soon they merged with Greater Boston Community Development.
To expand in the whole metropolitan neighborhood.
Later, they would be best known as Boston Housing Authority (BHA) . The largest landlord in Boston.
The largest Public Housing Authority in New England.
BHA, provided our families and many others
Stability, affordable housing to low income families.
All my livelihood.
Boyhood.
Brotherhood.
Manhood.
Fatherhood.
Parenthood.
Statehood.
Livelihood.
From 1975-94 On the famous red bricks.
Right on Lenox Street.
In the South End/Roxbury area.
Whom didn't always meet, greet, treat us fairly.
Mostly especially to Puerto Ricans.
It is were I learn to be a man and learn tricks.
That was a bit slick, sick, thick, wick, flick.
And at times, I felt like crap and so much trapped.
And of course, I was quick to pick
As my con skills became my trade.
And I became sharp as a blade.
There was nothing to brag,
Because in the end,
I felt like a rag, drag dirty bag.
In the end, I had to be resilient to peer pressure
And become my own individual. □
2.□
I used to be called little Mick For Irish white kid
Soon, they found out I spoke Spanish
Then I was called little spic.

And that alone tick me off,
But at least I wasn't a gay chick.

3.

Being from the ghetto;
And as I got older;
Helped structured, frame, and developed me
To have a passion, compassion for lonely & dusty books that look Incredibly
enticing and nourishing to the soul.
It was my escape.
My freedom.
My own kingdom.
My palace.
My real education unlike Boston High School.
Took place in the local library of the South End,
That helped me get away & fly away within my own imaginations. Helped me
recover my time loss.
And nurtured me with the needs,
That would help me weed,
Feed my own deed.
Create my own seed.

In this journey I can only thank my caring parents Antonio & Juanita
And a beloved Social Worker, mentor & friend Tony de Jesus.
For their endless encouragement and show me the value of Proper education and
moral values.

For helping me pledge and ledge new steps
That would eventually convert to continual reps.

4.

On another note: I grew up on Spam Ham
I envision myself running on a lam;
From all that spam ham.
At times I felt a little sham.
It wasn't all that, but it was food.
Also, we used to eat a lot of peanut butter & jelly
It was our treat.

We ate it like meat.
Sort of like trick & treat.
My brothers and I would fight for the jelly and bread;
Poor Wonder Bread!

5.

Now, I grew up watching single parents
Harassing the mail man day in and day out.
To see if the stamps would come in.

Camping out.
Mapping and timing every second.
No! Not the mail stamps,
But food stamps.
Each time it would lamp
Their souls and fill a desire need
To feed Their hungry children,
That looked like anxious pilgrims.
Some families abused the system,
Of the office of welfare.
Some needed it to survive the abnormalities of living.
It sure helped our family jump that lump in our lives.
I am grateful they are programs that help families in need.
It is unfortunate others give welfare/food-stamps a bad name.

6.

In addition, the hood was full of coach roaches
Encroaching, witching, lynching, the whole apartment.
It was part of the home setting that was yuck,
With not much luck.
Especially at night when one used turn the lights on;
One could see them everywhere running wild
Like a speeding cattle in a middle of a battlefield.
Forget about having them yield to humanity.
What an unstoppable force.
If one left a cup full soda overnight, they would all hang out like ants
All over the cup in order taste the sugar.
Sugar lovers.
It was never beneficial and preferential to have them
Since it left stains on the tall walls and eggs everywhere.
The most embarrassing moment was having guests around And seeing a damn
cucaracha scattered around with ease across the wall, Having a ball in these
stained walls.
And one wishes that the guest wouldn't see them.
Getting all weakness, what a stillness, tightness, and motionless moment.
What a pit, hit, spit, bit shit.
I used to torture them by smashing and trashing them with my feet.
And that alone was my inner treat and my own feat under the drumbeat.

7.

For instance,
Loud music was the norm
A form of entertainment.
Enjoying life.

Enjoying the moment.

A way of representing their black & latino culture.

Although most thought we were like vultures.

Hip hop, rap, salsa, merengue was our music.

Some wanted to be wishing, witching, hissing, and pissing

Our own likings.

It wasn't the case; instead it became part of us.

Music was what got youths in a real groove.

It became their everyday rhythm.

Part of the arts.

