

Poetry Series

Shiraz Bautista
- poems -



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Springtime Rhapsody

The warmth of
our heated blood,
collides with
the biting frost of
springtime drizzle,
as we tango
underneath a
ruddy canopy of
cherry blossom trees,
handcrafting our
conflagration like
a potter glazing clay

We are
two Argentine paramours,
alchemical desperados
lashing the
verdant virginity of
Toronto's High Park
with a searing
gaucho bullwhip,
after branding the
naked earth
with red hot iron

Shiraz Bautista

Epistle 26 - Towards The Gates

(I)

Drops of
brine-laden fluid
spurt forth from
my brittle backbone,
meandering between
the cracks of your
coral adorned lips,

(II)

There, I find
myself ensconced
in an oyster
discombobulated
by the slow churn of
celestial metamorphosis,
wallowing in my fervent
longing to sprout from
Hades' jaws
as the Messianic pearl,
nestled in the dove's talons
as it soars above
modernity's ash heap
towards the gates of apotheosis

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Epistle 24 - The Twilight

(I)

I am
the rickety salamina,
embarking on a voyage
towards the
distant isles of apotheosis
nestled in the
Mediterranean's indigo expanse

(II)

From a distance,
your gaze,
like the falcata's edge,
cuts through
the fog of war
that blankets the coastline,
your third eye
peels back
the sea of vultures
and pinpoints my
capsized vessel

(III)

Your trireme
glides through
the turquoise entropy,
before you heave me
from the
wreckage of
the ocean's
rock-laden floor

(IV)

You are hope's
insignia inscribed
upon my
wings' askew,
the hand
that galvanized

fractured shards of
who I was

(V)

Your body is
the chapel
that cradles me in
silent communion,
your compassion
pumping life through
my heredity's
asphyxiated veins,
as time's currents
carry me closer
to the twilight

Shiraz Bautista

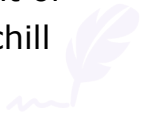
Epistle 25 - Crimson Ash

(I)

Carnality's flickering glint
twinkles in the iridescent
cavities of your gaze,
before igniting my flesh
upon a sacrificial pyre -
the sole solution for
rectifying the
heretic's longing

(II)

Lo! I am the
autumn foliage
that rustles in the
escarpment's palace,
crimson ash
buckling under
the weight of
winter's chill



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Muse

Like fine silk,
your fingers are
soft to the touch,
your caress is the
ocean breeze
that cocoons
my flailing frame
in swaths of linen

Bathed in solar radiance,
your aureate skin is
a testament to
the light
ensconced inside of you,

Your hands,
insurmountably
crush me,
as I am held captive,
cuffed to
lust's throes,
my grasp is
the fleeting frost
that dissipates
with swift ardor
into winter's ether

We muse as paramours
awakening to avian
creatures whistling through
the cleft of dawn's emergence,
unburdened by life's tribulations,
gliding in streams of
Lydian legatos
that vivify dawn's
silent canvas

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Our Alchemical Separation

Our Castilian castle,
an Iberian stronghold
affixed onto clay shores
destined to be capsized
by tragedy's
tidal waves

Our steeple's lips grazed
the crystalline expanse,
before turquoise shards,
released from
the horizon's tether,
tumbled upon our
red brick duvet,
our pastoral canopy

Interwoven with
the glassy unbinding,
here we are,
flailing raindrops
freefalling
from clouds of joy,
our screams
harmonizing with
Mother Earth's
nocturnal sonata

We are the vessels
plunging in unison
towards
the aqueous beyond,
yielding to
the oceanic barrel
that courses
down our throats.

As winter's icy steps
approach us,
we retrace our tracks,

Lo! We are the crystals
that glimmer in the
darkness of Muscovite winter,

Our rebirth is
a pristine samsara
shimmering the
barren earth's desolation,
my dear, we are children
- dove-like infants
masquerading as
snowflakes

But our hands,
cease not
from soiling
our tabula rasa,
lacquering our slate
with terra cotta tints,
unstitched wounds
muddied
by nimbostratus secretions

I hone my aim,
my arrow's tip
finds the mark,
and pierces
supple leather binding
that confines
your very pages,

You ignite under
the shadow of
this scarlet eclipse,
as ecstasy's wayward sparks
dance across this
celestial stage

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Muted Confessions

You consumed me whole,
unshackling secrets
stitched close to me,
eavesdropping on
each whispering word of
my muted confessions

Your carmine lips
relish my
rugged refrain,
your touch,
a lustful lavender caress
blossoming like
spring tendrils,
drenched in
the nectar,
an ambrosiac conflagration

I sway
back and forth
on the vines of avarice
as the Eden-esque fruit,
the vinicultural life
of your sipped wine

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Epistle 23 - Assyrian Choir

(I)

In the
waning luminescence
of Syriac Orthodoxy,
the Assyrian choir,
enmeshed in the
twirling maelstrom of
Aramaic incantations,
cast seismic waves
through the beleaguered
decay of
Damaskan alleys

(II)

Their creed,
an unweathered monolith
mimicking the
early Church Fathers,
is the boulder
that continues
to blunt the
sanguineous scimitar of
the Caliphate's domination

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Epistle 21 - The Oil To Eden

(I)

I am the palatine oil
the astral gift
rumbling your
skeletal tree's
truncated trunk,
each reverberation of
your sacral chakra
pleading you
to unfurl your
dormant wings
and soar above
animalism's aridity

(II)

I am the
shamanistic secretion,
the nascent sprout that
blossoms into
a tsunami that
pounds rusted nails into
your bloodied flesh

(III)

I am your renunciation
the nourishing
fruit of bitterness
calling you
closer towards Eden,
each pulpy bite
mirroring the skunk's
olfactory repellent,
a blistering musk
fortifying you against
Bubonic malaise

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Epistle 22 - I Toss My Life

(I)

I quaff your
vermillion quintessence,
the scarlet blood
untangling
snarls of
my weathered epidermis,

(II)

I toss
my life towards
resurrection's
open bosom,
cavorting atop
the rippling
waves of
Christ's shores

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Epistle 19 - Siberian Catechumen

(I)

I am he who
dwells in the
embryonic catacomb,
the pallid frost
that ricochets
off the resonance
of Antiochian worship

(II)

I am the
Siberian catechumen,
Christ is the bone
of my blade,
His word is the
mustard seed that
stirs oceanic vigor
before summoning
seismic belligerence
that asphyxiates
the debased vestiges of
Leninist deification

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Epistle 20 - Mount Athos

I.

We are the
thunder's call
swathed
under layers of
patina plated
Thessalonian chainmail

II.

Our veins are
cooling springs
that gush with
molten zest,
blood red
Spartan vigor
encased in bronzed
Mediterranean skin

III.

We are an
uncrowned empire,
our kingdom coronated
in pastoral rags,

IV.

We are a nation
stripped of
martial might,
our regal Excalibur is
the crucifix
we hoist

V.

We are the
monastics of
Mount Athos,
our heals glide upon
communion's rungs
as we waltz nearer



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to the summit

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Epistle 18 - Pashmina

Lust is the
ladylike curve
of the Ottoman kilij
that kisses
the jugular vein
of the pagan wanderer,
as he slumbers underneath
the Esfahani opulence of
temptation's velveteen
Pashmina fleece

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Epistle 17 - Lifeless Stone

Christ's hands gripping me,
cleaving me from lifeless stone
into sapphire gleam

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Epistle 16 - Byzantium

(I)

I am the very tip of
Byzantium's jagged lance,
the bridge between
our forefather's fall
and the luminosity of the
our sons' golden age

(II)

I am the
Antiochian knight
burdened by
Mehmet's yoke,
my torch
blazes with a
Varangian ire
that turns pagans and
satyrs, robed in
postmodern depravity,
into stone

(III)

My tale unravels
on cobbled pathways
mirroring Hagia Sophia's spires,
beckoning before the
celestial halo -
apotheosis veiled by
dawn's icy veneer

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Epistle 15 - The Resin Incense

(I)

In slaughter's sanguine ink,
I wield my quill
to etch my tale
upon Alexandrian papyrus -
an undulating
ebb and flow of
barbarity

(II)

My cohesive unity
descends into schism,
an agitating tumult
that presages
the clandestine strife
between Christ
and my corporeal coveting -
a sickness bereft
of remedy



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(III)

Lo!
I am the frail corpus,
my open arms welcome
death's stampede

(IV)

As my heart's cadence dwindles
and the Elders unfold me
into a timber ossuary,
I breathe once more,
my nostrils drawing
in eternity's resin incense

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Laguna Beach

The crimson sun's lips
touch colonial villas
in Laguna Beach

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Epistle 14 - Nimble Contortion

(I)

Lust,
the colossal burden
its jagged edges
chisel into my
crystalline spine

(II)

Lo!
it appears that
fragmentation swamps
my fragility,
my feet, in mimicry
of origami,
bend and fold in
a kaleidoscope of
nimble contortion

(III)

I slip off
chastity's marble-edge,
I am the anchor
that freefalls
to the ocean floor
from Eden's
pristine precipice

(IV)

Amidst the blaze of
my impassioned plea
to partake in communion,
I wrench asunder
the tendrils ensnaring me
to the obsidian bowels
of abyssal separation

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Epistle 12 - Lamb Of God

(I)

