

Poetry Series

Jonathan Maldonado

- poems -

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Jonathan Maldonado(05/28/1993)

A Fathers Reminiscence...

Only yesterday
I stared up at a big world,
with awe struck eyes
Only yesterday
I uttered my first words,
took my first step
Only yesterday
I was so innocent,
closest to God
Only yesterday
I knew no evil,
I knew no good
Only yesterday
I rode my bike,
falling at first attempt
Only yesterday
I could love,
the love of a child, the purest there is
only yesterday...
Only yesterday
I went to school,
longing its end
Only yesterday
I opened my eyes,
to see the world stripped
Only yesterday
I went with friends,
each of us growing, or was it spoiling?
Losing the innocence little by little
Only yesterday
I rebelled from the ones
I once loved so dearly
Only yesterday
I drank my first beer,
the old bitter taste that stood with me ever since
only yesterday
I loved body,
but disregarded mind and soul
Only yesterday

I ignored all signs or advice
by the elders and wise
Only yesterday
I graduated, some way,
some how
Only yesterday
I felt lost,
a self proclaimed 'man' thrown at the masses
Only yesterday
I found the truth in the words my ears were so closed to
Only yesterday
I saw
how unrelentingly fast time passes us by
only yesterday...
Only yesterday
I was an 'adult' free at last,
how deceitful the thought
Only yesterday
I had not a care in the world
Only yesterday
I met the pleasures of vegas,
and the treasures it gave,
then took away
Only yesterday
I walked into clubs,
and stumbled out
Only yesterday
I was a bachelor,
and took full advantage, at least tried
Only yesterday
I met you,
a thing of beauty
only yesterday
I found the courage
to confess
my feelings at first so hard to express
Only yesterday
We shared our first kiss,
Of many to come
Only yesterday
our love made two into one,
after much pursuit

Only yesterday
you missed that date, and failed that test,
that sealed our fate
Only yesterday
I looked back
and my twenties were gone,
eroded by time like everything before me
Only yesterday
We watched your stomach grow
Only yesterday
I stood up for nights in a row,
questioning the coming events
Only yesterday
We moved in together,
turning house into home
Only yesterday
We prepared our babys room, painted the walls and then eachother
laughing our way to the floor, no love can ever be so divine
Only yesterday
I finally met you, a rush of raw emotion brought tears to my eyes
Only yesterday
I held you, cradled in my arms
no greater meaning to live
can ever exist
Only yesterday
I watched you look up to a big world,
with awe struck eyes,
as once did I
Only yesterday
I heard you utter your first words,
that reached my very soul
Only yesterday
I watched you take your first step,
with proud eyes
Only yesterday
I struggled to clean you up,
But with your mothers help I managed
Only yesterday
I spent sleepless nights fleeing
to your cries
Only yesterday
I took you to school for the very first time

Only yesterday
I chased away the boys,
that came your way
Only yesterday
I saw the gloss of innocence
in your eyes fade all away
just as did mine
only yesterday...

Jonathan Maldonado

A Human Disposition:

Ignorant
Mindless
Prejudice
Envious
Rebelious
Foolish
Esurient
Carnal
Tremulous
Impudent
Oblivious
Nihilistic

Jonathan Maldonado

'A Vow'

Beloved pen I cling to you,
a harmonious dance, a divine unity.
Paper bare witness,
a marriage that knows no divorce.
I give you my heart whole:
the good, the bad,
the bumps and bruises,
the scars, the beauty,
the love, the purity,
the guilt and the innocence.
I give to you my being and every fiber that makes it, every atom that is me
I give you, only you.

Jonathan Maldonado

A World Forsaken

Passerby's pass me by
Not a nod nor a 'hi'
Think back to the days of old...

Imagine children walking these same streets smiles and greetings fill the city;
going to play not to work. All the time in the world so irrelevant now. No watch
will be upon a single wrist, life lived so lightly. Laughter leads us love paves the
way. Peace struck the world, no more war no more crime no more. No more
suicide no more terror no more. No more segregation no more discrimination no
more stereotypes, racism, chaos, and hate no more! and suddenly, in the blink of
an eye an inevitable happening instantly foresakes this place, this world. Those
children who had it all figured out without figuring at all 'grew up' and this world
was lost left to the boundless confinement of imagination never to be reality.