That caps a map of opportunities and possibilities for the younger generation.

8.

Another classic example:

Graffiti, break dancing and the Arts was part of our every day ray.

It was part of our culture.

Some saw it as a sin or invaluable measurement.

I always saw it as an immeasurable volume of talent

That was content & eager to express, and not too repress and just let the community aware of

The entity of its rich talent within their society.

To this day,

Too much focus in foreign affairs while our domestic issues are hurting badly.

It is hurting our society.

More than ever the youths need support & necessary resources.

Most of the youths are fatherless, motherless, empower less, homeless, reach less, loss, their need to survive has become pointless.

So, most of them turn to drugs, gangs, cults, violence, suicide, or become a run-away,

And that is the reason there is so much problems in the world of juveniles.

No support and too much preaching and teaching but never any reaching.

Therefore, the arts have proven to be a positively constructive.

To be devoted in the arts is to see less crime & suicide on the rise. Youths need more than ever valuable resources, qualified and passionate professionals to help.

Respectable materials to study,

not some old and outdated text.

Access to personal computer in each classroom setting for the benefit of any teaching model.

To provide for each child and youth will be beneficial and essential in every precocious state.

To provide is show a celebration of life.

A way to give to others.

It gives new hope and fresh insight and new perspective.

To support the creative arts is to save the young generations and those yet to come.

9.

I learned about work ethics From my grandfather:

Eduardo Quiles;

Best known as: 'Lua'.

Life was brutal.

My grand dad and I worked as a team.

We would go around in every corner, every single garbage trash can Looking for a five cent cans or bottles.

Which meant a possible potential earning.

Getting our hands dirty on a disturbing summer time.

Being laughed at by neighboring kids.

Seeing other kids have fun in little leagues,

Having fun, really bothered & disturbed me greatly.

Nevertheless, I learned so much.

We earned a bunch,

It meant eating out for lunch.

It also meant we could and would munch all we could eat in buffet style with exhilarating feeling,

Knowing full well, that today was dandy As a candy.

It was a way to survive for us and others as well.

It was not always swell,

But it was a way to live honorably and respectably.

In which in the end we never harbored any ill Will.

Gracias Abuelo.

10.

I have seen and read a lot of negativity Via media, politicians and journalism as a whole Only promoting crime, failure in youths,

Never anything positive or a success story.

Who wants to be in an entry level positions with low wages?

State dream jobs are being prohibited

Simply because of someone's past.

Should someone be judge for there past or for their current success a comeback that has left an embarking stamp to their struggling ladder? Do we know their reasoning behind their past circumstances.

How can we judge and label others.

How can we easily hurt the youths and young adult's future?

If we don't believe in them, then who will?

Who will give them a chance in society if we are so easy to condemn. We all want to be someone.

Who doesn't?

Not just be anybody but productive citizens in this world.

We want to succeed, proceed and excel in life.

Only give us a chance.

Not a close door.

Don't cut their dreams back.

Like a shark attack.

11.

Where are the churches when we need them.

The churches used to be like a powerful government.

The true force.

The movement.

The pavement for the future.

It was the elite One.

Full of influence and power.

People had a preference & reverence in the churches.

What happened to the loss of credibility.

The ability to make a difference.

Mixed messages to the public.

Swirled with controversy.

Hidden sexual and fraud scandals.

A lot of hypocrites have hurt the heart of the church.

We hear a lot of positive messages but not enough acting.

Am I over reacting or is it the truth?

Why can't we be productive church goers and make an impact in our Local neighborhoods.

Why can't we provide quality time to the kids.

They need our assistance and persistence.

Lets sacrifice some social time.

Community service is key.

Lets pray and work together.

Lets show society that there are solutions.

There are better ways in dealing with us/we.

12.

Now lets get to little Snoopy.

Snoopy was the mean little Chihuahua

Around the labyrinth neighborhood

Tormenting the whole hood.

What a storm of torment.

Stood tall for many years.

He was quick, swift to the exaggerated point.

Scaring and chasing the little kids.

