

Poetry Series

Cristobal Benjumea
- poems -

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Cristobal Benjumea(190865)

1, Or Minus One

to live

or not to live

to fall

or not, to fall into the the black hole

see beauty, or fall in the spell, of a

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A Flower Is Sold

Not because of the economy did i fail to notice your flower

or love from hate

because i was neglected in an inhospitable land near an orgy
i held the hand of the spirit in my pink gin

but you are special too

like a bunch of flowers, a bed of flowers

the forest, the snow, the sun

thawing gardens

reveals the heat, that gives energy to my finite state

i was able to force to accept the reality of the thorny path through weeds and
rose bushes, and me

diarticulate

articulate

the hope

beeyond the foam

formed from the breeze from your soft kisses

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A Night Thought

Longtime since I haven't accepted anything but the sacred
why so many police round the lost colours
Anyway I'm going through a cleansing period, sieving the raw material
I'm, decking my life with diamonds, according to immaterial rules
In order to get that umph, the legendary, joy and fountains
I was in Eden enjoying my self and was thrown out, by, but my will, in any case
as long as I'm satisfied, I always bounce, with great care, and a sense of humour
all a goddess has
I have my membership of the utopia club
In order to be weaned on nothing but love
born with the orchids, he struggles in the jungle, the survival of the species,
Darwinian, forest, science, issue
sometimes he indifferently, in danger of limbo, and rather a cup of coffee

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A Room

my love my clouds

i have to establish some parametres, hexameters in order for mi being bear
consequence

for god and the constelations perform their will

so as they weave the ceiling with what is more than a sideshow aimed to
entertain and divert, a docile nation is easier to manipulate

the true meaning to life still depends on the suffer, sufered

absence, aparition
sense, senseless

a contextual existence can bring about harmony

a division of good and bad can give rise to the moral question

weather we sin not or sin

do we love do we forgive

are we tainted with hate

i want to sin

i want to sin, if its the difference

now i have acumulated all the sin of the world

i entered into a transreligious status, whos bird eye view revealed a plot to taint
the heroism of our love that had moved mountains

that had no geographical bounds

that engenderd a sort of faint hope

You said you would go to the fire your spirit danced with me round the fire how

could you body betray, you were mine

yet the puppy is still in the cage

and we want to play

So soon it rains

The sun eclipsed, and you cloud are like dew, like rain

not sun, burn endlessly like my rage which i scribe here

i wanted to suport union not separation

clouds rivers meadows and sun

the theatre

A dignified apoteosis

the harvest is done

with the wisdom of fields of wheat

and excesssive caressing

sating

relating

skating sensation of a ray of starr

silable of serenade

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About You

Noise of drums

snowfall

violin

smiling Cheshire cats

railway tracks

rose bush

push a thorn into my skin if it is the price to pay

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After Rumi

We are fine vinateers we know nothing of forrage

we prefer peace before war

we can devise war a tall possible scenarios and we still prefer eden

we run

weve seen enough uglyness

not to be lured by a sesual brown lady

I abondoned love, and then i

i wascured and on the horizon i saw a fire. i

started singing, a bird cured me by singing with a fine madridgal

the wind vlew in my direction, ther was a perfume, thre from the pinces and an odour of incencse from a holy temples

exposed me to women

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Ambrosia

i want you to know that i am here next to the scrapheap
concord is wellcome, to accept the sacred
nor is jesus going to throw the merchants, from the temple
nor the sacred pull you free of the jungle, nor present itself on a silver plate, the
direction, and all your fallacies, all, how you administer, rejection, with how
much of an animal, you are, how the survival of the species the game, we are
here allways in the rainy forest, next to the stream, and i am talking, wilst i shine
this shield, and the wolf eats ice cream. you so defenceless, by yourself, so
dependant on others, to rest in a bossom, and recieve ambrosia,
so dependant on the kirov ballet, to breack into dance, to the echos, of all the
brilliant parts of your span. pearls, made into a medalion.

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Anaesthisised

BUT why

What can threaten the marble white horse

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Are You In The Windy Vale

I often think of you

Yoursweetness overwhelms all

I would gladly submit to your rule

your the spark that ignites

person amongst people to whom I give lotuses

And adorns my altar of sanctity

that guides my soul

to the strongest spirit I pledge my will

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Because I Was Crazy About This Symphony

you see god rewards the members of lifes allusion to cristianity

even if its by brute force

the passion inside people when it caresses the violin metamorphisises whilst posing due to sexual desire

women perform their function along with the dictates of the violin

there is that music again

there is the sheep flock all wooly

and the director of the symphony that understands djdnkhu language

and surfs the foamy surf whilst dancing the polka

he obseses, about human nobility, good hammars bad in to a peacefull,

posture

its just someone trying to make a quick buck a pose nonetheless far from a sumptuous four poster bed and a good piece of female

whatever leads you to halucinatio allegories of beautys altar]]

, yes there maybe no god but life is for cristians, and whenn life gets to good because of the harvest we can drum up an idea that is unpervertable

that dosent forge tecology

or womens privates

most important to the destiny of nations

i avoid huricanes what do you do for a living

i chase clouds

Because I Whent But Im Commig Back

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, yes there maybe no god but life is for cristians, and wer in a garde unfortunately there are a few thorns in the rose bush

but i love waves better

and better feasts but its a secret

and whenn life gets to good because of the harvest we can drum up an idea that is unpervertable

that dosent forge tecology

its voluminous

direction sun
not phased

future

or womens privates

most important to the destiny of nations

i avoid huricanes what do you do for a living

i chase clouds

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Because My Spirit Is Tossing Amongst The Waves

Ignoring loves ways

but i still have a taste and hope for the white marble statues of man and woman
kissing

and my spirit has not done with frolicking, i wish it would fly amongst the million
white doves

and settle in a tropical cove of legendary beauty

i still care about redeming affectional gestures made to me

i still would like to see the sea still in the glory of afternoon sun

selfish, selfless

the golden balance judging me a passing cloud

Judging my love, im just looking at myself vainly in the mirror loving myself not
her

i still havent plucked all the flowers

It hurt my pride, her

O unrelative junk

Of me from constellation Cassandra, or casiopea

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Being In Bed With Your Girlfriend Is Better Than Being In A Snow Storm

But when the sun shines the snow flakes turn to water,

and my heart melts when she touches her body with mine and we become 1 and 2 makes 3, i need to feel her affection,

when you want me i feel released from prison, i feel absolved, requited whole, i feel part of you,

but but i am apart of this bouquet of and the future is it rosy with you, are your emotions clear, have you found the road to perfect extatic peace

my mission in life is finding god

in the waves of the sea, the mediteranean includes heat and the sun

or i will look at anything that is eternal, nonperishable,

like your words

i suppose some words were utter rebuke

good and evil

but the spring water is clear

awakening to the sacred venus her eyes led me

am i awakened, for i was a stranger in the night, now i am familiar around you.

when i feel your flesh i feel terifically enjoy going down the path of loves extacy

the mystery of the flesh is revealed

do you agree to feel these nice earthly paradises

i move in passion rest in the green field

to the climax of the tourist trip to the planets the stars

and you heal this shadowy body with your love

your beauty illuminates my dark spirit

every crack

i have all of you every shadow as we walk through the glittery city

but in the forest the music of the violins charms me shows me her the goddess
the immortal astarte

happy to have heard the charming song you see

i'm loyal to these words you propound in you

it decimates the frosty exterior, from standing in the arctic

and where better could i be but nestled in your cherished embrace

yes no yes no yes no, who is directing the show

reveal thyself

thy preference

the weeds or flowers

you arrange

what can i say the thorny bush has flowers

that i was scratched by some of the thorns

in search of flowers

what do i deny i confess i have lived

in your inner self

what would you materialize

plastic heaven is the true advantage in this game

the savage game of love

his will personified

in great ornated detail

his treasure of jewwels is endless

and what does passion say

the broom is necessary to reject the unprofitable

the non desirable

his manifestations are seen

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Black, White, Colours

TIS NOT BLACK

ITS NOT WHITE

ITS COLOURED

ITS THAT CROOKED STREET IN RUSSELLS

BUT ITS NOT, BLACK, OR WHITE, TS COLOURFULL, ITS A MIX

ARE YOU ALERGIC TO THE ARABIAN TALES,

WHAT ARE YOU NOT ALLERGIC TO

THE COLOURED FABLES OF THE MASTER ASSASIN

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Branches Of Trees

You and me are a branch of a tree growing in the universe

Who knows where who knows

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Build Your Palace On Green Marble

Time to sit in the garden, in the courtyard and listen to the birds madrigals,

Especially the nightingale that consoles me in the night

Yes i know y was only a pice f junk, like a ti can, to kick

Not a beautyfull tiara

Not a cudlly bear

But im back, reborn, courtesy of my cathoic school.

You have to kiss alot of froggs, down the road before you find a princess

In this game stamina, obediance triumph over error,

They get the reward

A lot of no nos, then a yes, as if it were a mechanical, process

A world divided, into yes and no

An plan of approach to present to the chorus of gods

But what about naturaal emotional inteligence

let him draw, a masterpiece

You can choose the best flower in the bunch

A white marble statue, doves fly off its shoulder

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Butterflies At Dawn

I need you like air, i go searchng for you as i sing, walking through the valley

How i miss those smiles, that charm

memory is all i have left

Gone is the excitement, that reason for being
That lyric song i hear from you

All claims that all is well

It works like clockwork the white dial reveals

the mater is in the lap of the gods

Their descicion is final whilst pan plays on the flute

The map, the areas that are helpfull

I know what i want anyway

just happyness unbridaled horse pulling a cart

Ater all the events, locations burst of winds, flaggs waving in the wind

Demanding love, as the dayly food, but all i get is walls, i suffer

Over the barriers there must be a treasure of rubies, emeralds, topazes, sapphires

i trully know the difference between love and hate, allthough you make me sufer
it is to purify

I know indiference, and limbo the worst abbys, in the snow peaked mountains
the goat is happy

And the running brook, the rest of the poey, reveals all the secrets, unashamedly
happy,

Knowing good from evil and prepared to defend it with the sword, some go to

hell the good go to eden

Although ordinary life is leisurely and ineffective the arms of love are always employed, bidding me this bidding me that

there are so many thorns and so few roses to be found, although we desire, and that becomes an obsession

God's ways are delineated in so many ways, and coincidence, well it doesn't exist

Obsession has no evidence to support it

god reveals and speaks through many vessels

Better be the ink not the book, the ink that flows, ethereally

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Casiopea

finally

the ink not the book

the ethereal form

cadaver if you have never fallen in love

or seen the many battles love proposes

some on passes a copy of i confess i have lived

henry the eight invites to play

a wateau or a bruegel, scince art is infinite

a romantic delacroixwit shieds

and fluffy white clouds, pushed around by warm wind across the blue sky, the
infinite blue sky

the moon, , alfa centaury

its the equiliprium

ku the middle way

y trascended materialism

finally riding pegasus

a loving god invites givig a bunch of red tulips

the reflection on the lake

a smile

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Closer

come closer you are farr

you can hide in the woods

but when you come out you will kiss me

the trees will descend the mountains still with snow on them

loves every comand materialises

I preffer loves ways

when i see love i know his secret commands

maybe our spirits will unite and materialise

jesus threw the merchants out of the temple, so i throw away everything that comes between you and me

This is my duty and i sacrifice nothing

just like clearing away the junk from my path to my baby

To many borders, colours of people it dosent matter all are barriers to our love

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Coloured Flowers

I love the flowers, purple fuchias, the egaltine and purple lilies.

Dafodils that are modest

The lotus is royalty in botany

il never know all the names, and varieties of flowers, the poppy with its red colour, attracts me, the forget me nots allways remind me of my victory over love.

I sometimes go to the forest, for intimacy, and when i seek oblivion

For intimacy and to prepare the masks

\The cave with its babbling spring

The new allways is there, and a fire displays all my most ardent desires

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Colours

Poetry is my respite
from the abbyss
lettuce
fight, between left and right, between love and hate
unity, disunity, you, or they choose between, heaven and hell
between him and her
between destruction, and creation, the valley,
the garden, and the jungle.
the lack of delicacy, and a brute, and the tyrant death.
between war an peace,
between the sa and air, yea the earth has granted you an organism, and
reproduction,
yes, no yes no, yes no
machine says goodbye

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Colours, Black And White

Poetry is my respite
from the abbyss
lettuce
fight, between left and right, between love and hate
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Come Closer To Me You Myrtele My Love Its Better Than Being Separated

take me to the top of the mossy highest mountain
or to the forest

but my need my need

to savour and

til i am sated essential harvesting of that sweet joy

of fulfilling the senses search

cover me not with shame

but let the hand of the beholder lift me

to the feast

that thine torch should illumine every shadow

the tree is full

REMOVE THE EVIL
FROM THE SACRED RIVER

ACCIDENT WITH GOD NO HUNTE ADMINISTRATION OF GOOD DIAMOND OF THE
GIVING LOVED ONES NOT YOUR HATED ONES BUT THE BLOSSOMS OF THE
FUTURE EUPHORIC ELOCUCENCE CARRYING

KINGS OF THE CHEMICAL PARADISES

ON THE BORDER OF THE UNKNOWN DESERT OF EMOTIONS

FLACID ONE, PAWN OF GOD

TAKE A STEP BACK SIFT YOUR MEMORIES, AND PICK YOUR FAVOURITE FLOWER
come closer to my warm body pleasures unknown, i reveal myself i withhold
nothing i give my body to you to enjoy these earthly paradise. a land to be

discovered,
i found joy i found you, i found love,
I have passion for you give me your telephone number, before i go in the snow
drift,
im on fire you better throw me in the for you, i accept you, my thirst and hunger
are satisfied me who is not easily satisfied give you rubies emeralds amethysts,
topazes, diamonds the hardest stone that survives the night, of loneliness, in the
shadows ifind your body travel all your corners, under the moon whatever the
jews havent sold, over coffee.
i told the truth for a while but this is not a family its a wall i love your body your
spirit talks as the white doves fly through the blue, burns a hole in the in the
picture tapestry,
your spirit rises in the foam,
who has the keys to heaven

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Continuity

The best.

the rest

two, maybe three

ninety and ten

night divided by day

day divided by night

BLACK, WHITE, , EXTREAMS

COLOURS, THE MIDDLE, PATH THROUGH THE WOODS

THE REAL, THE UNREAL,

THE FORM OF IMAGINATION,

THE PHYSICAL WORLD, THE MATTER, THE ANTYMATER, AND THE AMOEBA

GROWTH, PROGRESS, THE MIST

THE REFLECTION OF HER IN THE LAKE

SOMETHING TOLD ME ABOUT THE NIMPHS OF THE FOREST, THE PETALS I
THROW UPON THEM

AS I LAY BY THE POND, UNDER THE SUN

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Crows

crows

more crows

fireworks

art a landscape two, the king of the vikings

an ocean travercy

a masterpiece

i love u

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Cushy White Cushion

soft target

forest, hedge

moon

forest pilgrims avoid shadows

avoid the abbys, the moon i tell you

petrol, coprophilia, shadows

Shadows, moon two moons, shadows, galapagos, darwin

im so alone, i hate it

im going to live with the reptiles in the torrent

loves body double

Cristobal Benjumea

Cushy White Cushion, White Feathers

soft target

forest, hedge

moon

forest pilgrims avoid shadows

avoid the abbys, the moon i tell you

petrol, coprophilia, shadows

Shadows, moon two moons, shadows, galapagos, darwin

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Death Death Life Love

Ive been condemed by a rainbow, everytime the cock crows
but scince you are dazleing, some easten wind shall bind you
and sice you drink the nectar of the gods and obey
but you blew me away
and the followers of me who love the windmills the ideal the future
some people just love the forests
the concious over the unconcious equals islands, trails of islands
to me lover of windmills, this spacejunk is nul and void
this lover of windmills, this lover of gods, listens to the harp
not the holes
listens to the melody
litle of what is junk on this floor has relative importance to my love tranced
fantastic reflection turned fire
possitive over negative
steam that flows crystal over the stone bridge
and fountain of nymphs
me who loves to lie on flower beds
im lost im going home i was abused in front of the tv for 20 years, and i still
didnt have the strength to make a move
or even the passion to love, the tres her

delicately peeling

that if you insist that's going to be you personified

materialised

into shiploads of goods

if that's what makes you happy

it's warmer than the storms

transformation, in stopping at every station, to the end

i get off and have a look

rave a bit

i like the bell on the train

the wheels going round

just kidding

i love the forest, and the glorious gods that shed light on the darkness

you are life-saving grace

a gift from god, flattering

after all to drudge or not to drudge

evil under good

always clear horizon of ocean with blue sky

will you pluck the tree

to be or not to be the queen of this captain's heart

this captain of the foam

the manglar trees

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Disease

to live
or not to live
to fall
or not, to fall into the the black hole
see beauty, or fall in the spell, of a

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Do We Go To Toulouse Or New York

hi sleep wel in the snowstorm

Take cover under the wing of pegasus

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Dont Build Your Castle, On Yellow Sand, By The Shore

Dont buid your castle on sand,

people will come and go

A rock is a rock, as opposed to sand

You need solid foundations rock, chalk, solud, ground withabsolute density
acceptance level correct

Soon you will find your desert isle with its palm trees, and azure waters, under
the midday sun, a real utopia

Untill then, i have the meory of the beloved, love

The rainbow was beautifull enough to illuminate my darkened spirit

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Dont Forget Love Can Conquer Hate

Whilst you do your daily chores, dont forget me

I conceived the whole

Dont forget that time apart

remember the time together

the difference between love and hate

the clear river

your desires they fly like your herALD

REMEMBER PEACE AND YOUR SENSUAL TOUCH OF YOUR TENDER BODY NEAR
THE ALTAR

yes everything that is pure and sacred

but my love we need to consummate to satisfaction

for reproduction

cause and effect, the vortexes

your delicate features your hair flying in the warm breze, affection

your care in the miniscule actions i make

enough more action, less talk

my obsession, with your body and spirit

us in the cave

the forrest

the tropics

I the garden filled with flowers, no violence
just my smiles
forget the assassinations, the heart grows harder
im only round the corner
if love means everything to you
that starr is verry far, but you live in me
ready for realisation
the vine leaf, making history the world
enough to do what rules by
if love means more than the stock exchange
REmember i was your thrill
your honey bee at the end of the road
that planet
those mysteries it means m
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Dont Go Away Disilusioned

friendlynes dictates my dance

as i waltz through the room detectig your friendlynes

paying attention to my posture dancing this waltz

yes i confess im delicious

eat me

detecting symbols

of you cascading love

clear water, and i see you dancing in the reflection of the pool

ive seen you body and soul

Loved and loved you all your perfume intoxicates me

it was like silk my love

necessary 4 modern living

in the forest, or at the beach

in the garden amongst the yew tree

passion, yes i love it, i wish there was more

yes youve roused me out of the sofa, funny eh

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Dreams Of A Beautifull Muse Without A Physical Dimension

