



gleams

Rosana Cortez Noguera

Gleams

Rosana V. Cortez Noguera

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Gleams

gleam
[gli:m]

1 n: *reflejo, brillo, destello*
(*en el ojo*) *chispa*

2 vi: *brillar, relucir.*

Days of killing time, somewhere, on a night out...

On a night out

On a night out I discovered the world, through the eyes of someone so, so sad and timid; who writes poems and songs. On a day forthwith I discovered the world throughout this, our eyes and so happily and dusky I went out to where I've been set my soul on fire. On an afternoon alight with clouds I feared about that night which made me know about him and I terrorized my world, I kept pressed down my tear and that moment. I could not escape. And now, I come here and here we are among my fears and respects to him with all the emotions and feelings. I could ever get into my heart lonely, but happy and dusky on this way. Just pulling his love through, many years ago.

My life on a night out...

May be this fullstar dark moon, make me see blind with my heart wide open again...

Will you help me?

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Posts: 10
Member No.: 11507
Joined: 15-April 04

The bottle

Down the sea beach she was standing. It seemed ages since she was sat onto that bench, always the same one, during some more than half a year.

Sometimes the tide was high, sometimes the water was calm, on the sand, waiting for something to happen.

The sand, the bench, some gusty trees and her; and beneath the scrolling ravine an empty boat, with some sailors staring at the sea, joking.

She stared. Biding her time expressed a sad smile, while the sun rays were illuminating her hair, and day by day, alone into the night as if she were standing apart.

One day after months, the sailors decided to approach to her. Why don't we? -They discussed among themselves-. And slowly and gently they tried to catch her eye.

But she decided to go to another bench, far away from there she was before.

The sailors insisted.

After a while, they, looking into the tide and the wind blowing they have taken a bottle, and get into it a trapping message, sent by the sea, inviting her to answer.

And through the passing of the days she discovered that bottle on the sea with the message. She got scared.

It was nearly darken, she did not know what to say.
Her lonesome face was trying to decide how could herself to get near them.

And she decided to start an enigmatic story as this.

Only the sea, the ravine, the boat and themselves.

Only a story to tell them:

Thank you!
Let's get near!

Cinema

Six lamps, square in red as a new place to imagine how is this new reality.

*Another time, another place. Ghost in my left hand, head of the heart behind a losing
wasting time, whence I won peace.*

*Must I wonder if everything I ve done was a waste? Was that a lost time?
I think that their melodies might tell to me a new truth.*

*By the way, I daresay hi! As a nevermind goodbye. I think this could be the best
farewell I could say to you.*

Keep in touch.

He (Ink Pills)

He spreads all his sweetness over me,
and all the seeds of love he blossoms
upon this, my heart,
grow slowly as tall as the high and settled down mountains.

He leads all his tighten laces
but he keeps all of that laces still loose,
just for giving me freedom.

He wouldnt ever attach me onto a cross of roses.

He stands far, faraway from home,
over a landscape of clear mirrors` lanes,
a little sad but at least hopeful
waiting for the night for our net meetings.

And I cherish him with every glance,
invisible touches that he turn into over my shadows,
into the gleamest lights.

He, his radiance,
the distance
and me.
The most beautiful ink pill I ve ever taken,
magic and misterious,
as the day into the night.

As a mirage into the day,
clear beneath the freedom...

Lemonade tea

If only i can be sat, just only sat, on these lands, silent lands only sipping with you a huge lemonade tea drop.

If only a tea drop would relieve my soul full of crazy diamonds.

If only you´d harm my body on a big hug just to reach my arms destroying this pain inside of us. If only.

But, if this gleam, because of so loving inside were yet to be shared with anybody else and not you I could be very unhappy so, then there was no lighten feelings. It you i m only thinking of.

And me, hidden over this rusty roof just for staring at you, my dear only gentleman from the old ages I sat here, simply sitting over here only to remember how does this love does it need to keep on.

Does it need to keep on.

Her

She`s as beautiful as no one can be
She`s as proud, and she knows how to care her baby
on a night, afternoon or day out loud
She`s your lady.