The sound of its snarl, growl and barks were terribly terrifying.
As we grew to manhood.
Adulthood was passable.
Manageable.
We started bullying the damn thing around.
We would start throwing all sorts of things to that thing.
It usually didn't work out that well with those sharp teeth & wit.
I remember vividly once kicking the damn devil so hard.
He flew across the street only to give me a mean lean look And showing off its sharp teeth.
Only to get angrier and hungrier.
He was no treasure.
Now the pressure was on him.
Snoopy was never the tormentor
But the tormented Cemented in his head that we were the boss now. The measure of its height no more.
It wore thin now.
And one day just like that; he was gone like the wind.

13.

Family is the kind of membership
That needs careful attention.
Our Puerto Rican family was & is a close knit.
Tight, loud and real proud.
Back in the days; only blacks and Puerto Ricans existed in the hood. At least in that part of the hood.
The Afro-Americans and Puerto Ricans
Had only one thing in common:
Mainly we were part of the minority percentages.
In addition, we were proud of our rich heritage; (language, skin, size, sports talents and etc.) .
Even though there was so much conflict, competition, misunderstanding, Tension and friction amongst ourselves. Idealistically and preferentially
We got along better than with the White folks.
For the sake of future relationships
We had to work on stability In order to have Tranquility and the ability To worship one's own actions.
Was to withdraw all possibility and probability for the long road ahead of us.
Reputation is our legacy.
To much pride as wide as Washington & Tremont St. put together. Balance in life must start with one's own blood.
It is the flood of the blood that represents everything we're.
Kinship should always be worshiped,

But also we must treat each other like family.

In end we are all one. We should be one.

14.

Love should be like a flying dove.

It must drive past all lust Overcome all lust, dust, and bust

And be true, pure, to all colors.

We must learn to show support,

Positive rapport,

Make constructive reports,

Build a foundation of stability built ports

That can last our past generations

And become an endless evolution

And our exception And justification to work,

Humbly and cohesively Without any interruption,

But an endless eruption,

Edification of endless connection

To all people, given them Options and opportunities,

That will benefit ALL,

That is what love should represent

To our neighboring ones.

15.

Remembering summer camps,

I remember learning new skills such as:

Fishing, swimming, painting, hunting, calligraphy, survival skills, kayaking,
mountain climbing, and cooking,

Besides learning a whole new world. It also meant being away from the city. It
meant smelling fresh air.

Being close to the ocean.

So close to mother nature.

Now that's poetry.

A flair of new serene.

Personally a therapeutic value.

It also meant working with a diverse groups,

It meant networking with new kids from similar background.

The whole experience was very sacred grounds.

It kept me in good ground.

There was so much a sense of community, Wholeness.

16.

Growing up, one felt and observed about all sorts of rejection.

Our world is so full of imperfection.

Rejection is to feel dejection

The strong root of rejection Leaves a clear projection

Of things to come and become Is not a feeling one should call home.
It is a road that is too broad and hard to unload.
Overcoming it is a challenge itself.
Taking a first step of healing and moving onward is beneficial. Answers is not
always in others but in self.
In this world we must at times stand alone as an elf.
The root of rejection comes from many roots already planted.
It is a constant struggle of security vs. insecurity.
What's the point of having tons of friends if none are true friends. Where are the
friends we need them.
What do u prefer quantity or quality?
It is something no one likes to speak openly.
It is what makes others feel uncomfortable.
A lot of times people feel unease and act inappropriately.
In that process people can be morally or immorally wrong.
Most are in self-denial about this issue.
Perception in rejection is not always a fact.
We must unveil all revelation in time.
Communication should bring clarification,
Our options in rejection is to accept it and move on
And try being stronger, overcoming all backstabbers,
Looking at the other side of the road that awaits us with open arms. Learning
and growing is the key to our path.
Don't pay too much mind in having others accept and praise you.
You don't need others to accept you.
As long as you praise God he will always accept you just as you are. You are an
exquisite instrument onto his eyes.
You are his jewel.
He will take care of you.
He will never abandon you.
He will take away all roots of rejection.
God never rejects anyone or anybody.
We are the ones who reject him.
Even I have rejected him only to come back to him for restoration and
edification.
We must learn to trust in our Creator.
He can only change our ways of feelings.
In the end he is only ONE whom we should serve.
Our responsibility should be with God.
It is the only thing that matters.
Believe in the power of prayer and you shall feel much better.
Lets take other's people examples and embrace it as an inspirational instrument.

Redemption, edification though mediation is the solution to our salvation
For the sake of our mental health and ever evolving soul.