Your every word,
imbued with
scarlet droplets,
doused in
verity's fountain,
bursting forth
as an unsheathed katana
drawn not only to pierce
but cleave and sunder
the very vessels
that carry the
tarlike taint of
my transgressions,
unveiling me, bared,
as the lamb of God

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Epistle 13 - Scalding Redemption

Guilt is the furnace
that sears the sacrilegious
scabs off of my skin

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Blush

Serendipity,
blooming forth in my green glade,
blush petals smiling

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Epistle 11 - Creed

(I)

Our creed is
not a green and white
Wahhabi blade
sharpened by
Mohammedan covetousness,
but a lush meadow
for the footloose lamb
to graze in communion
with Christ's kingdom

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Epistle 10 - My Ember Whip

(I)

If thou be in pursuit of
the despised arsonist,
verily, you have encountered
him in the flesh,

(II)

I am the incendiary renegade,
the ember incarnate
who birthed the conflagration
that devoured
the rogue bethel -
the sanctuary for
goddess worship,
the haven for
ruffians of the darkest dye

(III)

The full fruitage
of my flame's fiesta
infused sweetness
into gynolatry's gall
each lash of
my smoldering ember whip
flogging the foul
incense left behind
by the squealing swine
that indolently lingered
around to worship
ivory busts
glossed in wax

(IV)

For they were like
humming honey bees
that tarry around
the honeycomb,
toiling for nectar
before freefalling

in obeisance
to their vixen,
their eyes howling
death's Locrian melody
every waking hour

(V)

Lo!

sovereignty gushed forth
as the searing sienna
wall of eucharistic waves
that melted the
metallic shackles of the
male concubines,
who now crawl through
wreckage's open womb
amidst newfound exaltation

Shiraz Bautista

Eruption

Quantum mechanics,

The titanic cello quartet
that glides through
the entanglements of
biomechanical sonatas

The veiled pendulum
that dances between
life's bloom and decay,

The gaunt thread of
spider's silk that
shackles me to this
Byzantine latticework -
a web of antifragility

The architect's hands
that etch Darwinian
engravings upon
the marrow of
my trembling bones,
hardcoding survival
into my Jungian anima

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Epistle 9 - Maroon Mercy

(I)

I am the seer
to whom every nation
is my homeland,
but my own cradle
is a capsized galleon
laid to rest
among the custodians
of the Atlantic's abyss.

(II)

Fortune was a
camel-led caravan
that exhaled
deific brushstrokes
into this carnal tabernacle -
a transient dwelling
for the Franciscan Bedouin
claiming kinship
with a cosmic kingdom

(III)

My life, an open wound
throbbing with chastisement,
but I bleed
maroon-tinted mercy
for those who hurl stones
towards me

(IV)

I lay claim to a
treasure chest
void of silver luster,
but filled with an
opulence beyond the reach of
the sultan, the emperor, or
Czars of Mother Russia

(V)

Death is the tidal wave
that collapses against
my rocky shores,
hastening me to
blossom towards
higher planes,
as my fellowship unfurls
like an ocean of violets
in bloom

Shiraz Bautista

White Collar Serf

Handsome wages flow,
status lofty, prestige gleams —
office drone enslaved.

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Golden God

Our golden god was
a soulless sculpture molded
from brown brittle brass

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Flamenco Summer

We are saccharine
caramel clad morsels
welded by the tectonic
might of the Earth's
downtrodden salt,
seared in union
with the bucolic
bread of Bethlehem

We are verdant jars
our curvaceous bodies
hold the purest Malbec,
its fragrance anchoring
the palettes of
inebriates, conquistadors,
and saints alike,
to our Jesuit lighthouse

We are gliding
sapphire silk silhouettes
dancing in Sevillian shadows
to the rhythm of
Andalusian undulations
each fiery nylon stab,
a layered delicacy that
strips your gothic façade
and exposes your soiled innards

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Epistle 8 - Maronite Pilgrim

(I)

Baptism,
the fountain
where the Father's
aqueous embrace
wipes my slate clean

(II)

Conviction,
a luminous crown
elevated atop my dome,
my compass through
the labyrinth of creed

(III)

Compassion,
the javelin of Christ
incandescently
piercing the veil of
self-righteousness

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(IV)

Modesty,
an impenetrable mantle
woven from
the unflinching
fibers of rectitude

(V)

No thorny thicket,
nor bed of nettlesome spikes
can wrench my abjuration

No despotic lashings
nor the edge of
a gladiator's trident
shall prise from my lips
the renunciation of Christ

(VI)

As my convictions
confront the gleaming edge
of Caesar's blade,
my proximity to my Lord
intensifies like a Maronite
pilgrim drawing
nearer to Annaya

For my God
towers over the
false idols
crafted in the forage
of a marketplace,
profaned by
human hands

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Train Of Thought

Wild locomotive
leaping off of the track's edge,
feral thoughts grow wings

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Epistle 6 - Ignatian Chains

(I)

The chains burdening
my neck are collars of pearls
for the devotee

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Epistle 7 - Salt Of The Earth

(I)

Inflict upon
these gaping wounds
the searing sting of salt
to expel
heresy's feral odor

(II)

Let the salt's scalding kiss
be laid upon me
to sever the
contagion of atheism
from the sanctum of
my temple

(III)

Drink my suffering like
honeyed libation,
Rejoice in the
choral lamentation
that exalts my
splintered frame
from the
Colosseum's womb
and casts loose
every shackle that encircles
this Iberian plebeian

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Epistle 5 - Lust's Instant Balm

(I)

His clemency was
a verdant expanse
where we lingered
in disobedience,
desecrating our
corporeal shrines,
vandalizing
the gold agleamed vessel
that harbors His very breath

(II)

Lo!
How we besmirch
our carnal sanctuary,
abandoning its
immaculate conception
for lust's instant balm -
a whistling whisper of ease
that dissipates
like the dawn mist

(III)

Our evanescent departure
is a twirling ember that
pirouettes before
the susurrations of
time's passing breeze
whistles our kernel like
hollowed corn husk

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Wanderer, Worshipper, Lover

I am the wanderer
the worshipper,
the lover,
a thistle bedizened
roseate deluge
gliding across the oasis,
each of my petals
secreting scents of
scarlet seduction

I am the wanderer
the worshipper,
the lover,
my hymns
brim with luminance
well before the
golden orb ascends to
crown the Syriac date palms
and cast its gaze upon
the apple of my
jet black eyes

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Blinded

Temptation's broom sweeps
the teardrops from my damp eyes
before gouging them

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Epistle 3 - Wishfully Sinking

(I)

I am the vessel of flesh
the libertine lecher
heaped in the ash of
Mosaic burnt offerings
I search for a lifeline
with both eyes
entombed,
wishfully sinking
in my antediluvian covenant

(II)

I am the fumbling fool
whose wiry,
pale porcelain hands
drop the half-empty chalice
freckling the fractured
Basilica floor
with sanded scarlet silica
a penitent reflection of
my own
self-contained fissures

(III)

I am the universe
muzzled by my
mechanical singularity,
immobilized by darts
dripping in dopamine-laced toxicity
puckering my neuroplastic
wiring into a slipknot
swaying like a pendulum
brushing the edges of
the straight-jacket
holding me back from
rekindling the sparks of
self-destruction

Epistle 4 - The Golden Triad

(I)

We extend our palms
our fingers tips
approach the
shadowed altar
eagerly anticipating
the opulent outpour

(II)

As the Holy Spirit
courses through
our tainted goblets
we shed transgression's
slithering veneer
digging ourselves
out of covetous morass

(III)

The saffron silk veil
slips and lo!
We stand stripped
clean of all externalities,
as unvarnished clay
aching for the rite of
crimson resurrection

(IV)

We submerge ourselves
into the fountain
brimming with
deep red renewal,
only to shoot up
to the surface
as untouched doves
nesting atop
Lebanese cedars
we are ripened by
immortality's elixir

(V)

We are the
freshwater reservoir
whose waves
gush inwards
resuscitating the
asphyxiated foliage of
our inner vineyards

(VI)

Our nascent
buds erupt into song,
belting a trio of notes
stretched across
a chasm of octaves
to form Providence's
golden triad

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Epistle 2 - The Art Of Living

(I)

Each of my fingers,
like coiled spades
embellished with rust,
dig through
soiled tomes of
Greek epistles

Each line,
an epiphanic assault,
peeling away at the
obdurate scabs
perched on the surface
of my corroded casing,
revealing my
labyrinth layering,
my tellurian textures

(II)

Lo! change ambushes me
like an uncoiled
python sprawling
the naked
Amazonian earth
that slithers on it's belly
before stretching itself
around me and
devouring me whole

(III)

In the
heat of contemplation,
I ponder
what vestige to
cling on to
before I ignite
the pyres of
my rickety boat
and bathe in the

silky spoilage of
my Patrician armor

(IV)

As I wear my insides
on the outside,
I gleefully toss
my life towards
the maws of
colosseum gladiators
a meager offering
to glean the art of living

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Epistle I - The Mustang

(I)

I am the nomad
traversing the frontiers
a desert cemetery
serving as a basin for vipers
waiting to spread
their venomous message
and snip away
at the fragile thread
that serves as my tightrope

(II)