Jonathan Maldonado

Baby Sister

Beautiful baby sister
how you have bloomed.
long was the winter before the spring
I noticed the slightest resemblance
of a beautiful young lady in your eyes.
Soon your lips shall feel
the soft press of love's kiss,
at least what you thought was love.
Soon your heart shall feel it's first break
left in the dark shadow
of the coldest shoulder ever to be cast,
but surely not to be last.
Soon you will be judged and critiqued
by all who you've passed
on beauty and physique.
Soon you will feel the pressure
of the world a top your shoulders,
and carry you will try.
Soon you will be a woman...dying to be
a little girl again.

Jonathan Maldonado

Confession

I'm addicted, conflicted with these
habits
a compulsive disorder, I can't seem to rehab it.
A disease of the mind wages war with the soul.
Reeking its havoc just outside my
control,
I battle not with flesh and blood
I play the victim of the stubborn darkness that didn't drown in the flood.
I am what I am
For You are that You are
if this game of life was but a dream
I hope you find me awake.

Jonathan Maldonado

Do We Live, Or Do We Not?

Give me peace of mind so divine one can search a life time to never find, but in a dream my slumber brought the answer to this sleepless thought: do we live, or do we not? To think of all the worldly things flaunting the pyrite prize it brings undermining, insidiously clipping off our angel wings... For fool's gold deriving from the Greek purites that which is 'of fire, or in', but none the less sad to confess many hearts still cling to this... Life? Or imprisonment, slavery twisted and disguised you see to make you feel like you are free...Living? Or falling fool, victims to pretentious rule teaching us these lies in school disciples with a useless tool... I digress, do we live or do we not? Take this home as food for thought the answer which my slumber brought was and is, and is to come. Holy, holy is the son who breaks all chains and knows all sin yet calls by names if you're lost pick up your cross and follow him the truth, the way, the light!

Resurrect from the death that is thought to be life and **LIVE AT LAST!**

Jonathan Maldonado

'Dream Lover'

In a midnights summer dream she came to
me.....

and I begged for her to stay but,
peacefully she rose just before the sun.....

and I awoke to find I remembered her not.

Jonathan Maldonado

Falling Fool

I'm falling for you.
Can't you see that we are meant to be?
I'm falling for you
and all the things you do.
Why can't you see?
So you can catch me,
catch me as I fall for you.
Why can't you see?
I am passed my due
I was meant for you.
You saw me coming too,
but you just turned your cheek.
You looked the other way
before I could say,
the words that I had wrote the other day.
I'm falling for you
and all the things you do,
and all the things I want to say to you.
Why can't you see?
Why can't you?
So tell me, tell me do you see?
Tell me, tell me are you meant for me?
Why did you turn the other way?
Was it to hide your blushing cheeks,
or to simply say:
That you just didn't feel the same way.
That you just couldn't see
How we were meant to be.
You turned away
So I ran to the sea
sailed away, so far away.
Now nothings left of me,
but the words that I had wrote the other day.

Jonathan Maldonado

Gentle Seduction

Her eyes of honey and hazel captured my heart without asking she took me,
without moving she shook me and
I long to feel her touch.

Her smallest caress
relieves me of stress
with only a kiss
she leaves me in bliss and
I long to be in her warmth.

Like the warden of her garden I spread open the pedals of her most precious flower and gently devour her.

Savoring the moment, tasting her passion, summoning her juices as it drips down my lips
then soaks up our hips.

Striking a fire, provoking desire and
lifting us higher.

The center of her love fits me like a glove and destiny finds us right where we belong, together.

Jonathan Maldonado

Heart Sunk

My heart sinks
When my head thinks:
She's beautiful in every way... Do you love her? (I think) , I think I just may.
My eyes open wide
When I lay down to sleep,
Because I see you when I close them and my head starts to think... And my
heart starts to sink.

Jonathan Maldonado

I Am

I AM

I am nothing you see and everything you dont
I am a forced smile
I am a lost soul behind ambitious eyes
I am a chameleon
i am happy and I am sad
I am lonely
i am the best, but I am no good
I am a quitter
i am a friend, a brother, a son, but I am a stranger
I am NOONE.