BUt if is the biggest word

if i had a caribbean island

the truth is im lonely and i want to touch your flesh

And everything would be wonderfull, fantastic incredible, edible

but there is just me and a wall to paint my last words this evening

I loved that and this maybe i didnt love myself

Maybe i should count the waves on the sea or stand in the wind

Or rest on a bed of forget me nots

or look at the stars time and place are another dimension, im trying to concentrate

interior design, looking inwards instead of out

introversion as oposed to extroversion

After all who wants to se scars the last ninph executed

maybe i should look at the universe specialy casiopea

do i want to get closer to you or further away

If my hart and soul is away i cant concentrate on my relative value in the universe

the material cuestion

Maybe i dont like what i see inside

an empty shell my pride might suffer

obsessive

seeking eternally extatic condition

SO what is inside this box pandoras box

To many shadows and false gods cowardice and acceptance of failings

a hole where god should be

to many shadows i should go in with a flash light

am i on an eye to eye basis to my true god serving the people and bound for
cairo

I guess i can only say that i love you and that some runs through

my veins to my head that imagines dreamy ships traveling the

tropical sunsets

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Dust And Tinsel

YOU WERE THERE,
NOT HERE
SAY HELLO OR SAY GOODBYE
YOU IMAGERY SO FARR FROM AFRICAN PRIMITIVE ART
SO SCIENTIFIC
SO SUBTLE MYSTERY
SO INEXPRESSIVE, NOT EXPRESSIVE, SO LOCOMOTIVE, NOT THE BELL OF THE
TAXY, SO FRAGMENT, SO SOCIABLE

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Eden

we checked out all the artificial paradises

what happened to the real one, the paradise of children dancing garlanded with joy

what is joy, the absence of sorrow

what is sorrow the absence of joy

i cant seem to feel

this is my diary

im affected

by the effect of the cause

i must find refuge in the forest

here i find peace and a way to the ideal

beautifull like eden

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Endymion Bleeding On A Thorn From The Rose Bush

do i have contextual limitations

am i bereft of the bird eye view

as i clean cobwebs from my white marble sculpture

Am i spent

do i not see the forces of hate subduing loves brightness

darknes, yet i manage to mix a litle light

A heroic part of me consequence enables me to record my life

To separate the unusual from the ordinary

to derive feelings that will never betray and that weave a coronal for every tendernes

Despite your thorns your a lovely girl

do you prefer a ranch or a castle

Would you prefer me to call you a rose

Makeup an allegory about me looking at the clouds swimming in your eyes
in our eyes

the romance

You can see one nerve jumps then another

How many knots are they in the rope that ties us together

Rescuing passion from hell

what price is the ephimeral ink

compared to the volumes of books

what price pegasus wings

What planet to discover and flee from fagen, watch the crystal river

rip the veils away

back to paradise

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Enraptured Love

Its the thought that counts

allready i was dreaming of caddilacs, babys

dreams, should i have been more cynical

Am i in the forest

some dreams end up in the junk yard

but scince a question must have an answuer, and i need not be banished to the forest

The physical world must have a physical answuer, and the spirit director and champion

i will serve love as best i can

Be faithfull to love, because i know that only he can pour honey into my cup, and that unity has to be stronger than separation to survive, whole

my dna runs too the fountain, and the more cication, and, this creates distinguishing features of your persona, the strongest, and due to the situation evolve conciousness of god, the maker of plans, and, what he authorises is desirable and you right hand a faithfull champion, i, not minister

in his proposals, to keep the water clear in the fountain
but the wizard love put me in my place

Molehills, common necessity, a mere joke, superficial

the sea for the coast

the rough from the smooth

like water over a ducks back

no salt, no dna no destiny

No city to get lost in and be part of the boullabaise

At the whim of the muse

more airoplanes please

to restitute passion

all fragments, i offered you a ride through the milky way,

never mind there must be others, in what is a series of fragments,

what is lacking is a plan, a map a universall survey, a path through the jungle,
there maybe flowers along the way calling your name

Untill you gat to the green grass of the meadow to the lake where you behold her
countenance

the necesity must be satified, the flesh in weak,

in evolytion, the body desires it

We live in a physical world, although we are spiritual that goes up

you may say that we travel from the phisical to the ethereal, over and over

and that, in our imperfection, and in our striving to be in gods presence

although the enterprise of love proposes many contests

the three worlds have a centre in the mist

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Extacy

the thorns of life being a bit too sharp nonetheless and no longer was a lady's pawn,

angel when have you been at fault

why you are being a shadow of a goddess, and depriving me of vistas

why do you deprive me of caresses

and give all, the physical world possesses

and give the infinite dimension the finite dimension

a taste of mortality

i found myself in thy lady's bower, nonetheless

, consumed in raging fires, like from ancient timeless ages, fire that adored antique vows..... enigmas of extacy, can one really grow young in cruelty, the inevitable descent from heaven, found me swimming in lake Como. I that open myself to winter's foam, i must learn about botanical flora, the bees and the iguanas, i must fly like an eagle, no orienteer, patience with science, the torment is sure, one moment's rest in the wind and another woman will bear me, rose garden, i drag myself appendix of the heart, Jack London, passion the milk of your verses in the rose garden fills me without being able to overflow i look at images of engravings in hatchette, after the dawn i lead this flock across the universe listening to opera, and waltzes, there is a band of dressed up vaudeville comedians \at the edge of the forest.

Cristobal Benjumea

Face To Face With Her

Lotuses inspire harmony, me to sing.

i wish i was allways singing a strange song about the story of a enamoured pilgrim to your altar

you call it the revolution, i call it the hand of god#

valid up to the point that you surrender to the florid hands of love

the mathematical solution to you

shall you pinch the gourge

revealing THE SECRET LIFE OF CRISTOBAL C

DISCOVERER OF A NEW REALITY

OF ETERNAL CELEBRATIONS AND passed the stage of indolence,

into a more controled space

guided by the hand of god

A NEW STATE OF CONCIOUS NESS

WEARE AT PEACE AND CONTEMPLATING HER gOLDEN APPLE CHEEK

FERTILE FIRE FROM THE PHAROS

CELEBRATING my relative value in the universe

contrasting with the rest of the world, what does it say

although i shouldnt compare myself, my relative humility

plucking apples

fishing for compliments, worrying about other peoples relative importance, what

about my relationship

the task is not a race, or a duel

betrayal is not loyalty

oppression must be dealt with austerity and assertion

A REBIRTH

A STATE OF MIND AND A GOOD ONE, HERE DO YOU WANT A GODESS, YOU CAN
MAKE HER STAND ON HER HEAD
WELL REALLY ITS WHAT YOU DESIRE

NOT TO ABUSE BUT TO ADORE AND BE THE SHINNING BURNING LIGHT HOUSE

ME AND THE GENIE

completely arresting a mere whim of passion

conservation of transcendental euphoria, the invisible product, saturated with the
material

the only clue that we are living on planet earth

lighted candles

assimilated in the public dominion

garden with flowers

likes and dislikes

love and hate

the balance

action indicating the way forward

horses and cats

division of the harvests, and the granite

free distribution of clouds and adherence to white horses

queen of the waves your wishes came true

catasrtophes outside this hexamers predicted by the guards of the cake.

the enclosed fountain weeps on to the inky pages of my diary

tribute but the sun has her veil lifted and heroicaly drys the pages of his tribute
to the branches of the garden of xanadu.

i love the reflection of goddesses in mirrors

in meditation

in

ILLUMINATING THE DARK

MESSAGE LEAVE IT HERE

WITH TENDERNES OH SHALL WE LISTEN TO THIS SOLEM MUSIC I KNOW YOU
WILL LIKE IT THE SONG OF ASPASIA

WITH MY HIDEM HEALING POWER AN MY CURING OF YOUR WOUNDS AND YOUR
FATTING UP AND MAYBE WITH A TOUCH OF IRONY, , BUT MOSTLY CHOCOLATE
AND

ALL THINGS THAT DANCE TO THE RYTHM

WITH SOME OIL YOU CAN DISTRIBUTE LOVES REQUIREMENTS

LETS BEGIN TO ADOREWITH OUR FORMAS AND ILLUMINATE FOR THE BELOVED
GODDESS

HER OF THE GOLDEN THIGHS

LIKE CHICKEN DELIGHT

EPIC MEMORIES OF A COFFE USELESS PINHEAD

BULABASE OF LIFE CROUTON IN A BULABASE OF LIFE

SEEING AND AS OPOSED TO NOT SEE

GOOD OVR EVIL

THERE IS A HARVEST IN YOU

IT INVOLVRS WALKING OVER THE HOLES, THE EMBERS

JUST FOLLOWING BIOLOGY

FROM BEGINING TO END MY DISCOURSE WITH YOU COMES OUT OF WISDOM
YOUR GLEAMING LAKE TO PENETRATE

a gypsy song, love takes me higher than the mountain

i love high stars that rule destiny a warm part of you,

your form to explore

so i can reach the stars

listen to the music the solemn music of the spheres forest that

take me now and hold me with my precious tendernes which i guard jealously

tenderness me

Cristobal Benjumea

Faithfull

I would nefer be unfaithfull to you

To do so would be to disrespect,

I need someone to adore me, implicitly

To love me and satisfied, so as not to wander

Our deep love and our words confessesed in secrecy, i will no be violated or taken lightly

I would feel betrayed

faith

Cristobal Benjumea

Faithfull To Our Love

I would nefer be unfaithfull to you

To do so would be to disrespect,

I need someone to adore me, implicitly

To love me and satisfied, so as not to wander

Our deep love and our words confessesed in secrecy, i will no be violated or taken lightly

the diamond flawless

I would feel betrayed

faith

Cristobal Benjumea

Fire In The Ruins

forget and smile

be happy not sad

good not evil

tender not hurtful, because my soul only accepts love

and is only made happy with warmth

the old and the new

the ruins of venuses temple amongst the milenary trees

Cristobal Benjumea

Fire That Quenches

what happens

is a sign

next time ill let the horse go

il be armour plated
you will be there

i have no confidece in ghosts

manners in the eternal garden, the altar better

in the rain that falls

of the passage of the moon

you fertile part of the earth

where are the flowers

we are the flowers

were are the followers of the sun

where do we follow

who do we follow

follow the waves

follow the forest route that leads to the naked valley, the lake in the middle
glimers of god

his love gazes o us

enveloping us

the perfume enrices us to seek the highest peaks

our love is a mountain

the path to sublime ridiculousness through the treelined zone

means everlasting peace

for all except monsters

only those adorers of him and his glimmering chainmail

for love bestowed him with a many faceted vision of future comfort

fertile valley yield to my steps

the light subdues me and in many ways, is reflected in the stream that travels through the country to down, allways down, not up, down to the salt sea

although fish of many colours jump, and the cristal river shines

its many hues entrance our listless eyes

oue inspiration holds our attention, and sugests many layerd love

witch enables our frail spirit to reach the sweet core of our compatriots

and fanatics of her love balm

which seduces our movements

rapture is our master

as we stumble through the laberinth

to the comfortable region

where all is allways beautifull, and hoyness, purifies everywhere we lay

endowing us with happyness without bounds, as the caress of the breeze, enlightened by the advent of renewing glances from ninfes of the fountain of extacy

happily we sit on spongy couches sitting amongst unimaginable luxury

we are captivated by dancing muses, that sing to us melodies, that will our
godlike desires to new frontiers, our thirst becomes paramount to their
existence, becoming our shadows to become lions

becoming our thirst to be the sacred duty of the gods

our ardent embers, fulfilled

they say dont murder me

arrange the order of the rose the purple

these are messages of him to her

the red passion for that

purple

pink

Cristobal Benjumea

Fountains

Romance

not Montagues, or capulets
but more, Romeos and Juliets
and streams

Cristobal Benjumea

Fragments

we talk of love and fame said shelley

Yes and as the world fragments

we fly and reach for the greater relative value

The protection of your love, reaping the energy that emanates from all its good actions

It eliminates doubt hate just as the sun obliterates shadows

When we confine and become ethereal as we physically can ordain

Yes i have stated we are physical but also mental and philosophical

can we ordain destiny or as society does

can philosophy make a prophet of you can you see for miles

yes i have seen organised the future

The electric, the wind streams forest above all and cave

Have we forgotten our ancient wisdom

i see much forest till it clears up and we can bound over the barriers, rejecting the unwholesome, and nourishing ourselves from what is sacred

Cristobal Benjumea

Gaudy Butterflies At Dawn

I need you like air, i go searchng for you as i sing, walking through the valley

How i miss those smiles, that charm

memory is all i have left

Gone is the excitement, that reason for being
That lyric song i hear from you

All claims that all is well

It works like clockwork the white dial reveals

the mater is in the lap of the gods

Their descicion is final whilst pan plays on the flute

The map, the areas that are helpfull

I know what i want anyway

just happyness unbridaled horse pulling a cart

Ater all the events, locations burst of winds, flaggs waving in the wind

Demanding love, as the dayly food, but all i get is walls, i suffer

Over the barriers there must be a treasure of rubies, emeralds, topazes, sapphires

i trully know the difference between love and hate, allthough you make me sufer
it is to purify

I know indiference, and limbo the worst abbys, in the snow peaked mountains
the goat is happy

And the running brook, the rest of the poey, reveals all the secrets, unashamedly
happy,

Knowing good from evil and prepared to defend it with the sword, some go to

hell the good go to eden

Although ordinary life is leisurely and ineffective the arms of love are always employed, bidding me this bidding me that

there are so many thorns and so few roses to be found, although we desire, and that becomes an obsession

God's ways are delineated in so many ways, and coincidence, well it doesn't exist

Obsession has no evidence to support it

god reveals and speaks through many vessels

Better be the ink not the book, the ink that flows, ethereally

Surely a life based on evidence has foundation, and is subsequently more fruitful

Cristobal Benjumea

Ghosts To The Fire

scice we get along so swimmingly

i thountg i wouldnt be borring, asked about your physical dimmension

and devouour all the flesh

here in the shadow of this cherry blossoming tree

i write some lines about the tenderness we shared

or maybe im not reading reading small writing

whatever thi dull mortality get as keats said

Watching stars sitting amongst green foliage

A kiss, and definitely to do gods will

your ornamenture would hamper you at the rebirth

and the sapphires

Cristobal Benjumea

Giant Woman

huge like a mountain, with a spring at the foot

huge like a world, or worlds

my big huge love, but smaller than Ladbrooke road, with street lights

unmaneageable love, that slips from your grasps

enormous love, like the eifel tower, big project in the mind, with all hands on deck

o laurel crown i throw in the fire

oh instant love, like instant coffee

crucial component in A LIFE, ESSENTIAL SOUL HARBOURER

BALL PERCHED, WITHOUT LEVERAGE ON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN TO ADMIRE

Cristobal Benjumea

Good Over Evil Equals Peace

What does love over hate equal to

A lit house under the sinking moonlight

Cristobal Benjumea

Good Time

The beguining of the mystery

the desert suggests

the forest protects from the wind to such a fine degree

that the message of the beloved is in fine tune with the music

unfinished buissness

some people drink blood

some people drink water

the passage of water

the lakes

where does the cristal river go ever down to the salt

some people watch

but the clay has to be molded into a form and the message has to be answered

with a kiss

kissing is good for you, it releases serotonin

the will of love is sometimes amongst the garage implements

it is selected and enjoyed amongst the crockery

and a celebration hapens under the sheets

where all mysterys are revealed

Cristobal Benjumea

Haiku

Alien lonely

known friend

Cristobal Benjumea

Happyness Is So Important

Dont drip, this physical presence

darwin and the theory of evolution

in other ways be brave

stop watching tv all night

get addicted to her curves, the prayer you sing under the starrs

all the fragments of her

dont be a bad sport, you win some you loose some

its only a game directed by the shaman love

purifying you listen to the wind in the dark forest, by the brook

the charm of the spell, the silver lights illuminate the shadows in you

you hurt me but i take it as if i had tripped on a rock

it made me hawk and free

the muses its a mystery where they go

after all its a game

Cristobal Benjumea

Happyness Is You

You remind me of mountains

Like silver streams

Wind smelling of lavender

A lake with its tranquil reflection of you

The forest, the rattleing of the leaves

Solitude only contrasts eden with hell

A mound of fallen leaves is beside me, the books on the ground

But the bouganvilia still climbs over the white cotage as the seas waves wash the shore, the sound is pleasant, you are not in the cottage

All i have are memories of you

As the grass grows in the valley

My soul looks for salvation in the memory of you

You that meant so mouch, gave love and was sheer rubies and emeralds

I hope to fall in love again, feel the nearness to god and reproduce his message amongst us love and kindness,

and do his works

Enjoy his earthly treASURES

Cristobal Benjumea

Hello Is There Anybody There

YES IM AN ECHO

IM BRANK ZAPPA, THE SORCERER OF LOVE

GOOD BAD GOD BAD

LOST LOVE, WON LOVE

MIRROR

Cristobal Benjumea

Hey You Know Its Lonely Without You

I have my memories

the way you roled those huge eyes, and your voice like little green canary

I admit i idealised you, wife mother, career woman

but our phone called, cut me up, rejected,

I had to decide between, loyalty and disloyalty

between good and bad

positive and negative, without grey ares, but vivid coloures

lost love one queen down, another comes close

to romance and the original sophisticated paradise

gentlemen the key to the lock

between farr and near of the fire reflecting casiopea rays

Cristobal Benjumea

Him Her

You ran away with the cake again well done

we ive got a big one aces high

Tumble in the meadow for her every whim

Again just an image

The truth a storm

The solution the crystal river designs the course through the dafodils to gods
mirror

some allegory of perfect beauty,

consult the god of yearning questionnaires
consult the pink clouds

consult the yellow flowers in the green valley

Kiss her on the lips dont miss, a thing of the vaporous being

Words of hate words of love

under the weeping wilow by the river

images and black holes

spontenaity of premeditation

sugestion of aces, still waiting for my body to utter

pink cloud rubber ball in blue

i love you

can i sit beside you

be crucified by you

lick your dreamy phantom

touch your flesh

Say hello these flowers pink carnations for you

Cristobal Benjumea

Home

my love my clouds

So soon it rains

The sun eclipsed, and you cloud are like dew, like rain
not sun, burn endlessly like my rage which i scribe here

i wanted to suport union not separation

clouds rivers meadows and sun

the theatre

A dignified apoteosis

worthy of the gardens of babylon

with the wisdom of fields of wheat

and excesssive caressing

i still havent propagated the most unique theatrical arrangements

meant to stimulate a most avidly intrested amoeba

i still havent searched every corner of the map that affects me

desireing to experience every sort of situation

that has feeling

sating

relating

skating sensation of a ray of starr

silable of serenadeThe crysta river

forever inspires me like operas

They lure me out of the cave

the melody enhances my mood happy memory of eden

all my desires fullfilles a walk through the flower beds

to your arch

where our bodies interlock

and please each other

with the language of flesh

the dancers encourage inspiration yearning for nirvana

smiling faces condone our dancing and exclaim the feathers float in the wind

They admire our tender embrace

Their rapture tenses their backs half willing to join our exiliration, our rapture