She cares for you and I love her to do that.
She could be all the grains of sand in your sea of love;
and I feel proud of her.
I feel proud of her.

And i still ask or may be wonder to myself
how can someone be so strong
to carry all the price of your voice with all that means
over her shoulders?

Over her shoulders?

That`s why I wished during all this time
to write these lines for her, for you, your lady,
and I hope these were not the first line someone stranger writes
for only her,
coz I do love her, your baby, your sister and love.

Coz I hope your boat reach every grain of sand in the sea
deep sea
of her love.

The wind (part II)

The wind and its forgotten and gusty trees, with which all it meansscaping away with all my boredom, running away with all my justice.

From my love only it s left shadowed leaves, whom for so so stepped still they became mud, muds amongst my only fears. Quiet is my heart, in a ruin beat.

I won t try to remember your lovely face on a picture. I won t capture your image or trying to catch your wet soul in my heart, all of this will stay only in a paperbag emotion, as the leaves among my gust, which once was mine, on a tear.

May be

May be you were suffering, the same images the same hurting heart, the same big lies to you, the same disappointing.

I do not dare to tell this is a big thing.

May be this is a complex circle of facts which set ourselves to live the same in this right place, in this exact moment just now to achieve our feelings on and on for not to dream so out louder.

May be we need a refresh.

Refresh from our past, refresh from our lies. Refresh from our gloaming teardrops to say goodbye to the people who we love.

I would not say accurately what it happened.

I only will do to know if there will be a time to love without pain or I must be closed into a shut illusion. I do not care if this will be true. I wish to know all about this new hope.

May be this time May be. May be in this song. May be.

May be in this time.

Please, come on. Let it happen to you.

Please
Let it happen to you.

Please
Let it happen as soon as you feel it.

As you may feel it.

Chocolate

Chocolate for the solute aim
In case they don ´t agree with you,
Spirit whom haunting aside and wide for the one.
The one.

I see you, gloom and bride with your children,
As if you were trapped by the hurry of being in peace,
Peace never reached out
Because our hurry of living,
-poor of us-
always in a hurry!

And me, trying to be truthful,
Trying to understand you,
Living on my own your own way,
Always in a hurry or in a low way,
Trying to smile up to the sky,
To the one who gave us the gift of having born.

The one.

Crosses

Wool crosses painted with my hand.
Time becomes hurry in this place
Unneat and nasty;
As any drawer box somewhere, thus.

Cherishes.

Your voice burn all my pleasure howling me
Almost without plint,
From the near key drop from my fear.

My flesh, nourished as a unlit horizon,
Fondle time nearly closed in my hands,
That make asleep every instant of loving together,
In this, our obscurity.

And our peace, which from your lips follow myself among your
words,

Sing a song of an immense joyfully
Within our lone friendship and our untasted love.

And you;: Where are you now?

Planes

Two lovers lie in some different beds;
Another lives, beside their company,
Another trees below their houses.

Two lovers feel some special attraction
Between them.
Just a tear drop when they say goodbye and go apart;
Just without seeing to the emptiness of the sight of their eyes,
Below the crying feeling inside for not keeping together.

Just two lovers at the moment of saying a possible goodbye;
Over a stair
At a hall
Of a cloudy airport...

Just two lovers saying goodbye.

Autumn

The abyss opened his face before me
With its lonely and reserved power;
Almost unpiety
Over that, those dazzling autumns

From its ashes only rest just a bunch of dry flowers,
Keeping themselves my remembrance into their petals;
Nearly windstorms into the tempest.

And me, that old feeling of mine
Crushed itself in blossom
As a prison of summers
The cutest and wittiest stone
Not, at least, being able of surprising me.

For that abyss it 's now deepened,
Clear and confused
In this stolen, wooden heart.
Dirty as its condemn.
A mirage before the hearing of my love.

And those years yet went by.
And your kisses dearly they died.
Inside the woman I was not and now I am;
Into those, these days of sweet and dazzling autumn.

