

Poetry Series

Juan Carlos Abeti
- poems -

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Juan Carlos Abeti()

As Much As...

As much as it hurts me,

time will heal it all,

As long as i remember him,

in my heart and in my soul,

he will forever live....

As much as it hurts me,

a new star in the sky is,

it`s just my baby,

learning how to use his...

new wings.

Juan Carlos Abeti

Disappointment

Once again.

being honest

didn` t pay.

Once again,

my open hart

broken

it was.

Why a liar

not to be,

it is that hard?

Why people

only listen

what they want

and not

the real fact?

Why, to be

an honest being

it is no longer

a real thing?

How many times

a broken hart

can be mended?

Wil i ever

learn it?

Love is like heaven,

love is like hell,

different feelings

coming out

from the same place.....

Life, faith, destiny

Why did you make us belive

that with hope and dreams

our goals could be achieved?

(sorry, it was not my best day....)

Juan Carlos Abeti

Dream A Smile

Smile,

and the world will be yours.

Dream,

but don` t let them become a fantasy,

instead,

work on them to make them real

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Givers Of Life....

it is not that

the stars talk,

we made them;

it is not that,

the animated cartoons

feelings they have,

(those, are ours....)

It is not that,

we 'connect' with

any books` s character,

but with the author`s character.

Saving a life,

is the same that,

giving one...

A woman giving birth,

that is,

the real thing.

We are a life`s givers

wheter real or not,

therefore we should use it

to create a better world.....

Juan Carlos Abeti

I Like...

I like the way

you lie to me,

i like the way

you said

you are not free.

I like the way

you smile at me,

i like the way

you said

you dreamed of me.

I like the soft words

that in my ears

you softly spoke.

I like the breeze

that i feel

when you leave home.....

I like to feel

that..

i miss you

so much!

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In Love...Two...

When two hearts,

dancing are

at the same time,

distance, there is not

long enough,

to keep them apart...

Love exist

from the beginning of time

from Adam and Eve

and it will last,

until we die.....

Since love,

not only is a feeling,

but, also,

a state of being....

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Inspiration Is.....

Inspiration is.....

like the wild horses

running through the meadows.

They are wild

because they are free....

and theirs steps are

the ones that guide us

to the source of it...

It is up to us

to chose the right path

so our thoughts will find,

at the end,

the light....

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Just Something To Work On....

I

Love is like the wind,
sometimes strong
sometimes weak,
but always, remains unseen.....

II

Every road has a destiny,
every decision, an obstacle,
every detour, an opportunity,
taking the right direction, a miracle...

III

What is the truth?
What is a lie?
all depends
of the beholders' s eyes..

IV

When our ideals are reached,
The reasons for they existance,
dissapear.....

V

Broken dreams

only means,

new begins..

Broken harts

only means,

a new start.....

VI

We must be diferents,

then,

we can learn to be equal....

VII

An advice from a friend

is an advice from God,

unfortunately for us,

we do not pay attention

to any one of them...

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Life Is.....

Life

Life is a wonderful thing,

nothing compares to it.

Life allow us to live,

life allows us to die.

Life make us strong,

life makes us feel small.

Life allow us to grow,

life allow us to lie.

Life is a moment in time,

life is a blink of an eye.

Life is a prison without bars,

our actions will take care of that.

Life makes us believe,

life makes us cry.

Life is a dream,

life is an....ice cream?

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Me!

Once,

there was a kid

that wished to be a man.

Now,

that turned out

to be,

man,

dreams to be a kid

so he,

can freely

live again....

Juan Carlos Abeti

Never Give Up

As i walk,

on the empty streets,

being accompanied by

the leaves

of the trees

In the autumn,

the season, and

of my life,

not so free...

wondering why the wind

blows away the leaves

from the trees,

but not my pain,

that in my hart remains...

Asking to myself

how i`ll go along

without my other one?

Why life took her away from me?

Why, a better future, should i believe in?

A coward to live and a coward to die...

there`s no reason to continue or there`s is?

I do not know what

will become of me,

afraid from the present,

for the future, not caring...

as i keep walking.....

to nowhere.

But i will

never give up
on life,
even if it seems
too dark,
the sun will
always shine,
after the storm
passes by...