Jonathan Maldonado

I Can Only Hope

I hope he treats you well
I hope he holds your hand and comforts you, it's all that you deserve.
I hope he finally sees his prize
Inside your eyes, as did I.
I hope he lifts your spirit with soft words and gentle kiss.
I hope he leaves you flowers everyday and counts the dreadful hours you're away.
I hope he says he loves you not only with his voice but with his actions too.
I hope he never hurts you.
I hope he takes the time to show you how much you are appreciated.
I hope he remembers every special date and anniversary, even if belated.
I hope he cares for you, so delicate like a rose, a priceless set of China, the glass heart that he holds.
I hope he waters it with love and tends to it with affection.
I hope he runs to your cries and wipes them all away, then holds you in his arms, stares into your eyes (reaching to your soul) and tells you that you're beautiful and never lets you go.
I hope he shows you with every word and every touch, every stroke of your hair and every lost and timeless gaze into your profound beauty how much he truly cares.
I hope he makes you happy, makes you laugh, and makes you smile, that contagious smile, brighter than the sun.
I hope he makes you feel and know that you're the only one.
I hope he does his best to give you all you need and maybe what you want, a happy family.
I hope the romance never dies nor the spark that's in your eyes that holds for him his prize, your heart.

Jonathan Maldonado

'I Miss You'

I miss you, you that care free soul.
You, full of love to give whom ever came into your presence.
I miss you, you who knew you and all you were and all your worth.
You, who was happy with what was had never dwelling on what was to come.
I miss you, you who'd sing and dance no matter who was watching.
You who'd jump and splash in the puddles life rained down upon you.
I miss you, you who'd wave to the man on the moon.
You who'd gaze at the mansions in the clouds and count the stars at night.
I miss you, you who loved you and all that you were and all you were worth.
You who'd dream of all you'd be, the soldier, the president, the football player,
the astronaut, the traveler, the writer, the star and all the things other than who
you are. Me!

Jonathan Maldonado

Infinite Love

I never knew what love could do
Until I laid my eyes on you
Beyond the surface of such a pretty face
And past the grace of such a curvy waist
I found a beauty that can never waste
A soul to forever mate
A mind for me to captivate
Through eyes of hazel honeydew
I fell deeply in love with you
Awakening a part of me
I never dreamed could ever be
Your heart so warm
Melts me away
And takes me to a better day
In your embrace I found my place
A home from where I'll never stray
Always is irrelevant
Forever is not enough
And Time can't do away with us
Long beyond the end of me
This love we have will ever be
Amongst the stars an energy
To form another galaxy
Recreate the world a new
And wait...
for me again to fall in love with you!

Jonathan Maldonado

Insomnia

Whispers in the dark keep me up through the night
a hopeless gaze to my lover, nowhere in sight.
A winless battle to rest my thought,
with soft pillows and silk sheets I fought.
Never the less, awake I lay
waiting on a dream to take me away.
Shut eyes, counting sheep, but never dozing off to sleep.
I give in.
Stop the fight.
With dragging feet
I roam the night.
My sunken eyes
Looking for truth in drunken lies.
A restless mind trying to find
...The way.

Jonathan Maldonado

Jaded World

Jaded be the heart that once loved so pure
Raped by man, could not endure
Jaded be the eyes that once saw so clear
Closed to the path once held so dear
Jaded be the ear that once heard truth
Clogged with the lies
Jaded be the brain that once had mind
Lost along the way by all mankind
Jaded be the WORLD

Jonathan Maldonado

Let Me In

If your glass is empty
Let me fill
If your soul is lost
Let me guide
If your load is heavy
Let me carry
If you can't believe
I give faith
If your heart is cold
Let me love
If your visions blurred
I give sight
If your world is dark
I bring light
But when time is short
Look at the clock
Nomore 'tick'
Nomore 'tock'
If your heart is open
Let me in
Then life for you
Will begin

Jonathan Maldonado

Lingering Thoughts Of 'You' And 'Us'

I watched a movie and I began to think of you:
Why did it seem I had known you before I ever did meet you?

This uncanny resemblance
as if I knew your heart and yours knew mine.

A comfortability we shared with each other the minute we met, found in childhood friendships that lasted into adulthood.

Your eyes,
I have seen them,
I have known them,
every shade of brown that glistened in the light, I knew it.

