Cultural Daily

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Sergio A. Ortiz: Three Poems

Sergio A. Ortiz · Wednesday, January 24th, 2018

Bloodink

The thing to do when naught is left? hold on to dreams, and after dreams to nothing.

Are you afraid of the wolf who inhabited your nightmares? Look at your teeth, they're ready to devour him.

My friend discovers an invitation to the mystery where I see nothing but empty space.
When he sings, I ask him to be silent.
When he runs, I demand that he not move.
My friend always in the middle of life

while I'm barely more than a blind eye looking at him without understanding. Watch him run knowing I cannot reach him, listen to him sing without grasping a word.

Him with his rhythm in the middle of life. I, saving the fall, hooked to his gaze.

Night Bird

I ask for nothing of this land that has given me everything

I loved and hated its men found my Adam he fled with a bodybuilder

as soon as I gained weight

I sought God and in his place found knowledge I discovered a home in my body

and since then moved from place to place without desires

this is my way my destiny does not depend on luck I am the night bird foretelling death in my song

The Heart does not Wither but it Tires

We are the hand raised against our time. The wrath dreaming it could save mankind. One boiling night. The actual meaning of death.

Ripped off arms never hug. Shattered legs cannot run. Inattentive mouths do not smile.

We wanted to be more than just an epoch of bones, more than a sunset of displaced shadows from their bodies. Wanted to be useful, say what's right, constantly look at beautiful. But not even the seed of serenity reached its best shot.

Our desires became the songs of flies feeding on dead arms. This day, an empty bottle. Life, a table full of empty days, defeated, observed from distance by animals drunk on destiny. The world, a tavern that does not open on Sundays.

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