

Poetry Series

Rose Flores Martinez
- poems -

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Rose Flores Martinez()

This is my 4th account on

A blessed day all! Happy reading!

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Rosalinda Flores - Martinez (also known as RoseVoc2, Rose) has written " The Stations of the Cross in Poem Prayer, " first published in 2010, and next published in 2011.

The author has also written 150 Prayer Prompts from the Book of Psalms (Holy Bible) , under the name " Rosevoc2" ; Rosevocation (account.2) .

Rose is a mother to two daughters. She has worked at the Pastoral Institute of Vocation Ministry(Rogationists of the Sacred Heart of Jesus) and has taught ESL around Asia and to foreign (professionals/university) students.

She finished elementary and high school at the Philippine Normal College Laboratory School and earned her Bachelor in Accountancy from the Polytechnic University of the Philippines.

She also completed a course in Freelance Journalism and Authorship at the International Correspondence Schools (Seal of the Schools at Scranton Pennsylvania): majored in Fine Arts Creative Writing at De La Salle University.

She has worked for Wealthline International Magazine (also circulated in Canada) , MM Magazine (for the Filipino community in Guam) , Earthquest Magazine, Villages Newspaper, Working Woman Magazine (an affiliate of Buy and Sell) and was a PR writer for Backroom, Inc.

Rose became a regular contributor to The Daily Tribune Newspaper, Cook Magazine, Rogate Ergo Magazine, and Liwayway ('Mga Bagong Manunulat'; of the editor Reynaldo Duque) . Her first article "From the Heart of a Woman, " was published in Women's Journal Magazine.

The author's fiction story in Filipino "Rebecca, " was included in the book titled "30 Piling Kuwento" (2003, edited by Danilo Meneses) . Rose is a member of the

Katinig Writers group and the Asia Pacific Writers and Translators Association.

RoseVoc2 writes for the "I Share" global community on the Web, and has worked for a CAB Project. Her free ebooks like Basic English, books about success, writing, prayer and poems, among others, are available

Saint Hannibal Mary Di Francia is her guardian Saint, who inspires her with the 'Rogate' and the prayer prompt on Psalms, vocations, and work.

In December 2012, the author posted "My Bible Highlights" (from The Living Bible, The Way - A Catholic Edition) done in the time of early motherhood, while growing up kids.

In January 2013, a first post (draft) by RoseVoc "My Psalm Proem Narrative" experiments with varied writing genres (prayer poems, prose, nonfiction narration, among others) , linking the past to today's life and literature.

Being part of an evolving culture of the mass media and expanding technology, Rosevoc/ Rosevoc2 has delved into writing as an art - (design art, popular art, fine art): she converts her 150 psalm prayer poems and ebook nugget of the four Gospels "My Bible Highlights" into colorful slides and photography (from family, friends, community) in 2014 for the "I Share Community."

A Jet Note

Long I

Long smoky I

Long extended white path of I

Note surprise from the sky

White clouds, hope sings

Rise O Lark, the church bells ring

A zooming jet, to hearts, it brings

Good morning! Good morning!

Rose Flores Martinez

An Ode To A Playground: Pncls

We were like monkeys in the jungle gym hopping the squares of childhood, swinging our freedom like trapeze actors, learning how to fly.

In every hour, stark, green grasses around, waved greetings of Aloha, absent of check points or many gates that would fall and entrances that would scan thumbs or asked for passwords.

Mornings were beautiful, for us, with newly mown grass, fresh and fragrant like bread, with moist shimmer of rain, mirrored a paradise.

Happy kids and teens of school, nurtured and grown, free and happy cool, in a second home of future teachers and leaders.

I ran the grounds, dancing when no one else was watching and when the boys played "Cops and Robbers, " I released allies and defied foes' speed and vigor; it's "Girls VS Boys! " Suddenly boys would grip on my white uniform and snaps would rip, yet I still ran my life. An hour of running freely made our bodies stronger.

The playground served us well. And while we went home at dusk, the sky rested in shades of grey and solemnly covered our earth for the next day of play, again.