And the way you stared
without words you told me
you felt this too, something about me you felt you knew.

Was it destined or déjà vu?

A magnetic force deep in our core pulled us close,
an attraction like no other, not through lust but a peculiar familiarity, as if our souls were once acquainted.

As if, I remembered every curve of your smile and how contagious it was.

As if, the taste when we kissed was not knew, but one I had missed,
and the softness of your lips,
and the warmth of your hips
all so strangely, wonderfully familiar.

How the way you would smile, close your eyes then fix them on me as you slowly shook your head and exhaled to come back to your senses.

Did you feel the same?

what were you thinking on these beautiful moments now stuck in my head?

Can it be that destiny can somehow mix up its schedule?

Meaning we just may be meant for each other,
soulmates who crossed paths sooner than destined too?

Maybe we were meant to meet at a later time, maybe we still will.
Maybe we met before we were ready.

So, this is not a 'goodbye' or 'farewell' but a 'see you later' when the timing is right.

can this be? ...

Maybe it might!

Jonathan Maldonado

Love At First Sight:

Happiness sweeps like an unsuspected burst of wind.
Love creeps like the undetected eye in the crowd,
So eager to be seen.
A shy flexing of the lips Whenever our glances intersect.
An unsure walk across the room.
The sounds of my forced stride like the sweeping of a broom.
The hair on my neck stands as I dry the sweat from my hands.
A look up to the eye, belonging to the girl in the crowd,
With a shakey 'hi' followed by a cough to clear my voice.
This moment is bliss... The parts of a fairytale that most of us miss.
The moment our eyes meet and our souls descend On the infamous fall they call
Love.

Jonathan Maldonado

Maybe

Maybe,
Maybe things will get better
Maybe things will get worst
Maybe a new year will bring forth new cheer
Maybe nothing will change
Maybe water is thicker than blood
Maybe family is myth a thing of the past
Maybe love is a thing that never can last
Maybe friends come and go
Maybe the time of our lives we'll never know
Maybe your eyes will never see mine
Maybe our lives wont intertwine
But maybe, maybe's are just maybe's so i digress,
nevermind
Maybe, maybe's are nothing more, but flips of a coin
Maybe... I'm wrong.

Jonathan Maldonado

'Mujer De La Soledad'

Mujer de la soledad
mil cariños quieres dar,
sin nadie para devolverlos.
Mil secretos para compartir,
sin orejas para oírlos.
Pasa el tiempo sin sentir
el calor de la dulce compañía,
sin tener el amor que merecías.
Mil veces quieres tocar
un amante que no esta.
Mil besos, mil abrazos, mil peleas, mil disculpas, mil consejos, mil preguntas, mil cosas que no cumplas.
Pasa el tiempo y sigues siendo
Mujer de la soledad.

Jonathan Maldonado

My Apologies

apologies for all the lies I ever told

You see I didn't know that honesty even at its most brutal is better than the whitest lies

I realise, I'm sorry.

Apologies for friends I don't seem to keep in touch with I'm sorry that my how are you's come only when I see you guys in public or visit home and see you face to face but fade away and never seem to overcome the space that life, no I, put in the way.

Apologies for family that feel I have forgotten.

I loved you once but many moons
have rose and set upon the many afternoons I must admit
often times I do forget
till' memories remind me
I loved you once, I love you now,
I'm sorry.

Apologies to every person

I've called names outside their own or have insulted
I didn't know such little words could have resulted
in an affect that could
destroy you in a big way
and deploy all the insecurities
that still eat at you today,
I'm sorry.

Apologies to those who asked forgiveness but I turned my cheek

I was to weak to give this

I let you live with that demon

that you may think defines you

but I know now my apathy was actually a feeling, I seeked revenge

I kept from you that peace of mind,
that mercy.

For this I ask forgive me,

I'm sorry.

Apologies to mother nature

and all those times

I set my waste upon her face
I turned on her and raped her.
You grant me all your majesty
and I take it all for granted see
anyone can hug a tree
then drive away and leave their carbon footprint and for this,
I'm sorry.

Apologies to father time
and all the sixty seconds
in all the sixty minutes
I waste upon the hours
I let you all diminish
then blame you for never taking time
to let me take your time until your time is finished,
I'm sorry.

