

Poetry Series

Lenny Orlando Camacho
- poems -

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Lenny Orlando Camacho()

yes I love pizza... of course I love coffee... and yes I'm into poetry, and poetry is into me...

[five] - Of Roses In A Decaying Memory

I never really liked picking roses,
or any flower for that matter.

Once, I was told I was a stranger
to the word romantic,
because I had never had the thoughtful
'consideration' of giving out flowers.

Murderous = romantic: I thought.
As it turns out, it wasn't all wrong.

The day after this experience,
I woke up with a bitter taste in my mouth:
in a dream (nightmare) ,
a hand had reached over,
and took, from one of the most colorful gardens,
a rose no eye had ever seen before
(it sounds much like a cliché I know,
but I don't lie when I write it so) .
It wasn't all bad,
until I saw who the hand belonged to:
Yes. It had been one of my hands:
that murderous perpetrator.
A bitter taste in my mouth
that went away under a layer of toothpaste,
and some scolding morning coffee.

Killing roses (and picking pretty yellow flowers)
has become easier since.
All in the name of love:
The bitter taste comes and goes,
but I don't mind it anymore.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

[homebound I Step Forward]

homebound I step forward
following back my tracks
among the mist and the fog
that relentlessly veil the horizon
where I might find some motivation
to keep on going back.
however, that isn't so bad;
somehow such is unbreaking my soul.

I am animalistic in nature.
Tribal. I am a man of my peoples.
I feel cannibalistic at times
when I pretend I eat my soul
for sport while I stab old wounds
with every key stroke.
a few times past I have eaten my hands
for mere survival.

I feel I hate myself no more.
I feel I feel no remorse.
My memories walk me through
rooms filled with empty faces,
empty hands, empty hearts, empty heads.
the air is stuffy in every room.
where my heart should beat
there is a tiny bird fluttering and screeching.
Tiny little red bird has become my heart.
My muddy ruined heart has become a tiny little red bird.
I know not which became which,
but I am glad it happened that way.

Now as I follow my footstep back
into my primal state,
I am not alone.
My hands may be empty,
but my heart is not empty anymore.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

1 [tears] (Neverending Poetry - Personal Collection)

Tears of pain
burn their way
down
to the ground,
branding
our souls
by the gravity
of the moment.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

A Backyard Friend

A guava tree, furnished gently by the sun,
in summertime this tree had become my fun,
my home, my hideaway, my brother, my all:
The rippen fruit gave me strength, gave me love.

hanging on a branch, resting from the sun,
with my eyes closed imagined worlds to come;
feeling windy whispers, saw this tree grow in me,
and grow out of me, from my eyes and my skin.

he had been my brother through the years,
gave me cover; saved my lucid dreams...
oh! My friend, my love, my shade and teacher,
I tried to bring your message, be your speaker,
people didn't care, didn't ever listen.

time passed... you and I became adults in life,
but my heart and memories try to keep you alive;
there's an image that can't be erased or altered;
my guava tree, my life somehow you guided.

from your branches I knew a kind of world,
the kind that is not easily forgotten;
I saw from up there people are actually small,
but act as if they were bigger than this planet.

up there, dreaming in your arms by day,
ideas, never known to a child before,
were planted, dramatically in a tender soul;
and you made strong what used to be frail.

I thank you for that my tree brother friend,
and thank you because you were always there;
you showed me a way hard to find myself,
now, many things, if not all I understand.

I'm glad I knew you from the start of my life,
I'm glad I spent my time hanging from a branch;
eating fresh fruit rather than watching TV,

for all those reasons I have to thank thee.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

A Mad Knight

Poetry is

a smile painted into words
eyes described as magical doors
lips turned into fountains of love
the transformation of the sun into the lamp of gods
I, turned into a mad knight
with a book-shield and a pencil-sword

Lenny Orlando Camacho

A Peaceful Song

the shade under a mango tree
the warmth of a summer day
the whistleing of birds dancing in my head
a book and a pen