17.□

Finally, I have awoken from my morning reflection I sense a new light of
direction.

Sorry, it wasn't no erection

But a sporadic thought.

Deep penetration of contemplation and election Of waking up now with new
perspective Innovative vision and respective Status to my name.

I may never have fame.

I don't seek it,

But it doesn't mean I am all that lame.

At least, I will never bring shame

To my family's name.

18. Now I have found my voice.

Not by choice or by chance,

But by the Joyce Of my own grace.

Still I must keep my poise.

My choice to write, generate creatively

Is my peace & joy Hoping it will be my ploy.

Through self motivation, inspiration,

A little self-reservation and preservation,

I face a path of many windows of opportunities.

I am not timid anymore. I am not even frigid either.

I am fully content with being a service to others.

I am proud of the placid self that has developed

With skills that are billed and grilled

For: reaching, teaching, preaching, pitching, stitching

And approaching who are less fortunate.

That need a little guide, abide by constant encouragement.

Less discouragement.

Better life and time management.

And more friendlier smiles and positive pep talks.

I know we all need a little push.

I will always be there to rush and crush

And bust all negativity and bring options and hope in order to cope with life.

I am there for you.

You are there for me.

We can grow together.

We can help each other along the way.

There will be many chapters in our lives.

Just hang in there.

I am here. Where? There!
Just believe.
Real friends are far and few.
I embrace it.
I welcome it.
I am loving it right now.
Do you?

19. I tried being firm in the test of time. Now
, I don't give a dime, Wasn't all that lime. Life doesn't always rhythm. Becoming
a survivor became an attribute. It is my self tribute. My only trusting mate And
eventually my fate Word is that those that come from public housing Are bound
for failure. I am no failure. I am one of the few. That is no Jew, but golden
jewel. Hell with the percentages and the odds. I am fighting for the ultimate
dream. So can you. □ 20. In 1994, I thought I would finish college soon After
I got off from High School. It has been challenging road. An endless struggle. An
Odyssey. Many surprises. Many lessons learned. A hurdle never imagined. One
learns many things. The brush with fate has taught me many things. Mostly
about: Self-Discovery. Self-Recovery. Self-Development. Total Redemption.
Forgiveness. Personal, Professional & Academic growth. An endless
metamorphosis. Nine years have passed and now I have only two semesters left
to finish What I started many years ago. I haven't always taken advantage of
many available doors. I have been a fool in that regard. Don't you do the same.
As I have evolved, so have my hunger to improve my self-status. I feel like an
aging wine. Ready to dine And make my world mine A fine moment to truly
shine. Ready to enshrine What should have been mines long ago. Historically,
poetically, locally, partially, Circumstantially, prophetically, it is our Duty, to not
get all moody & down about our own circumstances, But make a stand, land
firmly and bravely to our feet. No matter how steep it is. No matter how wet it is;
we must always Seek a balance & order to find stability and tranquility for the
sake of self. The ability of the frailty that waits in our curvy roads. It may be
abroad but we must never loose sight of what is. And what could be.

Dan Quiles

Rock Of All Rocks

Like a ocean wave,
Friends come and go.
It is the common trend.
It seems to never bend.
In a blink of an eye it's like that.
A passing breeze.
A temporary freeze.
Unlike a Kodak cheese.
Life teaches you to be brave.
One must have the fighting spirit of brave heart.
All I have is my belief.
It gives me a strong serene relief.
Let me be like the flying leaf.
Blow wind under me.
Let me glow under you.
I crave ever goodness and let me always glow.
To show goodness through you.
Be the light through the clouds.
Composure of life lessons is essential Instrumental and preferential. Friends
come and go
But in the end is my Rock of all Rocks
That gives me the loaded stock
Of a wealthy, healthy and lengthy strength
To an infinite emotional length,
That has so much depth.
I may have felt the impact of sad-bad shock,
I may have been a low-lad.
At times I may have felt like an empty colorless block,
Lonely in a pack amongst a loaded flock.
But, in the end, it will be my Rock of all Rocks
That will be there to embrace me
And show me the way.
Anyway, away I go to lay New hope to cope through the waving waves. May I
smack and spank all nerving disturbing turbulence that comes onto my way.
Always letting and betting that the Rock will be there to be my rest stop. With
that alone, I can always rely in that spot.
Thanks, for always being my Rock of all Rocks.