Apologies to Mom and Dad,
the first people I ever loved,
ever kissed, ever hugged.
The first heroes I ever knew.
you could talk forever in nothing but jokes but the lessons you taught
were never verbatim
I'm sorry if I talked back and never stopped to listen.
Your best words were goldmines
at times I chose not to invest
but even still the ones I kept
have seemed to echo all the rest.

Forgive me for the times I called out your mistakes
and what you did wrong
I didn't know then
that they were the examples
that would lead me all along.
I'm sorry for the times
I made you feel there was a distance
figments of imagination thrown into existence
because of things I never said
If I ever made you think
I didn't want you to know me
all the times you would ask
all your questions in my head

I still hear my answers in the silence
I told myself a thousand times let me recite the ways:

How are you?
I'm good

How are you?
I'm fine

How are you?
I'm okay

I failed to say
The details of the times

I was not good?

I was not fine?

The details of the times

it wasn't okay?

If I ever let a foolish pride
cast a tide
Foolish pride,
Left aside!

I Love you more then the times
That I told you that I love you
every kiss upon my cheek
to ease my mind before I sleep,
those were the sweetest dreams I've ever had!
I promise my intentions were all good
I remember all the highs
in the burbs
and all the lows
in the hood
I remember every struggle
wraped in bubble wrap
they're stacked inside my head

Born into divorce
From as back as I can remember
To think of all the presents we could get now in December.
Childish thoughts inside my head
To convince my childish mind
that all the bad was always fine

'Don't expose emotion'

was a way for me
to persuade my childish rage
was all okay for me.
A vault to lock away all of my pains
did not understand
it was okay to express
so I began to Burry them
deep down inside my chest
I wanted to choose
to see the happiness
in all of the mess
I'm sorry that I fell off the grid
with all of the stress
but at the time, growing up a pupil
in a world
of many teachers and decievers
The TV shows you'd suppose
was the normal thing to go to
Let it show you
Perfect families that I saw,
others weren't
I saw them all.
Full house, Married with children,
It didn't matter Family matters
can turn to childish disasters.
If I didn't thank you enough
excuse me here's a toast
I thank you for all the good
all the bad and all the ugly.
I thank you for the struggles
through your lives you give me all.
All I know is due to the both of you
you taught me respect

and that it's found in humility
even through the tough times

I thank you!

You told me always keep it moving

And you showed me fallibility

All the stress you consumed

to make it all the best to the best of your ability.

Though I could always sense the scent of something rotting inside of you,
emotion held behind bars of bone

caged behind ribs just under your chest

Thank you!

Every problem that you solved gave me the keys to the rest.

Prepared me for the lessons this life brings

you must dance through the pain

give your all till' your all

is what little remains.

I was born into divorce

I must admit I was affected

Disconnected from emotion because I kept it inside

Enclose, entrap

I held it in, I held it back

till' the ocean of emotion

I contained inside my head

found its way out of a pencil

turned that Ocean into lead.

Thank you!

I love you!

I'm sorry!

Hope you can all forgive me please,

these are my Apologies!

Jonathan Maldonado

My Sweet Marie

I have a friend
Her names Marie
Her eyes ignite a flame in me
It burns so slow
But every day
I feel it grow
My friend Marie so close to me
I tell her every memory
Her smile so bright
I think of her
Day and night
Her hands so soft
Her lips so sweet
If only they were mine to keep
I have a friend
My sweet Marie
Will never be
More than just a friend for me

Jonathan Maldonado

Pursuit Of Inspiration

What shall inspire such words
that daze and confuse,
phase and amuse.

The very words that sink hearts or cast frogs deep in our throats,
You know the feeling you get when you choke up and your neck tightens and
your heart skips a beat and your legs get weak and you curse your feet.

Or words that lift chins, or raise grins;
the words that bring forth butterflies to your stomach, a tickle so bold it glazes
your eyes and makes your skin glow.

I searched for it in her eyes,
like the sun, which hold much majesty and too long did I stare.

Now I lay blind asking where to find the inspiration for words that can
move mankind.

Make one feel all things, things you've never experienced, or have. Beautiful
things,
that make us human

Jonathan Maldonado

'Racial Blindness'

I am racist...Yessss I said it, I meant it,

I am!

I fucking HATE race, I cannot stand for it,

I cannot stand 'it'!