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One More...

As I walk,
on the empty streets,
full of people,
empty souls,
buying with money
what is giving us for free
certainly,
not a nice place to live....
But I don` t mind
my heart full of hope is
so I rush to
my hotel`s room
to find out that,
full of emptiness is,
just a note,
telling me that,
you are gone....
So I stand there,
not knowing what to think,
my whole world
is been torn....
Even in that
harrowing moment for me,
I wish I had....
One more time
to feel your body
next to mine.
One more time
to see myself
in your eyes.
One more time
to share with you,
tears of happiness.
One more time
I could call you,
again,
mine...

Small Light In My Life

Under the stars

mi naked soul,

is taking a

moonlight bath;

feeling too small

but,

not that much;

a thought crossed

my mind.....

'my darkest moment

also can be

my brightest one....'

PS: i am coming out from it....Great!

Juan Carlos Abeti

The Painter...In Me

The painter

I

The sea,

the stormy sea.

The storm,

an electric storm.

The wind,

the strong wind.

I do not mind all

of those things.

It is not what I see.

I took my brushing tools

and a new reality is...

painted

on a piece of cloth.

A calmed sea

with a boat on it,

two lovers contemplating

its immensity

under the singing

of the sea gulls...

with a soft,

warm breeze...

II

A tree,

a lonely old tree

close to die

in a middle of a desert....

How can it be?

I do not mind,

it is not what I see.

I see a young tree

full of leaves and singing birds

children playing

in its shadow,

close to two appasonate lovers

close to the students

learning their latest lessons...

of life.

III

A jungle of asphalt,

a jungle of life instead

that is what I see.

I capture my reality

in a moment of time,

painted wherever i can;

free spirit in a free body

free to change real thing

for another....

That is what I am

that is what I share

with you.....

my own world.....

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Vanishing...In The Air, We Should Not Wish....

When our love for nature

disappears,

eventually,

we will...

too.

Juan Carlos Abeti

Welcome To The World! (A Baby First Steps)

My first steps

' Today is the day that,

like a grown up i`ll be,

i will finally stand up.

in my two feet.

So here i go,

upa! i`m standing up!

funny like things are from up here....

i will make my first step now,

easy, easy, one step forward

one to my left and

then, two backwards.....upps!

i am starting to feel funny, kind of dizzy,

steady, steady and my pumpis

back to the floor they went.....

.....

damn it! !

.....

So i will try again,

this time i will be hold by that big stick

(a table`s wood leg)

so i did and

a wonfderful world stands in front of me...

suddenly by surprise i was taken

when my dad came in

and his hands to his face are

with an amazing and funny look in his eyes....

He started talking, words that i do not understand,

then mom came in

and i wonder

what did i do for them to be like this?

i started to 'run' to them

kind of scared i am. i confess,

suddenly...

the floor was not a problem anymore,

since i was immersed.

in a sea of kisses and hugs....

in their arms, a place where

i belong.....'

Juan Carlos Abeti

Welcome To The World! (A Baby Firts Thoughts...)

'When i open my eyes for the first time,

i was cold and, by the light, blinded.

Where am i?

I use to be in a dark, warm, silence place;

where was i?

I am listening strange voices, i do not understand,

i am thinking, but i can not talk,

how can i do that?

i am hungry, Why i am not being feed?

I better start crying, to let them know

i am here.....'

PS: And so his/her amazing journey has just begun.....

Juan Carlos Abeti

Welcome To The World(Mi Frist Word, Yipiiiiii)

I have learned to walk,

now,

i have learned to run.

Nothing in my home,

escape from my eyes,

so now,

i`m bored.

It started to rain.....

yipiiiiiiiiiiii.

i liked how i felt,

(i apologize for my vocabulary

i have not went to the school yet) .

I wonder where it comes from,

why everything gets wedded,

i better ask my mom.

So i run towards her,

she looked at me and say:

What's up sweetie?

and i, taking a deep breath,

extending my arms to her,

and with all the force i have

in my little lungs,

i did exclaim:

MOM!

.....

Ups!

lifted up in the air,

i was.

again.....

Juan Carlos Abeti