Again

We thought we ´re all departed
But we miss of all this gusty sweet feeling
We both thought we ´re all gone
And we face, just face to face to our lips
Just to care now for our feelings.

We thought we were all gone some minutes ago
And now we meet altogether
With all my pain inside just not for telling you
That I ´ve not been noticed.
I thought you ´d never care
About me.

And now I find you a few steps forwards,
Now I face my future, my past and my dear hopes
Just beside to you, just helping you to sleep not a nightmare
We ´ve not lost control
We ´ve not pulled through, safe at last.

And then

You, the beautiful soul I ever met
Is seen by my side tonight
Just with sand in our feet
And a feeling just for sharing
Within a hope that will ever survive
And a glaze full of fawning diamonds inside
Of you...

Gust

The rain as a torrent of naked trees tearing, through the gust;
as it was opened my life wider into that poem which told me so
about everlasting love,
just about love without any grace of border.

I'll like to be there, inside that tale
whilst you opened up your lips just to miss my hushes
and claim for the one who got us keeping together
closer, as we are.

And while time runs away of this clock of murmuring
I'll love to be with you and no one else,
just to reach my hands, wet not for either a tear drop now
just for emotions which fall into and over my heart.

You, as the strength of sun
carry on slowly our approximation
that, for so, so burn
that kill all my old pain just for feeling my new reality.

You.

The wind, the gust and the naked trees.

You.

But, only

You.

Illusions

Tea for two;
Another company in a midday
Hopes itself its vanishes of another question:

Why?

It 's just an illusion.

And milking the great tobacco I will get,
I stir,
Solely as the moonset cold,
Bringing in for help.

Just my illusion hologram
As you, my love, yet;
And nothing else will .

Matter...

You, in the stir steel trees,
On a night outside...

Why---¿i?

Upside light down

My love was so careful
As a leaf leaving its tree, at the point of dying
From the beginning,
Just to reach the floor.

My love for you was so cherished
As baby which his mother
Who does not know the intolerance.

I really was like this,
Only concerned for what you needed,
What you wanted from me
Always at your side.
And although I was always eager to be
On my own,
I shall can daresay
That I almost miss for something, that flaw
That might never ever return.

Because you, my love now
Are made of an upside light down
Always in the night
And I couldn't lit your fibs anymore.

And amidst this, your lack of full energy
I couldn't be this way no longer
Carrying all your crosses
On my side,
Just a clover in my belly.

You depart and I lay down,
And you come and we enjoy, as we try to do
Sharing the mystic,
For all these sore years.

Anymore, my dear
Not.
Anymore to care...

Tempest

The young girl, talking to the soldier in the garden, had not ever completely seen his face.

- It was dark; they were talking here eating ruffled pasties for hours, eating their heart out.

Now and then, as though she had sour moments for herself, she betrayed her eye, pulling it across just talking on her own, mocking lurky faces to him, always laughing at "it" as if she could have died after the skinny kiss of the night before.

She was a real wild one.

-She had had a rough tearing, my dear,-

She was staring at the sun as if a ray never ever could harm his eyes, onto any day of summer made of pale silver, and her bones, although they would have been for ages waiting for her dream to come true, she had not dare to realise how happy would she be, if she 'd scare not to stay alone.

Only a masquerade to herself.

Only here, the manic depression and here, waiting for something to share,

With an orange she could save the world, out of time.

Oranges for nothing in return,

A juicy clown's frown.

Unknown

I love you without being able to telling it.
I love you without knowing you.
I love you and more than a thought come across my mind.

As a light blue day,
As a man without faith...

And I ll see you, then.

I will see you sat on there
Easy and unforgivable;
Acid as an oasis in the middle of the
Desert,
Waiting for a word from me, at least.

I will listen to you
Telling all your tales of blaze in a lower tune,
Driving me crazy among kisses and red wine
With every fondle of you.

And you ´ll see:
Yet they continue my ears deafly.
Yet I have for myself all my passion
In every step of mine;
With all my warmth
Solely kept for myself.

And we shall go on without knowing each other
Through only a thought interlacing.

And I shall see you,
Then.