I touch our lips with mine

all i want

the world is left behind i reach the peak of the mountain

I blush but the surge of extacy brings me a new planet

my tenderness is met with tendernes, you are my special friend

I hold you in great esteem

i Have held the hand of a goddess

i feel i have a fortune

Her smile makes me throw gARLANDS IN THE AIR

I rediscover my emotions

filled with hope

i feel our affair increases in importance

every caress vital to the level of happyness in this palace

the fountains water shines joyfully, so begins your detective work in every
cherished crevice of my garden

then we are like swamps

then like guests at the theatre

like romeo and juliet

our love for each other is the centrepiece for us of the world

we give our best our trust and loyalty, our faith protection and nurturing

to devise our new empire

of red poppies

neither have i searched every face to see decribed destiny

neither have i been sated by the flesh

the flesh has pleasure our spirit runs rampant to the garden of libelulas

How we love flowers more now we hold them gently and relax on burgundy
feather cushions

No more listlessness

satisfaction of the flesh and pink clouds

cryes of your my fanatical qqueen

there i us and then the rest

in order of necessity

while the flesh sleeps we hold the moon

Cristobal Benjumea

Hope

My cynicism levels have to drop to the floor

cause of my feelings,

i need someone to love too, im not special and diferent

iss this another massacre of laurel leaves

is my mind playing tricks on me

i dont like the bell on the tram as much asi like the dale, the field

the green field with the statue

love took hold of me screwed me up like newspaper and turned me into a

another screwedup person with a drink problem, that

i prefer to get personal when im in bed with

there is no mob rule and you can hear michelangelo

sing to the beaten

geting close to me the freshnesss

of the cararacts

the crystal rivers journey through the stars, ,

to the sea

be sweet my love in waiting

ti you have detected the roughened edge of his colourfull carpet

and know that you have thrilled him as he lay there wishing on a star

and making sense of his symphony

he has the pose of the leopard now

but then the lizard, or some other metamorphosis

he will be a lighthouse for his ancestors

Cristobal Benjumea

Hope And Submission To His Divine Spirit, At The Dawn

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Cristobal Benjumea

How Biology Is Important

My body is subject to biological phenomena

despite constraints, organisms that multiply, the will to go

branches of a tree, shadows reaching i dont know where

the shadow of ellisium

the roses of the thorny bush

the hard way the easy way

history of passionate loves lost in the misty city

the simple hues of desire, leading

but this might be the tree on the island of this vast sea and forced to look at
casiopea constellation

forced that would be the operative word, a new philosophy would be in order

like im a moving cloud

like you give shadow to my stream

some thing that can only be seen, the difference, in the visual dimension

therefore check mate, except if i unleash the white horses

the shadows of the sun

the shadows of the birds

bad and good, release from my fetters my only joy

joy made out of blue

eternal questions

answers if you please, not just tease

the shadow of a light house
the shadow of the mirrored skyscrapers

my passion is working your machine, you fly of like fireworks

so there is a force in question

easily able to camouflage itself

hard equated with soft is nothing the space between the end and the beginning

bad equated with good answer peace

in and out

hostile equated with friendly ness, a fire bomb impaling itself because of passion
to the era

or a passion that burns in the conscience of the lover

lovers tears condensed

into nectar, rhythm

melody

let be dispel all the evil and hear you

make love not war

protect yourself

protect the apples with no shadows

what is at the end of those branches

ambrosia

consciousness and a rejection of evil

good over evil equals peace

empty of anvils

a flagrant garden, of love powered fireworks

some are guides to

the tree has branches thorns, and fruit

conscient of god

all the basic things make a good foundation to the starrs

to the girl

the mist

this is the music of her voice

she sang the harvest of the wheat field,

i sing, the natural process of notes

these chords connstrain her heart into a whine

whilst of picking a flower in the middle of s shadow

i grabbed her leg which involves opening the third eye to the random cunjurering
of miracles of love,

and the lips, not only does it it involve a melody, but the lips writing not the
book, which reveal the secrets
but this mad parade

why climbing up the mountain sailing the river wich goes through the jungle,
through the valleys, what faith, intransigence compounds emotional trajectories,
reminicent fragments of parallel existences,

i require guidance from the harp of the goddess

her charm renders me a helpless slave

the thorny bush, required my full attention, for i need

its fruits, your thorns wound me but your rose, kept me posed with want

i abandoned myself to the heat.

Cristobal Benjumea

How Do I Get To The P Of The Mountain

How do i find a guide to the garden of roses and labernums

where is track, this body, cage and vessel

box of mystery

boat on the river at the mercy of the beloved

avoiding the thorns in the rose bush

adoring the beauty of those ironic lips that seal the destiny of nations

whose forehead crowned with garlands

whose breath is the wind,

worshipper of your curves

who wants to dance to the symphony, conducted by my director

god has given me wings to fly to the altar in the land of love

from dreaming i wake to see the world formed

describing what you dont understand

about an apple

its effect everywhere and its cause

the crystal river

my smile to you

Cristobal Benjumea

How Do I Get To The Top Of The Mountain

How do i find a guide to the garden of roses and labernums

where is track, this body, cage and vessel

box of mystery

boat on the river at the mercy of the beloved

avoiding the thorns in the rose bush

adoring the beauty of those ironic lips that seal the destiny of nations

whose forehead crowned with garlands

whose breath is the wind,

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the crystal river

my smile to you

Cristobal Benjumea

Humility

Love was victorious over me

saw me kneeling amongst the ruins

i was humble

then i fell in love with a passer by

as if

Cristobal Benjumea

Hungry For Your Love

I need you in my life

Our spirits rise as one, i only hope that it materialises

You are definitely the angel of the night

Cristobal Benjumea

I Accept Im A Pinhead

Waiting for gods will

to act

BUt im a darwinist, origin of the species

I know we a re evolved monkeys that make televisions

our life is sensull, a scientists laboratory

the first profetion was the medicine man, the second was the prostitute

I dont know what god would think of these wars

Tkes some genius to work it out the ninph democracy bathing in the river is verry nice and beautifull

let beauty be the new god taking surprising our dark spirit in the cave

to wander the valleys ond rivers, see the reflection on the lake

let starrs be the new god

Cause and effect

reaction

Cristobal Benjumea

I Am Emerging From Shadows

My innocence is beautifully described in her lineless face

I more or less live in the forest fleeting images suggestion of indulgence in romantic pleasantness, of gazing wistfulness

a caring glance, that records my progress and its emotional content

registers me a vessel containing, affecting adding to the perception of what is, and what is holy and divine, causing an effect to the destiny asserting what is good or bad

its capacity to love, forgive

asserting this relative value of my vessel

I hide among the trees

I can see the shiny apples on the tree

Friend of passion

Friend of the moving clouds

The nutritive milk of these verses distilled from verses of stardust

Makes me prince of the green field

I watched five murders on the television, my visions of birds free were obscured

My connection with the higher spirit was diminished by the cacophony

The battle of good spirits versus bad spirits the path was obscured we had to pass the sea

Some had good boats some had bad

the ivy still continued to creep up your archway

Was the lake sullied or clear and could we see the reflection of this shy prince
we who hold the sceptre

My true relationship with this deity was revealed

Conditional or non conditional

I cant tell you the names of all the assassins

I can tell you where paradise is

I know your name

Your paradise has a stone archway

I have 100 pictures

I depend on the nutritive milk of the verse

because i am endimion the sheapherd prince traveling to your garden of bowers
with its archway of lime stone, with ivy strangling it

The good vibes vanished, the world and its hypocrisy described

It sugested something not relatively valuable and an offence to my subjectivity

The earth entices me away from the sky

The hardened core i have been reduced to is near destiny

the I cannot reach the outer circles of the divine paradise

To hear the symphony directed by my deity

The ideal acomplished

I put rythm to these melodies the mind lacks

I follow endimion the sheapherd prince the constelations guide me and the
destiny of nations

Cristobal Benjumea

I Am Not Responsible For The Passed

Jilted lover i am only responsible for keeping flying this bird

regardless of economic nightmares

i am only responsible for the future

I know there was no love lost, i know i have loved and cupid gave me more
arrows

And valleys and cristal rivers

And hunger superior to satisfaction

This empire of love

I should send my herald forth

this passion that craves logic to flourish

Like a bud of honeysuckle

Cristobal Benjumea

I Can Not Substitute The Present For The Passed Or The Future For The Present

Jilted lover i am only responsible for keeping flying this bird

regardless of economic nightmares

i am only responsible for the future

I know there was no love lost, i know i have loved and cupid gave me more
arrows

And valleys and cristal rivers

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Cristobal Benjumea

I Could Do The Cha Cha Cha

Tonight im sad your not around

Who won who lost

i played with your spirit but now im of to greener lands

I want to dance salsa now

But im alone and no partner to tango, i take a drink the only other love but you
my love

now were under the leaves, im of to greener pastures, the endless patagonia i
dont know what latitude

il find hamlet the hero

but i wont feel sorry for myself, half the world is female and nothing can stop a
fool like me yes love has made me a fool

Inperfect transiting to perfect, pleasing to the muses

All the muses obey god my god

Cristobal Benjumea

I Could Smell The Cinders, And Ater The Rotting Apples

The wind takes me i take care of me till we fly to Latakia

The whole town smells of blossoms we distriuted with clinical precision

Every time peace and rest dominated

Then i entered hamlet the hero of the poem

Cristobal Benjumea

I Cryed Over What Love Made Me Do, As Is Said

Oh you giant love that engulphs me

Makes me seek his whim

TO BE OR NOT TO BE IS LOVE DOMINATED BETTER BECAUSE I HAVE TO REIGN
OVER

a strange aparell

BUT is love only 30 percent of the masterpiece,

WE COULD CONCENTATE ON THIS BUSH AREA

AND LOVE IS JUST A LAUGHING ECHO

AN ANGEL LOST IN THE NIGHT

one that poseses, notlike the silver running brook that pasSes away

leaving A GLIMPSE OF TIME AND A FOREST TO FORMULATE THE GENIAL
INPIRATION LIKE DEW IN HER GARDEN, LIKE A FOUNTAIN

GLIMPSES OF VENUS, AD WHAT DOES DESTINY THINK

WHEN IS IT 50 PERCENT MED 50 PERCENT EVERYTHING ELSE

ADECUATE EGOS WITHOUGHT UNNMANEGEABLE OPULENCE SUBLIMITY

PRESS ON CHOOSE THE 70 PERCENT

SOULTH AMERIGA, THE RUNNING AMAZOM, THE ONE THE ONE THAT PUTS LIFE
INTO YOUR MOUTH

I FEEL LIKE LIVING FOREVER

WITH A MEDAL YOU GAVE ME BEFORE I LEFT

YES YOU LIKE THE CITY OF LIGHTS

AND PLACES LIKE ISTANBUL, WHERE YOU CAN SENSE AFFECTION, AND SICES
AND SMILING FACES, WHERE YOU BECOME HUMAN

I ENJOUYED HER FACE GAVE ME HOPE

FOREVER I EXCLAIMED IN THE CHURCH NEXT TO THE TAVERN

I GO FROM PINK CLOUD TO PINK CLOUD, AND WE KISSED

Cristobal Benjumea

I Dont Like Hurricanes

I swam in the cristal stream as it flows through the jungle to the salty sea to find
the treasured extacy

extacy amongst people that compel the children to dance round the fire

the fire feed us brightnes and illuminates the place, the palaces

where you and me will kiss and tell

the relection on the lake is glowing warm

Cristobal Benjumea

I Fancy You Green Girl

Idd like to give you a bunch of red tulips

And a few smiles, a kiss and so on

and when i take you on trips to africa, india indonesia

But remember it was all in my head, much cheaper

in fact there are oceans between us,

Nothing had changed physically

and that was the difference

the difference was that it was more fun when there was action

Darwin etc

logical,4 you pinhead

after more bullabase the beautifull prince emerged from the shadows

proclaiming he had a key to life

A banana and cinamon milk shake, for none of them drank they had been thrown out of paradise

a sense of humour i sayd was a key to life

but which lock

life beguins at forty, keep it that way

If its mundane, mediocre, so is muddy water that makes you wet

there is only something good as opposed to something bad

we chose to follow good

to not fear the lyres concerto

to live and breathe singing for the sake of happiness and ecstatic goings gone

Yes I'm getting the beauty and the beast

I bring beauty to the feast

Cristobal Benjumea

I Feel A Womans Presence Near

Im wondering how to act
Say hello with a smile
Its good stuff and i want it
To purge that devil, catch a starr
Or what to do
catch the gray moving clouds over the horizon
Fly
What words The
Composae the right words to explain the way i feel
About the way to celebrate to pay or to kiss
Your not just another garland
But weve been brave to com this far
Across the sea
For something so tender
Your so sweet
Im such a lucky man
To have so mouch love

Cristobal Benjumea

I Got Burned By You Its Allright It Happens To Everyone

You burned me and im gradually getting back a taste for sweet fruit

I must admit that i entertained the idea of you and me being something together

Because your like flying in a jet plane to paradise

Im cured

You se im not special and different and to god im just a coffee bean difficult to separate from the bagfull

still its better to love than not love

I hope that love comes knocking again

A beer in brazil is as good as an english one

good enough to raise a smile

COncption is important at some point and reinvigorating

Oh the blues, stuck in a mobile with the memphis blues again as mr dylan said

An obsession, nothing factual empty years taken from my life

I searched for god, and somehow my life was in vain

The only joy i had was my soul

Now is my turn

Cristobal Benjumea

I Got Lost In A Lulaby Everyone Said Come Back Down To Earth

I like looking at the starrs its better than looking at brown rocks

but ive learnt the many angles of a rock

they guide me to the ancient lake

oh snake where are you going

rythm where are you going

to the forest or to the viridian sea, and evaporate and become the moving clouds

the trees fascinate me with their green

my sexual needs will be satisfied in the green valey where; love is

the red road through the limestone archway leads to utopia

love love love her love lead me to the garden of flowers

Cristobal Benjumea

I Hide Acorns

Come here and enjoy

MY acorns

In the snowstorm

In the forest

By this rosebush

Cristobal Benjumea

I Hope Love Permeates Me

I hope I have my piece of cake

Admiring the rembrant

Cristobal Benjumea

I Know How To Open A Door But I Don'T Know Love's Address

I met her sometime later
when she gave me her telephone
then it began the begining
of what i hear you say
whell she eat all the creampie with strawberies, sugary syrop
then we whent home to the shadows
to the holes and contextual solutions for opening the seven seals,
to see the direction ov cupids arrows, and the doves being caught
by the gardener, in front of the fountains extacy
a miriad multicoloured flowers and a golden gate

Cristobal Benjumea

I Like You Because You Like Sugar On Top

i like you because your beautyfull

and nice to percieve your soul,

to maKE YOU HAPPY

YOUR INTELIGENT

YOU MAKE BABYS

AND YOUR PROFESIONAL

A REAL ATHELEAT AND

YOU SING

AND YOU CALL ME AND I RUN TO YOU TO CONFORT YOU WHEN YOU GIEVE

IM YOUR COFFEE WITH MY MILK

MY BED OF PINK ROSES

Cristobal Benjumea

I Listen To The Lyres Music It Anticipates The Comming Of The Dawn

Your curves where do they go

What land do they go to

What we dont desire,

what we desire in our altar of love

What colour flowers do we pick

What feather stuffed pillows do we rest on in this paradise

What sweet words we tell each other, and the caresses

not machine guns

Smiles, i tell you how much i want you

You undo your plats and abandon yourself to love

Cristobal Benjumea

I Live On Purple Flowers I Am A Saint

My physical status has overwhelmingly contrasted relevance

in crossing a star

a sort of Taylor on which I wipe my nose

everpresent physical form not responding to time dimensions

a tree with branches

oh my soul I know your home is a tropical hammock

in Galapagos

oh the breeze

oh my goddess doesn't rule

which gives me rock status

My spirit is transcending to a restaurant friends night out

Just a perfect daytime activity meant to promote unity

and perception of oysters

waves

lesser relative importance

Cristobal Benjumea

I Look To Ursula Minor

4 my dose of love

4 my rations of beauty

4 news of the shooting stars, and a smile

Cristobal Benjumea

I Lookedn In Amsterdamm And Rome For Nirvana And The Sea

aND MY SOUL NEEDED NURISHING FROM LOVE, GROW FAT AND BIG, MASTER
OF THE UNIVERSE, PULLING THOSE STINGS CONTROLING FREAK OF AN ENTITY

AND I PERFECTING, EVERY CREVICE OF MA WORKING LOVE BALM, AND
ACETPTANCE, AND ACEPTANCE TO THE CEREMONY OF JOY, PROPHESES, AND
PPHYLOSOFOY TO TRANGRESS, TO THE OPTIMUM STAR

THE PETALS WERE SCATRERED, AND DESTINY WS IN THE FALLEN LEAVES

THE DAY MY WINGS SOARED, SURGED DRUNK, ILLUMINATED, WHY NOT A
SPACE FOR ME AT GODS SACRED TEMPLE

I HAVE ACCEPTED ONLY THE SACRED I TOLERATE THE YOUNG IN ONE
ANOTHERS ARMS

EVERY TIME LOVE DISPELS HATE, IS SUCCESS WITH THE SEARCHED FOR THE
LOCOMOTIVE TO UTOPIAA AND FOUND THE LADY PEGASUS

AFTER PERFORMING VARIOUS VOLUNTARY JOBS UNDER THE TROPICAL SUN

A PERFECT HUMAN RECITES PERFECT ORACLES

i REMAIN IN THE TEMPLE AFTER THE MERCHANTS HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT

WHO DO I WORSHIP HERE

THE PERFECT DICIPLE OF GOD WISHES THE SITUATION TO CLEAR UP

GODS WILL JUMPS LIKE RAYS OF LIGHTNING

Cristobal Benjumea

I Love Being In Gardens Strewn With Petals Revealing Lovers Fantasies, In The Hot Sun, Never Mind The Solar Wind

Love is a walk in a garden strewn with petals,

comunion with god

accepting his will

all has thorns

unity not loss and separation, union with the atio and loss

winning

we want to review our position in andromeda

what comes of chaos, advises the holy

the spiritis revealed and is released on to her, she can take you up not down

down to enigma of her body, the mystery of her navel, with its seductive power
and up to her extacy on the altar in the garden the sundial marks the time our
love arrives,

in the garden of mystic love

Should i be suspicious of what i want.

i love plucking flowers, surrounded by cypress trees

i follow the mirrors reflection

this delirium beautifully ilustrates, the dominium of beautys and the gayety of me

gods will for me

love is good like hot chocolate

being in love there is less histeria

through the layers of darkness to the light, whilst playing the piano.

picking up the glittering bullets destination the city

Cristobal Benjumea

I Love Flowers, I Arange My Bliss, My Sunlight In The Dark

i will never be a pawn of the flowers

minny mouse criticised me

I love violets, they remind me of the tropical land,

it makes me verry happy to derive something out of botanical phenomenons
messages from venus, the scream of venus, her singing

, i just hope tat this magic reach the worthy, and follow my testament untiill the
dawn light will flood into every crack of the white marble sculpture, my
apotheosis.

my greatest work of art me, and her the green and pink muse she is so sweet,
creates a beautifull calm world and delights me, like in one of edens,

love might take me to her gate

i watch get up from the shaddows and look at the sky and the purest wave

Cristobal Benjumea

I Love Walking Through The Green Valley, Following The Stream That Flows To The Sea Where The Red Fishes Swim To The Purple Coral Reefs Of The Tropics...

mysterious doors of my perception suggest wicked adventures

life is the jungle like roulette but the milky way reveals the faces of the
goddesses,

gathered round the fountain,

the curvature of her waist, is like a dove

reclined on the white pillows

we gaze at the pleiad constellation for a few minutes,

we pick roses in the garden nonetheless

, in love we wander to my ladies bower

in my room we touch, our bodies meet in earthly paradise

Cristobal Benjumea

I Love You As You Walk Through The Flowers In The Garden

You mean everything to me

I love your sweet voice that is just like a bird singing

I love you and i want to protect you

I love you like the reflection on the lake

i love you like a chorus of birds singing

Ilove you because your beautyfull

I love your behaviour, and your a work of art

I love you because you like my poems, and you make life sweeter

Cristobal Benjumea

I Love You Because You Are Hot

AND I WANT TO MARRY YOU AND HAVE BABYS AND HAVE YOU

NOW

I WANT TO BE SATISFIED AT LAST

AND BE HAPPY THAT IS WITHUT BOUNDS AND OVERFLOWING,

IN LEISURE AND RELAXATION

SHORT AS THE BLOOMING OF THE ROSE

RANITS INSTEAD OF CATS ALTHOUGH CARS CATCH RATS

FLOWERBED, ALCOVE

Cristobal Benjumea

I Love You Ember Eyes

i love you more than cadillac

although i confess ive never had a cadillac

but i love you more than a bunch of roses

and id love for us to be garlanded kissing

anyway i say the following is a confession

to images with depth

anyway the crown of things apart from the overwhelming amount of thorns

is our love requited consumed, science

flames

to warm me

and feel you like eating cornflakes with milk and sugar

Cristobal Benjumea

I Love You More Than Being A Pinhead

Because you make me laugh

i love you more than a rainbow

You take me to a universal plane, of things ive neverseen before

You are the perfect companion, the hidden love

The echos of coloured romance

how do i live without ana, he who soared in euphoria, seeing her

do you fancy the supermarket

whose passion was in a frenzy

Cristobal Benjumea

I Love You, Episode 3000

prisoner of your love, in a cage a meere canary

purple universe beyond of constelations, casiopea

open the cage door to let my fly, through the valley, into the forest, to the lake

warm breeze, caresses the poppie flowers

tenderness, affections i crave, i select

tere are many trains in waterloo stations, ive missed many

ive lost many battles in life

what in essence are we fighting for, maybe we just fight, but what

what is at the bottom of the black hole

what is it worth, more that a momment flying with iccarus

Cristobal Benjumea

I Love You, You The Hidden Beloved

When will you, lift the veil revealing your love for me
So many masks, images, but fountains in the desert
I love you, as the birds sing, i imagine your song
The beloved which is hidden, takes my hand, we walk to utopia
You are my treasure, and as good as garlands
People sneer at you, but they don't see what is so beautiful
my darkness, is illuminated by you, and your beauty
The grace as you make life, look like a ballerina, practicing
You make my life meaningful, like a big supper, satisfied, flesh to flesh, yes but i
searched and found you in the garden plot, the noise, all expressed, joy which i
craved for, i saw you in reflection in the lake, i may have lost, but the goddess
will return, again, the wind will blow, the start of a fire.

Cristobal Benjumea

I M High On Love, In A Green Field

Love is created under the sheets

its in italian rooms, in the corners

but i allways put a cream cake on the table, and a row of candles, some flowers,

i wish i did what you tell me oh wind

love hides in a french restaurant at the edge of the white cliff

love is an aperitif for a bachanal in the midle of the ghetto

love is a survivable comodity, not yet being sold for 3 quid

its what nobility has never kown to white doves singing in green fields next to the warm lake

the lovers bycicles proped up against each other makes you smile

she makes me so happy, regardles of the lenght of a chain

there is love in a chinnese restaurant in hong kong, amongst the chop suey

Cristobal Benjumea

I Rest In The Green Field And I Move With The Moving Clouds

My pasiom moves me, direction utopia, the door is open to lovers

and those that seek loves way

the ones that are purified by loves trials

levitaing from the dust, becoming a starr

surfing the foam

i am the charm of passing places

the fall from grace

i am the prophet reciting the future vissions of deliriums of perfect peacefull
harmony, shocking poems on the shore

an existence based on, need not greed

an excitement necessary like the bread

i must be free from seeking the blessings of the world

imperfect me

my imagination takes me to the starrs, and down again on this planet for coffee

no more useless things

the sacrifice necessary, action is needed to reach the spirit

the spirit of

the wind moves the sails

the suns heat affects me cant you see im smiling the earth

i dont want to be in love with a ghost

no more layers of darkness

we are the shadows of the candle light

into the light

necessary illumination of the path

the wind the jungle the cave the river, the melody

these personalities rise and dance to the music that comes from cupid,

Cristobal Benjumea

I Search

I search and search for you because i love you

You are in me in my fantasy of you

Any trace of you i revere,

I hunt through forests for you

consult runnig streams for you

I have forgotten how to cry

you treated me like a dog

i was a used klenex to you

Yet i love you your existence, and an old boot

yours sincerely

Ill have to live without you, any girl can spread her legs

Walk into a brothel and put your money on the table like you were buying a plate of chips

Buying what is so essential, unlesws your inhuman

Take it out of the mixed bag, dont take it so seriously xy is better than xx

Dare if you can

Make history not be history

attraction, ask the wind to tell you about her

her shape her form

her reflection in the mirror

her body and her soul, if she has a soul

If she isnt just a lump of flesh

If she means anything more than sensuality

if she is the masterpiece

Cristobal Benjumea

I See The Ruins Did Love Win Or Lose

This locomotive we call your passing charm

like looking at these swallows

our love is still in its embrionic stage

look at the desert weed burning

this is the begining of the end

this is the end of the beginning of snowing cottages ember in them

This is my house in the middle of the snow storm behind the sider web that hangs in the surrounding forest

Cristobal Benjumea

I Sense Loves Emotion

I admit im a pinhead but i see the sea

The foamy waves, and i feel emotions

love makes me emotional, so i change like a windmill into a reptile and then a white lion

You hurt me, you assacinated me, rejected now im reborn

amongst the foamy waves of the mediteranean, to the summits

the forest where i touched the fatefull physical dimention

then a run through a green flower dotted valley, becoming naked

my obsession for you still envelops me, and i let it, there as i sit on the stone

the seagulls welcome me and i forget about you, you that i had allready immagined with babys and houses

the matter has only been some upturned boxes and a few breethes between our linbs,

is this a herald, what of the efemeral, i have turned, from pinhead to initiated, blessed vessel

cushioned against by life by pride no more

I surge through the water

Cristobal Benjumea

I Should Say I Just Want To Be Happy

I should say i want joy to invade me and fill with like the darkness within me

i should say i want to be happy and never be sad, be in xanadu

Arcadia, the forest which is where i am now looking for the lights

i want to be happy, experience joy till its tiresome

to feel love

to watch the sands of time run

Inmutable

Shuffle the pack to my liking

go to the valley full of flowers

Coloured ones

Cristobal Benjumea

I Sing Idle Songs About You

someone is in the bush, the forest

i hear a distant melody whose is it yours or mine

Cristobal Benjumea

I Stil Fancy You Green Girl

Idd like to give you a bunch of red tulips

And a few smiles, a kiss and so on

and when i take you on trips to africa, india indonesia

But remember it was all in my head, much cheaper

in fact there are oceans between us,

Nothing had changed physically

and that was the difference

the difference was that it was more fun when there was action

Darwin etc

logical,4 you pinhead

after more bullabase the beautifull prince emerged from the shadows

proclaiming he had a key to life

A banana and cinamon milk shake, for none of them drank they had been thrown out of paradise

a sense of humour i sayd was a key to life

but which lock

life beguins at forty, keep it that way

If its mundane, mediocre, so is muddy water that makes you wet

there is only something good as opposed to something bad

we chose to follow good

to not fear the lyres concerto

to live and breathe singing for the sake of happiness and ecstatic goings gone

Yes I'm getting the beauty and the beast

I bring beauty to the feast

I can see you dancing in my mind such tender reminiscences that I experience

I am leaving now to hear the lark

Cristobal Benjumea

I Struck Out With A

I bounced

MY PRIDE STILL DOESN'T LIKE IT, BUT I'LL NEVER SEE HER AGAIN

So bring out the dancing girls decked in diamond earrings

So I may be happy and forget rather than remember and be sad

So Cinderella also known as a girl of women on a tight budget

Cristobal Benjumea

I Thank You Standing Bellow Your Sandy Neck

i thank god for his gift of you

This companion of the foam

the fecundity of the earth

the fountain of joy

smiling at your mirage

i wanted to posses your ephemeral beauty

happyness overwhelming

The melody of your singing of a drunken sailor resting on a beach saturating
redemptor take me to another land

are you far or near we can go on the raft on the river but, go quicker by tram

a meere distraction from the escape from the forest

an escape to the forbidden garden of the muses, that guard the stream

love made me do things

obliged me to perform, the greatest opera

his postumous creation

whose form amazed all

who looked

Some others hear

the emotion

draged me and the heart

to the celebration

the leaves of his tree

the vast universe, contrived

to raise and guide my lost soul

to feel passionately holding your figure and its compositions of delicate, trances

transformation of us peonies, to ecstatic forms compounded by tender kisses in
the garden

Cristobal Benjumea

I Think Love Is A Vessel Full Of Incredible God Consciousness, And Extacy

In her blue eyes i see beautifull sea coves in, they proclaim beauty adorns the earth, and a way to manifest god conciousness on this earth, it came in the form of a woman and she was created a vessel to transmit creation and its sacred entourage, god rage will be placated, redemption for the tortured hunger and thirst for love

Cristobal Benjumea

I Think Your Better Than A Pound But Not As Good As Hakims Party

news from the green field

i love you i love walking to your tree of fruit,

it better than falling in the abbys

and seeing in double the dawn of things
is the sublime future of delirious palaces

Cristobal Benjumea

I Walk Through A Field Of Multicoloured Flowers

I LOVE THE RED ONES MOST

I WALK THROUGH A FOREST OF PINES

UNDERNEATH THE IVY I LAY DOWN AND SLEEP

THE BREEZZE PASES

I HAVE AN AWAKENING THE BREEZZE KEEPS ME AWAKE

WHO CAN MEASURE HOW MOUCH I LOVE YOU

WHO KOWS WHERE THE BREEZZE IS FROM

NOR WHY THE FLOWERS GROW, NOW I KNOW THAT ITS BECAUSE THEY MAKE
YOU HAPPY

Cristobal Benjumea

I Wandered Like A Seagull

Time changes people change

only you brook stay the same

You make on your surface light dance from the sun in millions of combinations

You carry this dance over miles of meadows thickets to the sea

like echo of music lost

that reminds me of a beautiful lady's smiles

Cristobal Benjumea

I Want To Be With You To The End Of The Beginning Of Our Chasing Of The Moving Clouds Across The Blue Sand Desert

Are you selfish am i selfish, ive prayed for the union of you and me, it is his will

inchalah

voluntad de dios

in a resatrant where the serve curry

because im not ashamed to say i love you, il even say it in the multicoloured bed of flowers.

ive been condemed bye a rainbow, i mean something to someone, the line that goes through the archway to cereation.

the biological impact of crossins dimensions has a beneficial e to the glory of the city

love is hard and steep,

its reward

the poor have all the love the rich all the hate,

if you dont help the suffering you dont serve god and you dont get the nurishing love of god i serve through her the will of god

and the will of the fountains in the growing ivy, in the patio of my palace

Cristobal Benjumea

I Want To Pick Red Fruit In The Garden, Despite The Thunder And Lightning There Are Some Left

These withered petals are for you, they are red and green

i want your treasure that is gods will, my spirit is strong and if its strong enough
and create it will stop me from falling in black holes chaosgod i serve you you
serve god we make a new form digestible to cupid

Cristobal Benjumea

I Want You Alot

i hate censorship

im smitten

bessoted

dotty

the road to extacy

having suffered loves hurricane,

or maybe zephir in the bower every minuit is a twist of fate

bringing opposed forces of love and hate

equation, love over hate, equqls the pathway to the temple

no more indolence in the garden, throw out the tyrants they will never see the
jazmines

all to make you happy

smile alot and remember

what time stole

the dressing up the dressing down of life

the flight of the bumble bee

all the changes unveiling the strongest bride of the wind

dancing flames around the fire,
who do they inspire
the god psyche
to buzz like the bumble bees round the green, and pink flowers
of many shapes
all wanting you, to dance
these smiling faces
proclaim blisses
dancing in extacy round flags
celebrating, necessary beauty
is as important as the bread
or should i say
as important as the bread is
the necessary beauty
fulfilling desire to reach for the starrs
entering the starlit trumpet heralded panacea on which the gods smile

freely smiling, we cast a shadow, in wich grows our destiny and unfettered they
careses gods navel

so he can proclaim virtues last stand,

its finnest achievement

shaking the world with the thunder of prophesies

proclaiming utopia for the masses

he brings the wind of changthe forces of good and evil have thir day

after the storm

sitting in the cave with bouquet of red flowers inspiring proportions

gratefull for you, beloved

that your charm reached me on the shore of the great ocean

gratefull that the birds were singing the most beautifull tune id ever heard
gratefull to hear those honey words from the muse

rejoice, forever

that there will be a new day

and grace has you in its folds, and that you saw an angel that cast light in the shadows

so stand alone or with apathy on the altar of good taste, the celebration of the flesh on the holy altar

Cristobal Benjumea

I Wanted To Be A Pianist But Ended Up A Sea Captain

So the foamy waves are for me to entertain the essence of play
There I smile often and she smiles back in happiness,
here near the cliff
when the exterior is finished the interior begins it is said by a wise man
and everything we do is mathematical
but when I enter the forest, the awesome mystery appears
I seek the beauty, not the beast
i will smoothen the day, and I don't know the dagger or when it comes
at least attempt to keep you entertained throughout
and never be boring, golden rules
everything the crepuscule provides
I will never leave you in limbo and attempt all kinds of minstrelsy
like the bees in the garden
such is my love for you
yeah I will cushion your way when my honied words
make you unbelievable happiness
i shall unite the lovers
over all the obstacles that come between me and utopia

Cristobal Benjumea

I Was Caught In A Riot

i was caught in a riot, the fire went out of control
im hiding in a gold vault in Berlin
the ghosts are my friends
the sapphires are on a plane to flying to a forest island
thats all
or is it

Cristobal Benjumea

I Wish His Will Forever Rule

possibly his will rules the planets

what delicious melody like an apple

what is this music of the sphere, would find me in what mood to caress the iguana

what beauty rip the top of my can

enticed me to boogie, so I wouldn't regret

will me to act

what is his will is it the reflection in the lake

these dancing garlanded children

happy and innocent

in the green garden of purple flowers

the upsurge of energy

propelling my body to new positions

in extacy

near the flags

the wonderfull music propels me through the jewelled pavilion

near the sand

the music you fell in love with during your childhood

what love endowed you with passion

the love that leapt over the barriers

and stole your heart

where is it now

did you survive the storm

that pretty girl has it

behind the veils

what stars guide you, what flowers do you have

did the morning not give you its rays

is it autumn, the harvest of wheat and oranges and what spirit

makes you smile, thaws your heat

who do you love

for me there was only one sun

It loves delirium, welcomed as another memory of utopia

Or cattle, slaughtered cattle

what diminishes the wonder of you

the passion mingles with the bower of orchids

awakens me to reality

the east wind blows through the forest

don't let our love be lost

I deserves to lie like the ideal of flesh on the altar of the gods

you can do whatever you want with me just don't throw me away

although the wind dries your body

I have a home for your soul

shade so you can divulge everything of you

not abuse the opposite, unconditional love

all your flaws of the diamond, surveyed

before the statues and eternity

treated nicely

velvet floors

rubber heart

breakfast near the moon

and the blue sea

what would move in me

what form cometh

to delight me, with what solemn requiem as I gaze at the reflection in the lake

surrounded by green grass and forests

I follow the foaming stream to the sea

whilst they construct towers

in the foam

impressive mirage

Cristobal Benjumea

I Yoused To Think Of You

I used to think of you, until i realised nothing physical had changed

an idle fantasy full of idyll palaces and feather cushions

in my head

i fondled to form came up out of the form

you society and cohesion as a whole

but this deliberate seeking, obsession

Enters like a bull in a china shop, its pinheads way from now one

much bullabaise later

aphrodite takes me by the hand as we emerge from the foam

And takes me to the palace of the nimphs in order to redeem myself

Cristobal Benjumea

I'm Going Alone To Bed With A Few Ghosts

ive managed to get myself into a hexameter
life is unpredictable

cadaver who looks at the book not the ink
the ink really goes places, the valleys
the green field, but if i listen to the wind

any foundation not based on acceptance

is a place of preparation for meeting her
elegant people, people, neat results,
the spirit kingdom of my white feares bed,
soft not hard

intercourse of souls

fraternity

love not hate

ecxtacy of love

union not ailienation

distances unknown

the unknown

the known

the end of the end begining of a new world

music directed by a conductor and hi wand,

where does love go

the brigtness of the stars

the destruction of hate initiates the purge of the bad spirits from the soul, those
that adhere to the material forces, and don t serve the swimming swans

our father who are t in heaven

thy will be done remove the bad spirits so that only your joy may reign

and if i have to look at the brim as i drink of his holy cup thats just that i didnt

believe the princes

the princess has snot on her nose

she tot exchanged hressesf to the inhabitant of the dark tower

she would have tossed her hankerchief to the wind so the rider of the WHITE
horse could see the dAWN

grapes for

OUR GOD THAT ART IN HEAVEN REMOVE THESE DARK SPIRITS THAT ARE AN
IMPEDIMENT TO THE GROWTH

LET ME NEVER FORGET THE DARK TRAIL

SO I MAY BASK IN YOU LIGHT

NECESSARI ACTION REMOVES THE SHADDOWS OF THE CURVED ONE

ONLY THE ONES THAT LOVE ME, LOVE MY DEFECTS

LOE THE SHADOWS OF ELISIUM

LOVE THE BALLROOMS

WHERE WE WHERE WASTED

OUR HEARING OF THE EARTH'S MOVEMENTS

why, a

THE PATH WAS ROUGH, SMOOTH

THE PINK BLOSSOMS MUST SURVIVE

THE GREEN FIELD

REJOUCE

OH BEES THAT HEAR THE MELODY

WE HAVE BASKED IN SCIENCE

CONSUMED LIGHT

FOLOWED THE BRANCH

TO HER KINGDOM

MELANCOLIA

LOVE

HER BUM

HER BRAIN

HER OASIS UNDER THE SHADE OF THE CHERRY TREE

i know i was her prince.