Lenny Orlando Camacho

A Sad Memory Of Happiness

I reached over for my watch,
however, I don't have a watch;
I had a watch before,
I remember.
Perhaps, what I reached for
was not my old watch,
the one I had, briefly,
during a childhood moment,
but for the memory
of a watch
that ticked around my life
merrily
once.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

A Shadow At The Door

A shadow flanks the door
through which escape is merely possible;
the wooden sheet has been swung open
by the winter draft that's never cold,
but always strong enough to cut the walking pace.
Branches crack from ancient trees,
the song being sung is old as dust;
it brings back memories of earthly days.
The shadow at the door holds a known name,
known to friends and family alone:
the face, the eyes, the feelings that hides.
All along it's just a shade that bears my name
and has my face and my broken will.
Poor darkling - little beast - poor son of naught
you've been here all along, and now it's understood:
your salvation
will cost
the life
that I've
been granted.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

A Toast

'Fill my glass to the brink, good man bartender'

I said

'This is the last one I serve tonight, for you or anybody else'

He said

'Look at this amberish beauty'

I said as I handed the money

'One day so much beauty will kill you, my man'

He said placing a hand on my hand

'Your advice comes a little late, since I'm already gone'

I said looking into the tender's eyes

then I just walked away

He took the drink in his hand and lifted it to a toast

'For those who have died of love'

I just repeated under my breath

'I'm already gone'

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Adults' Playground

Most of my childhood
memories are
a lot of day-dreaming
spiced up
with
a little
over-the-top
reality,
like a bad cherry
in a cherry pie.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

An Exodus (And Unfinished Story)

LEAVE this mortal vessel once
leave it a short moment behind
leave it to visit the moon and the stars

then, as hard as later you may try
you may never want to take it back
for then you'll be able to cross the skies
to flee to new horizons in a thought
to embrace a new kind of freedom
and the new dimension given to your eyes
will all of your ideas and feelings occupy.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

At Night What Is That I Hear Outside?

at night

What is that I hear outside?

heavy eyelids

and a slow thumping on my chest

eyes burning like hell

and dry lips and a sore throat

what is that I hear outside my window?

I am not scared of dying

we all are dying every second that passes

we are all dead

like the rock that goes in the water

and ripples go after the shore

I understand, I do

I pay attention while I rest my eyes

Where is my forehead

in my dreams?

I always ask that question, but

I don't hope for an answer really

some things

are what they are

while others aren't

what we expect them to be.

at times I wonder,

but then, suddenly,

I stop. I come back

up for air, and forget all about it.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Bad Self

a tree shade and a knife
a fresh pear and a wife
a spear through the heart
killing's been always an art
a green hut and a pun
domesticated animals are fun
serviceable people astray
give way give way
our tamed friends need the road
let them or finish them off
second thoughts are usually wrong
but what's with the pear and the wife
with the shade and the knife?
they're just aligned
just a filthy line.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Brown Bloom In A Quiet Ocean

I had been swallowed by some eyes.
They gradually became familiar.
An untouchable skin wrapped around a hand,
like an island in the horizon
enveloped in silky sands.

They were a mountain at some point
that pulled me up
and showed me what they saw.
It was a marvelous sight, but frightening.

I washed up at their beach,
after years of living on an island
of her soul, sunbitten, but alive.

Bright bloom
floating all over my dry spirit,
absorbing my essence away:
they stung me and stunted me for a while.

I saw them, and fear embraced me.
Their ardent presence on me
made me melt like wax,
scrutinizing what I was,
and what I had been made of.

I always tried to hide from them,
because I knew I couldn't escape
their crushing stare.

I drowned in their deepness, not once.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Empty Spaces

There are empty spaces
Everywhere in the world.
Poetry tries to fill those spaces
With beautiful words.
Furthermore,
It tries to fill them up
With truth and love.
For Love is life.
Truth is all.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Essay On Freedom

We are as free
as soap bubbles in the wind;
no less no more

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Eyes To The East

look
look closely
there's something
something you hadn't seen before
before you weren't paying attention
you didn't need to pay attention
you were too caught up into the sort of thing the others call life
but life isn't about pleasing tossing and turning
you used to be too caught up on the Machine to notice
used to
what now?
you are used to that sort of thing
the thing that most tend to denominate life
but life isn't about denominations wars holy wars race and colors
what now?
look closer
there's you hidden somewhere down in the folds of your soul
there's you, look feel see
there's you heavy laden with beliefs that aren't yours
with perspectives that aren't yours
with regrets that aren't yours
living a life that isn't yours, a lie a hipocritical tale
what now?
you know that somewhere down there you can choose differently
you understand what you want what you need who you are
what now?
choose to ignore?
or choose to come out in one final battle?
this is your call...