Running Again

I lost it all by a second,
Hurting inside real bad,
I am a sad lad.
I wish I had that one back.
Hearing the roaring crowd and some boos
Not to far away, I can see
My mother holding her tears back,
Keeping myself composed is so hard,
I must play the cards right,
Keep it real tight.
I lost it all by a single second,
I may be down but not completely out,
At least it wasn't a blowout,
Nothing is ever a blackout.
Because I know, I will be right back
Running like a speeding lion.

Dan Quiles

The Dream

As the clock ticks down,
Disappointment grows,
Sweat drips down my neck,
What a fulfillment this is.
The dream goes on,
Reaching higher heights,
Feeling the pressure weights,
Making things come true
And incredibly possible.
Making tomorrow capable
And completely manageable.

Dan Quiles

The Ultimate Dream

To strive to the undriven

And thrive to the ultimate realm of writing.

There is no greater thrilling within its

billing. I am willing to take some grilling

in order to make my poetry abundantly fruitful

I don't seek lame fame, but 'Respect' as the

Aretha Franklin song goes. I will continue

to work hard to make my art known with the

golden touch, making sure it forever lives

and it gives the people a new meaning to

what dreams is all about.

We all aspire and dream to be 'it'

but few fight to see the true light.

Dan Quiles

Time

Time is relative,
Time is relevant,
Time can be irrelevant,
Time stands still against our will,
Time is precious and generous,
Time is essential and preferential,
Time waits for no one,
Time is gone just like that,
Time can be cruel & brutal,
Time can be harsh,
Time is our worst enemy,
Time can be special,
Time can be magical,
Time can be too practical,
Time can be endless as breathless.

Dan Quiles

Una Experiencia

Un señor delgado, alto, bien fundado,
Un día soleado, seco, y todo tranquilo,
El misterioso caminaba despacito sin ánimo
Al caminar al puente pudo reconocer sus faltas
Hacia la presencia y esencia del Alfa y Omega
Dijo por dentro; 'No soy digno de ser llamado hijo tuyo
He caminado las valles ocultos
He bajado de la gracia y voluntad íntima del Dios bueno
Y estoy tan solo y seco como el cactus que no se que hacer..'
Y el Espíritu Santo respondió en voz truenoso;
'Te Amo! ' 'Que? Quien eres? '
'SOY QUIEN SOY' 'Soy tu Dios! '
'Puedo ayudarte y renovar tu vida nuevamente'
Al rodillarse en el mero centro del puente angosto infinito
Clamo por 'perdon' y renovación de su vida espiritual.
Oh gracias Dios bueno por ser tan misericordioso.
Y el extranjero seguía en su camino con un gran alivio

Dan Quiles

Untitled Poem I

Each phase In a Continual Chase; Has been base, A place of many faces, Sort of a life full of phrases: Of shell hell=hard rock, Full of a loaded stock, State-Shock, Often times full of mock, Always been hard to sell, Life of many Bells; Not so swell. Abysmal Dwell, The gel like well, Been hard to sell. But a inner force Has rebelled to be compelled To continue along, Strong, where I belong, Among the circles of the throng. Being selective, stubbornly elective, And protective of my own world Has been a path full of wrath. Seamless told, cold, bold bath. Full of self-contradiction, a road to perdition With fruitless interactions, full of many reactions, Stern penetration, hellish self-hibernation, Continual confrontations within my own demons. Endless self-struggle w/my own contemplations, Life cycles of stipulations, in a epic generation of confrontation. Moments of elevations and abbreviations; Has gotten me in useless holes. Life has not always been so whole.