but it dosen t makeany difference

the bird of paradise has flown

but where

but where am i, and what is the true relative importance

what is just common sense

what allmost get of the ground

what is necessary and not necessary

what is a riot and what is safety

what gets rejected and what is necessary is beautyfull

what is beautyfull, the will of god those meteors that cover the obstscles

the spirit dicerns the space junk,

i was once a child of the sun and now im decimated, fragment of the hear
leading us to eden

Cristobal Benjumea

If I Asked You To A Ball Would You Say No,

Or would you say yes, to bambinos

Nights in company, caressing your soft brown skin

kissing, and spending time cementing a holy issue

Cristobal Benjumea

If I Had A Beautifull Muse

BUT if is the biggest word

if i had a caribbean island

the truth is im lonely and i want to touch your flesh

And everything would be wonderfull, fantastic incredible, edible

but there is just me and a wall to paint my last words this evening

I loved that and this maybe i didnt love myself

Maybe i should count the waves on the sea or stand in the wind

Or rest on a bed of forget me nots

or look at the stars time and place are another dimension, im trying to concentrate

interior design, looking inwards instead of out

introversion as oposed to extroversion

After all who wants to se scars the last ninph executed

maybe i should look at the universe specialy casiopea

do i want to get closer to you or further away

If my hart and soul is away i cant concentrate on my relative value in the universe

the material cuestion

Maybe i dont like what i see inside

an empty shell my pride might suffer

obsessive

seeking eternaly extatic condition

SO what is inside this box pandoras box

To many shadows and false gods cowardice and acceptance of failings

a hole where god shoud be

to many shadows i should go in with a flash light

am i on an eye to eye basis to my true god serving the people and bound for
cairo

I guess i can only say that i love you and that some runs through

my veins to my head that imagines dreamy ships traveling the

tropical sunsets

Cristobal Benjumea

If We Could Have A Family

You and me wed, in a house in the country

With a donkey

But how much does cynicism taint my future

Of a bouquet

A spiritual but not a physical one

To a darwinian there is only matter in competition
every day has a night

this mortal coil

This flesh

This marsh

An empty canvass

this Galapagos island

This agony of searching for your acquaintance

These nuns in terraces neighbouring the sea

this unrequited love

a blocked road verses the freeway

The yes from no

This black from white

This full plate from empty plate

rationaly

Time to go to the garden not the toolshed

Fragments like ours may have a greater universal value than aforethought

A pretty picture

Cristobal Benjumea

Ill Love You Till Its Boring

ill love you forever

untill im bored of you

we the fragments of gods masterpiece believe they have palpable sensual
perception of the whats what of things

all that the spirit can do

how it affects the shrubs, and gently caress the violent bed of flowers

ill love you till i canot hear the music

Oh yes my belle dame without mercy, i have signed a truce

no longer will i submit to your curves, entranced from my lips, inside

lost in my immensity

here is spontenuous commentaries

unsbdued tales from the urban dweler

fragment of the universes limitless expansion

the expansion of the id

the expansion of the ego, through the forest

to the land reflected in the lake

Cristobal Benjumea

Im Looking For A G F

i need a G F

nuf awkward positions, of little concequence,

stop being a jerk

there is a party in my head,

i never knew what to do about lonelynes,

how important it was to have your body next to mine in the bed every night
a stae of emergency made me chose, make a mistake. it was of no consequence,
my good will and my freedom from dependance gave me equanimity
division uncoverd the nets thsat held me from you

or tht outlined me

in evaluated my suffering seeking to get its description

obviously my relationship with her had to be god
but obviously my desires were favoured rather than theirs because of my relative
value to the ideal

here on earth the ony fault is your beautifull ass,

hope

waves

apples

i rb myself in the garden

sparks

[m looking

in all honesty

im in the cave
without the cristaline water

she looks for sex more than me

she is 25 years younger

youve fallen into the classic stereotype

you cant assert your individualty

your relationship with society is be abbusive

, allways shame, watch out that your not a candle that blows out

its folds are multiple

but a vision of the future

can be benefitial to god and not to the devil

watch out for the assasins

society

and we all fight for you, in all honesty

like it was in gallapagos

and there is not enough time to sit in the garden by the running brook

time left to

learn

or what to do that a state of emergency, brought me out of its fold

that i had to leave my signature

that deep in me where the secrets of the code to your gate

so i sought the divine

Cristobal Benjumea

Im Ok Sometimes

wE THE ASSASINATED

hAVE OUR RIGHTS WE WANTED A BETTER LIFE, WORLD

BUT YOU HATED AND IT FILLED THE WORLD WITH EVIL

THE FRAGILE FLOWER HAS ONLY NEGATIVENESS

wE WANTED A GREATER WORLD BUT YOU ASSASINATED IT

SCINCE I AM THE ONE THAT LIVES IN THE MIDDAY SUN

yOU ARE A MERE SHADOW OF PARADISE, I SEE YOU THROUGH THE TRE
BRANCHES,

THE GOD OF OUR GODS, IS COOL AND IM GETTING 76 PERCENT

aND IM HAPPY, YOUR ALWAYS WITH ME SPIRITUALLY, MAYBE NOT PHYSICALY

dO YOU HAVE SOME PREDUDISE AGAINST ME DO YOU SEE ANY BARRIER

WIND, COME CLOSER, STARE I MY EYES AND SAY YOU ARE THE OASIS

WE HADLE VENUS AND ANYOLD GIRL CA BE A COMPANION,

ALL DIFERENT

NOT ALWAYS DESTROYING

CONSTRUCTING

Cristobal Benjumea

Im Only Working Sixty Percent

If you gave me your love i would be working one hundred percent

Who woud deny a child of god together with the crust of bread

But what would this new world do, would the skyes be bluer

The sofas more comfortable and our towns and cityes shine brighter

to shine in every darkness

All would be utopia, with avine growing on it and the heavens rejoyce, the redemption

Cristobal Benjumea

Im So Happy With You So Unhappy Without You

so i let you live in my head rent free because your so nice and gay, charming

So even though you blew me away two years ago

i still love you and tyou live in my head rent free, and i locked you in to never let you go

Cristobal Benjumea

Imagery

This procession, this iconography
Concentrates on what
some alley, I Mexico city, where the bird of paradise, taught you to speak like the
gods

Cristobal Benjumea

In The Green Field

the flowers of many colours,
the yellow ones are like a melody like a
waltz, others are deeper
colours like the tango
another dance the flowers inspire indolence

sometimes i sit in the hall of mirrors thinking of you

you decimated me on the front

my mirror shattered

action is required in the sea of many fish

between love and hate a small flower grows

i come to you with a lorry load of love

to change for kisses

in those kisesis disclosed the beauty of the goddesses

they turn into a rapsody the harps plainive cry

perhaps it dreams of holing a sea conch by the seaside

near the blue water

Cristobal Benjumea

In The Hedge Of Your Garden I Find Diamonds

Everythibg except flowers

Junctions, high streets

and your ghost, the day i struck out

i didnt know fate would be staged out to make god laugh

Whats his plan, that would we get along swimmingly,

instead of cat fighting 4 dinner, smiles of submission

drops on the forehead due to events of love

Cristobal Benjumea

In This Planet Its Allways Noon

But its not, affection or tenderness
just bells
galleries of doors

Cristobal Benjumea

In Truth

In truth life means nothing without you

searching everywhere for you

the procession of doors

without yellow butterflies

meaning of gardens of roses where beauty hides

amongst the thorns and the branches, the rose

But will not endure, its sensuality lasts a while

can I stun it with my revelations, are my yearnings not ties of love to be
observed

Cristobal Benjumea

Is This Love, Do We Serve Love Or Not Are We Employed Or Leasurly And Inefective

You are the key to the flowery kingdom

you are to me like a beautifull palace full of red flowers

although still uravished daughter of time

i want to meet the goddess of love

within your folds i am inspired

to come out of the forest and look at the cristal stream that goes to the vast sea

the fulfilment of the prophet his words to fulfill

the story tells what i seek from love,

what love seeks from the green valley

the way to happiness

i would poses all loves wonder and treasures, and i would be in extacy always
and all the flowers would be mine

if the will of the lord were performed

i will be loved whatever and guided to utopia of love

it would be made clear

whatever it comands i obey

to wherever

it love is sufficient unto love

enough love to fill a truck

was given to me by a servant of the goddess will

love was there to be seen

consumed

like specialities at a feast

its invisible powers overpower all

to do its will

its kingdom enjoyed

thats why it exists

if there is want of it

then i will give it as much as i can

it is not for me to withhold

it is gods will

all darknes must be illuminated

the white light that iluminate the path

colours make up light, colours of our life, constituting our happiness the love we share

Cristobal Benjumea

It Is The Night, Dont Stifle My Fountains

no not the stone of the daytime but the tender velvet of the night

It is the night, can you see the fountain,

what does the fountain see

what land do you choose

amongst jewellery i prized the one i saw the large emeralds glow

i prized you even more

the peace

the struggle brought redemption

Cristobal Benjumea

Its Great To Be Me

life is a banquet, I know between these rocks and the shore

my love for you bewitched me

obsessed

not a green meadow, yet i can say that i have felt you in these distant rooms

here is a cup of coffee you ghost

jogging my consciousness into perceived reality according to a historical type

yess doves flew out of my mouth

but your reality was too thorny

the next day i'll protect, conserve

my essence, my person, so as to be able to accustom myself to the thorny bushes

that is to say, by protecting me, i can my power increase, the threat of hate, the level of positive benefits expands me and leaves me sated with joy and laurels

yet i don't sit on my laurels, my sacred visions take me further

over the material world

bird destination ellisium pleasure of the feasting

of the senses

and everyone is starving, my greatest wish is not let life and love pass you by, hold the hand of the holy spirit and let it guide you to her home, there is a fountain in the patio, the water looks like diamonds, they reflect god's heaven, the earth and the people decide passionately to let it guide you up the steep climb to love's sacred altar of the winds, feed this lamp of love and you will be high enough to reach the milky way

Cristobal Benjumea

Ive Fallen In Love Again

I realised that the imagery, you played
had dreamlike status
and no origin
by logic and imagination, I have built a new Babylon, with its princess, on the
terrace over the sea
new windmills
the address of the streams, as the seagull's flap, their wings
sensuality without bounds

Cristobal Benjumea

Ive Loved Your Shadow

i was a weed upon the river

chasing the moon

Cristobal Benjumea

Ivy

lake

the forest

oysters without the the humm of the spaguetty junktion

lying in a bed of flowers, relaxing

the breeze brings news of eden

Cristobal Benjumea

Jaged Air

Can Whiskey replace, nutrition, in an emergency
whe the enemy is in front
and the frends
in the book of the, fateless destructor,
evil spawn of the supermarket

Cristobal Benjumea

Known Unknown

I am alien to you

I don't know you but I love you

You are a forest not breze

Cristobal Benjumea

Lady X

when will he enjoy lady x

when he enjoys lady x, when he will have to find something else to fret about, i think this is part of a defect catalogue

I rustle the depth of my pocket, the tinkling can be heard by 10 metres

Incase its a case of i love you you pay the rent

I then summon the gods and i shriek who is responsible

But im feeling hot and your bouncing me just makes me even more fervent, your just canon fodder i seek greener pastures

when will he materialise our love

turn it to stone by dancing in front of it in your oriental dress, your elegance brought out the tender part of me

When he materialises his love after the initial celebrations will mean a 10 percent increase of happiness and a boost for the ego I only respond to tenderness all else is wind

If you remain an immaterialised effect entitie

You remain a spirit not without any physical dimension

Or a ghost, well to the fire

the future is replenished with rebirths

Unfortunately you think its very funny to run away,

When on the same boat, honey surrounded by the sea, so put on your pretty gown tonight

Cristobal Benjumea

Last Dance

Oh when will you return love

Bird when will you sing

my cloister is humid from sighs

the dew is upon the dawn

im counting how many times the world spins creating day and night

indiferently, but my feelings inhabit another dimention

weather i feel happy or sad

i transgress day and night

happyness sadness

love hate

him her

another day without you,

Grant my due

would you not like me to be redeemed by the rose bush

Cristobal Benjumea

Lets Move To The Good Part

Im dizzy like a drunken sailor

I still have feelings for you, the viola

i want it to be all red flowers, not that i dont like other coloured flowers, but red denotes urgency

I hear the echos

or maybe worse indiferent

the signs of love

Your here, there in limbo

I seek that first love in the lips of others

I concentrate, walk through th valley, the rivulet runs outside my cave

You cooly rejected me, in such a cruel way

broken hearted i shipwreked, you laughed at me i felt like a fool

I walk through the forest in moonlight

im off to greener pastures

just another number on a casualty list

Lost amongst the starrs

No more heros seen

All lost in the flowery field

Cristobal Benjumea

Lets Pluck That Tee Before Time Runs Out

Lets pluck that tree

That cherry tree

That apple tree

The many array of branches, the many oportunities

To follow natures rules and obtain the treasure

To abide by her

That branch goes to that frui, tha one goes to that, that is the best branch it goes to paradise

To aid our dreams light as clouds

Before the party is over

Or cinderela has to go home

The strage music

Lets watch the flowers grow, till they wither

Cristobal Benjumea

Lets Pluck That Tree Before Time Runs Out

Lets pluck that tree

That cherry tree

That apple tree

The many array of branches, the many oportunities

To follow natures rules and obtain the treasure

To abide by her

That branch goes to that fruit, tha one goes to that, that is the best branch it goes to paradise

To aid our dreams light as clouds

Before the party is over

Or cinderela has to go home

The strage music

Lets watch the flowers grow, till they wither

And there is just a rotten mess

Wilst the swallows fly away

The wind blow incesantly

WE are attacked by a revolutionary army

Find consolation in prayer, enough to move ourselves to tears large enough to make a crystal river, image of god

We hide in the forest

Fight the wind struggling to ring my beloved lost in the dessert on our wedding

day

Then relax in the flower beds

The multicoloured flowerbeds

Cristobal Benjumea

Life

sensually i existed

i sensed the prophecies

saw them amongst the rose beds

Cristobal Benjumea

Little Children Dancing Garlanded

The best the sea and melodies

valleys of poppies

streams fringed

flowing in seeming extacy

Enticing me to seek nirvana

uleashing my tenderness, my honesty my throne where venus sits in judgement

To see the white doves flying caressing the soft warm wind with their wings

extatic happyness in cataracts

Pegasus apears in the blue sky

wayward dove

olive trees enamoured of the flowing river touched me when i cried

and i mixed the tears with the dew and i herd you singing

chrisathemums poured on your naked body

the stars from that region will make you a feather, recognaisance

and convincing evidence of how much the world spins

Cristobal Benjumea

Looking For You

Am I looking for you my love, or not looking

at you, at them

its my right to come out of the doubt

to have a choice, i want you.

to have or not to have

i see you in the sea, the joyfull waves

describe your beauty, your happyness.

the leaves the tree leaves, indicate a trail to you, to your sacred altar, the green
is their substanance.

love is my substanance,

love is my desire

the trees are your respite

im powerless, who has power, the divine

I become a bird to see, from a distance the whole picture, the relative value in
the universe

its a case of, yes no yes no yes, coldly

i have become a machine with no feelings, its a purely academic affair.

a result orientated effort

sort of shopkeeping

What about humans, its a sort of material dilemma

But the journey has many stations

and i cant stay longer in any one station, what is the meaning of each station.