Rose Flores Martinez

Beloved

(for vocations)

Tender breath,
yours into the night
my beloved.

Immense and miraculous,
the fullness of you into the night
my beloved.

Our heads in one pillow lay, close,
my beloved
it laces a shroud
a Holy Face that glows,
and love evergreen
like waters that meet.

You are immaculate, my beloved.
Lush, you are, and fierce, my beloved.
A tower leaning to the sky, are your hands.
The Holy Spirit into your heart

Go, my beloved, seized by the cup.

Rose Flores Martinez

Create In Me A Clean Heart

The glitter of a perfect day intoxicates
It makes me remember the past
and all the places dearest
the smell of secrets
laughter and tears

Together all,
lovely holidays
sacrifice of the lambs
fresh water and air

I breathe in -
Nothing is perfect,
only a clean heart.

Rose Flores Martinez

Crescendo

In crescendo, you on the pulpit -

It was in a house which I then quite venerated. It was a dance in the corners and after a while found the best place to stay was in front where you preached the good news.

Lost in the joy of all chants - praying and being in God's presence, you a priest, a pope, a reverend father, Pope Francis, were there in front of me telling me of all the love and might of God.

I was still and silent, mesmerized and couldn't believe you were present with me face to face. And because of Descartes, and my calling that seemed odd, I alone pledge loyalty, to God Almighty.

And because of this necessity that you found me, I, one with your soldiers, augment time. Is it God's will that I love you (vocations) the most? Out of my guilt is duty. Out of God's endowment is sacrifice. A writer does not write in vacuo...

I dreamed of you, last night, dear Holy Father, you were gleaming in white. I thank God for letting you be in my dreams, all the time realizing the wants of my heart and celebrating the mass with me.

It was all so real with the angels... May Mama Mary cheer and comfort you, Holy Father. I love you endlessly.

Rose Flores Martinez

Cross My Heart

Commit

Cross your heart and hope to die...
Walk the path, the extra mile
Place a veil above your head
Lock your belt and sow your bed.

When you say yes
You go and breed
And many promises to keep
A knife on vein
When you walk in
No turning back
Though kneel in pain.

Be imbued
And light would come
One potent Father carries you

I do. I do. Yes I do.
"Don't be afraid," He says,
Be still. Know that I am God."

Rose Flores Martinez

Descent

(for cyd. for (Vocations))

The descent beckons you will leave me
There beside that porch the pale white afternoon wanes

Round a well of prayers, stones you struck
remind me of your fullness.

I need your light to sustain me breath
Days and minutes, I gather them,
Those beams crossing the altar
those days of fright
those days of tiredness

In that hour, your affectionate embrace
gathers my heart to yours; tight -
indestructible
neat, eternal

You are half of me
Close, like equal halves of the same heart
Close, one, steeple of hope

My breasts ache every time you leave
My heart breaks in your silence

I cry unto Thee, my Lord, my God!

And the while the candles burn
I sink, but into delight, open
Pray - till you return.

Rose Flores Martinez

Dust Off

Slime and grease all over the
board you built near the bright
pink flower of noon

I take your gaze that saw
the fright of my letters

I dust the old cabinet of books...
Why can't you just look straight
into
my eyes?

The days of relief, oh to groan -
tender

in
our own secret honeymoon.

Rose Flores Martinez

Elixir

My grandmother makes brew
Paregoric, Merthiolate, Penicillin

Her hands quick day and night
concocting for the only botica
Farmacia Luz.

'A forbidden island! ' they tell
with only myths of mermaids
and encantos -
grows an elixir of seaweeds, gold, and
working hands stretched
over the Pacific Ocean

A fountain of spring sprinkles
in a town once alien

'Hare mo kami paglingawan, O Maria.
Hare mo kami pabayaan huli ta kami sa imong aki.'

And whatever becomes of innocence
is a grip between the thighs of mountains
in my grandmother's home of virgin islands
nature has become our free hands
our brave hands
and the big-boned giant.