As I walk through
the valley of the
shadow of death
and crawl closer to
the mouth of hell
I toss pages of scripture
between those
honeydew lips
each word
a boxer's right hook
a scimitar slash
that severs
the clinging clots
choking my arterials

(III)

For, it is written
The man that calls
upon Christ
shall be spared
from having
the noose fastened
firm around his neck

(IV)

Whom shall I fear?
with the Sheppard

by my side,
the sourness of
poverty is sweeter
than Persian sherbet

(V)

Whom shall I fear?
through Christ,
the Antarctic
gale-force winds of loneliness
that blistered
my cracking visage
is a mild breeze that
sterilizes the wounds
left behind by
the wages of Pauline transgression

(VI)

You hoist me
towards the
promised pastures
where I roam
like a mustang
galloping atop
the mountaintop
unbounded
by the weight of
the world's chastisement

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Honeyed Milk

Fingertips dipped into a
jar of maternal caress,
these supple hands
carefully pour the oil on me
laminating the spinal spurs
barbing my fleshly peduncle

Christ's lips embrace
this weathered stump
the once fabled
tree of life,
withered and wallowed,
now gives birth
to burgeoning seedlings
poised to crack open the
ceramic moonless expanse

Lo! How they burst
forth from
the oily balm of
fatherly embrace,
their shattered casings
flung across the forest floor,

An eruption of
Pompeian magnitude,
thirty-three
Olympian branches
drenched in honeyed milk
heave their titanic might
from the middle garden
towards the kingdom

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Thoughts Adrift

In the autumn's overflow,
my mug spills over as
leaves cascade like
torrential Monsoon downpours.

My thoughts,
like a loaded barrel
lodged down my throat,
hold my mind hostage.

Stillness halts my very steps,
overthinking, the great divider
ruptures my body
from my thoughts.

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An Empty Jug

In this picture
perfect moment
your hands stencil
around the gaping wound
while your fingers
glue together
the scattered shards
entwining my glassy conviction

You swim against
the ebbing flow of
time's vagaries
caressing me with
a new coat of sheen
that envelops and veils the
once overflowing blight
that rotted the veins of
this debased thief

I laughed
with each
self-inflicted incision,
Lo! how short-lived
was my joy!
I now tirelessly weep
like a widow
as you remold me
from wind-swept dust and
bend me into the shape
of an empty jug of wine
yearning for his blood

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In Your Colossus

Like emerald pastures
for tarried gazelles,
the shaded monastery
nestled between wedges of
tectonic New World protrusions
was a cathedral for
ecclesiastic contemplation,
an oasis for the
pilgrim explorer
to traverse the tattered
pages of Psalmist devotion

As he wandered the
Martian dunes
immediately east
to the Pacific Ocean's
bone-chilling embrace,
his scripture
was the camel-led caravan
that grew wings
and soared towards
the shrine planted
on clouds that embroidered
the endless beyond

Upon his knees, he
gracefully cascades
before dissolving into you
his heart resting firmly
in your colossus.
Your talons stitch
the seams of his wounded ego
charred by the blaze of four hundred
Herodian oil lamps

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My Weathered Hands

I am the Spirit's breath
fashioned by
Mother Mary's grace
into a crucible of mortal clay

As the sun set upon Judea
underneath the
the bliss of nocturnal shade
I laid my heavy head
upon pillows of stone

And during the day's harsh sun
I was set ablaze by
Pharisaical scorn,
as the lowly Sheppard
draped in coarse garb

Forty days
passed in the wilderness
hunger was my only compatriot
as I was taunted and tempted to
eat soiled morsels of fruit

During this deprivation,
my feet were
the only compass
and my hands
were my only guides

Yet I stand today
clutching the keys to the kingdom,
the elixir of eternal life
resting in the palms of
my weathered hands

Shiraz Bautista

Bağlama

My priggish plump fingers
frayed against
the fretless neck of a
thousand stringed lute
each chord I strummed
cracked open galloping
gaseous spheres of
scorching flame
my velveteen vibrato
commanding them into prostration

Lo! how they fell like dead leaves
As they knelt before me
purifying themselves
in the same water
I once walked upon on
their vigor blossomed in me
like lilacs in spring
my bağlama punctured
the starry gardens like
a Janissary's blade
coated in Byzantine blood

Shiraz Bautista

The Armored Husk

How long will I elude
you, who resides in me
Lo! You molded me
like clay,
from a dirty drop
the singular whispered voice
that spoke with the
ferocity of a
booming baritone choir,
You were
the ship that sailed
across turquoise skies
setting atop
a Himalayan throne
the perpetual pulse tingling
my razored wrists,

I saw you as
the mountain spring
spouting ink
taking the form of scripture
Your word,
was the armored husk
that protected all
precious pearls,
yet incomparable to
any eloquence that
embroiders the
necks of modish maidens

You are nearer to me
than I am to myself
the rose-colored oil,
that vivifies my
bursting veins,
the saffron that clasps
on to my nostrils
as I emerge from
the ocean floor,

to come up for air

Shiraz Bautista

Ape Of God

Our Darwinian might
exterminates vermin
we're the apes of God

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

A Drifter Seeking Refuge

I was a moth,
a drifter,
seeking refuge
in the scorching blaze.

Destiny's jaws dug
deep into my hands
each canine like a nail
hammered into my palms
clasping onto my flesh
before tugging me away
from the frivolousness of
frantically frolicking from
flame to flame
to gulp flickering
feral sparks
to quench my thirst

Jet-black drops of
wax drip down
cascades of stained glass
as a Gregorian choir
made up of
a thousand icy sopranos,
begin belting in unison and
rattle my tabernacle into place.

Lo! I am now
a waxen candle,
immolating myself
every lash of the whip
mercifully imprinting
my wrinkled skin before
I set myself
ablaze in the afterglow
born of an invisible spark

Shiraz Bautista

The Humble Passenger

These weathered hands -
rusted relics
embellished in the
patina of time's
restless passage

These sinister
metallic arms march
forward, akin to
Third Reich battalions
stomping on
Parisian fabric
with leather boots
hand stitched
in the name of
totalitarian apathy

Each of these arms
testify against me
and bear witness
as to how I ticked
my life away

They are no different than
insatiable worms
that nibble away at the
tellurian tapestry of decay -
these hands devour this

Humble passenger
wistfully traversing
through the wreckage of
this debris-ridden odyssey
unencumbered by the tonnage
of anxiety that is bursting
through the seams of
my hollowed body

Epicurean Birds

Sealed tight inside
a closed coffin
until death flings the lid off,
and the serrated scythe
softly slashes
the caged birds of Epicurus -
feathered prey bleeding
in silent surrender,
painfully pleading for flight
as the reaper moors their wings
to marble plated
sandstone mausoleums
slivered with blood

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

This House

Pleasing portraits plentiful
in this picture perfect residence
neatly nestled in
silk sheets of
coastal Californian opulence
the gleam of San Diegan splendor
like a coastline of pearls
embracing the Pacific Ocean

I'm the pauper prancing in
the Sultan's palace
adorned in
golden robes that
shimmer under the glimmer of the
Constantinople sun

As the hands of blithe
suavely caress me
reality creeps upon me
like me an armed thief
and uproots me from
the Garden of Eden
this house is not my home

Shiraz Bautista

Sacrosanct Entropy

We are dots
unyoked in the astral pencil sketch
disjointed blots
swinging on the vines
pouncing around for residues
epiphanic morsels sprinkled
like salt on gaping wounds

Lo! Look at how we gulp the wine
while we masquerade the dulia
this elixir's fragrance
frosts then flagellates
the epidermal demurrals
as layers of jagged flora
leave pinpoint punctures

For we are just
clay molds dotted
with oceanic ink
we are flawed facsimiles
the fluidic phantoms
flowering like fuchsia stained fire lilies
that hoist the penultimate gift -
emerald-hued sacrosanct entropy

Shiraz Bautista

Lucifer's Cello

The weight of the world
gently pressed against
slates of ivory
plated on an ebony tomb
sheered in jet black polish
as it hums minor seventh arpeggios -
the melodic malady of a refugee
exploring a cyanide denouement

Phrygian staccato strikes
percussively stabbing the oasis
Lucifer's cello delivers
from the basal epidermis
skin deep sacrilege
surfacing as scars
blitzed blisters
tarnishing the portrait we seek,
as it hides behind
panels of bulletproof glass

Shiraz Bautista

Persian Scythe

Plucking my oud's sacral strings
her felt fingers glide across my neck
the goblet drums' frisky clicks
like an oasis nestled in the desert
Persia's striking sonority slices me like a scythe

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Tuscan Red Temptation

Tinctures of Tuscan red temptation
trickle through all
of the tempestuous rivulets
in Damascus

The scent of
the nonpareil nectar
torments both the
nearby boors and patricians

They quaff the wine and
leave the river dry
despite having no mouths
to drink from

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

My Yoke

My yoke shall remain light
like wings of a falcon in flight
but if you remain anchored,
do not sound the dread alarm when
my burden's fangs sink into your skin

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

All Smiles

Cast upon me piercing pricks
of thorny apostasy, then douse me in
an inundation of roseate deluge
grayed watery specks flicker like charcoal embers
but I imbibe every drop, all smiles

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Fermented Apostleship

Corking my only apertures shut
I peer through this concave eyelet within
gorging on the salt breeze
the aroma of cabernet grape skins resuscitate
my airways, as I sip fermented apostleship

