

Poetry Series

Lynette Dias Gouveia
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Lynette Dias Gouveia(August 19,1976)

Angels In Our Midst

Every morning I wake up and see angels in our midst
They are not afraid to show their love, compassion and generosity
They give of themselves freely and unconditionally
I see Angels and they see me

Some are near and some are far
But they are present and always in vigil
and I am blessed, truly blessed
for I draw from their love

Lynette Dias ~ June 30,2010 – ©Copyright Lynette Dias-Gouveia

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Daniel's Cry!

High in the mountains
Weathered in cold
A man of young
Has now grown old

Once an enchanter
So the story is told
Lost his life
And sold his soul

His song is heard
On mountains high
His song is known
As 'Daniel's Cry'

His cry of plea
His cry of mercy
His cry of blood
His cry of entreaty

A cry of life
Lost to the devil
A cry of soul
Forsaken to hell

The story begins
In the quixotic days
Of an Utopian in love
A beauty they say

The name was Lynore
A Portuguese pulchritude
With ivory skin
And eyes of dawn

Trapped in her love
Sweetest of the kind
Daniel in love
An amazing sight

Lynore was killed
A riding accident
Daniel divine
Driven to madness

Called onto the devil
In grief, in desperation
Abdicating his soul
For the life of his passion

She came unto him
Beauty beyond compare
After a while, in love
With someone else

The devil was conniving
Daniel a poignant fool
For the sake of his love
His soul cast to hell

Now, Daniel cries
On the mountain high
Alone in despair
Confined in his lair

His song has haunted
Many a ear
Daniel's cry!
... Another metaphor

Lynette Dias ~ 1996 – ©Copyright Lynette Dias-Gouveia

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Dark Hole

In the darkness
Lay me down
In confinement

The Dark Hole
The solitude
The bridge to eternity

Roses.. only roses
Blood red roses
Tears forbidden
For I am happy

Do not enchase
My tombstone
A non-existent
Should be left alone

It's cold.. very cold
Surrounded by earth
Peace prevalent
Silence.. silence

Normal recurrence
To every mortal
So why cry!
A difficult acceptance

The choirs sing
My favourite hymn
For I am happy
I am at peace

Burn my chattels
No memoirs
Sand, dirt and humus
The final impletion

Angels of peace

My body consummated
I am one with soul
The longing never foretold

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Entrancing Eyes

I was trodding through a lonely path in my life
A broken heart; A wretched mind

A time when love didn't exist anymore
A time when love simply walked out the door

And just when I thought I lost it all
I met a man, the most genuine of all

He touched my weary heart with sweetness divine
With compassion and gentleness my fears pushed behind

Humbly I kneel and look up at the skies
Thanking my Lord for sending Entrancing Eyes

For just when I thought love walked out the door
I found in my heart to love once more

My ashen face, now bright and aglow
Entrancing eyes, how can I ever let go

Your gentle smile, so tender, so dear
Entrancing eyes, you have drawn me near

And if the Angel and I, ever have to part
Never forget darling, you are embedded in my heart

And even if tears stream down my wearied face
I will thank the Lord God for all His grace

For when I thought love walked out the door
He poured in my heart a love once more

Entrancing eyes you have captured my heart
Entrancing eyes.. Entrancing eyes..

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Fatuous Angel!

So sweet; so innocent, the child of heaven
Fallen into revulsion, called Earth
Calling out to the depraved to love
And be loved

Innocent child; you are a fatuous Angel
An Angel, who should have come
Long before the conception of aversion
You could have saved the lives
of the fools that have forsaken and
destroyed what was built for them

Angel Child, can you save the fallen world now?
I think not!
You have come much too late
Our salvation is lost!
Our hopes are dissolved in desolation

I was once a believer, Angel Child
But now I do not know what to believe in
I do not feel
And I fear I have lost myself
I envision that tomorrow will bring yet more sorrow
Why have you come now
when life has lost its continuum

I once dreamt of peace, purity, concord, entente
Now I dream of madness!
Madness that has invaded this world
Madness that dwells on war, violence, antipathy, perversion
And so on

I hate the way we die in bloodshed
On what was once the Promised Land
Is it a test that God is showering on us
to consummation

Ha! I laugh at you, because you finally made me doubt
And hope once more

Hope for change!
Hope for salvation!

Angel you give hope and abandon us
And leave us to the wrath of humanity
Don't do this to me!
Not now; not ever
Go away and leave me alone

Change the world Angel; and I will venerate you!

January 1998 – ©Copyright Lynette Dias-Gouveia

Lynette Dias Gouveia

For Annabel

You are an element of my body
Progeny of my soul
The core of my being
I look at you and lose sight of myself
My child, my sweet Annabel

A gift from the Invincible One
The only One
That can hold time and space
And bring forth an existence

What a miraculous fulfilment
A grace so beautiful
So overwhelming, so unbelievable
A gift so intense and so perfect

~ September 23,2005 –

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Four Random Questions

Why do we breathe, immutable compulsive lies?
Have we lost our fear, of the strength of the skies.

What is the essence of pain can anybody tell me?
Is it a test of resistance, a pervious introversion.

Why pretend to indulge, in relentless search for peace?
When we offer stratagem, diplomatic, downright deceit.

Why are we unconscious, maiming this existence?
Will we ever understand, life's mystical persistence.

1997 – ©Copyright Lynette Dias-Gouveia

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Listen

Listen to the children cry
Listen to mortals when they die
Listen to that deceptive lie
Listen to those reasons why
Listen.. Listen..

Listen to hearts that are scared
Listen to violence through lead
Listen to hatred ancestors bred
Listen to the colour red
Listen.. Listen..