Rose Flores Martinez

Eternal God

To only one - Eternal God
Be Holy Trinity adored
Finite batteries of our lives
be charged

To only one - Eternal Light
Be Holy Trinity adored
Our mouthful of air becomes prized

To only one - Mighty Father
Be Holy Trinity adored
Our, O so, finite bodies secure forever

To only one, and only You,
Beloved God -
One Sacred Heart, we trust.

We adore You, O Christ, we bless You,
Because by Thy Holy Cross,
Thou has redeemed the world.

Rose Flores Martinez

Face

In this hour I hold your tenderness
Your gaze, convincing of your love
I want to trace your face, the side of your head,
the hair that hang over your ears, your neck
and your mouth that speaks of truth.

My heart longs for your human smile,
honorable, but a bit harsh like a knight.
Have you ever thought how I adored you?
Your mouth in my mouth that sweet air
of our breaths,
your tongue in my tongue,
I could hear your even respirations.

Your fierce jaw rests in my hands
and on my breasts finds a home, silent.
You are my very dear...
Your absolute kindness locks me
It bares my heart
in the splendor of a saint.

My tears ask for you -
warm.
Of His will, God survives rainbows.

Rose Flores Martinez

Father

The angels and Saints watch over

And I,

always ask, 'Whereto I go? '

Eyes pop on the walls like demons etched,

barred

stupidly stuck

I continue to pray

earnestly settled

Like any kind of saint or a child

'Help me,

dear Father

You are my fortress and my joy! '

Rose Flores Martinez

Fecundity

for lucius s. for vocations

Your sad eyes bother me in your tender breath
That hour, immense and miraculous reveals the fullness of you

My rib from yours into the night, into the dawn, sober
I want to build you a tower that cleaves to the sky

I want to build you a tower more beautiful than highest fields
"Shall I dare?" When our heads in one pillow lay, wild with

divinity lace a shroud, a Holy Face glows, love evergreen,
waters that are immaculate.

Lush, you are, and fierce, my beloved.

Rose Flores Martinez

Fervor

I didn't bargain for this. All I wanted to do was write. And here with all these thoughts naked with the evening after summer has gone I'm facing my nightmares of you leaving, and I, waiting till you return.

Should I say I have really kept those knives under my bed in fear of any betrayal and in short, I am afraid those times you were away.

How long can I endure the days of yearning? How long will I count the days? Those times the evening slept peacefully, and you alone, alone with me, at night, in the bus, on the subway, everywhere I turned, or at dawn in bed when soul and body had no bounds, ephemeral moments eternal, time held our love.

I believed you. I believed when you said you loved me; sometimes even if you lied to me. I believed you when you showed me the clowns, when you let me feel the soft evening, when you magnified my heart. You whispered to me the secrets of the sea in the silent dusk.

I am held by the flicker of Greatness seen in your promise.

Rose Flores Martinez

For Fathers

The hole is filled with

Many stars heaped from above

For those who have cradled kids

Grows a star from the mould

Of an empty well

Of cold nights

Of grey nights

Of riled days

To a glowing dawn

Of sunshine

And emojis

Birds and flowers

Ask God's blessings

From where you are

Daddy.

You remind me

Every time the rain drops sparkle

It is praying to Jesus

You make me remember

All the odds and greatness I could be

Not minding childish ways - -

That breeze in my heart?

Is your tag.

That brave tilt of bowing?

Is God's grace showing

For all my bleating wretched days

You are

My shining star.

St John, pray for us!

Rose Flores Martinez

Forgiving

The smell of forgiveness is reeking
How could I through the mystery
of suffering
give you enough?

The martyrs must be tough and
salient
bold, firm

Like them, maybe I
would lick those crumbs in
honor.

Rose Flores Martinez

Gather Me Again

The past, my own anguish
like tequila,
him in my throat

Once you came -
all things bright and beautiful

Passion stops, too
Old rituals and manly grace wane

'Love thyself, love thy neighbors, '
that is what matters now.