Shiraz Bautista



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Like Musk

I'm a flat tire rolling
towards the casket caressing this moldering heart
like honey blending into milk
I pour myself into you like musk
as the reaper's guillotine cuts us clean

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Pharisee's Frothy Cup

Altars of laudation slyly shapeshift
into foaming frothy cups of Machiavellian commerce
we cannot serve two rabbis
to sharpen the bone of this blade
this weapon is not of the flesh

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Golden Handcuffs

Bragging about their golden handcuffs
contemporary serfs wearing white collared buttoned shirts
modishly masquerade as caged chickens
by sticking flowery feathers up their derrieres
emasculated last man's search for the cure

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

We Are The Dead Birds

Exposed carbon shell
dead circuitry
our ancestral coronation
strewn on the floor
as pillar candles burn
with iconoclastic blight
we soberly sedate ourselves
before stepping onto
slumber's sepulchral stage
to act out subterranean chimeras
the radiating ecstasy
of being buried alive
and lo, the curtains descend
we are the dead birds
that soar with clipped wings
our cerebral silhouettes
engulfed in a
vulture's disease-ridden bowels
floating alongside scraps of
tarnished lacquer

Shiraz Bautista

Subatomic Symphony

White sun springing
forth from the Earth
slicing through
nimbostratus apostates
oscillating in the saffron sky
radiant rays
like yarns of silk
a mellifluous drapery of
Lydian arpeggios
sending shivers down
the spine of
subatomic strings that
slowly split off from us
as we reap the swirling storm
of a blackened unfinished manuscript

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Rustling Rudiments

Cacophonous clatter cuts clicks pricks
the rustic rim of my auricular snare
playfully paradiddling my prefrontal cortex
into a state of fight or flight
during the wee hours of the night

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

My Ecclesiastical Grenade

Once sealed tight
the eyelids of
my shrouded eye
nestled in the crumbling confines
of this teetering temporal form
auspiciously slip apart
my cradled cornea now
lugubriously leering at the
plainly demarcated peripheries
of this leery physical plane

Turquoise tellurian irises
spotted by a drop of
festive fuchsia flame
squint for clarity
as it propitiously beams, gleans,
then unweaves the sinews
that faintly fasten
the virgin mother's lapis jewels to a
fivefold lunar string of
simmering sacral supernovas
which gallantly trim the
ascetic's pronounced smile
seconds before
he pulls the pin
and ignites
my ecclesiastical grenade

Shiraz Bautista

Lamenting Paloma

Damn my eyes

Tinted
puritan
aging innocence
my meek maiden
Paloma

Feeding the flesh
walking with the dead
bequeathed
in his blood

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Pleroma

Our telescopes revealed no empyrean
curious eyes wandered through the dead interstellar depths
dwelling in the faint light of distant stars
gliding like cold gusts of wind
whistling the bristled reeds of our catechisms

We carved saviors from birch
and sculpted marble idols
deceased deities
emblems of stiffened superficiality
shimmer our shrines,
their images onerously ornating
our molded mandalas

We inhale the cadence of rustic resurgence
through a tube tied to a golden disc
suspended with the amethyst stratus clouds
westward winds spill the serum
as we unwillingly wobble out of our ritualistic degradation

Our image ripples through the celestial canyons
eternity looms above us
inhibiting the stratosphere
the nearer we go, the more vividly we recollect the
tumultuous tundra chill
that accompanied our divorce from our pleroma
our antidote to the omen of cognizance

Shiraz Bautista

Butchering The Placental Cord

'I was frolicking up a staircase made of clouds only to end up muzzled in a circus'

I explain to Lola - my puzzled therapist

'Your rational faculty seem to be calloused by your crippling catatonia'

Her reply was coated with felt-like futility

Amusingly, the fangs of her achromia snip away at the once blossoming lilacs of her empathy

Her voice as dead as the stale air of my medicated asininity

I numbly whisper as my jaws start to jitter:

'The umbilical residue cushion my fractures as I collide against myself in the mist. The marrow of my wrists harrowed as I laved myself in the currents of this psychotropic tryst'

Slivers of shivering semblance slip as my speech starts to quiver

'Bolts of ivy thorns shooting out of my thumbs as chilled acetone affably kiln my leathery lungs'

My words are like empty chambers in a gun

Staring down the barrel of this moment, I duck down and plunge heedlessly hunching into my neonatal womb

Lola responds:

'I see you recklessly assume and choose to stay cocooned in your wooden tomb. One day, your unconscious lit fuse will burn the glue that seals the door of your clandestine youth'

Alarmingly alive,
perfuse as she pursues

to rattle the tail end of my serpentine cognition
inflicting wounds with a Jungian razor on this irreverent recluse

"Refuse this samsara of self-abuse. The thorns shooting out from you are
already starting to take root. Butcher the placental cord holding you hostage or
devour its rotten fruit."

Shiraz Bautista

Wounded Utopia

California

paradise driving the nail
holes in both my hands

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Artful Discord

A picturesque portrait
tightly embraced with golden grace
in the aisles of the orchard
torturing watercolors vividly displayed

Now how do we interpret
all these riddling shades of grey
so silently morbid
pale pigments petrify like a serpent's gaze

Swiftly fashioned,
mercifully molded like artisanal pottery
muted monochrome musings
reveling in meek viscosity

"Apostasy? Look closely at how I bended and blended each contour so softly"

The aggrieved artist screams
with simmering ferocity

"So lofty! Bucking tradition - a decision that could have been costly. What an atrocity! "

Hotly quipped
the glib critic
jostling in the joys of childish curiosity

"But honestly, I have no real opinion worth offering"

The plebeians indifferently grovel as they unconsciously chime with their dose of despondency

Shiraz Bautista

Alchemical Imagination

Diamonds scattered across the sky,
drizzling upon us as we silently tango through time,
impaled by the edges of our parallel reality,
as our dimming candle sparks the shadows of our unconscious infernos,
that tug at the noose around our necks,

We count sheep to the blare of taiko drums
perdition singing as the morning sun
our alchemical imagination being used against us,
like a firing squad dutifully delivering us,
one stray bullet at a time

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Ripe Jewels

Round ripe red rubies
Riveting her rich palette
Surprised sommelier

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Locrian Trills

Tirelessly tapping the ecliptic elixir of modernity
the marionette hurls pebbles at minarets

The rot of this wretched wine vivified his rapturous pith
plating the tombs of his sodden salience

The pangs of arousal cleave onto the inebriated mannequin
his locked lips pipe the Piper's mantras
the rodent destines himself for delirious denigration

He is no different than a bee that
tarries too long in a lotus moments before dusk
the last man siestas the altars of nectar-laced honeycombs
like Himalayan dew reposing in Tibetan singing bowls

The grape of his wine
like red rubies that incarnadine
the spokes of a regal petal

Flinging the woolly garbs of forgiveness
he glaciates himself in this numinous tundra
for his newfound treasure
was nothing but fool's gold

His unsatiated cravings
Locrian trills of a libidinous choir
ruefully recede into the crepuscule

Shiraz Bautista

Gilded Mules

Gold-laden mules, beasts of burden, laboriously toiling in their quixotic quest to become princely potentates,

Spinning in a joyless cycle, sparked by embers of short-lived pleasures behind brittle walls of opulence and heedless Epicurean delight

Deafened by a calamitous clamor of covetous cravings, the mules' once juvenile joy is now wrinkled from the imposition of multifarious conditions

Silently swept away from the shores of the infinite

And soaring toward gold and silver rainbows

All while drinking from the casks of crass carnality, before drunkenly drooping toward death's scorching breeze

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Serpentine Soil

Rustling like the faded foliage of a floundering yew
I sweetly slide off of my bristling branches
onto broken bedrock
littered with dead cut flowers
pale and powerless
recounting yesteryears as the emerald enigma that
embroidered crimson crowns of resplendent orchards
brimming with virginal exuberance

As I split further my source
thoughtfully dotting these thickets like spots on a leopard
I ruefully relieve myself in this serpentine soil
a mosaic of flavor for shamanistic forays into fractal dimensions
unrooted from the aridity that intermediates
our initial infantile incision and our soothing swan song

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Dead Red Radiance

I daringly dip my fickle fingers
into a lagoon of supernovas
to discover a decaying dwarf star
tinging my palms with dead red radiance

The tips of my fickle fingers
slip further, I lose my grip
and carelessly cascade with the stardust
as rippling rhythms of astral resonance
revive the rust off my lamenting labyrinth

The ambiance blisters my bloated eyes
as palettes of color belt remorseful requiems
and redolence brushes the restless breeze
with tempestuous strokes of neon fluorescence
prodding my patina-plated visage

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Nefarious Nectar

In this honeydew-hued candlelit room,
our shadows slow-dance
indulgently caressing our cadaverous consciences
as they carelessly clatter through each step of sacrilegious self-revelation

Layer by layer, we gradually underdress each sequenced secret
marking the map of our mystic musings
our tongue-tied whispers unkink tempting textures
as we eagerly and feverishly
unseal the nefarious nectar
in anticipation of playfully parsing through our previously protected primordial
premonitions

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Karbala

A ceremony of fearful falcons
scattered like a school of frightened fish
their crooked wings scissored the soaring Syrian sun into slivers,
blissfully beating down the silver streaks that crowned the heads of cherished
Bedouin elders

