



WHISPERS

OF

LOVE

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IN THE ENCHANTED WOODS

I nourished dreams of an enchanted land
Where nymphs would trace their footprints on the sand;

And with strewn flower petals in their hair
Would quickly vanish through the sparkling air;

While with flowing hair and lingering smile
They'd dance along the waters and the wild;

And wander in the mountains and the woods
In diaphonous forms and verdant moods;

And fading through the shadows of the wood
With the ever-changing moon on the rise;

They'd lift to the pale solitary moon
Their moonlit eyes.

CHARMED

I must be gone! there is a land
Where fairies dance upon the sand,
Enchanting me with optic lights
And timeless dreams and starry nights;
While I go out into that world
Whose gleaming sights are now unfurled,
Though in half-sleep it leaves behind
And slowly conjures in the mind;
The ancient dream and precious stone
That charm and charm till stars are gone,
In charming and illusive ways
That conjure magic gaze for gaze.

APRIL SHOWERS

Over the rainy field spread out below
The gentle zephyrs tumble to and fro,
With blown spray-dabbled rain gathered up high
Far out! under a dim-gray, cloud-filled sky.
And when the drops of rain begin to fall
While the soft puff of wind sweeps over all,
The dewy breeze sheds freshness by and by
Unto a rain-filled misty April sky.

Yet under the somber clamorous skies
The leafy shade in woven silence lies,
As the gray rush flows forth with clean-swept flare
And like a wind-blown reed stirs in the air.
While splattering the rain swiftly recedes
In glimmering fragments and misty beads,
As a swift flock of birds now flutters by
And rushes through the hazy cloud-filled sky.

MEMORIES OF THE SMILES WE LEFT BEHIND

I meditate upon those long-lost times
Upon the memories we left behind
The timeless sweetness of forgotten smiles
That haunt the misty corners of my mind;
Those joyful smiles that come to symbolize
The timeless carefree laughter of old times
That fills the fibrous dimness of our eyes
Like the red sun that shines across the skies.

And the embittered thoughts that may unwind
Like ruins on ruins of distant miles
Will ebb into the caverns of the mind
To leave behind the freshness of our smiles;
For life has since rewritten every line
That we may now remember once again
Only the dreamy blossoms in our smile
The smiles that cut through time like misty rain.

WHEN YOU WRAP ME ROUND THE FOLDS OF YOUR CARESS

Sweetheart! there is no comfort to be found
In love that passed or that has come unwound,
But when your arms have wrapped me round I press
My heart into the folds of your caress,
That soothe the heartache of the old despair
And slowly bring back love into the air.

My memories had magnified the pain
And lingered through the hollows of my brain,
But I recalled the years before my mind
That I may leave my sorrow far behind,
And in your sweet caress find out a way
To make our love linger throughout the day.

And cast along the folds of your caress
My heart will press upon that loveliness,
That wraps me round and covers out of sight
The old despair that plagued me day and night,
That I may in that hour of gentleness
Slowly numb out my pain in your caress.

REGRETS

I often think of all the years
That quickly passed us by
Like a flock of birds flying south
Across a wintry sky;
And think of all the talks and walks
And hours we failed to share
Being often tired and weary-hearted
As a hollow shell.

I often think of all the times
I failed to heed your call
When you made simple, passionate pleas
I didn't hear at all;
For it seems I was too busy
To think about the loss
And did not wish to hear sweet nonsense
Or fret about our love.

But now when you are in my thoughts
I only regret
That the passage of time wasn't enough
To make me forget;
For those dream-like moments of loveliness
That slowly arise
Stir but images and memories
That bring tears to my eyes.

IN THOSE FLEETING MOMENTS OUR EYES MET

When the drift of love was in your gaze,
And your heart hung all upon a cloud,
Your sweet eyes led on in gentle ways,
As you picked me out among the crowd.

Filling my heart with a great desire,
Once again I felt that yearning rise,
While you swiftly set my soul on fire,
As you mesmerized me with your eyes.

In those fleeting moments our eyes met,
Locked together in sweet gentleness,
Love pierced through our hearts without regret,
As we found at last some tenderness.

And lost in secret meditation,
Before that brief gleam of dazzling light,
Our eyes sought their new destination,
Newly spellbound in their blissful sight.

GYPSY AIRS

I will arise and go away
Far from the burden of each day;
Far from the spade-work of unrest
And from the boredom of the desk.
And I will leave routine and haste
To find a new and carefree state;
A place where I shall find some peace
And where the worries soon will cease.

I will arise for now and go
Some place where life is full of glow;
Where I shall hear the sun and moon
In quiet, hum their lovely tune.
And sing along their gypsy air
Full of intensity and flare;
For I shall let the soft breeze blow
Wither my heaven-sweet dreams flow.