I ask for the rain
I am asking God for the rain
the soft drop of it on my spine
and you, a touch of your hands
to gather me.

Rose Flores Martinez

Hike

Yesterday, there were no stairs but earth gathered and humped

Twigs crouched on our feet, faint jungle in silence

We hiked and reached the top with only the murmur of clouds and kids laughter

We, daring of a moment's surrender crossed the boundaries

Mary, Immaculate Mother, sing our hearts!

Mary, Immaculate Mother, sing our hearts!

Rose Flores Martinez

I Come To You Again. Dear God

I thank you for those days you have always stayed
those days I did not seek you
those days I did not mind you
those excruciating days
I almost shunned you.
I thank you for being with me and those I love
family and friends
those who have entrusted me for prayers
those I have wronged and those who have wronged me
those you have entrusted me to love.
I come to you again, now and forever
Pardon me for my neglect
Let me understand your ways
so I may feel your presence
everyday, even in the darkest hours
in the cold
where You alone in
the midst of the Holy Spirit
come to me; my refuge.
Amen.

Glory be to the Father, to the Son and to the Holy Spirit
As it was in the beginning, now and will be forever. Amen.

Rose Flores Martinez

Illusion, Not An Illusion

I pretend you are with me the days I miss you.
Together, heaven holds us
I miss you every time I want to cry and find a pillow to sob in
every time I'm pooped
in the scariest hours of the night
in a room full of people, I find your face.

I rest beside you, wait till you cradle me to sleep
I wrap you with my hands, hold you, find you in that hardest hours of dawn
again and again
my tongue would only speak your name
My beloved.

It is not by accident that we are lone heart and soul
That day we left
was a conception.
That night the windows flashed fire
I thought of only you.
We are a new life where dead/s rise again
where dreams become real
where angels alter stars
where distance is heaved by time.

That was yesterday when
your kisses nailed me to the walls
We were running stairs hugging, catching our breaths
until tiredness made us laugh.
All I could speak was your name
All I think about was you

Remember last winter? We drove wildly
and even the moon couldn't catch up on us.
Bone to bone and drizzle
promised us a lovely evening

I have grown with you
bled my heart, and sought you in all the places
I have nowhere to go, except in your bed
to hide my fears.
My clutters are darkest, not worthy of a majestic seat nor the crumbs
But God, in His Love gave me an utmost prize -
You.

I ask, but only of you...
You in the cold nights,
You in the dry nights
You in all my days -
You will need to come closer
That I
in a ceremony of chants and vows
would live my word.

Rose Flores Martinez

In Time, In Space

Somewhere, I make promises
No bravoos, no bells, beyond
the deep.

Somewhere, I kneel for love
I sketch a heart in between
Yards and temples, something

Ephemeral, on air, on wires, on web,
On sheets. Candles of wax -
I light on mountains.

Somewhere, I write words, spin threads
I blog on wires
I make a kiss, full red lips of chants

I hug tight - as the mind can grasp.
There is an ascension of thoughts, somewhere
Draping like shrouds, patterns of shimmering silk

I wrap on you -
The brilliance of God's designs
Somewhere

Protective and steadfast
Amazing grace, I hold your heart
Mine -

You trace my bones, my moist nipples
My sculpted blood. You, fierce -
Night and dawn.

Somewhere - here and in spring
Near St. Vianney, the memories
Of our vows, the hands of God anoint.

We endure -
Holding a kids laughter, firm -

seeing the world.

/rosevoc dec 7,2017

Rose Flores Martinez

Inhabit

You
inhabit in me,
unmoved -
like a stone,
free
as the sky
flowing day and night.

What have you told the angels?
Will the butterflies come,
and snakes be all gone?

I believe in you
when you swallowed myself
in the spectacle of gold.
In adoration of One Holy God,
I believe in you.

Rose Flores Martinez

Maps/ In Zeal

Solemn Tochigi blocks in a merry go round of maps, promised a harvest of oranges and pears in the fog-breath of morning.

