

# Cuatro poemas de Alma Pérez



Escritora nacida en Colón, Panamá. Graduada de Música, fue estudiante de Maestro Roque Cordero en el Conservatorio Nacional. Fue educadora por largos años hasta retirarse y emigrar a Canadá. Ha regresado al país en visitas esporádicas. Publica poemas bajo el pseudónimo de “Flor Canela”, tanto en castellano como en inglés. Ha recibido premios literarios por su trabajo (por ejemplo, Medalla de Bronce en el concurso “America At The Millennium. The Best Poems and Poets of the 20th Century, Washington DC, 1998”). Actualmente reside en Toronto, Canadá.

## AMO LA VIDA /

Amo la vida ..

me aferro a ella

como se aferra el firmamento.

a sus misterios , luceros , y estrellas.

La gran energía que fluye a mi espíritu;

el emanar sangre por mis venas;

nutre mi alma filtrada de dichas,

filtrada de amores , metas , y penas.

Un ente existente...

sacia las fibras de mis sentidos

amo la vida...siempre latente ...

bella y efervescente.

## MY SCHIZOPHRENIC SON /

How many times, dear son of my own flesh and blood,  
Did you reach home so deeply saddened and confused,  
Condemned by a malaise...  
Without remedy, without relief...

Your incoherent words,  
The lackadaisical dress.  
Tell-tale symptoms of the schizophrenia  
That governed your existence...

And you chose to end your days,  
To ease the hurt,  
At last to rest.

The afternoons will no longer find us chatting  
On the doorstep of the house,  
And we won't be playing  
Another game of chess...

Now we exist as different dimensions,  
But with faith  
I shall find you once again.

## MOTHER, ESSENCE OF LIFE /

Neither the wise men of the ages...  
Nor the stars that twinkle in the firmament  
Nothing... could ever... possibly replace you.

In childhood, we were so defenseless but cheerful...  
To entangle ourselves playfully in your hair,  
Or dash impetuously to find shelter in your warm bosom.

Mother,  
On uncertain paths you are the guide...  
You are the solace...  
We were tender children then...  
But without intending to, Why not say it?  
We miss your pieces of advice... even now when we are old.

We are the epilogue of an ephemeral life,  
When the lives of fathers and grandparents come to an end.  
As young adults we honor your smiles, values, character, even your  
emotions.

A lifetime of selfless dedication, bequeaths as its legacy,  
Unforgettable imprints and deep scars.  
We see your face furrowed by time...  
Although your hands are soft and smooth, they project tiredness...  
And are now slow... to react...

Mother, despite time and all its facets, artifices... and veneers  
You still shine, ever triumphant, graceful, serene.

Oh Mother, how unjust it would be  
To ever renounce your love,  
Or to forget, even for an instant,  
That in all the Galaxy  
There is no star,  
That scintillates with brilliance such as yours!

## MEMORIES /

The compliment of living.  
Being aware of the outgoing beat...  
Of hearts and minds.  
At the dawn of each day ...remembering yesterday.  
Then forgetting the past ...sometimes gentle,  
sometimes cruel.

"Memories" ...some vibrant, passionate, moving.  
Others; unforgettable, sinister, and painful.  
But in the end ...memories.

"Memories" ...of the first love we sealed with a kiss...  
and then on sagacious impulse ...complete surrender.  
"Memories" ...of the last good-bye ...to our friends...  
children ...and family.  
Even strangers, in happy joyous times.

"Memories" ...memories ...memories.  
with our image ...reflected in the mirror,  
it projects us as adults; weaker ...but fortunate...  
"Memories" ...a human comedy, the theatre of life;  
that speaks at every turn ...of the existing soul...  
;of a living soul! ...;of a soul like my own!