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Finish Your Drink And Go

grab the glass full of fire
and methodically shove it down the throat

run your dirty sleeve again
over the broken lip thirsty of a new hello

ask the barkeep for a refill
another glass of fire to quench your soul

drink it down fast, never slow
close the blood shot eyes, feel the warmth

ask for a glass of forgetfulness
finish it off and then go, never to return

Lenny Orlando Camacho

For The Sake Of Freedom

it is time we love
I You and You Me
in the end
only Love
will set us Free

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Fossil Man

THERE was a man who
ran on sunlight; but we forced
him to run on gas.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Freedom To Love

WHAT is happening with life?
What with me?

I'm free,
although your eyes make me think I'm not.

Those lips
and their furious kiss drag me in.

I'm left alone
wishing you were with me.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

He Said

He said 'let there be light'
then someone somewhere
flipped a switch
of His own design.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Hovering Clouds

Clouds hovering over town
just barely above the steeples
and the rooftops and the treetops
just barely above it all
soft steamy doves
finding their way through the blue
the smog the birds the airplanes
and above a city full of thankful people
who would rather do without the rain
but stick to the fresh shade
this cotton mantle brings
with its ceremonious dance.

but not a drop delivered,
today they are passers-by
just like the rest of us.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

I Always Think Of Freedom

I always think of freedom, but I still don't understand
is freedom something I must buy?
is it something handed to me?
is it something I ought to obtain by fighting?
is it something I was born with but been denied?
I always think of freedom, but I still don't understand

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Immortality Attained

Looking through my ersatz drapes
beyond the world of flesh and bones
beyond the world of love and hate
beyond my dreams and hopes
there's a place, virginal and untamed
a green and placid rootless tree awaits there
a gorgeous waterless beach remains there too
looking through my window lays a street
there's a cloud, a car, a dog, a cat, an empty bottle of wine
there's a door-to-door saleswoman, and an inclement sun
across the sea of glass life and death await
in here, it feels
as if
time
had
stopped
and
immortality
attained
at
last

Lenny Orlando Camacho

In The Mirror

WHEN you look in the mirror, what do you see?
when I look in the mirror I see myself
what is the direction I need to take?
There are so many questions and so many people to blame
I guess it's an answer that has to be chosen
when I see myself in the mirror I am not scared
I'm shattered on the floor, but I must pick up myself
I guess the answer is a dream to be followed
following a dream will fix the image I see in the mirror
when you look in the mirror, do you see your dreams?

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Inclination

There is an inclination
in all human souls
to seek out company;
so, know this now,
I'm here for you
whenever you have need of me.
I'm a soul inclined to be with you,
for you, around you,
and know this too,
there's a line I'll never dare to cross,
the space that makes you free,
the space where you like to be alone.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Interlude

Looking out some window
at some random flying birds,
I started to think
how great it would be
to be one of them,
to be free,
to roam the sky
by day and by night.
While I kept on looking and wishing,
it hit me right on the face:
they didn't wish to be me.
Maybe, that's one of the things,
I thought,
that set those birds free.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

It's The Whys That Makes Us Suffer

Thinking again about leaving
no control no wings no pardon
there's a road ahead
there's a bridge I need to cross
I'm not a child, I'm not a dog.

The sun is setting over town
there's a glacial breeze in every eye
this lost stare looking for a future
a hidden thought of walking away
booking a flight was never so difficult.

an intentionally broken wing is the best excuse,
however intentional, the pain remains
so, wipe the sweet failure of the face
embrace it, love isn't always perfect
love isn't always the answer either.