Image

You have captured me.
Only in a few hours
You have done so,
With your secure and solid sight
You have built thousands of illusions
In and for me.

I do not know how has it happened.
Somewhere in a nowhere tavern
You have burnt a little spark into my body
And there I go
With this lightened soul and body
Towards that place where nobody cries.

You have captured as an image.
You briefly and splendid;
Waiting for another west horizon,
Waiting for another twilight,
Somewhere, here;

In a low- lit nowhere tavern.

Dead March.

An old stigma amongst my regards.

A forgotten window.

A vestige beneath my fears.

And a passion.

Beating or not in such a case.

Melancholy of liquids

That expires before a groan.

A lost wish.

The future vexes my anxiety of living.

Maybe for I think of it unreachable

Into this sheer dead March;

Into this future opened in two.

Waiting

Anguish of an ecstasied feeling.
A sweet sensation for rainy days.
You go over the city,
Meanwhile calm is neither a warm resting
Nor a projection of your incitements.
It ´s that I love you and I cannot tell it to you.
Scarcely when we are there
In those pliant moments together.
It ´s that my love is a penumbra
Which lights you only when you allow it
And it blinds you so, that don ´t let you sleep.

Now the only score I can tell you is
That a liberation stage it hints to us
And our wish now it ´s seen
Sooner to come true
As every word as soon as time it ´s elapsing.
And whilst I watch you,
Feeling every wind breathe
I wait for you tender;
Seeking for your joy of have achieved so for yourself,
For I am this time loving you so
In every step into the silence

Nearness

I can see you,
In the width of the night
I can see you.
Though without being at your side
I can feel you near
Going with me in every step.

My heart bursts.
I can feel life again.
And between my blood and my tanned air
There you are
Beating inside of me.
Near, so close.

And my words still are not able
To express what I feel,
How my eyes lit for themselves
When I ´m talking about you
Between my lips
In a passionate sentence.

And if so this ink and this paper
Have arrived to their end
I must confess you
That never ever will be finished this love
Which from my words flow like this
Between the width of the night
And the peace of a walking not gone over yet

Chasm

The world in a timid remembrance
Solid and untouchable
Stupid as your physical beauty
Scrutinizing me into your smile.

Your lips taste stables
Sordid and schematics
Without a certain why.
They kiss me and they reject me
In only a vibration
As if all your faults
Make themselves acid between my hurt thirst.
They rub me and they condemn me
To a life without a reason,
As a ghost drowned in the desert.

Your world in a fright.
Dreams without a fulfilled love.
Only rime beneath my pliant fingers
Which fight for cooling down.
Shyly pales.

Because your world now it moves away
And I cannot do anything before this, my love.
Only it takes to wait for our bones to shred themselves
As an old ship into a lost chasm.
As a ghost drowned over a lonely desert.

Sigh

Marks.

Scrubs.

Of a love without a sense.

Killing time.

Passion.

Only one left.

A cross beneath the ocean.

A light spot.

*I can grab these words without emotion,
in my pocket of regards.*

*I can grab them, easily and carefully
without a saved feeling.*

*I can stare or I can spin
whenever you want, wherever you care.
Its only defeat what you want from me,
I m only a magazine director for your madness.*

*And I will live without a grace,
the grace of love as you said somewhere
and I will stay, faraway
so close in my head
like a stinging bird
I ll stay.*

Shapes

Impressions, as the wildest forms
which begins from the end to the last
word said. Interrelations which occurred into past
as a reminding of something beautiful.

I have not said any word to say about this, my inner mess.
All I can do is tell you something about me:
I love my past and there's no escape way out,
since I meet it into the hands of someone else's eyes;
whom I couldn't get my last laugh with.

All I have said is,
everything is not forgotten nor hurting
only hurts myself into thoughtfully troubles that I cannot
end
here among my wraps.
Only a today
a passed today.

I love to be this way
an only escape out
from here,
my inner being through, faraway from the shadows.
No one is forgotten,
but no one can reach me.