I Hate! how it defines me to you and

You to me.

I hate the perception of ME, prior to the introduction of 'me'; due to the preconception of ME based on the assumption of ME conjured up by just the race of 'me? '...

this ME... more real than 'myself'

keeps me confined to a box

where My 'X' or my 'checks' mark the spot where they preconcieve 'me'

But I tell you as my mother did concieve 'me'

And my father did recieve 'me'

The 4th child and middle class would be complimentary

There were ups and there were downs

The market crashed

Somehow, , ,

Saturdays still came with pops in my cereal bowl and a side of cartoons watching my eldest brother mimick the looney tunes

- all thanks to Pops! -

busting his ass all his mornings

and afternoons.

And moms was doing it all,

I appreciate every single

one of your efforts mom, I really do recall!

Though you both were seperated

you each gave me all that you know with all that you do but,

each in your own way

the way that you knew.

Taught me respect and integrity

Showed me your scars

and you showed me your flaws

No better lessons were ever given

wish I could've learned them all.

But, I guess sometimes

It takes some time to realize

your fate at times

Comes from your own mistakes

sometimes.
You brought me up but,
didn't help me up!
So whenever I'd fall
I'd know how to stand!
You cannot put 'me'
in a box
As if I am not one
but a collection of ones
No no no I tell you
I am my fathers son
I am my mothers sweet, 'baby boy'
I AM Jonathan Gustavo Maldonado
I AM one mind, I AM one individual,
I am not a 'race'
I am my culture
and that does not make us different
It makes us the same, TELL ME WHO HERE HAS NO CULTURE AGAIN? ...
YEAH I THOUGHT SO,
I AM your brother
WE are mankind
Embrace OUR cultures' appreciate our unique similarities each time is like the first
Each culture whispers subtly that
Love and Respect is
the only way to connect
Like the neurons in mans mind is no coincidence.
You see Culture connects us
Why else can you find music of each decade
no matter the language or the country whence it came but you hear it in the tune
and the melodies are the same?
Have you heard it in a song yet?
Have you seen it in a trend?
Please,
Tell me that you Get it!
I'm BEGGING YOU to COMPREHEND! ...
IIIII HATE RACE! ...
I hate that it compartmentalized
my brothers and sisters
Herding us in groups to be placed
in 'PIE CHARTS' and 'STASTICS'
...as if there is a difference between the deeds done by one 'RACE? ' and the

other?

As if bad and good were measurable
by black OR white, or any other color inbetween.

I FUCKINGGG hate race!

I HATE IT

Because it blinds us, a cattle of mad cows seperated by the colors of their patches.

I HATE IT

Because it tells each of us we are different

Because the melanin in our pigment, coarse of our hair or the tint of our iris.

Because the way that we talk?

as if we did not apply communication identically in art, and in socializing

No matter the language or dialect.

I HATE IT

Because it is but another tool
to divide US.

Much like years of segregation
after being Emancipated,
the answer is simple people!

Don't complicate it,
they found that race was the answer
to still keep things seperated

Then Rosa Parks had a seat, Malcom X took a stand and Doctor king had a dream
brotherly peace was the vision,
unfortunately he couldn't live
to see it to fruition.

It seems somewhere along the line though
we forgot to complete the mission...

The very nature of a movement
is that it moves, it can never stop
it is a life long condition.

lets, , keep it moving!

Race blinds us, Culture binds us!

Hashtag that a million times,
let it remind us!

Jonathan Maldonado

Reality Check

I need space just enough to rest my case
To flee the world that burdens me
Holds me down with gravity
The barless cage adds to my insanity
Clips my wings I want to fly
Barren dreams I wonder why
Raised to please just me and I
Freedom is a lullaby,
Hush you infant.

Jonathan Maldonado

'Rebel Expression'

Give me freedom or give me death!

Instead they give a life of debt and call the dream American.

Send us off to give our lives to greater costs feeding us a bullshit cause promotes a sense of justice.

No man goes to war and dies unsure if they are right.

Allow us an allowance taking first the ripest fruits of our labor, want a home, not a problem, take this loan then break your back to pay us back.

In the end if you manage to have payed all of the interest, then you can pay us taxes on the land we stole to begin with.