It's probably the effect caused by choices
evil or not, it's more a perception
there's probably a better manner of doing
love might be an unequivocal mistake
and the whys stab deeper than any other doubt.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

I've Awaken

I've awaken
to a trial;
is it life I've awaken to?
darken spaces float around
gathering light as they go;
the light that finds me through my shadow
makes me and develops me,
I am a moving picture;
I am a darken space that has been filled out with glow
the only difference is that now I know
because like I said a moment ago,
I've been awaken
to a trial:
to life or to something called love.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Just Another Day

Today was just another day
in which I ate and drank and worried
(as opposed to some Holy words I once read) :
I also prepared for lasting til tomorrow;
today I talked myself out of suicide
while holding a knife to my throat;
today was just another day;
my survival was accomplished
either corage or cowardice was evident
only to me then,
and now to whomever took time
to walk into my soul unannounced
by reading these words.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Letter To A Girl Friend (A Road Of Haikus)

know this now my friend,
your friendship's unbearable.
P.S. olive juice.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Look At This City

Look At This City
and tell me
what you see.

Do you see
what I see?
Do you feel
the same as me?

Look at the trees.
Don't tell me now
that they are in our way.

Progress
(whatever you mean by that) .

Look at this city:
so much innocence;
so much fear;
so much love.

Sometimes I feel
the same way you feel:
lost and confused
when I try to keep my love alive
for the people, and the stray dogs,
and the palm trees, and the Nyms,
but the attitude of the city
gets in the way, sometimes.

Sometimes, I close my eyes
and whisper softly
into my heart
that all evil
shall pass.

Look at the city
deep into her eyes.
Tell her,

With your spirit in the horizon,
that you'll never
give up.

By Lenny Orlando Camacho Tapia.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Mostly... (Unfinished Poetry Collection)

Staggering to get up and go
wavering to take a first step
what is the condition at this point?
knowing has never been a strength
doubting has never been an issue
the real problem is believing the love
believing people, the forecast,
miracles, believing scientific facts
stuttering when speaking the mind
reeling into life drunk on survival
mostly trying to survive
mostly trying to...
mostly.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

My Soul Is Crying And I Am Not

My soul is crying and I am not.

How is this possible?
Lights are on
which can only mean
there's still hope:
in which direction is the spear
pointed?
Save the heart, and
a bit of intelligence.
Nothing good comes from
dying suddenly,
the way a lightning does,
most times.

When I run, I run for my life.
Not that I am in a hurry.
I rarely am.
Alive I mean.

There were two things
(only two?)
that used to move me more
than life itself:
her eyes, how she looked at me
and smiled with a spark;
and my sadness,
how my eyes reflected
on the emptiness I've felt.

My soul is crying, but I am not.

That leaves me more questions than answers.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Of Her Hair

A waterfall. that's your hair:
a dark current that embraces me,
offering no escape.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

One Last Song

Sing a song
that leaves me for deaf
a firey tune
that burns my heart
and awakes my soul
fill my eyes with tears
and my humanity with love
sing the song of songs
the whispers of the universe
the sounds of god
of any god
a song for justice
a song for joy
a song for mercy
sing a song
that leaves me dying
so that I once feel
that I'm alive

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Poems

Poems

are deep breaths,
heartbeats,
dactilar prints of the soul.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

See The Water

SEE the water? there's the water
it's a river, an ocean, a lake, a pond, a tear
see it there? over there! that's the water
it's ingrained deeply into the universe
it is you, the water, the soul, the Mecca
the deserved uthopia for the restless spirits
we're oceans, rivers, lakes, ponds
we're rain drops, soothing breezes
drizzling from beyond

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Small Pieces Of Me

Scales, like those of a komodo dragon,
resting on paper, burning holes
through the thin whiteness,
constricting syllables out of blackness
and the emptiness left behind.