Meet me at the entrance of this accompanied crossroad

Weather

My limbs, left aside in the past,
Did not mark any expression.
Specially during these rare situations, flown
By the side of a ribbon of speculations.

I dont know why they discovered my intolerance
Against everything;
Against everything it would be on my trace.

Limbs again.

And while all over that, my bad humoured temper
Is increasing
It came back just like a sea tide of raging
Against me.

I dont know how to be untasteous before it.

Because everything in life again has a bad savour
And there s no more sugar to keep away from its taste.

The new climates of my life weather.

Remembrances

Remembrances,
A magical custom which scatter just to opening
the eyes.
My absent company in lonely times.

Traces.
The light snap us from the face
And one hope suits itself
Whilst the world keeps going on with its nimble rhythm
Meanwhile our hearts beat abundantly.

And me,
So hard in my dreams as herself go,
Spinning an elusive dance I stand
Without a promise of eternity I come up
Through a nearly infinite sky shyly
With my hands full of neatly nets.

And my sea,
As wild as his tide continues
Unseasonable and lightly
Without mirages at least
That, underneath the dry ravine
Dance likewise his rhythm of lonely tune
Happily and presumptuously.

Calm on a twilit evening

About American Psycho.

She was chasing her nests, already out of time, as if she would turning the light every day and every night, of and on, seeing every bottle of shadows and staffers every day of her life. Her eyes, as a man sheerly smoked, gloomy vaulted, inspired in green.

She would dare every day, of anything in this world, chased for her past, and her only conscience, as if she have drift for hours.

And the violence inside.

*Oh, you would die if you concern it
She would kill your mouth with a short glance.*

Only in her eyes a shadowy past.

Only a shy...

Sandy mud

My hope now it ´s so clear.
I do believe in life again
I do believe in love
While I see your photograph
Here at the front of my bed.

My hope is so painless
Painting my own in purpura again
Just to do the right thing
Only my best for this moment
Not to tear away either a plint drop.

You ´re just reaching my love
You ´re just reaching my lone land
Here on this beach
Dropping on the wand, here on my salty mud
You ´re but leaving my past alone.

And while I keep seeing you
Through a paper which does not mean anything
But you, the whole you
I only can say something beautiful:
I love you and there s no other point of spin
About this.

Not a rounding round.

Just you, my sandy mud
And my hope.

Hidden Roots

I 've saved for each other
All our whispers or morning twilit stars.
The sky it 's all for us,
All our nature for sharing.
All I can daresay it 's
I hush and love you with
All this, my
Thy bubbled heart full of emotions
Brightly and clear
As your eyes into this summer.

You may need any wing of confession
You may need any cherished sigh;
Lighten for your big eyed sight
Hazy but not obscured.
I only do care for your livings,
All i need in life is you, so.
And here, within my hidden notes
I try to make you notice
That all our root assailed
Is this one you declaimed in, our tears not to goodbye
Within this, my cleared & windy summer,
For, all about my heart, is not now
made of peachy teardrops.
And my heart, our hearts, wont need to return in this lonely I
and.
so

Heartbeat

Beating painting this brand new heart,
Full of dosed emotions,
Just to reach out my own dear pain.

Beating piercing this brand new soul
Just for not having any chance to lose
Here, among my old wraps
Those who cried about unfaithful and harming loves.

And while I ´m thirsty, thirsty of a love whom made me
Full of stones, full of crackling diamonds
So strong, inside,
I wait soothed, just for reach your hand,
For only touching your face skin
In the modest accompany of a cigarette
Who ´s no longer a relief, but a dear friend,
Just for not be so lonely
In this dusty, crazy land,
Sharing,
My dear last,
My dear last chance to give.

Sunshine

Waste tales in a yellow city.

A shotgun.

Some untidy floor carpet.

My fact is so my blood

Will melt my life

Over the stairs

In a lonely instant.

Regards.

The sunshine morning make me get encourage

To make some certain and involuntary.

I leave my gun somewhere,

Over the carpet

Throwing myself into the floor to think it over.

Breathe loude

The sun now it ´s opened before my room window.

