

Creación Literaria

CRACIUN LUCRETIU

My Treasured Friend...

On the white plastic hook
Behind my bathroom door,
Unseen by my other friends,
Hangs my treasured friend.

It hangs there always waiting for me,
Never questioning,
Nor feeling ignored
When I hardly take it off the hook behind the door.

But when I do,
I cuddle it and hold it dearly
Before putting my tired arms through its short wide sleeves
To cover my weary body after cleansing it with a quick shower.

My long faded blue terry robe,
So trustworthy, for it is always
There waiting for my anxious hands
To carress it as it clings to my body with so much care.

It warms my body after a long work day,
Or when I long for warmth and protection
From a world of silence,
A world of so much hatred and destruction.

It dries me when I shower
To rid my body of the dust
From the congested roads I drive from work
To my home, late in the day.

It keeps me safe as I sip
My green tea with a teaspoon of natural honey,
While I read a novel about a Geisha
As I rest in the comfort of my sanctuary.

It listens to my sobs as I weep
While I watch a romantic film
Or see famine striking down many in faraway lands
As I snuggle my body on my comfy love sofa, all alone.

It wraps my ailing body
Keeping me well, relieving the pain,
And most of all, making my sick days
Seem more shorter in time.

No diamond rings,
No emerald earrings, nor pearl necklaces
Can ever replace the warmth, the comfort
Of my faded blue terry robe...
That I tenderly tie around my welcoming body.

My robe, my treasured friend...
Offers me in my moments of peaceful solitude,
A friendship ever so true.

So, as you can see, after a long day of work or fun,
I reach behind my bathroom door,
To remove from the hook,
with tender love, my faithful faded *blue* robe.

Lydia Vale-Delgado

I step quietly...into the arms...

I step softly
into the arms _____
 of the wide green leaves.
I nourish the thought that they are
 awaiting my passionate affection.
I welcome that thought with a smile.
 The leaves, the wide green leaves...
Flirting with me, alluring me _____
into the warm cove that houses the leaves,
 so green to me.
 Inviting me
 So I can be gently cradled in their arms
 to love me until eternity.
I play with the thought of being
Cuddled in the arms of the green leaves,
Leaves protected by the nodding grass
 that looks at me with tender emerald eyes,
 And by the tall and proud purplish-red,
 willow herbs, known to me as fireweeds.
At the head of the cove,
 leaves sheltered by small dancing golden flowers,
 leaves protected by the small crimson red
 flowers
at the foot of the cove,
Seducing me, seducing me
 to seek comfort and warmth
In the wide green leaves
Found in some distant Eden.
 I play with the thought of being
Loved in that cove of playful green leaves.
 I smile
at the thought
 of being
 Loved, loved once again.
Is it all in my imagination?
 Or on a canvas?