'Not now! ' - screams the voice dictating my poetry -
'not ever...' - sadly

Sometimes it falls like dandruff
on my shoulders,
and its presence makes me uncomfortable.
I try to pat it away, but it remains.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Sometimes Is The Emotions That Get A Hold Of Me

Just like the cover of an old book used to read: I live more I will ever die.
It was a beautiful book, so full of hope,
filled with faith; so tiny and strong.
4 in the morning her pages started turning
all the way down to well passed midnight.
She was loved. She was cherished by my tender heart.
Then, one day,
the epilogue:
a blow to the head.
The kick of a mule
turn my precious little book into stone.
I sometimes miss her.
When that happens I summon her shadow,
and reread some pages
when she and I existed in the same plain.
Sometimes I cry in the loneliness of my soul
because the emotions get a hold of me.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Steady

We are pendulums
every last one of us
pendulums is what we are
we swing back and forth
from joy to pain
from drought to rain
we swing
steady - steady - steady
we are tick-tick dancers
from beginning to end
life is just a dance
that we follow at our own pace
a dance - a stance - a race
we swing forth and back
until we crack open
like an egg
swinging like a pendulum
from life to death
from death to life
steady - steady - steady

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Strive For The Sun

The pencil is always calling me;
the words are always forming like a storm;
they push me on to that blank safety
where I can always jump cry be happy and morn;
and all I need is ink paper words
to patch my broken wings
and strive again for the sun
with a little poetry
that, somehow, reforms my soul.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

The I In Future

I
rest upon a hill
made of my own desires

I
rest upon my desires
turned into a hill
of bullshit

Lenny Orlando Camacho

The Millstone [revisited]

FEAR is the millstone, and confidence is the grain,
that we, willingly, place under the millstone's weight.

What if we do? , what if we don't? , we'll never know
if we remain full of doubt and just look at the road.

A grain as small as a mustard seed is the first step,
cherish it, do not misplace it, have faith in yourself.

Confidence is the grain that we must take to the field,
which will grow into deeds and our disbelief will yield.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

The Morning Wakes

The morning wakes with a sunny smile,
with the giggly song of birds and wind
it brings with it; with the smell of oceans
and the taste of bread, with a mist of coffee,
and with kisses sweet as honey and mint.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

The Numbers

UNDERSTAND: money cannot buy love.
It's rather the opposite, money, or the love
of money vanquishes godly love.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

The Same Song For Every Night

A song plays in my head when I think I'm asleep
it flows, it does its thing; mesmerizing tune of love of hate
some eyes open in the distance, their night's overridden by the music
the stillness of the night is torn down
to fragments of peaceless doves flapping their wings gasping for air
there's a rooster, I'm quite sure,
listening attentively to the melody the sun makes when rising.
Then, it dawns on me: I've been scared all through my nights
and I am awoken by the sound of my fruitful sorrow
what a song that was last night!
it's the same song for every night
the same song I was listening to
before I got up to write this tuneless poem.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

The Waiting

for waiting,
one
must have the talent,
for waiting
isn't an easy thing to do.
you have to have your chances
and play with them.
Waiting is like being hungry
and expecting somebody
anybody
to decide to make you a sandwich
out of nowhere.
but realize this,
the sandwichmakers are waiting too,
although they might not know it yet,
but they are nonetheless.
look at your dog if you have one
or at your cat
or at your neighbors' pests
and tell me without a doubt
that they aren't waiting
either.
we are all waiting
for something
for nothing
perhaps for everything
or for too much
or for too little.
we've got work to do
but we idle and we wait.
the flowers are blooming now,
can't you see that?
but if you look closely,
they also waited
for the right time,
the right weather,
and the right station.

the time is ripe for waiting.

let others do the work.
let others sort out our lives.
let's sit here and wait
for our destinies to be revealed,
for the best way of living
to show along the road and then follow.
Let's wait for death to come
and rain upon us like glitter and glue,
and when she is finally here,
let us wait until she shows us how
we are supposed to die.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

There Have Been Many Skies

There have been many skies
and some birds passing by
some clouds gray and white
and even cloudless days and nights
there have been some blue
some dark some firey orange ones
some of them have been planted with flowers
shooting stars have raced with dragons
eagles have played with stars
moonbeams and sunshine
sunlight and moonlight
my eyes have witnessed much
they've withstood the test of time and life
until my departure day comes
when Death gentle touch
reaches for my hand
to walk together the rest of the path.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

This Day Is Bored

this day is bored.
he looks at his watch
and sighs:
it's barely eleven a.m.
he is thinking of the sweet
mechanical sound
of clocking out
and on the deep blue
of his punching card,
then a smile fades in
and fades out
almost instantly.
he looks at his watch
again
it's still eleven a.m.
he shakes his watch
and put it to his ear,
he winds it up.
the watch starts his race anew.
he then yawns
and decides to call in
some rain clouds
so he can take a nap.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

This Is What Life Is...