A paled heartbeat shudders my old decision,

And I leave forgotten the shotgun: self-lash,

As a paper that burns itself and disappears.

As a mirage beneath the tall trees shadow.

Somehow an object left in the depth of the sea...

Her

She`s as beautiful as no one can be
She`s as proud, and she knows how to care her baby
on a night, afternoon or day out loud
She`s your lady.

She cares for you and I love her to do that.
She could be all the grains of sand in your sea of love;
and I feel proud of her.
I feel proud of her.

And i still ask or may be wonder to myself

how can someone be so strong
to carry all the price of your voice with all that means
over her shoulders?
Over her shoulders?
That`s why I wished during all this time
to write these lines for her, for you, your lady,
and I hope these were not the first line someone stranger writes
for only her,
coz I do love her, your baby, your sister and love.
Coz I hope your boat reach every grain of sand in the sea
deep sea
of her love.

I love both of you in soul.

Housekeeper

The calm and the tempest expired

As a sound in the silence still heard.
Dreams without lying under
Which drive me with the breeze of a summer
Hidden.

An forgettable love.
A blind an prevented hope.
A clavichord sounding in the distance.
A nearly lit cigarette.

I only hope for my life to someone comprehensible,
Who could help me in my forgetting tasks
As if he would a fresh housekeeper;
Someone who replace my not understandable life,
Absent and stepper;
Beneath this dry breeze,
With the tree leaves at the point of fall expired.

Sea through the wind

Save your last wing.
It Hills up onto our skies.
And we'll run to
Run to the most awake spirit.

You seem so quiet when you laugh,
And I know the matter of this meaning
But we'll stop here, dying on that words
Of saying goodbye.

Saying goodbye.

And I shall not be so busy.
I will learn to fly out to the sea.
When we 'll cry out our last laugh.

We'll be entered to our thrive.

Untitled

Perhaps I don't know what to do or what to tell

While he's mesmerising me with his brown-eyed sight
As soon as his flowing seas safe at last
Are spilling over me nourished drops in tunes of peace.

Life's coming out from this sense of close
And between thick and thin
We're still growing slow

Strong as the whales,
Free, climbing up the stores
Detouring any wrong thought
Trying to amend spilling
Our own soul.
Spending time as birds into the windstorm.

Untitled

It's been a long time, that I'm wondering to myself
Who can I dare to love
Or both the same way,
Who can dare to love me, so
Down these lanes
Just to bring entirely all I am,
All I've been and will be
Not to hide any emotion, only for him.

So, in this time of eagerness,
You are to ask me, in this way,
You flint upon a sea stone brushed
By the warm waterfalls
At the point of listening
This, my question.

And meanwhile I get double-sided this
Unrapped and wet paper,
I keep myself wondering
If my hand would be this, yours,
And me, the ink and the paper,
Just for us,
To begin a song,
Only not to hide, only to share
I ask you, from myself
Who can I love? Who can you love?

In this way,
You'd better not to answer my question.

La autora



Rosana Verónica Cortez Noguera (Buenos Aires-Argentina 1975), está terminando su Licenciatura para ejercer como Profesora de inglés en Argentina.

Obtuvo el 1er premio en Cyberwit.net por su poema "*Remembrances*" que será editado en la publicación llamada "*Taj Majal Review*" en India.

En Poetry.com, site norteamericano, ganó dos Menciones Especiales por su poema llamado "*Dust*" (Polvo- Buenos Aires), elegido entre cientos de poemas para ser editado en las antologías llamada "*Letters from the Soul*" y "*The Sound of Poetry*".

En esta última fue elegida una de las mejores 33 poetas y su trabajo fue editado en una colección de Cd grabados por lectores profesionales.

En 2007 también ha sido galardonada con una "*Mención Honorífica por Contenido*" en un concurso de poesía organizado por Editorial Cien.

Posee una colección completa de poemarios escritos desde 1999 hasta 2006, de los que ahora se presenta "*Gleams*".

Los títulos "*Ink pills/Cápsulas de tinta*", fueron publicados por Casavaria.com en el año 2004, en una edición bilingüe.