Its up to me to make it as i wish, as love wishes,

out of bad experiences, my vessel is cut to hold joy

to live in the field of green, with flowers,

to watch the running brook.

invisible love, is it what you envisaged it.

was it a disappointment or not a disapoinment

am i looking for the material or not the material

am i happy, and is happynes fulfilling

am i deriving pleasure and joy and love for my fellows that brings me closer

Have i unlocked with the key the door to my inner self, and do i worry about what other people think, or is it what i think of myself that is important.

i not mind and have hope and confidence in me

out of foolishness to becoming wise

uglynes, or beauty

becoming is greater than being

motion better than limbo

heaven better than hell

joy the keys to the kingdom

is my happynes a fountain of possibilities

Cristobal Benjumea

Love Keeps You Young

same old subject nectar of the gods for the poet

your tears a proof of your existence

look at the crystal river in the cave

i promised i wouldnt be boring with a head full of facts and figures

but out of touch with my feelings which were unmaneageable about you

im a box of fireworks

im a panic stroke riot

looking at the fountain in the cave in the middle of the forest i had an aparition
again you my goodess

everything the material world can provide

amd some gods, utopia and violins

and red velvet sofas

your soft head has just come for garage fix

but dont open pandoras box

i prefer to look at the fountains cemetery at my back

no more shadows of utopia

i feel like time is running out

lonely without you of course

now i respect your sanctity

im 48 and i havent found salvation from god lets go all the way

still lonely, still wish you were here because you make me happy
and your a magitian that cungers up magic to ravish me
i prayed to god it would go the right way

tender felings of

awakened perception

enlarged conciousness

of the importance of my apartment

is it a case of interest or no interest

and then its time for me to stand in the wind

certainty materialised desire

my cup overflows

the golden apple had been my damnation

ive got calluses on my finger tips

i will quiten your indolence and give you a place in my altar

your spell

flowers explain how many thorns there are

the revealing wind

a sudden ray of light

awakens a desire to live free of resentment, like a plant

o in paradise

asi walk on the sand but ii prefer to walk on marble and await news from the beloved

to see gods will

i saw it and it was good

i saw the mighty works of the lord

the beautifull child that you are, all, amazing and flawless abutterfly catching the beautifull things

inocence and laughter

and you were his crowning creation meant to charm

and you burn people because your hot

ive got some tinder inside if you want, if you want to start fires

i know how to dance

wait till you see

i was a little stunned

but lets go

my fingers need to touch

and the spy gave me the news

the certainty of gods will washing my body

the ideals must noy be subverted

it will happen the dawn

Love 334

lost love

found love

raw, cooked

unconsumated love

consumated love

love given, taken

love, hate, love, hate love

trees

pond

path with flowers, wind

stars

you naked

green grass

fire, advancing towards the clouds

clouds move, i see them from my cave, in the forest

the stream passes in front of my cave, the wind blows 2 near the cave

the entrance is covered with ivy

The strong sun filters through the ivy, its hot

i throw rose petals on the pond

Love Hate Love Hate

Love hate love hate love hate, i dont know where you fit in

In a jar, part of the material world

You see i have the scriptures

in the ethereal, certainly in the sublime, euphoria, extacy

Cristobal Benjumea

Love Is

love is looking at coloured flora for ten minutes,

All the flora the botany, relaxing in front of a fire in a green field.

these are better things to contemplate, than the death day of empires, the swoon
of imogen,

reflected images, are allegorical

love is a fountain, to look at, the stars to reach, casiopea, casandra, andromeda,
in the milky way babies are created, we are indolent then full of love

Cristobal Benjumea

Love Is Her

love is sleeping in minds of amethyst, drinking coffee out of oyster shells, in the forest i saw you, you were a steamy double decker bus

more whisky, would that improve the alchemy of the word, the archway

ever since the beginning of the wheel

a plant has to be grown with love

im no different

suddenly i turned into a white marble statue in the garden, no my life has not finished

your reasons for life

for fighting

your awareness your joy your sadness

the bridges must be kept clear

even space junk, for in this voyage all you need is love of the pink starr

and to be willing to be seduced by your appetites for nymphs

to satisfy weather it be just a lace beginning

now its pure progression of your form

in the direction of the crystal lake

you were that racy

i kept the rythim and you the song rose unheeded except for my desires

freedom to share you

waking up at midday

the wind converses with the lake, where adorable we gloat over the swan swims to utopia

to the milky way,
to be happy,
wander round the orchard,
cupid speaks of, fantastic gardens of fruit, red cyan the magenta of my eyes,
perfumes like incense, magenta vine trees that almost cover the sky, the
occasional exotic birds follows its course, south
love is not hate, its love, walking through the green field through the manglar
trees, i desired the sun but love took me line went through the archway love
took me by the hand to a sacred place of red flowers

yes im yours

your mine

this is our harvest

we are the reflection of gods love

a poem of dancers through a room of junk, through an arch

to freedom to attain happiness

and fluck the tree

Cristobal Benjumea

Love Love

Not the beast but the beauty, which presides this ornamented home, only
seeming to grow by such an event

Also stimulating you, and making you seem happier

If not go to the forest, no need to be shy we jump across the barriers

eager to enjoy ourselves, changing good for bad yes we are the prevailing heros

Cristobal Benjumea

Love Pour Your Light On Me, Im Not Here Forever You Are

Love come down on earth in the shape of bilitis, so we can make love not war
and comune with the birds,
i dont want to lust i want to love, i want to have love, the diference between
desires and necesity where is love guiding you to the yellow garden of shady
vines covering the doorway to her door, the key is in my hand so i can have you
what cures a brocken heart, the coloured fish in the sea,

seeing double

some delirium memory of childhood nostalgia

historical reference is obvious

some want

some see

some are

some arnt

some are seen

some arnt seen

but dont see me

these heavy beings that cant see

endless fountains of wine

everyones pleased

Cristobal Benjumea

Love Rocks She Sais

But i love the green grass and you,

i cannot love the thorn more than the red flower

my love posseses me all, and does his will in the forest, near the clear torrent

i cannot love the rocks, im in love with the flesh,

It possesses me and i must concentrate, here in the forest, near the lake frozen in time

a few white clouds go by

Cristobal Benjumea

Love Rules The World, Or It Should Be, Sometimes Things Are A Disaster

Love finds a way through all the space junk

and builds a fantastic palace, full with rubies emeralds, sapphires

and treasures acumulated

two lost souls united twoo spirits entwined in ecstasy

a clearing in the forest

another dream boat shipwrecked the against economical realities that you cant eat

physical spiritual

god tells me where she is

happyness is togethernenes, togetherness is a human adhesion necessary like prawn sanwiches, its human comon impulses

Cristobal Benjumea

Love Shipwreck

love is a cristaline river

Cristobal Benjumea

Love Spashing In A Fountain

i loved you for the sheer pleasure

i loved you entirely

with just a neclace of yours

now you are gone, and yet i love every bit of you

your gone and any phisical presence gone

ill get over it was like there are more buses

wish upon a starr

i nkow i was like ash on your frock, that you brushed off

two

can play at that game ill be robert de niro and youl be keira knighthly

Cristobal Benjumea

Loving You Makes Life Worth It

You come like a little child, peacefully, full of play.

Like a puppy with its paws that plays with a ball

im at your comand no single difference makes me greater than society

Obedience to the ones that had greater inteligence, and i wouldnt be tossed in the wind but feel its purity and sacred nature

if i wish to partake in its charm i must feel also its pinnions

Over all adore fervently and respect the sared nature of the earth

Yes you acount for half the world and i will put the key in the lock, gently

I would not be deprived of a feast, or banquet as you please

That i may gain strength of spirit, se his will performed

i have the priviledge of seing the extent of the ego, now the ego is meant to protect the id like an umbrella in the beautifull rain, and by protecting the id we have knowledge of the individual and his desires, directions

Passed all censure dimentions

The mining of all the pesonal training and activity promotion acording to formulae devised by ancients, dangerous work, but esential

Cristobal Benjumea

Me And You Kiss In The Wind, It Makes Our Wishes Come True

The joy of love is unsurmountable and is a special gift, of fire, the will of this creator, i do his will for me which is to spred a little happynes and the message of god have fun climbing up the tree of life,

to the stars, through the weeds to the flowers.

There are lots of ways to do it.

We love him and want to hug him he is great better than klenex.

th

Cristobal Benjumea

Metamorphosis

metamorphosising

relative position in the universe in order to enable cosmic flow

and i urge you to listen

and the out come of
treasure

the river flowing unimpeded

im concentrating my thinking too much on myself

not on others, obviously, and the relationship with others

good

good depends on it, and the outcome of the rivalry a sophisticated result of the theory of evolution

I suppose there could be a superior being to administrate according to pillars mathematical laws the

But we are subject to the feelings empire
The emotional animal

bereft of the divine powers

he loves misty tropical forest

he loves a simplification of our desires, so he can weave a tapestry

and the sum of three is greater in the eyes of the beholder

His eminence

producer of love

for our entertainment

the one who distinguishes between chaos and order

order and disorder

The ethereal creator of the moving clouds over the blue sky

And he is the director off the orchestra

the revelations are signs of his likeness

Is the likeness of god

The foam of the waves, the beauty

in the silver balance

the echo of the music

love or abuse

the whole is a mixture of dependences of two

call it selfishness or unselfishness

affection or non affection

creation and destruction and the requisites for an audience

With the mystery

generation

your cynicism levels are high

lift the veil

you really need to heal the suffering

enjoy the

you really need to help the suffering

auto determination diminishing return to the empire of music

your suffering at the moment because you are not the omnipotent, and

we support we encourage union

you are subject to his will hi vassal if you wsh

and joust part of his game

pose sustained by his love

and hear his call, , ,

and we certainly need to see the purpose

this voice

before he goes to the garden of ice

enjoy nakedness and the revelation of the necessary

intimacy

the unnecessary

his likeness and his strangeness

what we know and what we dont know call it his nakedness,

the devastating beauty

Good over bad equals peace

Cristobal Benjumea

Multiplyim Very Agitated Today I Lost My Christ

i lost my christ the one i take to the surf

the ones i like to remember

fragments that form the tapestry i love

to thread the journey

the inside of me

peace available harmony prevades instiling a sort of desire for redeeming quality
satisfaction

the emotional rollercoaster was over, the fool was no more

a sort of surgical operation designed the internaloperation

it became a result orientated victory

construed the water off a ducks back element

producing what was meant to be an apologetic affair

Cristobal Benjumea

My Friend

You dreamt a dream so beautiful and yet it was not to be

I try to cry tonight

so much suffering and for what

I would have loved to lunch with you everyday

i remember when you were happiest

but we loved you the real you

you only knew a chemical perfect bliss

and yet you deprived yourself

of the brilliant sun

So soon it rains

The sun eclipsed, and you cloud are like dew, like rain

not sun, burn endlessly like my rage which i scribe here

i wanted to support union not separation

clouds rivers meadows and sun

the theatre

A dignified apotheosis

worthy of the gardens of babylon

with the wisdom of fields of wheat

and excessive caressing

sating

relating

skating sensation of a ray of starr

silable of serenade

Cristobal Benjumea

My Girlfriend Is Fat And All She Ever Talks About Is Fish Cadavers In Pies

my girlfriend is fat and all she ever talks about is food

she never talks about anything else

for her life is just a question of who has the pie and mash

i don't know but i think pie and mash means more to her than our relationship

our relationship is based on pie and mash

how far am i going to get in the pie and mash game##

because of this i'm going to eat pie and mash always

we don't have a relationship we just have pie and mash##

how does pie and mash affect the destiny of nations

Cristobal Benjumea

My Night Begins With Rubies

My night begins with a clamber up the wall

My discernment of the difference, to galapagos a more convincing theory amongst
the flying white doves

My night begins with a sexual embryo

In the hall of mirrors

THE FOAMY SEA

A SUGAR SWEET

MY CAT ON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN

MY CAT UNDER the weeping willow, of the river that flows to the salty sea

my cats in a room

My deities protect the embryo

The journey through the forest to the altar of love

The messages in the wind

The wild flowers

the sacred verses are the lovers languorous desires to remain united not drift
away

Cristobal Benjumea

My Nose Is Horrible Im Going To Get It Changed, She Wont Like It And I Want Them All

The adventure of going to the garden and picking the red passionate fruit is a sensual experience, an ethereal moment

but we must rid ourselves of the applause off the world us love4 birds of the moving white clouds blown by the wind of love to eden, the green valley that leads to the green field by the spring the cristal water reflects the blue sky the white mountains can be seen in between the hils, and the re is a statue in limonade of a goddess siping a lemonade in bikini

the sun shines on my shadow,

im singing in teraces neighbouri g the sea

i wander un influenced by the wind to the forest

Cristobal Benjumea

My Princess

separated, again material obstacles but our spirits mingle

but no physical dimension

to be materialised

jesus save me from the abyss

ill turn to water, what can i say, i miss you, one half of the orange is not a whole orange

Im waiting, and time passes

Time slips through my fingers and i wait for you

a dozen ladies pass in the park

time passes

and it will end and you will still be absent

i could be dancing, but this obsession this fixation upon which my world turns, is fake

So far removed from animal attraction

it is not the proper passing of the world

one day this obsession will disappear in the wind, and i will be left with the world, mixed with people of differing virtue

a troop of ladies garlanded pass

i pick one, like i pick a red flower in a field

time will end and i will have no one my soul will not be redeemed

in the jungle treasures are plentiful

time will end and i will be alone, only with you in my heart my lord

no more distractions, finally i see the road

i will submerge myself in the milieaux

a man on earth not looking for the fairest but though my soul is restless im in a terrace neighbouring the sea

im am atoms lost in the universe

apolo, or zeus, or dionisius

male, female male female

the brothels are a sure way of scoring, all earthly pleasures

life is a supermarket

But where is love and does it exist, is it just flesh that i want, do i know what i want

i want desdemona, and the spirit, but does the spirit exist

are we meer atoms,

i want affection, which you cant buy, friendship,

im no scientist more of darwins progeny,

i exist therefore i am

what does love ask, or want, confusion will be lifted

what qualities in a person does love ask

how do i concieve

together, alone together alone, which one do i choose

together, but not for the sake of a lable, or apearance sakes, like an object, not a result orientated effort.

Where the soul, redemption

to a starving man bread and sardines is a timely feast

So i limping find a sofa paradise

time goes on

To an abused person a caress is most wellcome

there is so much around me books objects boxes, i touch the surrounding
objects and grass

you live in my head but there is no evidence of us

i enquire the sun the stars as to your whereabouts you live in me

the only physical evidence is that i drag the hem of my cape in the dust, and i
listen to the wind

i ask the wind where is she

Cristobal Benjumea

My Reason

My reason for living has gone

you were the witness to my silence

I lived to serve you, love alone i strule to be happy with myself

Z piece of meat, a ochre leaf tossed in the autumn wind, a plaything of nature

togetherness as opposed to aloneness is at a premium

But don't mix business and pleasure, have patience

The static the passed the future are all fragment of the biggest constellation

The water on the earth is like the ink as opposed to the book, one holds writing, is a record

accumulation obviously created by insecurity

now 4 selfishness and unselfishness

the percentage gain when i meet and join the opposite sex

love as a cup of sweet tea

we should be winning and were losing, my taking of pills is on the rise

i'm badly socialised

i'm practically a hermit

Now let's look in the mirror and take a look at this ugly mess

we're looking at 40% decrease in consumption, and therefore

essential good as opposed to bad, are you gone with the wind or are you

Ready to stand 4 what you believe in

there is not a meeting in miles

anyone or anything, which degrades the situation is at work

the moon is out under the warm evening air, we seem blessed, and we enjoy

I think your a friend amidst this foliage, and i like celebrating as opposed, to
destruction

The result is not a result that endorses non etherallal performantce that does
honour to the god bachus

Cristobal Benjumea

My Reason, Our Love A Fragment

My reason for living has gone

you were the witness to my silence

I lived to serve you, love alone i strule to be happy with myself

Z piece of meat, a ochre leaf tossed in the autumn wind, a plaything of nature

togetherness as opposed to aloneness is at a premium

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I think you a friend amidst this foliage, and i like celebrating as opposed, to
destruction

The result is not a result that endorses non etherallal performantce that does
honour to the god bachus

weather it increases or decreases i opt of controversy

Cristobal Benjumea

My Song

I stand or sit
begin this song, from my fertile gut
Up to my lips
I hope I can entertain you
and fill these, moments of time
With glee, or at least that you may reach out to touch me as though i was black
velvet, next to a Topaz, in the palace, of some lights, next to the
sea.
Feelings help you, perceive the universal form
concentration, precision, according to the form sculpt into a new dimension
Respond, don't abate, your, need to assert yourself
Even though it is a jungle,
pick the fruit before it falls on the dust
time erase you
lest you relative important is parted from the sun
your pathetic adherence to the shadows
That you didn't, leave the afflicted, even though the lover was happy and
energetic
sacred hands have filled the altar for the blessed

Cristobal Benjumea

My Song 2

I need to know that you won't ask me to crawl to your feet
unless it's in adulation
I don't believe there is any dignity in a man crawling to a woman
What is in the blood of a man that makes him derive pleasure out of sex
What is he looking for, as an entity
the area women occupy in the universe is determined
Cannot relatively be more important
than the act of reading the paper
yes the universe is roomy and one can find oneself at ease,
as long as the forest is near
secrets abound
no more ant hills, less dialogue about urinary tracts
more airopplanes

Cristobal Benjumea

My Song Remains Unsung

Im drowning

Strugling for a voice

tuning my instrument

To make a sound

Before the world ends

glimpsing the alpha centaury constelation, just resting on this starr

Your rude asuer just makes you sexier

But now no more obsesions, just octameters

Concentrating on tenderly encouraging my soul to wisper and sing before its to late

Urgency, no result orientated effort, the ride is enjoyable in a world, where there is enjoyment and horror

LOve or hate, i concentrate on love

Im in a field full of red poppies

Maybe one day my wishes will be answered,

My dreams fullfiled

Cristobal Benjumea

Nor Black Nor White

COLOURS, SHADES OF OCHRE

MAGENTA AND LIGHT BLUE

PASSIONATE RED

AND HIS BROTHER THE PURPLE BOUGANVILIA

ALL I LOVE INTENSLY, WITH COMPLETE COMITMENT

CLEAR AND SPARKLING RIVERS

GREEN LIKE THE FIELDS FULL OF GREEN GRASS

THE FOREST, AND THE DISTANT MUSIC FADDING AWAY, NEAR A PATCH OF
FORGET ME NOTS

AND OF COURSE TH STARS ABOVE, MY FAVOURITE ONE THIS SUMMER, URSULA
MINOR

A BANQUET, AND THE INDIVIDUAL WAY YOU EAT THE CAKE

MYSTERIES AND SOLUTIONS

Cristobal Benjumea

Not A Vulgar Tablecloth

my love my clouds

So soon it rains

The sun eclipsed, and you cloud are like dew, like rain

not sun, burn endlessly like my rage which i scribe here

i wanted to suport union not separation

clouds rivers meadows and sun

the theatre

A dignifieed apoteosis

worthy of the gardens of babylon

with the wisdom of fields of wheat

and excesssive caressing

sating

relating

skating sensation of a ray of starr

silable of serenade

I revered you

i loved the real you

what became of you

Cristobal Benjumea

Not Being A Spider Is A Risk Not Worth Taking

To nurture yourself on the universal goo

Like a fly and to travel too, unhindered by money bureaucracy borders politicians
trying to lock you up

transgression is a spider

Cristobal Benjumea

Not Junk But Beautiful Alpha Centaury

A red carnation blossoming

Beautiful like you

Admitted in to my inner sacred temple

We have thrown all the merchants from the temple now its time for us, jesus
might come down from the cross reborn