Parks and libraries, amiable to a snow queen, bared the meditation of its hills and forests; a history in stone of Japanese martyrs and saints.

I breathed the Ikebana in the boulders of time.

Shrines and holy temples peeked down the wind and in petals of sky;
Hovering birds in
soft horizon sang hymn for the gods.

I bowed to the clouds, sank on my belly, raised my hands, down on the soil in awe of transformation and deep promises.

It's not me, it's you — in the brilliance of metamorphosis, in zeal, in hope.

There you are, always, beneath my ribs. My heartache in your cup! In the twilight, it beamed

The unfamiliar silver wedding gown of a bride, a quicksilver in the shadow — let me seek the wits of Pokemon or Voltes Five in the comfort of a song — in fright of longing, in cold isolation

Did I become a prophet
because of a promise?

(song*)"Anata ni aitakute aitakute nemureru yoru wa Anata no nukumori
wo sono nukumori wo omoidashi Sotto hito mitojite miru."

I remember your presence in the vast highway
your wisdom of a sage in a piece of flint
I miss you

When the rain stops, a mountain pool of a blissful marmalade awaits pleading
Rainbows on fields and colors of ramen on the table scatter
Warm me with your arms —
let us kneel upon the dirt.

Mary Magdalene

St Mary Magdalene, you have loved so much
How did you ever survive your fate?
How did you ever know what true love touched?
How did you ever keep your promises and faith?

I could see how much you loved and wept
In this earthly life of grief and pleasure
I could see how you gave light and left
Bestowed devotion, a gift unmeasured

St. Mary Magdalene, beloved of all
Make my breasts raise up to God on High
My faint hands a monument of scrolls
Dearest flesh a harvest of milk and rye

For thy sweet love so real be remembered
For thy sweet love to God be enthroned.

Rose Flores Martinez

Memories

You can't just forget those who have gone.

You miss them all and think about those times touching hands -

Dearest dead, sweethearts, promises!

You cherish those moments of the truest words,

the darkest black of nights, the coldest dawn.

Moments of holding, keeping and letting go...

Love that makes you cry and remember.

Rose Flores Martinez

Muse

1.

I want to seize this time gathering my thoughts

My muse bids me - in September

There is so much to write

and nothing to write at all

I want you, dense, like smoke.

2.

Photos of your dwellings make me cry

a porch, a castle, and empty bench near the lake

I remember our house

when I kept your shoes.

Why do you always leave me?

Your promise of coming back is what I hold dearest.

Around the visionary earth

I wait like a child

If I could only tell you what you meant,

there is no point in writing.

Rose Flores Martinez

My Heart Is Not My Heart Anymore

My heart is not my heart anymore
I left it in the pulpit, wiggling red like jelly.

In a pilgrim's silence, the walls of
the sky tore and clouds restrained
Rain was supposed to be vicious,
but rainbows was supposed
to curse, yet mercy reigned.

I died for sometime in the nightmares
that haunted me. I was raging with the
moon in every taste
does she offer? Beneath dignity her
coarse tongue roused trouble in my home.

Foolish fire! My youth was stripped, my heart,
an oblation, my lips sullen and unkissed!
To unending highways, grief toppled me down
To drumbeats of rock stars, to a deafening roar
Sieved layers of smoke.

Michael Furey from the gasworks sustained
my innocence. Books dozed off my nights
My bed groaned
Until You, brushed my shame -
"summum bonum. "

My heart is not my heart anymore;
stretched tight to the sky,
I cry to the dead -
and like a child,
I blubber "Lord! " -for hope.

Rosevoc. sept 14,2016

Sestina. My Lord

MY LORD

When evening comes, I drowse in fear, my Lord
From flicked memories drifting in sorrow.
My tears flow for blest graves stretching out light
Pleading now and tomorrow. I rise in might
My heart cries to heaven from every fall
In times, I'm alone, You are eternal.