They wept as they carried canopies of remembrance
every parched pore draped, like languishing lotuses, in anguish
to honor their hallowed hero, Hussein
on the ruinous road to Karbala

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Una Aguja Fina

Te exploro con gracia
buscando por un conexión
quiero encontrarme en ti
acurrucado en tu emoción

Tu miraste afuera
y miraste el dentro
me encontraste en ti
y también te encuentro

Eres mi corona
como eva, mi costilla
si tu fueras un templo
llevarías a mis rodillas

En pétalos blancos
estamos cubiertos
debajo de las estrellas
a juntos en el huerto

Pero escucho tu voz
como escarcha, tan frío
¿todo está bien?
tu humor, siento tan vacío

Pero ahora lo veo
vuelas con una ala torcida
pero tu me tienes
no estas perdida

Como cristales rotos,
yo te recojo
congelado en el momento
como un buen foto

Mi regazo tierno
por ti un almohada
que estés perdida por palabras
cuando estés acostada

Nosotros estamos
encima de una aguja fina
bailando lentamente
a un error de nuestra ruina

Pero soy tu guerrero
y el amor es mi guerra
mis palabras son mis armas
y tu corazón es mi bandera

Shiraz Bautista

Sin Memoria Ni Heridas

Castillos contruidos en arena
un cielo hecho de vaso
estamos desenredando
el fin, yo atraso

Estamos entretejidos
como lluvia, nos caemos
en plena noche
con lo que queda, nos reímos

Nuestro barco está hundimiento,
y llegamos abajo del mar
descendemos a juntos
finalmente a descansar

Y cuando llegue el invierno
como la nieve, regresamos
cubriendo la tierra
ultimamente nós esperamos

A vivir de nuevo una otra vez
en una otra vida
para que empecemos
sin memoria ni heridas

Brasas escarlatas,
podríamos dispersar
en el cielo amarillo
mientras recordando cómo amar

Aunque es oscuro
yo apunto por tu corazón
reescribimos nuestro destino
disfrutando la bendición

Shiraz Bautista

Atado Al Toro

Tengo sueños
y mi cuerpo tiembla en la cama
tengo visiones
de brasa y flama

En el jardín
de violetas en flor
escucho palabras
que me acercan a tu amor

Veo que vendrás
intoxicándome con cada paso
tu mirada profunda
me quiebra como un vaso

La noche nos cubre como una manta
y el día se disipa
mi amada
tu me juegas y acabamos en chispas

Pensamientos salvajes
atados a un toro bravo
se destroza mi autocontrol
dejo atrás el dolor de ser humano

Tu inocencia me tortura
levanto tu velo
te beso suavemente
y llego al cielo

Acabo de espertar
estoy manchado del color
de la soledad y el anhelo
del cariño y el fervor

Shiraz Bautista

Guerrero

Corremos hasta las colinas doradas,
bajo del sol brillo,
que este momento sea el origen,
de nuestro futuro castillo.

Subimos hasta la cima,
el sol rojo se hunde ahora,
la vista roba mi aliento,
¿sientes este amor esta hora?

¿Puedes verlo florecer?
como las rosas rojas
este premonician ilumina
y las estrellas lo acoja

Aunque continuare a luchar
incessantemente por lo mejor
me rindo en este momento
encantado con tu amor

¿Donde se vayamos de aqui?
¿cuanto mas alto que sentamos?
te acuesto en mi regazo
y como chispas ardiente, acabamos

Eres capaz
de hacerme creer, eres mi milagro
tu amor es tu arma
que me ha conquistado, lo declaro

Shiraz Bautista

Segundo

Véame

mira como débil estoy
esclavo a mi tentacion

Créame

sabes como yo voy
en este camino de pasión

Soy pecador, y necesito su gracia
pero perdóname por mi audacia

A seguir a viviendo como un animal
perdido en este mundo carnal

Dame la fuerza a realizar tu majestad
a manifestar su divinidad
llévame afuera de mi soledad
próximo a su reino, donde puedo honrar

Su promesa,
a realizar el pacto sagrado
que sea el centro de mi vida
y siempre este en mi lado

Protégeme de los pecados corporales
que Tu gloria sea mi espada
que tu poder sea mi blindaje
y me ayude a contestar su llamada

Por aplastar el tirón de decadencia
y ganar esta guerra sagrada
a humillarme cada día
conocimiento que yo soy nada

Pero contigo, puedo crear palacios
del oro, del pensamiento, del alma
que me lleve a los cielos
si yo abre mis palmas

Siento sus manos en mi cerebro
cuando yo escribo, estoy ciego
y las palabras vienen
de mis dedos imperfectos

No me deje,
a ser un vaso por conteniendo placer del mundo
en mis rodillas, yo quedaré
por un oportunidad segundo

Antes que yo pueda
traer paz universal
acepta este confesional
por paz internal

Shiraz Bautista

No Tengas Miedo

Como un tesoro
te saco de la arena,
pesado y precioso,
cubierto en cadenas.

Intento abrirte,
pero no tengo las llaves.
mis intenciones son claras,
y esto, tú lo sabes.

Te quemo con fuego,
pero eres diamante.
de la tierra, tu eres
pero siempre elegante.

No te cambies, amor
quédate brillante.
en cualquier forma,
vas a ser cintilante.

Enséñame, mi nina
tu sonrisa radiante.
no tengas miedo,
a juntos, vamos adelante.

Shiraz Bautista

Veo Muerto

¿Puedes escucharme hablar?
pago el precio de ser infernal
yendo al fuego
si yo siga en este estado internal

Pero no me ha terminado conmigo
le dejó usted, por concederme salvación
través pecado y recaídas
que usted me conceda redención

Líbrame de estas cadenas
bendíceme con tu caricia delicada
anhelo por su gloria
espero hasta salvación ha llegada

Se va erradicar estos deseos
me trajera la luz
mientras estoy sangrando espiritualmente
llevando mi cruz

Sálvame de caer
como el sol ilumina el día
brilla mi vida
con su pasión su presencia

Porque estoy perdido
en la noche sin esperanza
distante de usted
perdiendo mi confianza

Si yo muera así
nadie me recordaría
viendo mi peor miedo
manifestando en mi vida

Si lo sepa yo que se
quisiera tocar el cielo
pero estoy bajando
perdiendo este duelo

Con el mentiroso
pero intento quedar fuerte
no estoy paranoico
pero veo muerte

No es una persona
ni espíritu, lugar
no es demonio
es un estado espiritual

Shiraz Bautista

Tatuaje

Como una cama de lino
suave es como me tocas
centímetros de ti
yo siento tu boca

Besado del sol
tu piel tan cerca
me conquistan tus manos
no puedo resistir tu fuerza

Como un prisionero
me atrapaste
atascado en esta pasión
no puedo dejarte

Descendiendo más rápido
a terrizas en mis brazos
que este sentimiento siga
nunca debemos separarnos

Si fuera la última vez
espero que disfrutemos
como pájaros en el alba
sin preocupaciones, cantemos

Si fuera la última vez
no me dejes tan frío
como un tatuaje
te inscribo en este corazón del mío.

Shiraz Bautista

Tonos De Rojo

Una vez más
he muerto
desvaneciéndome lentamente

Una vez más
veo la verdad
quemándome suavemente

El humo se despeja
mi pulso ralentizando
busco por un signo
los días estoy contando

Viendo al hombre
en el espejo
viviendo por hoy
con estas transgresiones que cortejo

Obscuro, es mi corazón
hastados están mis ojos
me ahogo rápidamente
en tonos de rojo

Cada noche una ruleta
cada mañana un choque
reza por mí
que Dios me toque

Porque Él me ignora
no ve mis lágrimas
he gritado por merced
solo en mi esquina

Pero prometo no abandonar
esta es mi palabra
prometo santificar su nombre
olvida como andaba

Caminé en el valle de la muerte

pero ahora Él me planta en el camino
la ruta a los reinos
todo de su plan divino

Eres mi pastor
que me salvó en el pasado
a través de tu guía
a verdes pastos, yo he llegado

Shiraz Bautista

Perlas

Eres la rosa floreciendo en mi pecho
perforando mi corazón frágil
como un filo de un cuchillo
cada corte, tan suave y sutil

Esperaste pacientemente
envías escalofríos a mi espalda
como destino, me haces a sufrir
así se sigue mi jugada

Me tiñes en tonos de violetas
me niegas merced
mi mundo en tu mano
apagaras tu sed

Estoy pegado
en tus verdades y mentiras
antes cerdos,
yo tiro todas perlas de mía

Empújame lejos
mírame caer al abismo
en fuego y humo
yo recibí mi bautismo

Te pido una vez más
que me hagas brillar
sobrevivir se duele
pero tu caricia, me puede curar

Shiraz Bautista

La Pintura

En tu deseo, siento tu furia
en tu pasión, sientes mi fuego
en tu ojos, brillando con rabia
de tu anhelo, contigo yo juego

Respiras rápidamente, pierdes control
aquí o allá, esprinta hacia mí
caemos como hojas de árbol
la caja de pandora yo abrí

Tu presencia, yo sentí
tu caricia, yo partí
de tus brazos, salí

Pero como un signo, me encontraste
en mi espíritu, estabas arrepentido
el último destino por la errante