Listen to the poor unfed
Listen to the lives they have led
Listen to the feelings unsaid
Listen to what goes through their head
Listen.. Listen..

Listen to the power abused
Listen to the intelligence misused
Listen to the innocent accused
Listen to those bastards amused
Listen.. Listen..

Listen to the covenants unkept
Listen to the affliction of depth
Listen to the graves unslept
Listen to the world or what is left
Listen.. Listen..

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Me

I sought light in darkness and darkness in light
I lost time and wasted in anticipation

I awaited flowers in autumn and snow in spring
I did not explore the dreams and realms within

I did not give to get, or expect to get without giving
But deluded myself with the senselessness of what others thought

I wept nonsensically for what was lost, but did not secure
That through loss lies greater gain

I strived for what I could not be and achieved what was not meant to be
I squandered my own strength and lost my intrinsic ingenuity

I blamed the world for what I could not mutate
I realize now that my life was what I made

I have exhausted enough time and yet not found peace
This journey to accomplish and the longing to be free

I wandered too many paths and tried to be too many things
But I know now, to get there I must accept myself and just be 'Me'

September 22,1997 – ©Copyright Lynette Dias-Gouveia

Lynette Dias Gouveia

My Hand Is Outstretched

You difficult man
Let me into your soul
My hand is outstretched
For you to hold

Let me run my fingers
Through your hair
Kiss you with my eyes
Touch you with the air

Let me shelter your passion
A salvation you so much need
To cleanse you from the apostasy
On which your demons feed

I can only offer my love
You afflicted man
My hand is outstretched
Reach out to me

Let me take you to places
Places where you can
Smell the colours and see the scents
Places where simplicity prevails

Let me remove the impediments
From your eyes
At least let me give you sight
I can see, so perfectly see
The aura which you breathe

Mysterious man
Turn if you can
Search the depths of my soul
.. and see..
My hand is outstretched

-1998 – ©Copyright Lynette Dias-Gouveia

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Procrastinator ~ For The Man That Lives Near The Subway

Pushed
Broken
Shattered
Driven to the brink
I rest my stoned head
on the pavement
The cold cement freezes my skin
and jolts me to reality
Another day gone by

Where am I?
What am I doing?
What happened to my dreams?
My desires? My hopes?
Have I lost it all?
A nonentity? A cast off?
A debris of life?

No! This cannot be
This was not meant to be
I am a man!
Created in the image of God
But! Look at me now
An insignificant
A stigma to mankind

Was I born for this?
No! It cannot be
I am much too better
I am somebody!
Damn it!
Look at me!
I am a man!

Ah! But why waste the night
Let me sleep now
I am tired

Tomorrow
Tomorrow
I will do something better

Where am I?
What am I doing?
The cold pavement of another night
The same realities confront me

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Random Thoughts

~Instead of only thinking of how much we endure and cry
we must also think about how much we make others cry

~Do not give your love to me out of pity
I rather you lived among the wild
Than turn to me with foolish eyes

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Special Friends

You have withdrawn from me
for reasons I do not understand
You have begun to avoid me
when I reach to touch your hand

I try hard to comfort you
but in your world you drift away
I know you want to leave
How can I make you stay

I don't want commitments
that you're not prepared to make
You must believe, my darling
I give, never to take

I cannot say much
for I know not what you feel
Behind that sedate façade
there is so much you conceal

Can't we stay together
a week, a month or two
I'm a solitary survivor
even though I seem a fool

Maybe I am a fool
for I'm artless with my heart
Tears brim my eyes
Alas! I know we're going to part

Remember, I once told you
I will love you till the end
If it makes you happy, Leave
We'll part as 'Special Friends'

~ 1998 – ©Copyright Lynette Dias-Gouveia

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Sprite Of Affection

I don't ask for pleasures
Or the worldly treasures
I don't expect the heavens
Or temporal inane leisures
I am a simple person
Easy to understand
Just give me a little love
And I will be your friend

I don't have costly taste
No frills of the finest lace
I don't have to dress
Make an effort to impress
I am a natural person
Easy to understand
Just give me a little love
And I will be your friend

I don't' ask for gold
Or splendour to behold
I don't ask for silver
A life with azoic shimmer
I am a peaceful person
Easy to understand
Just give me a little love
And I will be your friend

I don't have airs to give
A simple life I live
For those who do not feel
I have nothing to reveal
Yet I am somebody
The God up there has sent
Just give me a little love
And I will be your friend

Lynette Dias Gouveia

The Disease

The disease crept silently
It took over my thoughts
It eroded me and left me cruelly
Depressed and stupid

Gone the wisdom of perseverance
In came irrational doubt
And I lie in self pity
Emotional and foolish

Everything floats in darkness
People don't feel right
And trust slips in the distance
Steadily and slowly

And I wander in ruthlessness
With this disease that destroys me
Eating away my mind
Gradually and patiently

Lynette Dias Gouveia

Unfound Narrator

I am the walking light
I am the vigilant night
I am the longing sight
I am the tentative plight

I am the strength in pain
I am the silent rain
I am the power insane
I am the anima in vain

I am the child in recklessness
I am the missing wilderness
I am the stars in endlessness
I am the living senselessness

I am the radiant fire
I am the violent desire
I am the truthful liar
I am the chosen messiah

I am the veiled rendition
I am the shrouded vision
I am the virtuous invasion
I am the intense deification

I am the extant misconception
I am the unused contraception
I am the bewildered interjection
I am the plunging perception

I am the scrupulous instructor
I am the emotional predator
I am the superior mediator
I am the unfound narrator

Lynette Dias Gouveia