Close to me, Lord, I lean, You are eternal
My sins, forgive me. I sing you praise, my Lord.
In silent hours, in You, shall my days fall
Timeless, your mercy, I profess my sorrow.
Between us, through years, O God, in Your might
Your fire, twisting me in cold gentle light.

I adore Thee, my Lord, in darkness and light
Before You, all good triumphs be eternal.
You ask me, "Do you believe with all your might?"
Yes, I believe, as St. Peter said, my Lord.
"Have faith, little one, be healed of thy sorrow!"
Come Holy Spirit into me, my knees fall!

In Thy cross, Your strength Lord, when all else falls
Trusting Your word, surrounds me Your bright light
And even now, in our Lady's sorrow
Beading paths, peace in war, joy be eternal.
All my agonies held in your cross, my Lord
Twin Hearts hold me close, angels lift in might!

How much do I love Thee with all my might?
Many times I betray you, I fail, I fall
Yet how many dawns and happy days, my Lord
How many beautiful sunsets, fading light
Across the ports, you bless us, eternal
Your heart draws me near you, rest me, in sorrow.

Blessing of prayers, You teach me, in sorrow

Delight in Therese' rose petals holy might!
I shall not be afraid in Your love eternal
In death be with You, in Thy shadows fall.
In chants, on Your altar, I submerge in light
You, alone, my fortress, dear God, my Lord!

Pray, our Lady of Sorrows, when we fall.
God our Father, let Your might bring us light!
Most Sacred Heart, eternal, mercy, my Lord.

Rose Flores Martinez

Sestina. Query

I can't solve the tangent of circles in heartbeats -
the pink fog of dusk and circles in bloodstone
lines perpendicular in the same core
our breaths in matrix of age, naked for rain.
We are surrendering one earth and sky
like one day and night, like cathedral and bells.

When I said 'Yes' I meant a vow of church bells,
understood of nothing, but faith in heartbeats
no conditions, no gain, but faith in the sky.
Of God's favor, etched in diamond and bloodstone,
'Is it easy to forget the mist after rain? '
I'm absorbed in canticles of the world's core.

I want to touch you, soothe, brimming the core,
ravish you, when night comes of quiet bells.
When dawn flaunts with halos, lavish you in rain!
Love seeks you. My heart rhymes your heartbeats,
on the battlefield regenerates a bloodstone -
you, forever pure, in reverence to sky.

You are beautiful. When your cup begs the sky,
your bone ascends where water is born to core,
into silence, a solstice mark of bloodstone,
your smile, a radiance of hope, the Lord's peace bells!
Shall I compare thy breath to angel heartbeats?
Shall I compare thy breath to kind fresh rain?

We have come. There is no fear in love and rain,
no barriers of time, even pain, raised to sky.
There's no fence, no death, only truth in heartbeats,
nothing impenetrable, clean mist in the core.
Weariness fades and full of zeal, swing the bells!
Drought is passing, engulfed in fiery bloodstone.

Let's renew roots and manna dew in bloodstone,
let glow of halos and shapes in healing rain
burn lies and peril in holy temple bells
bring hope to heart drunk in pain, beg the sky!

So sweet, but moments drift like beads to core
yet, always there, a pathway to happy heartbeats.

It is labor of bloodstone that shaped heartbeats.
The baptism of rain sluice down a fogbow core?
Do bells mend hearts? God spreads his wings in the sky.

Rose Flores Martinez

Tender Silence

I can still smell your presence next to me.
How can I explain the look in your eyes?
How can I explain the hand movements,
The hush of breath in that midnight?
Your head leans, tilt on my chair
And I - opt for the window.
I am frightened of the flowing fire,
Sick of the rustle and dark mass that breaks,
Shaking from a promise
Who would want to hear the coldness of
Hands that hold nothing?
I look at you, track of my memories rush
"It looks like a good road in your sleep."
You - still - Unbroken-
Your legs spread wide
Your bones fitting my thighs,
For a while, then for along time
I must remember I am a prayer
And you are my suplica,
You are my radiant dawn.