A recycling of paper bills with no real resourcefull backing other than the propaganda to demonize the countries we're attacking.

None shall rise against the common sense implanted and programmed by the top percent.

Brain washed to want more than we need through all outlets and mainstreams they planted the seed and mended them patiently generation to generation they molded their breed.

No questions will be asked in this mirage of a republic, monkey see monkey do playing your part never taking part in the land of redundance. You see!

They gave us dreams in abundance, they feed us lies by the hundreds, they give us just enough to hope for better days where grass is greener.

Tease us with glimpses periodically until the math one day just doesn't add up.

Systematically speaking you see the truth when you crash like the housing market in '08 hein sights always 20/20, it seems the aftermath always cures the cataracts.

Ain't it funny how big banks get big breaks but we the people carry the burden with no thanks.

Tragically theres no need, just handicap them with luxuries and convince them Its freedom.

Take away the shackles and replace them with tabernacles, the best slaves are those unaware of their positions satisfied with their conditions they leave the few to make all of the worlds' decisions.

Jonathan Maldonado

Seven Lines For Easter

The vibration of your gospel
shakes my core.

Awakens my soul...

Awaken

Awaken O'sleeper,
rise from the dead,
and Christ will give you light.

Jonathan Maldonado

Silly Rabbit

I wrestle with my minds eye looking for rest
But I get lost in the rubble of Its treasure chest
I await the time I count the ticks
Measuring the moments in between your lips
You are my vice you are my fix
But silly is the rabbit who fell for tricks
Only fools rush in so have I heard
I am the the cage without the bird
I am the melody with out the song
Awaiting you to sing along

Jonathan Maldonado

'Something Called Jealousy'

It boils in the pits of your stomach, a genocide, a massacre of the butterflies she once gave you; the smell expelling from them rottens your thoughts.

Thoughts that haunt your conscience: 'Where was she, really? ' 'She was with him, don't be so naive'.

You tell yourself to trust her you have no evidence, where is your proof? Intuition begs to differ you could feel it when you kiss her, something strange you can not see, something called jealousy!

Jonathan Maldonado

'Speak Your Mind'

Can I speak my mind?
Beyond its deepest thoughts,
past the grandest canyons imagination can construct.
Over the tallest of volcanoes about to erupt.
Rain down!
Covering the valley in a blanket of sulfuric memories and should haves' and what if's' and opportunities neglected-
Can I speak my mind?
Open up a window to a hurricane, hear the root of me.
Beyond the tranquility that meets the eye,
seek for truth and find what lies in me;
what reflects and what I hide in me.
Connect the dots inside my head and see a priceless work of art, a timeless
novel at the start, a symphony of highs and lows-
Can I speak my mind?
A matrix with no 'one' but I.
A riddle unsolved,
a maze with truth at its center.
Trains of thought, trained or taught, ride along the tracks of me-
Can I speak my mind?
A rodent in the lab set free,
can you comprehend?
Tell me who I am again,
do you understand?
I am you and you are me!
Each of us, lost in the sea of us.
Hoping that the shore will tell us more when it finds us washed up on the sand of
times that remind us-
Speak your mind.

Jonathan Maldonado

Stubborn Love

Stubborn love don't knock at my door
Don't come my way with beautiful eyes
Don't clog my ears with pitiful lies
Stubborn love don't tap on my window
Don't walk over with swaying hips
Don't say "Hi" with promiscuous lips
Stubborn love don't steal my thoughts
Don't take my heart
Don't make me smile
Stubborn love
Captured my imagination
Stubborn love
Now tainted with your fascination
Visions of my stubborn love
Majestic as the skies above
Her beauty is without description
Words cannot say
Tongues cannot speak
Her beauty is of all emotion
Wrapped up in a single notion;
"It is better to have loved stubbornly, than to have not known love at all".

Jonathan Maldonado

Tell Me Love

Whisper in my ear love.
Oh, whisper in my ear.
Tell me all your secrets love.
Tell me where you've been.
Have you climbed your mountains love?
Have you sailed your seas?
'Cuss I've been waiting here love,
waiting patiently.
Waiting just to hear of love.
Tell me your story.
Have you ever seen the rain?
Have you felt it fall?
Tell me of your struggles love,
tell me of it all.
Have you seen the sunlight love?
Watched it as it sets?
Then looked up at the night sky love
Wondering where It's been.
And have you waited patiently,
just the way I've been.