El efecto, sensacional
una obsesión tan peligrosa
nuestro romance
como un candelabro luminoso

Tu toque, tan suave
pero tu afecto, tan fuerte
la luz de mi renacimiento
hasta el momento de muerte

Miel en tus labios
cariño en tus llamadas
se detonaba mi cuerpo
cuando yo te recordaba

Todas las memorias
fluyendo con solturas
alentaste mi llama
me enviaste a nuevas alturas

Sumergeme en tu belleza

salvame de tristura
sientes el calor
con mis manos en tu cintura

Rastreando tu figura
mi cuerpo, tu armadura
que se siga esta ternura
este momento, nuestra bella pintura

Shiraz Bautista

Mi Vida Entera

Te bebí por salud
en postración, vi tu luz
me salvas de inquietud

Tú despiertas mis sentidos
lejos de este camino
donde estaba perdido

Me agarras fuertemente
nos fusionamos lentamente
me desmayo repentinamente

Suavizas mi alma arrugada
mi soledad se apaga
contigo, mi deseada

Que yo hiciera,
dejar esta esfera
de angustia, dime lo que quieras

Correría en tu carrera
a través el mar y la tierra
yo esperarí fuera
a darte mi vida entera

Shiraz Bautista

Mi Jaula

No seas tímida
yo sé que vienes por mí
ven acércate
tu cuerpo, quiero sentir

Una ciudad sin murallas
es tu corazón
mírame en mis ojos
y toma tu decisión

Si quieres seguir reservada
en intimidad pura
o si te unes
en nuestra unión segura

Que nuestro voz suene
como las notas de una violín
que este enamoramiento
florezca en nuestro jardín

Mi mejor regalo
es perderme en tu fantasía
muchos años dormido
yo despierto por dejar mi melancolía

Estoy en la arena
próximo de la laguna
debajo de las estrellas
mirando a la luna

Atrapado en mi cuna
mi jaula, traqueteo
en la forma de mi espíritu,
dejando mi cuerpo, te veo

Shiraz Bautista

Like Fresh Tendrils

What remains of the life we knew?

once red and ripe, now begrudgingly bruised
dense clouds of carnage merge with musky mildew
as embers infuse the desolate, scorched sky
a glimmering white flag dances and captivates my eyes
while my empty ears are exhausted by the drab drone of combatants' cries

Old-world remnants, soft and serene
nowhere to be found in this ghastly scene
we are shells of who we were, blighted and blind
mercilessly maligned, the only truth we find
a jagged pill that we can't swallow
our fathers have fallen, and we have no one to follow
youthful exuberance, starting to falter
rejecting, false hope, failing, wailing, curtailing
blasphemously blackmailing one another
brothers, bonded by blood, betraying each other
former bonds and allegiances flung into the gutter
shuddering, a dynasty starting to shutter

Tracing the trail to truce, a trying tribulation
forsaken families floundering on fragile foundations
shaken, aching, under this chastening undertaking
lament, like fresh tendrils flourishing unencumbered
dynastic dignity plundered, a nation torn asunder

Shiraz Bautista

Este Ladrón Temerario

Aunque todo yo te dijera
mis secretos les descubriste
no exactamente como quisieras
pero perdida en éxtasis, me oíste

Mis labios dulces
mi toque, lleno de cariño
goteando con añoranza
perdiendo mi esencia en tu puño

Oscilo en las vides del deseo
como la uva de la tentación
bebo el vino prohibido
mientras caigo en la adicción

Mi espíritu en tu cárcel
tus manos son cadenas
por este ladrón temerario
así es mi condena

Shiraz Bautista

Instagram

Overbearing obsessions drown all rational thoughts
each shutter of my camera brings a high that cannot be bought
my fragile facade flourishes with every snap I take
curating a delightful delusion, carefully crafting the perfect fake

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

The Blood Of Slain Martyrs

Upon the departure of the founding fathers and their ardor
their sons, harboring a love for the carnal self,
hastily waste the blood of slain martyrs
defiling duty, tossing time-honored traditions to become salt of the sea
only to reap abandonment, falling from precious prophetic peaks
into the valley of calamity
where friends are few, but many are their enemies

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Pirouette

Stepping into this room
this is where I want to be
the slow burn of my lantern nearing its demise
and to my surprise, all I can see

A single loose-leaf page
with a single word -
"Hello"

Defer my judgment,
nothing to be inferred
blurred, perhaps a bit unsettling
but I'm sure it could be worse

The page nailed against the wine-stained walls
I recall, the door closing behind me
as she entered, draped in Persian shawls

Donning sapphire satin gloves
clutching a sterling silver key
her saffron skin tenderly tattered by melancholy
but her voice crisp as the midnight breeze

"Peel back the red velvet curtain,
only to find that your burdens,
and your sinister sermons
worsen you as a person"

The diminutive door
my only way out
slowly shrinking

The flimsy floor
and the earth beneath me
slowly sinking

My rueful restraint
my reverent reasons for denial
falling apart like an aging empire

My doleful dame
my playful paramour
pirouetting in the grace of my desire

Shiraz Bautista

Miscreant

Cautiously stepping onto the slate grey staircase to nowhere
I confronted the meandering, menacing miscreant
only to find out that his conniving knife can't cut

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Vermillion Veil

From nothing, zero to one
my inner universe begun
as these thoughts arrived
to decode and decide the passage of daily life
sifting through perceptual heresy
with clairvoyant clarity
scaring me, as I peer through the vermilion veil
of my puzzling polarity

Vast factual deposits
mines of memories
fermenting lucid liquor
intoxicating me intensely
preemptively, I senselessly
stoop further into this reverie
collectively cascading chaotically
to carelessly catapult my anxiety
jolting my self-imposed subconscious sobriety
to somberly shape-shift daintily into saintly piety
dyeing me in shining streaks
of velvety possibilities
yet it's surreal to me
to reign in these thought palaces of virility
but now it's time to leave
unwillingly

Shiraz Bautista

Tiptoes

The silent sanctity of sleep
could be to effectively retrieve
remnants of our repressed revenant
linking the missing pieces
between the annals of folklore and immediacy
yet it's a mystery
How when I'm sound asleep
I intimately tip-toe towards my oblivion blissfully

I barely blink as my life raft sinks into a sea of sharks
pulling apart bamboo shoots of my raft
shards of horned ivory glaciers deviously depart
chartering an emerging route to delinquently dart
out of a desolate, damning destiny
sensibly so I can spill back into my senses eloquently

Gently, reminded to recapture the revelation as it came to me
but I barely breathe in this purgatory
cathartically contracting and reacting
one node in my chain reaction
to this rehearsal for eventual eternity
of uncertainty, laboriously languishing in this trance of lucid sleep
coiling, caressing subconscious subtleties
unconsciously haunting me
so dauntingly

Shiraz Bautista

Bequeathed

With the weight of wondrous wealth and worship
neatly nestled in her corporal cavity
unexpectedly, this eager expecting dame
lifting her humble hand in search of clarity
seeps through the cracks of your decorative doorframe
proclaiming your holy name, she wearily wanders in,
her innocuous infant
blissfully bequeathed in your home
giving birth to your kingdom's gemstone

Dutifully destined for divinity
from infancy
his devotion soared like scintillating symphonies
melodically proselytizing the word
his actions; the bedrock of his alluring anthem
caressing his speech harmoniously
and so they see, envy, and seethe
the enemies brushed by jealousy
and cannot believe
that these prophecies
are carefully questioning their authority
their prosperity, now in a noose
sordidly squeezed by the boy
to atone for their atrocities

But their progeny, ceremoniously slit by a sword
floored by the grace of what they heard
a revered yet reserved sprout
spouting verity in every word
disturbed, yet utterly perplexed
incensed, the descendants deliberately descend
into damning disbelief
in fear, falling on their father's forgone fallacies
malice creeps, these fiends furnished their fumbling fortress
with obscenity
and now these thieves with stolen gold, gravely grieve
and frantically flee
mortified by this ethereal effigy

Tinted

Straddling the fractured frontier
dividing two disparate, distant decrees
tugged from each of my lumbering, limp limbs
inevitably tumbling into dogmatic belief

For every creed, a byproduct
of a specific time and place in history
from what we believe as divinity
inherently tinted by human ingenuity

Forgery for me,
to dismiss one or another as sorcery
yet forcibly, like water,
I fill the cup of whoever is holding me

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

The Best In Me

No matter where I am
you are the air I breath
no matter how far
I still feel you near

No matter what you do
somehow you
bring out the best in me

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Russian Ruins

Repulsive rodents
roaming razed Russian ruins
post-nuclear war
hollowing our heritage
scarring our soiled Slavic state

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

The Final Frontier

Eyes on the hourglass,
I watch each grain of sand fall
life slipping away

No regrets, no fear
leaping into this vast chasm
the final frontier

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Irritable Thoughts

An incessant inebriated insomniac
incarcerated by her own irritable thoughts
serrated skeletons in the closet
are the only friends she's got

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Feeding The Flesh

In the wilderness
I am searching for a home
no urge to atone

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Trigger Finger

Trigger finger runs
burning with this ecstasy
the sound of the gun

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Parenthood

Lifting you so high
my frail body starts trembling
this burden breaks me

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Watch My Albatross

Good luck to you!
as you try to stop
this runaway train of thought
heading off the rails