Time for us to differentiate junk from songs and choose those we like

The one that is acceptable

I can only be reached with by tenderness

My inner lock and key to my vast domain of forest which encloses my song,
cannot be violated, only with consent by tender actions not with rape and pilage

delicacy grace this affair requires it

Cristobal Benjumea

Not Unwanted

NOT unwanted

Wanted, flowerbed of posies, i dedicate this poem to you my godes

Yes we go to the lido

what of over the barriers

us face to face

the jungle,

although the weel of life is lesurely and inconsecutual, love is allways
employed, these wreaths of roses

as it is only full of thorns, we search for the inbetween roses

IF cupid comes and wounds you wih his arrow what will you do

some say to love is better than not to love

So gimme love, i am your shining god

The re are stars to guide us and refreshments along the way

You will need a sense of houmor to keep up moral

Beauty is our god

we demand beauty

If you should give it to us

We would think we have lived splendidly

Like the moon we traverse parts, swap good and bad at whimsical unforeseen
events

So we our good people not bad

We verily hold the shield of right

Judge for ourselves the star constellation named, , gllhjrvc

is our patron and we obey, beccccause his overflowing love inspires us in the same way the himalayas does

This moon, entirely possessed

Contrasts us that are mere flesh

Whose conduct i will not enter into, but after staying out of controversy

What is the ideal life, the ideal conduct

Weather bad rules, or weather the emanation of the dominion of such provides good

Cristobal Benjumea

Not Unwanted One Is Not Two

NOT unwanted

Wanted, flowerbed of posies, i dedicate this poem to you my godes

Yes we go to the lido

what of over the barriers

us face to face

the jungle,

although the weel of life is lesurely and inconsecutual, love is allways
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What is the ideal life, the ideal conduct

Weather bad rules, or weather the emanation of the dominion of such provides good

Cristobal Benjumea

Now I Have A Taste For Eden

Now i have a taste for eden

Dont smoke like incence to mouch

Or stand by the cypress tree

OR hold apples or talk about a bevy of owls

Or get violent

just whisper i love you

Cristobal Benjumea

Now That Your Gone

you were allways so right

We made vows, now all the vows are broken

I remember your laughter and your sense of humour you were impregnable

But the curse of the familly, that illness that made you take those pills to live in fantasy land

Yes there is sadness in life and happyness

Those pills left you on the rocks, and the illness that made you take them has won

Your worst negative aspect, impairing your possitive aspect

I know they took the pills away and you werent happy, and now i wont see you anymore

Would you have been happyer with a dose of love

or as a bird flying

to Adriana

Cristobal Benjumea

Now That You're Gone The Guard Of The Archway

you were always so right

They say don't be cynical love will return

And innocence will return

but I have to accept the guard of the archway is gone

We made vows, now all the vows are broken

I remember your laughter and your sense of humour you were impregnable

But the curse of the family, that illness that made you take those pills to live in
fantasy land

Yes there is sadness in life and happiness

Those pills left you on the rocks, and the illness that made you take them has
won

Your worst negative aspect, impairing your positive aspect

I know they took the pills away and you weren't happy, and now I won't see you
anymore

Would you have been happier with a dose of love

Did you not see that it was the shadow of paradise

or as a bird flying

to Adriana

Cristobal Benjumea

Ode To A Nightingale

your song inspires me so
you singing is divine
i feel im before god

Cristobal Benjumea

Ode To A Pill

You that promises, terestial paradise
to you i give thee a garland of faded magenta carnations
i begin witness to nirvana, and a foamy sea
ive been playing with my instrument
untill you agreed to give me an audience
my song leaves an impression on you, neither black or white, but coloured, both
beautifull or tragic, or pathetic, happy
worthy to be cut in stone for posterity, and no meer dust, but a cascade, of fresh
wonder

Cristobal Benjumea

Ode To My Song

sing, nightingale,
sing, and we comune to create a symphony
the high notes, the low notes,
the song from the top of the mountain
the song in the palace

Cristobal Benjumea

Ode To Your Beauty

You illuminated, my dark spirit
and took me where the lullaby reigns, in the land of utopia
you were my daily respite, y satisfaction
Although this simulation, this platonic love, wethoughr, the jaged edge of reallity,
the butchers
, is just water, the river allways goes to the sea

Cristobal Benjumea

Oh You Headless Chicken

You need to be anointed by the verses of the poet

Amongst Dahlias

And may it sweep you farr,

winged travesty

amongst the people, your destiny read

In the jungle fleeing the spleen

seeking my love

only the strongest spirit reigns

To hug the clouds

Cristobal Benjumea

Ok So My My Girlfiend Is A Nymphomaniac

or could it be that im 25 years older, and i dont take viagra

whats the diference

a world of labels which label

ignorance

prisons the waves

fire

sexuality

you dont know how

affection

is it a bridge to the land beyond

a fight of influences

the panic

the divine choses

the rigt mix of darkness and light

delicately on a plate, finely balanced

where is elemental passion

the music

love wants to love

the waves

pick something better

what does the bird see

couldnt have you come out with some thing more original

your relative value is less than hers in the face of god

she makes me so randy, she can do with me as she likes

im abandoning myself to her

i should have done it before

never mind dont be a jerk

bow down before her

i want her here in the dark

with the hot air

unfulfilled desire

desire beconing

the sea r

the best

the wind

the forest

the running brook

cristaline running brook

looks like i got left out

violent emotions propagate affection, protection

form action

interaction of people threatened by the darkness in a universe overspread with dimming stars

cured by god

vexations

repressed within

not repressed in

love would love and have its way

our ideals, may be subverted by people

why wouldnt it be instead of not to be

im powerless

is this another excess

doi live in a false world

to i have to come out of this favbsicated word

yes i suppose i have become more the book than the ink

and isnt it time we all lived and let live

maybe im gay

it depends if you want to be macho

or if you want of vanity to perpetuates ignorance

why d i have to be a sinic

its the shadow of utopia

what if i opened my mind

and wasnt so hard on myself

if i wasnt loking at vanity id be looking at gaining spiritual strength

Cristobal Benjumea

One Love, Two Love, Three Love

hELLO Im

M A DRUNK, IM BRIGHt AND GOD LOVES, ME, THANKS FOR BEING A VESSEL OF LOVE

aND ESCANCIATING, LIQUID

AT THE CELEBRATION, , ON THE MOUNT BEFORE THE REFLECTION ON THE LAKE

WE ARE THE GIPPSYES, WE HAVE SPIRITS 2, WE CAN GET TOGETHE AND
BREACK THE SILENCE WITH AUDACITY, SOLUTIoNS

we have love lost.

a mystery attracts, blackness, and justice that way

THE SECRETS OF THE SEA

CLOSER,

FURTHER AWAY

BRIGHT LIGHT

GRAVITY

ALPH CENTAURY

love gained, self srvice

tigers in the forest

you either kiss them, be carefull

or your outsin, without, might as well be pinhead in the wind

next 2 the lake, with its reflection

the clouds, move

you move me closer, as if i was touching red silk

time runs out

white, black, colours
this infinite that infinities,

crowds, shyness

solitude

with, without humans, in the woods

on the green grass, with purple lilies

Cristobal Benjumea

Only Action, No Talk

Everything said

I think your a goddess

Id rather have two

What would happen only bliss

enjoyment

let others be jealous, the eyes on the bridges

over the obstacles

minute rocks

but what about the spirit, has it turned to wind

the good action

good over evil

Is the treasure too enticing that it produce mayhem

Maybe it should be less enticing so as to divert attention

so as to see galaxies instead of just stars

to reveal mysteries

of my shipwrecked soul reaching out a hand to terra firme

dancing on the grass

coming out of the forest to observe the crystal river that waters crimson flowers
and blue ones

Cristobal Benjumea

Over The Furniture, A Limousine Compounds My Imagination

Im compounded by more than, im made of raw emotions A limousine is

By air

your love is a limousine, shinny, soft like spongy chairs, smooth as an leather interior

our love is a titan that brushes everything away, i was made to manage a laundrette

it was vital to the relationship i had with this brunette, who fired my imagination

im drinking love balm i feel like im surfing the foam, staring at the foam is lokevisiting other planets

but what do i know about love, that wasnt a figment of my imagination.

what part was physical.

what part was compounded by comfort and style, and fame

and what of emotions

i don indulge in foam, except in distress, and vacant i ascertain vast proportial atractions to inhabit

if the wind asks for the foam to the hermit in the cave, does he want to go to the lake of red3mption

its just a station, not goal

coveting losens your connection on the earth to your brothers, and then you respond to god will you say you did what he wanted, or you were a reflection of yourself that you looked to yourself, that his works are unfinnished, you didnt ask for help you payed false judge to his comitments

chance would have been a fine thing

that the world would have been that except for you

and that it was this because of you

she likes the seven peaks of the andes

what would you disclose to god, thati like coffee a and cheries

you learnt

i prefer watching the sand on the shoreline

i want to take you to a party, with a forest in the middle

but the dawn apears in this california house

the shadows dissapear

mor ethan just superficial, items

in the conversation

but secret revelations of our lords will

substantial, satisfaction,

dont be contemptible

uncomptemtible

i knew this before

your penchance for leather high heels, and belts

vertiginous emotion compounded by more than comfy chairs and luxury

its in action

but i didnt now that

something meaninfull, though i dont know the meaning of everyone

the sirens melody knows

the whereabouts of the room where the honey flowed endlessly

where the path is

what are the bad doors, the mirrors in the parties

how many more miles to your home

but the lakes reflectio is still there

the path is full of weeds

i was sure that you were capable of more than complacency

my memories will become, the senses impulses to form

statues from waves

Cristobal Benjumea

Passion

Yes you were my passion

my secret passion

following the sensuality of your flesh

your perfume

my reason for living

wishful thinking

numbing the truth

bouncing

in the forest finding direction to xanadu

the envy invading me savagely

when i thought you were with another man, that you breathed

and yes it was true

now i numb the truth with a smoke

waiting for another train

my hands run through the water

drunk on beauty

with another woman,

like seagulls

Cristobal Benjumea

Physical, Domination, Spiritual Temple

Our last conversation made evident your rejection

Still, i hit my head against the concrete

i harboured the idea that she would be mine forever, an obsession, compulsion,
but i was hitting my head against the wall, the facts were evident

I might as well have made an altar with the concrete blocks, and thrown the
merchants out

To celebrate, to light the darkness, eliminating shadows

permitting the will of god

and watch the lovers holding hands riding bareback on white horses

by accepting i made the first step to changing, matter

Cristobal Benjumea

Please Stop Sending Me Love Letters Ive Got A Boyfriend And Hes 88 Feet Tall

Please stop sending me love letters, where are you are you in the garden. What flowers can you lick in this the altar surrounded by hazelnut trees, i can see your spirit but were is you body is it vexxed, my garden gate is full of ivy, my shadoww lives there, the shadow of paradise, the playground of the sun..... etc

in the clearing of the forest is a ticket to a vayage through the universe to the end of the begining.

, the solar winds form an incredible fortres, and burn the wings of my fre se, that holds you

my tenderness frees your silent prenancies the squire the triamgle has less lines than the square and penetrates you

the river is less abundant than the sea, but is more beautifull, pure and sweet., and reflects god will clearer

Walk in the green field to the iguanas, and the night and

lets go to the forest where you will reveal yourself to me acording to the book,

its really good to have friends but your inane happynes is a vexation everytime you go to the supermarket why dont you stay in my bed andf live on air and the moving clouds and passion

And cadavers

love me and touch fire,

Cristobal Benjumea

Probability

If only i was a mountenair scaling the slope of beauty

Also as an evolutionist

makes extacy and the snow, perfect resources for the fabrication of odes

something to get my teeth in like fuit of a tree

IN FACT UPON CLOSER INSPECTION TURNED OUT TO BE, FULL OF ABBYSS LIKE HOLES

SO ITS JUST LIKE WATER OF A DUCKS BACK, to me

and WE ARE ABOUT 70 PERCENT WATER

Thats just it no salt, no theatre, no flowers

rubbish, time to jump to the better part

IM VERY PLEASED AT MY ORGANIC PROGRES AS I CRAWL TOWARDS VENUS

pASSION HAVING TAKEN POSSESION OF ME

I TURNED INTO AN ASTEROID UNABLE TO CONTROLL

eVENTUALLY AFTER HITING THE WALLS OF LOGIC, SELF COMPASSION,
RATIONAL

AFTER BECOMING SAVED I ENTRUSTED MY AMOEBA STATE INTO OSMOSIS,

Afeter realising that i was up against time

i decided, that dreaming was no good, and i started knocking on all the doors

My diet lacks salt, i to guild the lapses of time like keats

i lack a map

the truth from the bulshit or the non bulshit, if you like

The rough from the smooth

are you escaping destiny, you should, persecute, punish

Until you get to utopia,

or if you're an evolutionist, to her

not, mysterious

certainly intimate, maybe move you a little bit nearer the fountain

Cristobal Benjumea

Promethius Free

I could be free promethius,

what would promethius do, free to do what

to laugh, and sing and smile

to be like the wind, on which god spills his petals

to smell the fragrance of the petals

to sing a song we have never heard

A what gentle trumpet prophesising the disipation of light into the darkness

What would promethius do free, long for A caress lost in the wind.

He would open up the book of love.

kneel in the garden, the sun dries his tears, what elocuece would he know

What art confesses, what abbysm

Promethius free would sing what the sea says.

what is welcome to the cavern

what invisible form in the cavern careses spontenaiety

what lamp of love needs feeding, else the fire burn out

What bufalo in the cavern needs my fingers rubbed through his furr

Cristobal Benjumea

Rebirth

I am prepared for the dawn

i have been reborn in the flowerpots

i got drunk and saw god,

now i have god and her love is worth two supermarkets

my imagination created a vesel

To fly through the universe

the joy of seeing a bunch of flowers grow

is the supreeme delight

is the destiny sung by the goodess it a balcony neighbouring the sea

Cristobal Benjumea

Rebirth In Front Of Bouquet Of Violet Flowers Strewn By The Muse

hello i still love you

you know how much i loved you

i loved you like a vision of eden that filled my head

but you tossed me away like i was a saddle all ready

it was done surgically perfect

i broke his heart in 2013

may without clouds june decapitated

with all the gore of a corrida

alls fair in love and war

i disappeared through the bushes of ghosts

to utopia, a room filled with plastic dolls

she is looking good for beauty, we will pay

falling into the abyss meant a rebirth of me to another planet

in the shape of prometheus unbound

this is the poet's harness of beauty

All moons are bitter

I dissipate moons in dark lagoons

Love's retribution will come again. it a new form

Amangst the amaranths

Amang topazes we will know the extacy of beautys call to the soul to submit, the
animal its ideal splendour.

the gaps bettween us do not account for closeness, or tenderness
or eden

Cristobal Benjumea

Redeemed Love, Flourishment Of The Altar Of Flesh

Were standing in the mirror which reflects the will of god

the upstanding forms of white marbles, emblematic of on the green grass field

they emanate love

a gift of god to humans

that leads to your golden gate,

and your phisical presence inspires me to boogie amongs the lilies

i am so joyfull, its great, happiness reveals new horizons, of blood red skies joy fills my cup til it overflows on the painted tapestry beneath

i walk down the tree lined road, my forehead touches the sky

i give her love, she gives me love, this is the waltz in the rain, then wedance the tango and reach the shores of the island of jungle.

i come closer, you come closer, love is consumated like fire consumes the we stand in the palace, this is the solemn requiem of the universe

my hair is full of ladies hair pins

im petrified of your long legs, of your absence

the stars giude me, casiopea resounds and touches me, on my journey to destiny

i love you let me closer, aall these rooms are filled with hope

my interir is filled with light

Cristobal Benjumea

Romantic Memory

All these romantic settings make me think of you and me

The talk would be quiet as we took on ravioli and mussels at a harbourside restaurant as the sun smothered us

Our devotion would dominate

Everything would be perfect a nice meal and then back to your place

Sanity's refuge

Bruegels and wateaus

Cristobal Benjumea

Searching 4 Eternity

Searching through the bushes for the moon

I bounce here, there

I look at the waves and the ivy

searchig 4 eternity i found you

Cristobal Benjumea

Sensuality

Forest
and snow
and pink flowers
fountains, rivers that rush over the small stones
my song has begun to be sung
around a lake, the magic of the reflection of the lake, enraptures

Cristobal Benjumea

Separation Union

This physical distance may be could be abridged by our spirits

our destiny ordained by the stars

Youre like water to my greens

And the harp brings me closer to the breeze brings me news of you

the effect of the melody brigs me closer to your paradise

I feel I live in the shadow of the mountain

but in your garden the birds bring me news of the joys

Signify the beauty and happiness I yearn, desire

the universes forms are like maps to you

For me to behold

enjoyment brings tears of joy

when will we enjoy union, not separation

And in our bower another bird will sing

Cristobal Benjumea

Shame Glory, What Is The Form Of What Is To Come

im a prophet so i know what is to come

so im two steps ahead of you
so i know how things should be

so hold my hand and let me guide you through the cosmos, astarte has strickt
confidence in me, as we travel through andromeda

enjoying the sights

love makes us strong and happy, and fills us withgratitude and glory

which we give away to these who love us

Trust me trust my hands as i compose the requiem, and take you by the hand to
the feast

i get the whole masterpiece

that renders the present a fait accompli

i know what you dont know

I know that birds in the sky sing as they fly and love each other and prepare a
warm nest for the young

Cristobal Benjumea

Sitting In Chaffing Restlessness Is Worse Than Perishing In The Battlements Of Lo, And Song

love

hate

love

hate

the rainbow by which I was condemed

Cristobal Benjumea

Smiles Of Subduction

in this forest

cheeky clues to the one you fancy

full of flowers and preachers

and waterfalls

Cristobal Benjumea

Smitten

I remember the first time i saw you you were super

What could a man want more than i testarosa

i guess no i think i know never put the cart before the horse

now im smiten you are captor of my heart living in my head rent free

You were a heroine much better than a gram from the street

A cat in the wind, an epic story

Your so perfect allways dignified to be attired in wares fit for a peacock

and if we achieve cnciousnes we can concieve

Your a miracle and spread your balm on the thoroughfare

Never missed

Nd i must confess im happy with you

Your verry beautifull, i wonder if you bank on it, but deep inside your just a pup,
playfull and whenever i think of elisium i think of you

in the shadow of petals

Of course all my nights are shined by your light and its coronations and pan the
pipping god presiding our banquet

Limmitless happyness

and sorrow only when we rip our capes

well we could be dancing, and i hope i skip to the good bit

Cristobal Benjumea

So Many Truths

so many untruths, so much darkness

one truth, two truths, three truths
hold on to the glass

a plan, the code, the geometrical situation

good, bad

me, amongst red poppies, romance, a feathered mullty coloured bird

Cristobal Benjumea

Sometimes Im Happy Sometimes Im Sad

sometimes i sit in the shade of a tree and i look at the blue sky

its nice to choose sea shells when im by the sea at the waters edge,

the moving water, the wind has passed and when i enter the jungle in the clearing there is a violin,

the muses of the music of love, charming flowers that fill every nook and cranny in me,

loves power, inspire me to think of the milky way,

the music fills my head with sirens, in venice

today is the day, you are a friend and such a lady

something that is the golden touch in my life

sometimes you travel closer to the inner circles,

sometimes you travel in the directions of outer circles of loves warmth

you are like a bee

you are like the roses of this thorny bush

i am the gipsy wanderer to elisium

traveling to the inner circles of joy

Cristobal Benjumea

Sometimes Its Difficoult To Live In Myself

Sometimes its difficolult to live with myself

after years as a ghost

a series of images that sugest so much

the emotional nature

affects the effect of the cause

of disaray and union

and personalities that dominate

the joy

maybe because of the search for money are clumsy because their souls are not at peace and their lives are a nest of vipers

and some trust and love the gods

and really pluck the peach tree

the stars that guide me

to the garden of flowers and incene,

innocence corrupted

fragments

sometimes

through the material world, nurturing my spirit

so it becomes a meteor emmiting light

following the moving clouds, or dancing awkwardly

round a group of ninfes

round a pole

Cristobal Benjumea

Spirit That Is Strongest

Spirit that reigns in the highest wave

painted picture

is universal of great value

to exume souls

Cristobal Benjumea

Still In The Dark

still in the shadows

and its noon and the sun saves me

longing to return to eden

our love hit the rocks

allways the sea

the truth was imutable

my numb body foolishly denying the truth

love made me do it

Cristobal Benjumea

Still In The Forest

I see a light

a running brook

you lying in the field filled with flowers by the lake

that reflects eden

Cristobal Benjumea

Stimulation

some mirage,
some paradise, some bit of turf
some smile

Cristobal Benjumea

Such Pains In Life

Where is my other half of our orange

Where is my forest

The reflection of the lake.