REACHING FOR THE STARS

Here is the world above us filled with stars,
Invisible at present to the eye;
A place where there's no greed or bitter wars,
But where an image sweeps the distant sky
To reach up to the stars though all else die.
Imagine a world that may receive
All that humanity hopes to conceive.

Here is the world and all its people,
Where fellowship and purpose have increased;
A place where life is much more simple,
And human want and hunger have decreased,
And every opportunity is seized
To cross the distant highway in the sky,
And reach out for the stars that wander by.

And since the world is quickly passing by,
Amid the image that has grasped the mind,
The crowd of stars will reach across the sky
To light the vision that will leave behind
The laboring sweat and toil of humankind,
As the dim folds of tapestry unfold,
Unveiling destiny in threads of gold.

THE CHANGING COLORS OF MY LOVE

What hollow moon has lit above
With myriad spots of light,
The changing colors of my love
That shape the lovely night?
Why should the passion in my soul
Not echo through with might,
And in my heart that is so full,
Bring forth your lovely sight?

BLUE MOON

The velvet darkness drops as the Blue Moon
With everlasting passion's dreaming glance
Gives passionate love a second chance,
And consumes the ancient bitterness
That shadows everlasting happiness.
And in the silver glow of the moonlight
I had a thought for no one else but you:
That you came back into my arms again,
And rid my heart of its persistent pain.
While the Blue Moon surrounded by starlight
Graced the blue-velvet darkness of the night,
As we embraced in passion's dreaming glance,
And gave forgotten love a second chance.

PASSION FLOWER

O Passion Flower,
Shall we in that enchanted hour
Reveal the mysteries of love
Or find the longing of the soul?
It may be only but a dream,
But then, how else does love begin?
Perhaps it's but a wizard song
Or a sweet dream that comes along;
But in those fragrant leafy ways
You flame the passion of our days.

SYMPHONIC DANCES

PART I

Poseidon's Dance With the Waves

When the moonlight of symphonic dances
Unfolds her wave of ecstasy,
The wavering tide with wandering glances
Gently foams across the sea;
And as the moonlight's silver-sandelled waves
Fold their echo-harboring shades,
A harmonious choir of music flows,
Treading softly as it goes.

PART II

Herodias' Daughters And the Dance of the Wind

When the sumptuous night in quiet sleep
Whispers softly dream to dream,
The ancient wind dropping from the deep
Gathers round her moonlight beam;
Dancing to and fro with the wave in tow,
Mingling through in her drowning flow;
As the dropping veils of moonlight flow,
And the stars with music flow.

BLOSSOMS IN THE SNOW

In the swift flush of evening hours,
When I still long to see your face,
My heart is heavy while I gaze,
Upon the beautiful white flowers,
Whose blossoms scent a falling tear,
While telling me you have been here.

I wished to show you the white flowers,
But the snow has started to fall,
And where snow is I cannot tell,
Nor can I tell where are the flowers,
Whose blossoms scent a falling tear,
In telling me you have been here.

Only those who know what I suffer,
Know as I wait what longing is,
And know I too will be at peace,
When the white resplendent flowers,
Whose blossoms feed my longing fears,
Assure me that you'll soon be here.

THE SOUL OF GREATNESS

Have you faced heartache with a heart of trust?
Loved life's comforts yet worked hard at its tasks?
Conquered fear with uncompromising calm?
Kept hope alive as despair dared to call?
Against slander spoke with truth on your breath?
Championed courage with unfaltering strength?
If all of that is your measure my friend!
The soul of greatness is held in your hand.

IN THE FOLDS OF YOUR EMBRACE

That the mere glimpse of your face
Could fill me with such longing
As to leave me in a daze.

That the mere sound of your voice
Could lead my heart astray
Like a soft and gentle haze.

That the mere touch of your hand
Could tie my heart in tangles
In an ever-winding maze.

That the mere taste of your lips
Could drive my heart to torment
Like bitter-cold wintry days.

That the mere whiff of your scent
Could spark my heart in flames
And engulf me in its blaze.

Enough! for the glow of your love
Will arouse me to new heights
In the folds of your embrace.

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

Let us enjoy the azure skies,
The hummingbirds and butterflies,
The garden flowers of varied dyes,
Before the years say their goodbyes.

These are the times to remember,
For they will not remain forever.
These are the moments we should savour,
As we spend our days together.

These are the times we should treasure,
For they do not remain forever.
These are the years we should savour,
As each day brings a new flavour.

Let us look forward to each day,
Like carefree children in their play,
And like butterflies who are free,
Live from here to eternity.