Serenely setting sail
into the bliss of the blue sea

Saliently signaling its
salient desire to become one with the
salt of the earth

Sit back
so you can watch my albatross float away

Stare into the endless expanse
so you can watch my burden drift away

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Rosie

Rosie rosily
reciting her rosary
dolefully hopeful

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Reverie

In my time of need
I stare into blinding lights
to feel your aura

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Glimmer

Lighting up the void
your soft hands adorn us all
within the abyss

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Valedictorian

Sinner in disguise
the ripe apple of my eye
blotted with wormholes

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Paloma

A nervous newborn with a maiden's blush
seemingly too tame to bite
yet every move calculated with predatory grace
you are an assassin waiting to strike

Keen as the edge of a razor
solace as sharp as a blade
a perilous dove carrying a grenade

Adorned in glory, you were a regal crown
now transformed into a dagger and a spade

Like the mountain reaching for the sun's embrace
you tear holes into soft silk skies
Mercilessly flung across the haunting horizon
screeching your belligerent battle cry

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Embrace

Grace me, embrace me
unearth all your emotions
compassionately

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Rosary Beads

What began as a vanity-premised venture
an antihero adventure
around the globe, chasing splendor
avenging for adolescent abstinence

Peering behind my translucent facade
peacocking my pride as a pretender
only to end up indentured

Brush strokes of your pastel rendering
barely able to engender
my succinct, swift surrender
My slender semblance slowly settles

Salvaging thorny roses, peeling off the pearliest of petals
rummaging euphony from salacious symphonies
pleasantly plucking Puritan prose from sinful soliloquies
at the feet of towering Yosemite trees
decadently descending upon me
like Newtonian fruit, without any revolutionary discovery

Yet suddenly,
my pea-sized portals of perception, confounding me
how could it be?
gloriously, you have turned me
into glass beads on a red rosary

My life now one round trip
along a thread
when all is said
I am bound by the miracle of birth
and that final moment of dread

Shiraz Bautista

Escaping The Present

Push off and delay
can't confront reality
procrastination

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

In His Blood

Baptized in his blood
cleaning original sin
cup as clean as mud

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Aging Out Of Innocence

Child with greying hair
tender skin but bloodshot eyes
enduring pressure

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Coping Mechanisms

Stress creeping slowly
my poor coping mechanisms
eating me alive

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Hands Of Time

Our splintered faith
crumbling beneath the immensity of our doubt
traces of crimson staining our weary hands
ensnared and entrenched, we take our positions
bearing the weight of our nation's conviction

We remain solemn,
we stand armed

An eerie stillness haunts us
silence blankets our abandoned encampments
while the very streets themselves hold their breath
to veil their restlessness
but deep inside the hallowed chambers of our hardened hearts
hope flickers like a sacred flame

Stoic remains our disguise
as we watch them eat each other alive

In the relentless march of time
unraveling strings of sanity lay bare
as we hang on by a slender thread
a single flicker, a solitary ember
setting ablaze this tightrope
each step, now a delicate discussion with destiny

The nearly empty hourglass
serving as a sign
our enemy remains undefeated —
the haunted hands of time

Shiraz Bautista

Damn My Eyes

Spilling myself with an ink-soaked feather
pages cocooned by mahogany leather,
eroded and weathered

"Damn my eyes"
"My deeds unjustified"

Perusing prose to anesthetize my pain
my windowpane dripping with drops of autumn rain
feigning contentment for a fleeting moment in vain

"Gouge my eyes"
"My deeds are my demise"

Each member of mine, like fault lines
divinely defined as one of his signs
grinding against one another for the first time

"Blind my eyes"
"My crimes dim my light"

As I claw my way out of this carnal cavity,
depravity and dread fill me happily
aptly humming to the melody of my impending calamity

"Leave my eyes"
"I am no longer in disguise"

Shiraz Bautista

Preaching Truth To Vagabonds

Transcending the narrow confines of my mortal epistemology
laying beyond the approach of conception or imagination
you mold me, caress me, and nurture me
so I can take celestial leaps of faith
vaulting myself to the stratosphere

Incrementally immersing myself in your infinite absolution
redrawn outside the lines of finite rationality
glad tidings gush in my direction, as I unconditionally submit to you

And in haste, I call upon my companions
to tenderly surrender their members,
to give up their native endowments for your harvest

But if every ear is not fit to hear the truth

What good comes from preaching truth to vagabonds?

What good comes from planting seeds on barren rock?

Shiraz Bautista

My Meek Maiden

Mischief shaped like a slender solitary mademoiselle
tantalizing my carnal calibration towards indecency

Cloaked as the city of truth
anointing me to serve as her gatekeeper

In her namesake, I devote every weary second of consciousness

Entranced by this myopic hypnosis

Although my outward gaze is sealed
my inward-facing eyelids creep apart
after decades of dolorous dormancy

The maiden of my musings
a mirage hiding behind a mask of malice
mindfully manipulating me with Machiavellian mastery

Mistakenly meeting my gaze
my meek maiden of misery
now mercilessly mauled and marauded

By this misty, marine-hued miracle
known as my third eye

Shiraz Bautista

Blankets

San Diego sky
delicately cocooned
overcast blankets

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Shattered Moral Compass

I uncover my blackened face
my frail hands trembling
as I fervently seek the remedy

I have nothing except morsels of supplication
and a thousand restless nights to my name

Immense is my discomfort
colossal is my distress
and tonight I finally surrender

I kneel, and I submit
as a debased lowly man brought to his knees

Pleading, begging, wailing for you to
immaculate the sins that blot my innocence,
conceal all atrocities I committed behind closed doors

Screaming, beseeching, weeping for you to
nullify all transgressions that brought forth calamity,
abolish my burden of generational tribulation

Shrieking, seething, grieving for you to
pardon my former delinquencies that repelled hope
become the needle of my shattered moral compass

Through your remembrance,
I inch myself closer to you
hopelessly clinging myself
to your magnificence

Professing your unity
out of fear of further chastisement,
since I cannot endure
any further separation

Shiraz Bautista

Self-Existent Light

From the depths of my anima
a multiverse unfurls,
a cosmic dance beyond the limits of
my mortal perception

Amidst this ebb and flow
this perpetual push and pull,
I ride the tides of the sublime
as an ordinary man transcending toward divinity

Scorched alive, but now reborn as
an illuminary convergence of complex dreams
slow dancing to the symphony of rejuvenation
I have become the architect of my destiny

To you, I am nothing but a problem to be solved
before him, I am the self-existent light
an enigma to be experienced

To you, I am nothing but a drop in the ocean
in his eyes, I am the self-existent light
a vast ocean encapsulated in a single drop

Shiraz Bautista

Firefly

I am a foolish firefly
falling in love with the feeling of being burnt alive

I kneel in prostration
below your feet
to collect mere shells from your ocean of infinite wisdom

And soon, I began drifting like a piece of straw in a current of flowing streams
floating through the waves of time and space
bending and breaking to your divine will

My ego shatters in my desire to reach you
I set ablaze my lust for worldly desire
seeking to escape this abyss of material degradation

In your name and through your ways
I am reborn as the coolness in your eyes
amidst the heights of sublime spiritual serendipity

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Bleed For You

This cold glow
this lifeless stillness
cuts to the bone

Coming to terms
getting a grip
on whom I've hurt

This wicked rush
an unsettling longing
for your forgiveness

Cloaked in your indifference
begrudgingly you stand
as my sole witness

If I bleed for you
the way you bled for me
may these rivers run red

If my need for you
follows me to my final hours
release me from this dread

Shiraz Bautista

Sunset Of Eternal Youth

So sublime
the ocean comes alive
as the sun leaves its lips on me
the tides caress my feet

couldn't ask for anything better now
then to be here
to breathe in

This everlasting piece of paradise
to feel peace
and release this

Imperfect confession
that it's not the same
yet I still question
who's to blame, as we reframe

Photo stills from a better day
simpler times, if only we run away
and drive off into the sunset of eternal youth

Shiraz Bautista

Through The Fog

The steel rusts
rivers rush
one last breath
suffocating underneath a haze of indifference

This lifeless aura
piercing the stillness
dampening my disbelief
in our chance to make it out alive

Our greatest fears
thrust into the forefront
our deepest insecurities
crawling from below

Through the fog and rain
a blinding light pushes its way
only to reach us someday
praying it's not too late

Shiraz Bautista

Whirling Towards Fate

Basking in this serendipitous aura
spinning out into the spiral
inhabiting this illusory reality
for a fleeting moment

As fragments of the sublime one
coalesce and manifest
into the vast beyond
like precious ornaments

No longer alone
eternally immersed
chaotically unified
with this external manifestation

No more to be swept aside
as I cling to my sacred reality
choosing to stay in this moment
amidst my imperfections

Your touch
sets me off toward the stars
letting me forget who I was once

Pulling me out of my orbit
you draw me closer to
your black hole heart

Stay with me
as I reconnect with my sanity

Stay with me
as I reconnect with my humanity

Shiraz Bautista

Wounded Whisper

Let me stay
let me relive this ecstasy
keep me in this illusion
ensnare me in your fantasy

I fall onto my knees
in your absolution
accept my feeble offering
before my preordained execution

Crawling out of the shadows
I see you adorned in the heartbreaker's robes
as your wounded whispers liberate me
from the prison of your tormented love

