

Neena Cardona

Unfinished

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For a long time I've wanted to publish my poetry. To get my words on paper in front of many eyes. This book is dedicated to all unfinished love stories. May you find closure in between the lines.

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#82

The curves in your smile,
Confiscated my soul.
Showed me that,
Angels aren't only,
in heaven.
Just to get a tasteful,
Bliss of your sweet kiss.
An arch like a perfect wave,
Natural roots to drown in.
No one ever tell me God doesn't exist.
The day I saw you,
Twilights tickled my toes.
Fireworks ran through my veins,
To be in love and madly sane,
With,
A creature such as yourself,
Could never bring me any pain.
You crept into forever,
And made it eternity.
Only to show me,
That you're laugh is,
My favorite part of the day.
You're touch,
Makes,

My body just wants to scream.
If i could,
I would teach the stars to align for you.
Dance across the sky,
Just like that sparkle,
I see in your eye.
No one ever told me,
I would love someone like this.
Infatuation is the key.
Because when you text or call,
My world stops,
And heaven is still.
Sometimes,
I 4
Re-trace my steps,
That led me to you.
To understand,
How God created such a plan,
I must admit,
at first i was lost.
Didn't know why my heart,
Was covered in your fingerprints.

#16

If i could,
I would paint,
The canvas.
With our love.
So that,
People,
Could blend,
Into our world.
To understand,
How we love,
One another.
That each stroke,
Is a testament.
Of our loyalty,
Bonds,
Of which.
Can't be broken,
Each hue.
To show,
The colors.
Of our language,
May vary,
But we make,
The best color palette.

There is,
Even at times.
Where our shades get to dark.
And can't see,
Both sides of the paint brush.
We just add,
A little white,
And start from scratch.
Because that's what love is right?
A bunch of colors,
Waiting to get mixed together,
To become one,
In love.

#65

Here's the blunt,
The utter,
Real truth.
Something that will give you proof,
I loved you.
More than I love myself.
More than bees love honey.
And honey lives in the hives.
I tried,
To be your relief.
A puff puff blast.
To take your mind out the past,
But it would never last.
As the joint keeps burning,
We kept running.
Losing track of time,
Just to find,
The clock had run out.
No more pulls,
No more romantic dances,
Put us out in the ash tray.
So you can reminisce,
On the dark little bits of us left.