IF ONLY

If only I were a sculptor,
I'd trace the contours of your face.
If only I were a minstrel,
I'd sing the laurels of your praise.
If only I were an artist,
I'd paint the beauty of your eye.
If only I were a pianist,
I'd play you a sweet lullaby.
If only I were a dancer,
I'd count each heartbeat as it skips.
If only I were a gardener,
I'd scent the fragrance of your lips.
If only I were a jeweler,
I'd seek the diamond in your soul.
If only I were an angel,
I'd find the love that I once stole.
If only I were a night owl,
I'd hear my heart strings from the start.
If only I were my dearest,
To find true comfort in your heart.

LAGRIMAS NEGRAS

Since it is over between us,
Since the time we have been apart,
I can only feel the black tears,
Salt the wounds of my broken heart.

There are questions left unanswered,
There are words that remain unsaid,
There are many days and hours wasted,
In evoking memories instead.

I seek unfulfilled promises,
I long for the love we once shared,
I search for strength in the feelings,
Which have long been left unexpressed.

But even though this game I have played,
To cut myself free from the pain,
The flow of black tears has inflamed,
And covered my eyesight once again.

MOMENTS TO REMEMBER

WHEN I SEE

The soft movement of your eyes

WHEN I FEEL

The gentle touch of your hands

WHEN I BREATHE

The quiet motion of your lips

CARESSING MY FACE

Like soft feathers in the wind.

These are the sweet moments to remember

As they will not last forever.

These are the memories we should savour

As they will not remain forever.

WHEN I HEAR

The soft lilt in your voice

WHEN I TASTE

The sweetness of your lips

WHEN I SENSE

The rhythm of our heartbeats

MOVING SWIFTLY

Like soft petals in the breeze.

These are the sweet moments to remember

As they will not last forever.

These are the memories we should savour

As they will not remain forever.

UN'SUSPIRO

While still I may, I sigh for you,
The love we shared, the dream we knew;
For you, for me, for all we dared,
The happiness, the love we shared.
And just as heartfelt things that go,
I dreamed of you not long ago;
A sigh of breath I've waited for,
For you, for me, for evermore.

IN THE AUTUMN OF MY SPRINGTIME

I think of how I loved the tender sorrows of your youthful face,
Whose features linger in my mind like the warmth of a summer's day,
And still I murmur softly how our love suddenly fled away,
Like the quick breeze that passes through with the swift flow of April rains.

Although others loved you mostly for your charm and eloquent grace,
I loved you most for the soul in you ravaged by lingering pain,
And loved you not for some personal or superficial gain,
But because the brilliant stars had bid me share the pain of your embrace.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

O COME now my darling! the moon is full blown,
And the midsummer night has lavishly grown;
The air is all softness with crystalline rings
Now felt to be hovering with Love's aery wings.
O come! let us haste to the freshening woods
Where faeries are chanting their sweet summer moods,
And young nymphs are swimming in murmuring streams
To softly enrapture your love in my dreams.
O come now my love! let us reach for the sky,
With mosses and flowers to pillow our sigh,
In soft melodies and in midsummer night
To interlace softly the silver moonlight.
And there my sweet darling, we'll sit by the stream,
Resplendently clothed in the moon's silver beam,
The froth bubbling up an amorous world
To spread Love's desire in the stream's bubbly swirl.
Oh! how I do love such a fair summer's eve
When streams of silk light blissful happiness leave;
So smile now my dearest, and give me your hand
To frolic away in the midsummer night glen.

LOVE IN THE SPANISH GARDENS

Nights in the Spanish gardens my love and I did meet,
And by the secluded whispering brook we found a garden seat.
There by the flowers we waited for love's bewitching hour,
For we, being young and foolish, thought love was but a flower.
Down by the Spanish gardens my love and I did look,
For love's hypnotic potion drifting in the whispering brook.
There in the flowing waters we found love's entrancing wine,
But we, being young and foolish, let our love drift away in time.

THE LAMENT OF LOVE

Alas! the season of our passion like weary yellow autumn leaves did fade,
And the hour of our mournful love in its waning gentleness bade;
As often times I felt the dewy drops of your sweet lips against my face,
Suddenly come cool like rose leaves moist with the drip of summer rains.

So, now! what can I do to drive away tender remembrance of your face,
And by this wandering melody erase love's soft and tender gaze?
Let us not mourn that which is gone, the gentle unrepining hour,
For often love is only but a fading dream, a farewell flower.

RHAPSODY OF LOVE

HE

Sorrow with blade and sword
Will once more pierce to win,
And may there be no moaning afterward
When my heart bleeds within.

SHE

Shed no more tears, my love,
For Love has its own lore,
Look up and see Love's boundless wings of dove
As Love with wings will soar.

HE

Go softly away, sweet Love,
As Sorrow calls for me,
And a thousand sunsets are set to rove
For Love no more shall be.