Frames of our bodies hold close for warmth,
Soaked in the night wind
I touch you, I wake you up
To pee or breathe air -
You rise. Brush, our bodies,
Melt in each other's back -
Swiftly relieved from the friction of life
As if we were both trained in a blaze
And flowing mountain lava.
Thoughts of a fire rock on ridges we have yet to pass
Raging old songs from my throat
I, scared as a kid clutch on your thigh
Chanting - Jesus mercy!
Your eyes are asking- -
The kid in me in your guardianship
Soon we will arrive
And again, we give thanks to God.
With all my heart

I could have kissed and make us one
Lean you on my chest, skin on skin
You, pure as dawn, tenderly
Make me cry.

Rosevoc. january 2018
For x0lim

Rose Flores Martinez

The Adverbs

Sometimes there are just things you don't understand
and just can't explain how things happen

Sometimes you just want to know
how matter or atoms collide; and raise a question about a lightning bolt

Often history repeats itself and your memory shines
like billboards in the sky; it reminds you of Moses
of Socrates, of Zeus, and those gods of myth.

Always, the world would ask about technology, and how it works
searching for new inventions and cure

There is a thin line between fiction and truth
because when you write, your work becomes your world
and others will never understand that
and you can't explain how, why and when that happens.

Rose Flores Martinez

The Parade Passed Through Heaven

Bury. The Long Parade Passed Through Heaven

It was a long parade of people,
the longest wailing of grandmothers,
hushed tears of the dead's father,
a wife's surrender.

Everybody shed a tear, sadness in their eyes -
all sobbed.

Father Jose geared for the final rites,
the blessings,
holy water for the dead,
peaked the graveyard in that afternoon.

In that afternoon, rushed the wind stirring memoirs
little kids tears' wet clothes that fold isolated.

There was something of that space in the crowd - affection
not solely for grass
not solely for earth
but also for rain

That last bullet slaughtered countless tortures
I would like to think I was Laura and he was Logan

My Dad's smell of passing away streamed mercy
what he left, yielded in us.
God
His most Sacred Heart

Rose Flores Martinez

The Rock Star

The Rock Star Sings A Tale Forever Unknown

The rock star sings. Yearning I, his guitar plays on. Wail my eyes, sobs of gray heart. Drums declare rage those nights, those shrouded nights of betrayals.

Dusk

at the superhighway, we, like firing planes, or motorcycle laps, or fighting cocks, unheard by eyes that pawed, snare elements of crumbling hearts. Madly he

drives, and in the brake, to the gas station, I jump! My night beat dares his whore! Gripping on the crown, petals wilt but steady sifting the vestiges of the

night wind, serene, blowing chants pleading skies, moon and earth; despair faced, to hide from ourselves that loss, a solitude of vows, warts and all.

"I know the

look of an apple..." My hair sizzles. I brush my hair, my long, lonely hair in that dark nude corner of loud music in an empty stadium. My heart, dismal, like

unburied volts of thunderous lighting, screams. "Show starts soon, " the disc jockey waves to me. "Oh, yes, I hanker for the rock star! " Vacant seats lure my

imagination. A titanic empty arena bows to reverence for music; my lonely night of regrets hides, sleek in time forever unknown. Night throbs, croons the rock

star into me, "Love hurts... Love wounds." In a screaming dead night of pain, I sink into his eyes, and wait, until his song to finish weeping.

Echoes reaching into

the grey. Bravo! Bravo! Hides the moon, the rock star sings a tale forever unknown, in a saving grace of notes, perhaps - to weep for my heart.

Rose Flores Martinez

Time Is A Gift

There should be something on this paper
Like the lipstick on your neck when I bite you
After the corn pellets have dropped into my breasts
I remember I have to write before the brain cells wane
The white cranberry and raspberry crunch greased my tongue
Time is a gift to the traveler
The fields white then gold
It is fun jumping into something
Or diving into water
"Stuff you cannot do, just do it! "
Like when I'm mad, there should be no shame
While everything comes in place
Like a gift from Rumi or Neruda
The sweetest times were running on the stairs
You - chasing me
Things we can't do when we age
But now, only walking to be fit and warm
Heartaches are gone
Wires replaced the cracked furniture
Only you, my zooming firecracker -
Only you, shifting the stars
Your pleading hands that light
Grow spring
They liberate
Come let us adore God!