So, run into my life love,

and I will be your friend.

Jonathan Maldonado

The Beast

This flesh is against me.
I saw today as I wondered at a man
On the edge, about to jump;
I wondered what drove him there?
A loud scream interrupted my thought like the voice of God,
'Jump! Do it! '
I realized it must have been the same beast in those men yelling up at him,
or was it the man on the edge realizing that beast in us all, in himself!

Jonathan Maldonado

The Cloud

It comes and it goes,
as do the tides.
This DEPRESSED state of mine.
This deep SADNESS in the back of my mind
somehow, finds its way
to the backs of my eyes.
Leaving them heavy; like clouds
eventually the rain will come.
To the WHOLEs in my heart,
that I once thought LOVE would fill.
Through the streams of my veins
'till not a smile remains.
'Till no joke, or laugh, or longest toke of the finest weed
Can satisfy my need: HAPPINESS!

Jonathan Maldonado

The One For Me

The one for me
Stands by the sea
Feet in golden sands
Waiting on my company
With soft but lonely hands
Soon I'll be by your side
I'll float in with the tide
She waits for me
I'm on my way
Closer day by day
I sail the sea
In hopes to see
The one for me
Standing on the shore
Her feet in golden sands
I'll hold her lonely hands
The skies will blush
The sun will set
The one for me
I finally met.

Jonathan Maldonado

The Story Teller

The story teller tells his stories.
All are intrigued by his silver tongue and creativity, a beautiful mind indeed.
The story teller tells his tales,
adventurous journeys into unknown lands, melancholic farewells along the way.
He tells of Love, he knows her well,
he drank her potion, he ate her spell.
The story teller tells his stories,
he tells them all, he tells them well.
His eyes wide his pupils dilate.
He does not live here in the now,
he lives in his stories.
His heart aches for them to come to life.
When his stories told he is lost astray, forsaken from his tales wandering about
in search of an ear to take him home,
where he belongs.
He is the story teller.

Jonathan Maldonado

Timid Majesty

She is beauty surely, truly,
Though she disagrees.
Still I tell her night and day,
Till she does believe.
She is lovely, sweet and kind
One day she'll be mine.
She is art I try to paint
With each and every word.
She is poetry, the sweetest sonnet
Yet she doesn't know
So I write of her reflection
In hopes that it will show
The beauty in her hearts possession,
One day she'll come to know.

Jonathan Maldonado

To Keep An Angel

Never will I forget her
The angel my lord sent
Never will I forget precious moments we have spent
Lost in thought and conversation Heavy doors through which we went
opened up a closed heart some way she helped me do it
Falling for her Every day
I wonder if she knew it?
But now, just as I received her,
I must let her go away.
Father time will surely tell me
if he agrees with what they say:
'If you love someone, set them free. If they come back they're yours; if they
don't they never were'.
So I pray for her safekeeping
Every night when she is sleeping.
Maybe she will dream of me and the times we shared.
Maybe she will realize how much she really cared.
So, I throw her name into the wishing well
let her go and time will tell...
Maybe I'm not the only one who fell?

Jonathan Maldonado

Wages Of Love

Loves kiss can be so bitter,
can be so sweet, can redeem and can defeat.
A gambling of hearts; a deadly game,
but not to play is surely death
all the same.

Jonathan Maldonado

What Would Be

What would be life if it weren't for death,
somethings are never one without the other.
What would be spring without the fall,
A bloom that serves all must pay the price.
What would be the calm without the storm,
the dark without the light, the day without the night.
What would be loves' joy without hates' pain, the rivals that seem to always
remain.
What would be the warmth of summers kiss
Without the frost of winters bite.
What would be yesterday without tomorrow's delight, happiness without the
sorrow, the rise without its set, the beginning without its end.
Enjoy the beauty of the rose in the garden as it grows, remember nature's
whisper 'the price for life is death.'

Jonathan Maldonado

Why I Love You

Why do I love you?
I don't know....
Why does the dog bark,
Why does the cat meow?
Why does the lion roar,
Why does the wolf howl?
Why do the fish swim,
why do the birds fly?
Why do little children always ask why?
I suppose, because they were born to do so!

Jonathan Maldonado