SHE

Oh! do not have such fear
My love O weep no more,
Love like the flower will bloom again next year
And Love shall smile once more.

MOONLIGHT SONATA

In the quiet of the night my love and I have been
Where midnight's silver glimmer glows beneath a moonlight scene.
Glimpsing the wandering stars we softly shed our tears,
And vowed our love to last the flow of myriad years.

In the quiet of the night my love and I did kiss
Down by the flowing river beneath a moonlight bliss.
And upon the midnight hour beyond the starlit stream,
Our burning hearts now glimmer in moonlight's silver dream.

TO A LOVE LOST

How could I turn back all the years,
And call upon your presence to be near
In all its splendor and its zeal?
Oh, dear! there is no comfort only tears,
For I gave all my heart to love you so,
And loved you once, long, long ago.

Time can make it easier to forget,
And yet and get
I am haunted by rapture's fieriest rain
Raging all of its loneliness and pain,
For in song so flame-like fast you went away
That only your memories remain to stay.

And slowly I now grow old among my dreams,
For you have been far from me all these years,
Beside the great stars and the rose-fingered moon,
Where your image is embroidered mon amour.

And I long to hold you in my arms
To satiate the desire of my heart,
For I gave all my heart to Love,
And I lost you, long ago, my love.

PRELUDE D'AMOUR

When we first mingled glances I became enamored with your grace,
With the sweetness of your smile and the warmth of your embrace,
And when you went away I felt your absence growing from day to day
For I spent many long hours thinking of you as time sped away.

I loved the tenderness reflected in the softness of your eyes,
In whose shadows the flame of love flickers but never dies,
And where under the passing stars sweet fleeting music softly plays
The prelude of love that now awakens to love's flaming rays.

PER AMICA SILENCIA LUNAE

O THAT a night could be an age my love,
Always oblivious to the morning light,
For then we in the first sweet flush of love
Would linger in the long warmth of the night;
The growing darkness with its magic glows
To unfold our caress in satin lace,
And Time in its unwinding, timeless flows,
To bring us pleasure in the night's embrace;
And as enchantment holds our sleepy eyes
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed in haze,
The blissful night with tenderness and sighs
Shall conjure up the moonlight's silent gaze;
And in the friendly silence of the moon,
Surrender our hearts to her amorous tune.

REVERIES OF LOVE

You melt into my dreams in ripe quiet,
Unfelt, unheard, unknown, a shadow flight,
And like a phantom, in mellow quiet,
You glide into my arms throughout the night.

I take into my dreams your quiet breath
Embalmed with your sweet lips upon my breast,
As your hands rove the recess of my self,
And bring my senses to a blissful crest.

With the murmurous haunt of your charmed voice,
"Hush! hush!" your lips tenderly rejoin
As now I softly plead that you rejoice,
And leave me dream no longer to enjoin.

Fast fading, the shadow of your caress
Fades away, an empty echo upon the air,
And in the fragrance of my blissfulness,
Your image dissolves without my being aware.

Adieu! Adieu! your wistful plaintive whispers fade
Flown, like a dream, until the morrow-day,
And in the darkness I start up awake
As murmurs of your love swiftly drift away.

YOU KISS MY LIPS BUT THEN AGAIN

Who thought that passion passes like a dream?
And love's desire -like the receding tide;
Ebbed out in your embittered mournful pride
You leave me here deafened by sorrow's scream
With love's pain to abide.

Tenderly you kiss my lips but then again
From year to year, I hear love's waning cry
Passing away - to claim again its lover's sigh.
And then again! though I have suppressed my pain,
I feel love passing by.

AMOR

Amor born of the eyes and the heart,
Who bears together in one breast,
Love's eternal joy and longing pain,
Its bitter sweetness and its despair,
Is not of Heaven nor of Hell,
But rather on this earth does dwell;
And is the burning point of life,
Transporting rapture with love's wine,
That plays along its lyre and its rhyme
To make the heart tremble in time.

Amor with peering eyes upon the heart,
Glancing through Infinity's dart,
Murmurs in bursting melody,
With madness and with reverie,
The tremulous delight awakened,
That holds the heart intoxicated;
And in the spirit of a spell,
The loveliness of loving well,
Trusts to the fire within for light
To see Eternity in sight.

EROS

Upon Diana's hours celestial Cupid glows
With amorous fragrance and nocturnal flows,
And incense sweets perfumed to so entreat,
And to sublime amid the shuddering heat.

Already with Eros! tender is the night,
And there shall be in love but soft delight
To linger so after the storm of wild desire,
And dwell with flaming strings of bursting fire -

Music and sweet sleep from the blissful skies
To stride across the shimmering waves and rise.