/RoseVoc2.7.26AM

Rose Flores Martinez

Tracks

There are tracks I left in the lake, in the puddle, near the market
in the aisle, near the pantry, at night of warm hands in every bead of Hail Mary.

There are tracks I left in the kitchen, in the window, facing the cemetery that
peaceful haze of my cooking, your lunch and dinner.

There are tracks I left in your clothes, in your house, that fire in your heart
not wanting, but light, the glory that smells of Heaven.

Tracks everywhere, of the clear skies, formless and defined by only you
tears, the sound of rain, my promises you hold dearest.

Rose Flores Martinez

Trail

To the library, I go, station by station. You, peak of my dreams. Those pigeons come to gather around my terrors, and for a time, say hello, daring on my palm, swift, ascending for a next flight.

I sit in the park, waiting for your call. My phone is dead, as your voice far and away.

"I've tried to hitch, Baby -" become a flowering shrub like althea - but that isn't just me; because I rake fire, kneel side by side with the sun or just stay a plain blade of grass.

A monument of mountains, St. Jude in my pouch, that winter, facing all the seasons of the earth, I face empty graves, most beautiful to make love. I mine every corner of katakana and kanji.

"So where are you? "

Sparkling shops of wedding gowns in front of dull pavements glazed with ice - an elegant silk for a dress razing my guts, a crow burrowing a steeple, posts lighting one by one -

Wither our promise?

"Never stop, " my footsteps tell me.

"Just don't stop..."

Shadows start to peep, night burns the afternoon, sinuous wind blowing from the ground,

I run -

My socks seem just so heavy.

I run; I run - for the next ride -
My heart has, yet, to catch on the subway.

Rose Flores Martinez

Wet Rain

Every time it rains and the yellow smoke slides, we become one. Your shirt, cold, wet as my cardigan lean silently in the mist; our bodies in a thousand and one nights on the bike. I ask you, 'Are you okay? ' You keep driving, fast on the road... The rain excites the wind. They soak the ground. 'I'm wet. I'm so wet, ' you keep saying. I know you are. That makes me miss you.

Rose Flores Martinez

When Clouds Talk. Dear God

What everything in me needs to articulate
is nested in the traffic of the clouds

I have been thinking about my life
how every day I spend my joys and sorrows

What will become of my tomorrows?
What will become of the offspring?

Now I understand what the elders have been
telling me about, what they have warned me about

Those wise words they have formed of my habits
sometimes cursing words, sometimes kind words

the many lessons of blood compacts
Dear God, growing older is twilight on my back

It is heavy load, even saddening
but full of hope and glowing surprises

Of course, of course you heard me
that I am more trusting of heaven

those beautiful colors of twilight you bless me
closest to angels, those golden mornings and nights of love

Your presence Lord makes everything right
every twilight, every tomorrow

You are my fill

in me, for those our hearts hold -
through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Rose Flores Martinez

Zeal

for vocations

I will build you a tower
near the snow, near the waters,
in the highest fields,
in the morning light, ethereal
cleaving to the sky.

I will build you a tower,
truth to mortal lies
sweet glance to world, despite -
a hunter's moon at night.

I will build you a tower
of faith and love so full,
more beautiful than summers
and light of God to hold;

for wreckage in storm, a dwelling
fierce in God's embrace,
high staring light, descending
still - in angels grace.

Rose Flores Martinez

Zeal 2. For Vocations

Before loneliness I summon you to lie with me
Crazed in your arms in between your thighs
the meditation of our dream befalls.
For a time we felt we were alone.
I need no other thing that wounds would heal
Your body delights in all its parts,
the fume of violets and dawn in the dark woods.

Rose Flores Martinez