Dan Quiles

Untitled Poem II

In my world, in the other part of the sea, Seasons have changed, The grass has changed colors. The borders of the shadows have constantly changed. A new chapter in life has developed. A new challenged has began. A new wind has begun. I feel its swirl of noise make & change its tune. I feel it kissing me. I feel it passing me. It is a sweet tang. I would prefer to hang tight to it. And be with it. To lit an ever bit of bliss. And kiss the world a juicy kiss. Then hiss and piss at this envious world. A new type of light has shone. And new era has been born. I feel the raucous horn. My snickers are already worn, But still willing for the extra step A celebration of some sort. I feel like I should abort. Or should I report it to the world. Nevertheless, a sadness lies within. My bloodline has become very thin. I can't stand it, however, I feel strong as a noisy band, Regardless, of what happens, I will be here to firmly land. And expand all possibilities and probabilities. Today is Thursday, Tomorrow will be the day, And not just any day. I am already clearing the way. I look forward to many Fridays to come. Then, it will become, our home. Coming and becoming what should have been long ago

Dan Quiles

While Gone Away

The Sun is done giving sunshine.
The moon no longer gives light during the night.
All the strength and might has been shrucked,
Tucked away and godly dumped.
Onto the abyss of its shallow darkness.
A sadness that was so far away, is now so close by like a magnet.
Wishing and missing what I took for granted.
Never really valued until it was gone.

Family is supposed to be everything for a man.
A man lives for its family.
Its ties are deep rooted like a grown tree.
Like an endless running waterfront.
There is nothing greater,
Than witnessing a golden child evolve and get involve
With family, friends, and stranger's
With experimenting new experiences and exploring a new world.
After work is all about going too work and heading straight
To the warmth of a loving caring home.
A loving cherishing dome,
That one day in a moment of truth and hidden past collides to the reality
And it all ends in a blink of an eye.
A sadness, deception and depression, that grabs the heart the hardest
And grips it so hard it so hard and tight that the flow and energy
Stops in silence and bleeds in slow drops.
Silence is the world, that I live in now.
In silence, I suffer alone, in the torment of what it was

Dan Quiles

While In Dunking Donuts In Central Square

I see such platitudes amongst adolescents;
Aggressiveness as a relentness tiger
Times that vainly, sanely lingers
Eyes of hunger
Searching for purpose;
Thirst to achieve and be creative
Lacking a sense of true direction
Continuously committing to environmental scans
Time to believe and to commit to full action
And relief doubts
Alarming silent shouts
In the mean streets within
I hear each bustling beat;
Must learn to defeat all negativity
Self-doubts, voices of the past
Again, all self-doubts
Against all tides,
Slide all past, and go for the present & tomorrow
Can't borrow another chance
Now, because for now,
It's all about now and yesterday's news
Is old news, that makes us brew
A new aroma for today; a new day
In order to cultivate ones own clay
Into something new and refreshing
That few can brag about.
To produce and continue to reproduce
And reduce all waste of time
And make it your own rhythm of fate
and don't be a bate of society's own poison.

Dan Quiles

Yellow As A Mellow Fellow

Siulin Wong has made me a yellow
As a mellow type of fellow
Below the stars
There have been many wars,
Yet, here came this pretty half Chinese girl,
� to calm and preach to me within her palm
And made me feel like a toasted alm.

Look at the stars they shine for you.
There are all for you.
It is when, I was inspired to write you this song.
With time and with the birth of Ian-Josh,
I have become jello, mellow, fellow that at times looks like yellow.
Heck, even being a dad has made me mellow-fellow that looks yellow.
Below all circumstances, you are my shining yellow Star,
Above it all, Ian has become my shining yellow Star.
That makes all other stars go brrrrrrrrrrrr.
That makes all other stars go brrrrrrrrrrrr.
That makes all other stars go brrrrrrrrrrrr.

I have seen shallow murky darkness in this world.
It can be lonesome and so unwholesome
Yet, you came to lit up a new path of hope and new possibilities.
I see you as my lightning rod amongst all stars.
It is then, that I became a Yellow as a Mellow Fellow
It is then, that I became a Yellow as a Mellow Fellow
It is then, that I became a Yellow as a Mellow Fellow

Look at the stars they shine for you.
There are all for you.
It is when, I was inspired to write you this song.
With time my love has grown and drawn closer to heaven.
Now I feel closer to reach and touch the Star of all Stars.
I have become jello, mellow-fellow that at times looks like yellow.
That makes all other stars go brrrrrrrrrrrr.
That makes all other stars go brrrrrrrrrrrr.
That makes all other stars go brrrrrrrrrrrr.

Because of you, I have become the Yellow as a Mellow Fellow

You will always be my Star of all Stars.
cause you made me the Yellow as a Mellow Fellow.
cause you made me the Yellow as a Mellow Fellow.
cause you made me the Yellow as a Mellow Fellow

Dan Quiles