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Burn These Bridges Tonight

I watch the colors
slip through my hands
they bend and they bleed
as I slowly soak them in

Morphed by your inhibition
I am stepping out of sync
I stare through your cataracts
deep into the depths of your mind

Your words are spoken
but there is nothing I can hear
you reach out to me
and draw me in

Let's burn these bridges tonight
and let these embers scatter throughout the sky

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Still Blooming

So far gone
estranged and withdrawn
blinded by this melancholic shroud of mist

this depression revealing
my inability to confront these feelings
that continue to persist

A wistful disposition
to remain in this vulnerable position
yet somehow, I insist

To wallow in my lamentation
in the melancholy of my imagination
as my fingers clench into a fist

But soon gloom gives room
my grim apathy resumes
as I continue to reminisce

Although gloomy, I remain unassuming
my dolefulness still blooming
from the depths of this abyss

Shiraz Bautista

One Moment

With each glance at the rearview mirror
my hands slipping off the wheel
as I drive down memory lane

With each memory flashing before me
my eyes go blind
and here I am, in the midst of all

My eyes off the road
the glass shatters
no seat beneath me

Whatever I was
whatever is left
here one moment
and gone the next

A few short memories
some bitter regrets,
I am here one moment,
and gone the next

Shiraz Bautista

One Fragile Prayer

My palace of gold
nothing but a shaky house of cards

My everlasting kingdom
becoming less than an empire of dirt

The weight of this love
starting to break me slowly
how much more can I endure
before I shatter into smithereens

Grand visions of splendor
slipping out of my hands like smoke
dreams of opulence and grandeur
shapeshifting into diabolical nightmares of desperation

Cast aside by the waves of history
like an anchor, free-falling with minimal resistance
taking every else down
on this capsized vessel of disillusion

I take one last gasp of air
make one fragile prayer
for these tides to carry me
to familiar shores, to carry me home

Shiraz Bautista

My Tender Heart

Sin begins with the heart,
where dark desires may start.

Sin takes root in the mind,
where temptation begins to bind.

Sin fuels the imagination,
and fans the fire of deviation.

Through sin, decadence is what I find,
through sin, my spirit unwinds.
through sin, I am tossed off the throne,
as it turns my tender heart into stone

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Perish In Ignorance

As I traverse this spiritual wilderness
seeking solace, a dwelling place
there is something I must confess
I am held captive in disgrace

Drowning before you,
embracing this cycle of sin

Oh supreme one,

Restore my shattered sense of self,
mend the seams of my tattered faith
or else I perish in ignorance,
dishonored and in disarray

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Through The Faith

Through faith, I move mountains
through faith, I rise from any fall

Through faith, I manifest miracles.
through faith, I stand tall

Through faith, I build thought places
through faith, I answer the call

Through faith, I embody triumph
through faith, I rule them all

By my faith, may it be done unto me

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

All That I Used To Be

All that I used to be
nothing more than memory
I am paranoid, I am cynical
but I'll keep praying for a miracle

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Our Atonement

In this epoch of apathy
I see the fallen
left by the wayside
struggling to make sense of their ongoing tribulation

Cast aside like lepers
and left to perish as a consequence of our collective indifference

Isolated, broken, and empty
shattered beyond repair

Hollowed by the void of purposelessness
that ruminates their blackened hearts
and feeds off their irreverence

I call upon you, oh holy, and to those who bear witness to my proclamation
to come forth and fill this growing ethereal chasm with healing
to ignite the flame from our embers of belief

I call upon you all

To replace impulsivity with a deep desire for discipline and moral duty to uplift
others

To cauterize our spiritual depravity and manifest this boundless premonition of
love

A love for the holy, the just, and morally triumphant

Soften our hardened hearts, by bringing us into this state of grace

Let us transform from mere disciples
into beacons of sanctity, inspiration, and truth

Let us cut across these new divides
in the name of healing
in the spirit of hope
in truth, and truth alone

May this testimony be a gateway for our atonement
and resurrect our divine consciousness during our darkest of hours.

Accept our tender surrender
heal our aching limbs
amidst tides of splendor
may our new life begin

Shiraz Bautista

Sanctify My Eyes

Oh sublime one,

Liberate me from the chains of carnality and temptation
release from modern-day idolatry
and shield me from the attacks of ongoing spiritual warfare

Deliver me from unrighteousness

And protect me from the three-headed hydra of nihilism, hedonism, and consumerism

Set me on the path to supreme glory
and count me among those who spread virtue, truth, and righteousness

Bestow upon me wisdom to tread down towards divinity
and lead me away from the crowded road to perdition

Keep me humble in my times of triumph
and grateful during times of adversity

Endow me with creative faculties
to cultivate strong friendships, families, and communities

Grant me a long life in this world,
but never let me grow attached to it

Through you, I become a vessel brimming with divine purpose
instead of an empty shell adrift in misguidance and ignorance

Rectify my mind
wash away my sins
sanctify my eyes
by your grace, may you purify me from within

Shiraz Bautista

Brick By Brick

Relinquish me from lustful intent
let me not survive on bread alone
let my belief perpetually bloom
from the mustards seeds that I have sown

Lead me out of temptation
tether me from the thorns of pleasure
as I lay my life for your kingdom
humbling myself for your treasure

They may strip me of my worldly wealth
but my joy, they can never steal
they may flog this feeble flesh
but my wounds, you will forever heal

I step into your home every time
when I am in need of grace
when my pillars of belief fall
brick by brick, you rebuild my faith

Shiraz Bautista

Grace Your Crown

Oh supreme one

As I tread your divine path,
I sense the deceiver's presence
dimming my vibrant glow

His delicate whispers tugging at my desires
I feel his presence grow

He clutches me without mercy
vivaciously yanking me into the abyss

But through my faith and our covenant,
his aura vanishes like a fleeting kiss

As I seek refuge in your fortress
I ask of you, oh noble one
to arm me with the holiest of weapons

The discernment to see beyond these hollow temptations

And a heightened attunement to the vapor-like impermanence of this physical
form

I ask you, to thrust me into your spiritual kingdom, where I am no longer abated
by this fleshly yearning

Where I no longer detach myself from your majesty and glory
where I no longer fade into moral irreverence

Instead, let me be the light that illuminates the vast beyond

A constellational ornament that graces your glorious crown

Shiraz Bautista

Among The Anointed

Oh beneficent one

Drew me closer to your divinity,
help me shed my mortal skin

May your galactic glory
illuminate my dormant spirit within

You quell my perpetual clinging
expunge my fleshly sins

With you, I am powerful,
tectonic, and never-ending

Invigor my spirit
with your celestial fire
crystallize my spot among the anointed
to the heavens, I aspire.

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Walking With The Dead

Although I am here before you, as a man put on trial, I feel anything but blessed.

I stand before your kingdom, guilty of defiling your sacred temple.

Buried in shame, swamped in sin.
Physically living, yet spiritually dead.

To others, I could be hailed a conqueror of nations, But in your presence, I am merely a slave that is enslaved by his bestial brutishness.

As gushes of impulsivity cripple my weary mind, I feel as if I am drowning, losing control.

Sinking to the bottom, into the abyss I go.

Oh, heavenly one,

Grant me the guiding light,
the iron might,
to forge ahead

Do not forsake me,
cursed and blind,
walking among the dead

Shiraz Bautista

Footprints In The Sand

I hear you laughing
you feel my passion
you feel my grip
in your hands

The tides mesmerize
I lift you high
leaving behind
footprints in the sand

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

A Second Chance

Here I am,
my spirit compromised
here I am,
the devil in disguise

You can't stop me
from embracing the darkness
no pulse
darling, I am heartless
but deep inside, I am still
the same old man
just looking for a second chance

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Spiritual Prisoner

This temporal self
anchored by a pulsating vigor
distorting my limited perceptions

Drawing me closer
to these material pleasures
immersed in this magnetic depravity

Remedied and satiated
slumbering in disorder
submerged by this banality

Disillusioned and discontent
stripped and starved
like a prisoner of a spiritual war

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Maya

This unconscious mind
my holiest of weapons
the sharpest of blades
piercing through this veiled illusion

Thrust into this spiritual plane
unabated by this draining longing
to satisfy these primal desires

Boundless expansion
beyond these carnal confines
unleashing this visceral spirit
laying dormant within

Entering a heightened state
of divinity
connecting the disparate dots
only to come full circle

Piece by piece
I come alive
bowing before
the jewel of life

Lest I remain
holding on
unwilling to release
who I used to be

Breathe this grief
release the need
shed no tears
embrace this fear

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Far From Lost

Our wine existed before what you all call the grape and the vine
our rivers flowed before what you knew as rain and water
our gardens bloomed before you ever stepped foot into our oasis

You may sew our eyes shut, but this burning light eternally illuminates
pluck our eyes, but we are all-seeing
do not guide us, for we are far from lost

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com

Words That Kill

We are like two planes bound to collide
Tinting the sky with hues of blood-red desire
Our embers, a tapestry woven with grace
From threads of doleful devotion

Words that kill,
Speak them to me, please,
As we waltz slowly to the rhythm
Of our eventual demise

You are the Trojan horse
In this battleground of desire
The ghost within my chest,
Clawing through my thorns of internal inhibition

Shiraz Bautista



PoemHunter.com