There are so many things I do
that I do not want to do
There are so many things I want to do
that I am not doing
there is little time left on my sand clock
I guess I can use it for regrets
and to think of possibilities that will never be
one last grain of sand
I could've done more
I should've had the courage to...
one last breath
it was a good life, but it could've been better
Death befalls me
the game board is placed before my eyes
I was just a pawn
adopting behaviors they provoked
adopting their 'dreams' as mine
accepting blind fears as facts of the future
educated for failure
forced to betray and abandon myself
this is what life is and has been, I think, at least for most of us

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Unfortunate Enlightenment

A hostage and
a ruler.

The covenants,
we've all made them:
Don't
Won't
Can't
but, perhaps, some day you might
if I ever allow it.
Ever.

Forget about it.
Nevermind.

Bring your friends over and
let them learn:
is love suicide or genocide?
It's neither.
Perhaps, it is both.

Come,
abandon yourself in my arms
and
rest for a while,
while we wait for your friends to show.
Turn every light off
and
tell me again about the time you weren't brave.
You may yet learn something tonight, boy:
I'm not here and
neither are you.

I'm the ruler of this realm.
I'm the hostage of your pain.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Untouched

An abyss
a lonely soul
so the years pass by
I, somehow, remain untouched
a difficult place to reach
a candid light covered by the drapes I've thrown upon
an unmeasurable pain
a flickering light, reminiscence of something learned
an empty room sparkling with moonlight
it's always night in this vessel
stormy as always on this ship
I, somehow, remain untouched

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Untruthful Self

I've intended to do the same everyone does
when it comes down to rewriting the arts

'there's nothing new under the sky'

words were hiding somewhere in the back of the head
feelings crawled back into their original habitats
loneliness sprawled from my eyes to my soul
I, then, found myself sitting alone
my hands and my feet were cold
my heart not as much as numb
I had pushed and pushed until I couldn't do it more
words were gone, feelings were home, eyes saw nothing
loneliness sprawled from heart to bone to end of days
then, there was an empty seat
I ran, escaped, crawled back into my original habitat
when the morning dawned I was gone with the stars.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Wanting

My lips are wanting a kiss from yours,
a touch of madness that most call love.
My lips are wanting to say your name,
to touch your skin and burn with it.
My lips are wanting to catch your breath,
to feel the voice of your throbbing veins.
My lips are wanting to be yours tonight,
and wake up with you, kissed by morning light
for all the days that soon will come.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Water

My world is water
two beads of water form my eyes
an eye of water is my heart
a constant wave of salty motion is my tongue
a mass of muddy water is my soul
my hair's like snow and the rain at night combined
and a rainy day makes me whole.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

What If I Can Fly

you can't tolerate
the truth
behind the words
'I can fly'
- but I can fly

and when I shut my eyes
I actually see better,
but you have been corrupted
and think that we all should
be just like you
a little bitter and miserable.

I can fly - I say
while hiding a smirk
from the crowd
and folding my wings
back into my immense skull

all you do is frown
and disregard me
with empty, unshiny eyes.

Lenny Orlando Camacho

Where's Hope?

In the flight of a bird,
there is hope.

In the smile of a child,
there is hope.

In the green shadow of a tree,
there is hope.

There is hope all around,
where the eyes can see,
as long as there's something good happening
in the world,
there is hope.

Hope for what? I ask, I want to know.

Hope for everyone to fulfill a role.

Is there hope for me? I just want to be given a chance
to do what I am meant for;

Is there hope for my words to be given enough room to fly?

Is there hope for words anymore in this life?

Lenny Orlando Camacho