The dusty path through the green, multicoloured valley

the patch of multicoloured flowers

The sun

MY SON

THE ROUGH OR THE SMOOTH, MINE TO CHOOSE

ACTIONS GODS WILL, OR RATHER MY AVAILABILITY TO GOD, IN CONSCIENCE

THE SWAY OF GODLIKE APPEARITIONS BLESSES ME AND COVERS MY BREAST
WITH GOLD

I WISH TO KNOW THIS ILLEGIBLE THEME IS IT FROM YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE
SINCE THE DAYS OF YORE

WHAT I KNOW, I KNOW THIS BUT WHAT IS THAT, BEAUTY I SEE AND WHAT I DON'T
KNOW, ABOUT THE MAKING OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD, THE ONLY PARADISE

Where we walk in its shadow below

MY SORROW IS CANNON FODDER, I FORM INTO JOY, THERE IS NO THIRD
PERSON, DISSIPATING THE THEME

JUST FAST ACTION, NOW I KNOW WHERE MY GARDEN, WITH ITS TULIPS, AND CARNATIONS
AND FUCHIAS, AND BOUGANVILLEAS CREEPING OVER THE WHITE HACIENDA, THE GARDEN WHERE
I MEET, BECOME JOY IN THE FOAM WITH THE FOAM ON THE WAVES

The ecstasy I beheld

ME. JUST ME AND GOD THE ONE WITH THE TWO

Her in my mind with a gold background

A bush

amongst the thorns is a pink rose

Good verses bad, the conflict

black or white with colours

Sunrise or set

you and me or separated,

Separation distance, equals sorrow, togetherness, happiness joy, love

adjectives describing the green paradise

closer or further, from the cliff

I'll not beg at my own door but will meet you in the golden palace

Claim my treasure your touching, and maybe more affection, amongst the misty altar

Cristobal Benjumea

That Bright Moment That Stired My Emotions

Brought me to the crossroads and i sided with the enjoyable option

As if i was arranging flowers

I picked out the darkest azzalea

Held it to my heart and bid it speak of love

Of my lovers crimson lips and pale apearance

I chose the road at the crossroads the only road i could take it took me to our nest

Regardless of Hamlet the wind

That brought a dramatic change of conciousness

First in the forest, then by the crystal stream,

In the valley there were more red flowers

qualities charmed me and put a spell on me

Cristobal Benjumea

The Beautifullest Bird

The lyre you play anticipates the workings of the dawn

Finds me holding a white dove

The sea protects our shore

From the ant colonys

Protects the beloved

The beloved at play in the garden of azaleas

till we are tired of red

this is not opera

Or a Tango

Just a bird song youve never heard

that music that makes you dance under the willow tree

Emotions fill me vessel of god

MORE KNOWN THAN STRANGE

And out of my mouth comes the sound i love you

you say i do to

I reach for your flesh to satisfy my hunger in this altar

We live happily ever after

Cristobal Benjumea

The Beauty And The Beast

you were beastly to me

just because i save hamlet from the swamp

you'll see at home everything is in place

material fragmentation occurring

seagulls

Cristobal Benjumea

The Beauty And The Beast The Enigma Is Resolved

you were beastly to me

one door opens one door closes

the material world,

is good for ethereal poet

symbolicly the wind

the boullabaise

hamlet and the minstrelly

the beauty and the beast

remember i love you and took me to the feast

of geometry

hexameters 4 me

just because i save hamlet from the swamp

you'll see at home everything is in place

material fragmentation occurring

seagulls

Cristobal Benjumea

The Black Panther

The cat sat under the willow tree

And watched the river

And saw some birds flying

ANd wanted a kiss from her

And thought of that time

Of that time in the future when they meet

and the smooth tarmac begins

through the forest to our dreams dancing for eros

cuchoned, and reclining on clouds in paintings bu wateau

my spirit drift unquiet

Thinking about his taste for eden

licking apples

My spirit is errant and restless

The wood burns to glowing crimson embers

And the mother bird returns to the nest

the river meets the sea

The circle of life

the spermatozoa meet the egg

and dARWINIAN THEORIES ARE MORE CONVINCING

CONTEXTUALITY SAVES THE NEST

WE KISS

LOVE OVERCOMES HATE LIKE A CATARACT FALLING ON A FLIMSY LEAF

WHILST THE LAKES REFLECTION LAUGHS AT MY MINSTRELCY

BUT I SPOT THE DEW AND YOUR SPIRIT HAS FOUND REPOSE

A DINER WITH MICKY MOUSE

Cristobal Benjumea

The Bridge Club

Those who have strayed from the fountain in the green field,

go to have coffee, and watch the moving clouds in peshawar where thy can be
annointed by the brahma prophet of the ancient rites and postures, the good
one.

the others stand in the wind till sacred venus comes like a cascade.

the rest are slaves

some follow tutenkhamon, he of the full belly

ye has the keys to the best club the orifice club

the rest of the flock, are led by pan, number 1 th atom in the infinite blue, the
original torrent of originality which has spoken at length to the winter foam, and
we go to the green field with flowers exotic ones, me and her and loves gohst

the rest go to the white bridge.

Cristobal Benjumea

The Castle, Which Is More Of A Palace

With gems on the facade, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, diamonds, amethysts and more

All serve to be the stepping stone

and inside the palace, all is satin, red silk, divans, and belly dancers move to the musik

And this palace is built on granite

The forest surrounds the palace,

thousand year old trees proclaim your win

Cristobal Benjumea

The Cat In The Cave

Likes the music the birds singing outside in the forest and dances

He likes The warm wind

And sailing in a boat on the stream to the lake to see the reflection

Cristobal Benjumea

The Cave Full Of Lillies

Behave yourself, with the air.
how can i live without lillie, the world never seemed, brighter more beautyfull,
what of supermaket wonders
scince there is no one else to abuse
doctor mabuse or doctor jekill
aministrate in the cold wind, next to the thicket,
drinking water from the fountain, killing the cruel,
killing everybody except your lover
take my love, take my melancholy and more thicket
in your cave

Cristobal Benjumea

The Feast Of The Reptiles

Rarely have i seen such beauty

Or tasted in truth such a secret of life

I said goodbye in an awfull way

we are the shadow of the palace of sceptered treasures

Such was the monument to beauty with no shadow

I say no to beauty, that sort of opera

then i let resentment cluter like space junk

i say no, isay yes to sain tropez, deliriums near the cairo mosques, pharo has arrived at the banquet, where the food was endles, and amimed to satisfy the virile dimension of the bride

for i held you highest

and it took me years to compose

and then as fesh you yielde to him and the shadows where orchestrated to keep me in hell with envy

but i confess and god absolves me

i come to see what is the darker side to me

full of junk which is just junk and has no liquidity

not nectar of paradise

reflection of excelent admirers

my head turns into a mosque

again falls amongst the junk

where are you constelation, alchemy of gayety

bridge to

conscience of green fields for we fall upon the flowerbeds, and we ride on the back
of the winged one, we listen to the wind

we never leave the forest

the music turns us into reptiles

ubiquitous happiness induced by the tango unleashes

the beast

born to dance through the fountain

embrace the foam

taste the blood

finds the wolf's fur

secret way to elisium

passed the white guards

we are the destiny of the theatrical story of the hero entrance to the sacred altar
, inducing everlasting happiness, laced with rampant colored slaves that fan
away the excessive heat, that has already unveiled the vigour of our times

excellent substance, of our childlike desire for bliss

desire for the mountain to touch the ground

memories preferred and stored in the memory of junk times

crystal river that flows endlessly, sweet memories of her beautiful affection that
she would reluctantly give

suspicion of creation and its tests

surfing on a ton of champagne foam

and is just an obstacle to communion

I can get used to communion, because i love you very much

if you had a defect id kiss it better

and make you see god and abolition

we will pick up some acorns along the way

and laugh of the tragedy of our life but hugging and face to face maybe kiss

with love lifes good to christians, the clouds are a bouquet in loves hands
and you feel your floating

like with a new pair of trainers

resentment came to cloud, but i cursed it

i want a clean square

to shut murder in, forever

put it on a shelf

and have my dinner

i throw th weeds like resentments out of the garden

But my destination is stricter

and every rose has its thorn

the thorn in my life was her charms that poisoned me with happiness

she like a star in the night

Is in the dark, night before the morning light floods, the ugly stones

The iguanas

Made of sandstones

A lighthouse in history

Part of the landscape, of trees,

I perceive the winds direction

Goes from one place to another

Moves

I move towards you

Your house is a palace devoted to bliss, and happiness

With future firmament not without form

A mixture of darkness and light

Operas I love

Your ink grazes the centre of life

Oasis that make the desert

I prefer the jungle

Or the green plateau

The breast of a damsel obsesses you

Your eyes swarm

Jungle jungle

The city is burning

The plants photosynthesise, and transform light, photosynthesis to produce more organisms to populate the planet.

Into a shape

The universe was created without form

And it was void

But not nul

The reflection of the water was his will

To be executed on this planet

The people were also a manifestation of his desires to accomplish,

Us transient sheep that cross the universe of the sacred imagination

Of the prince

In the rib of the antichrist

Gordian knot

White starr

White guards of the lyrical outpouring

can i help it if your special to me, my only hope my ray of light in the darkness

i felt the violennce of feeling

and it centred on

and it ended in tarmac, we im hard

and this sort of quaintnes or insanity

this sort of biological beauty is deceptive anyway

we still in the dark after all tese years

we need to feed desire

like a burning flame to keep us warm, halleluyah

from the depths to the elevated whiter of the rythm and music
On me

Cristobal Benjumea

The Fire In My Heart It Quivers To Your Music

My friend
of what i know so much to know
like an inn after the desert, forest, and
the cavern, that listens to the wind
told me where you were
you and whatever mood
i like lightening, and the smiles that i love
i cant give up
now i am more
than a servant of the museum of many pictures
i old a holy grail
tenderly i would like to trat you
and put down my swords
to catch a moment with you

Cristobal Benjumea

The Garden, Of Orchids

The genius bore this reproduction, experiment, adding the flood
the violent and the delicate, the right to choose. the garden, prophaned
the prophet speaks, i listen
the next three centuries, an agenda, the conciousness of the span, redeemed
cause and efect, giver, taker, the affected by the cause, love hate, why allways
hate, love is more pleasant, and the clouds will separate to reveal her naked
instigating, actor reaction, advertisment, creator, destructor
Not allways black and white but colors, red and blues and stuff, and near the
farr, central new dimension, of emotions, the aility to say i love you, to instigate
love, the ability to love lilly, how estranged he lives without her
peacemeal, fontierless,
A sort of palace, come church, come tavern whose walls touch the starry
universe

Cristobal Benjumea

The Happy Garden

when i am in the garden, i know happyness is there amongst the faithfull roses

the entertaining fuchias

the delicate jazmine

that makes me chant loves worth

the eternal heather

the mysterious palm tree

This litle garden that leads to the flowery red poppies, contain al i desire

the orchids, laurels of the throne

i am too prone to lying on laurels

but love gives me faith and energy for every day

makes me light as a feather, that completes the winds destiny

the lake, and its calm reflection, fills my cup with blessedness

Cristobal Benjumea

The Harps Music In This Dark Empty Room

the harp makes me think of gardens of orchids

The lament of the physical world has made me dream of the harp

the imperishable

This dark room made me long for the harp

to caress its strings and awaken syrens

to dance till the end of the chaotic ball

She charms me with her promises

Her retreat, her silver rings

Cristobal Benjumea

The Images The Humans

The images

The reality

The material

The ephemeral gardens of roses and azaleas

Your reflection in the lake

The forms

Beyond the forms lies my sacred palace

Cristobal Benjumea

The Individual And Society

Life a shared experience, the greater relative power of masses of people

In latitudes unforecasted

BUT DO I LIVE 4 ME OR 4 SOCIETY, ALL THIS BULLABASE

IF YOU HAVE LOVED PRESERVE, IF YOU HAVENT LOVED, LOVE

IM ARMED TO THE TEETH READY WITH ANOTHER OF LOVES ROUNDELS

AND THE ROUNDELS UNRETURNED, I DRINK TO FORGET HER BEAUTIFULL
PRESENCE

NOW I REALISE MY PSYCHOACTIVE EXPERIENCE BLUSTERD WITH THE TRUTH

WE WERE XX NOT XY, OR IF YOU PREFER OO RATHER THAN 12

NEXT TIME IM GOING TO THE BANQUET IN A TANK

BUT LIKE THE SUFIS SAY WE ARE FINE VINIATEERES WE DONT KNOW ABOUT
FORAGE

AS ANOTHER POET FROM SYRIA, NO MORE BRAIN WASHING

THAT POET WAS ME AS I GAZED AT THE BLUE SKY WITH WHITE FLUFFY CLOUDS
FLOAT

Cristobal Benjumea

The Land Where It Is Always Noon

We listen to the prophets
the bells on the taxi not on the train
The lighthouse not the sea

Cristobal Benjumea

The Language Of Our Bodies When They Entwine Reveall New Dimensions

The joy your body gives me fills me without beig able to overflow

i dragg myself apendix of the heart

history is made

in the green garden full of roses and violets

Cristobal Benjumea

The Latin Trinity

People, made for love

Tolerance, harmony essential fr daily life

Affective, everyday recipies for, happyness

Cristobal Benjumea

The Laughter That Makes Me Smile

you are laughter

you are my beautiful but necessary dew, beauty of love

you are the music of the spheres

the eyes on the bridges

i habituate to simple mirages

devoted i enter your kingdom as a pygmy

humble servant of the vision

widmills

only appreciating joy

having ascertained joy from sorrow

having drunk juliet's tears

having desired the oasis rather than hell

having been kidnaped by love

my heart stolen

the throne of love cursed me

but i am passionate by great beauty

i am happy never sad

love fills me with happiness as i lay in the rose bed

the lord purges the bad spirits from my inner heaven

in the garden flowers conspire to satisfy the satmake him s= laugh and sing
enraptured

bessoted

possesed with happynes

but i have been habituated to love

i search your presence in the forest

i find a harp whose music charms me into you

inside i desire you

not the undersirable

but to the end of the begining of the suns future reign

lasting like images in my mind, descriptions of you.

will i know you

will i pluck treasure out of your tree

i won't shy away

i will reveal myself in the meadow under the lake

reveal your beauty

i am the key to the lock

that reveals the secret garden

because you and i would do anything for love

you the mountain that gives birth to the pure stream

sometimes i wait for you in the forest, with feeling the heat of the vibrant embers
of a, sacrifice on the altar of love

where it is quiet and there are just echoes of you, then i see the landscape and i
can hear everything

i never want that laughter to end.

i want it to end in your arms

i have the key to the palace

i trust the fire to burn endlessly

light the way to your bower

the snowflakes fall in winter

spring has redemption for me

i pluck my favourite daisies in the green meadow

where i wait for you

untill you come, when you come, bring ambrosia

i will give you jewels

satisfy your need, curiosity about the stories that run the world memories that
arouse our melancholy, and we melt

as we dance round the fountain.

stories the gods tell

secrets of you hearts content

i dont know where they are going, they go out then they go home

like the spring river goes through the forest to the salt sea/
the are quick like fireworks

the vibrant coloured fish swim wildly, like your waist

ive waited for you long

never disrespecting the tiny details on the way to your home

danced in the waltz of secrets

has your feast begun

i lift your veil to reveal you

the beautifull

yo who change things for ambrosia

my curiosity is endless seaching for sensuality

Cristobal Benjumea

The Lovers Are United

i loved you for the sheer pleasure

i loved you entirely

with just a neclace of yours

now you are gone, and yet i love every bit of you

your gone and any phisical presence gone

ill get over it was like there are more buses

wish upon a starr

i nkow i was like ash on your frock, that you brushed off

two

can play at that game ill be robert de niro and youl be keira knighthly

after all we are just two lonely people

time goes somewhere i dont know where

to a dinner party

we could be kissing all along

Cristobal Benjumea

The Moon Has Heard The Jackals

moving story

oasis

mountain

cave

forest

wind telling

sowing trousers in the wind

surrounded by glaciers

arrows

direction, contraction, distraction, action

words, music

violin orchestra

day and night

sun

q

drawings of bulls

` selection of pleasurable tings to put in your cup

Cristobal Benjumea

The Owl Speaks To The Pusicat

what the owl says look at those white doves flying
the pussycat goes to the lake to see the reflection
on the sandy beach the people are gathered
to look at the moon
to look at the sea, the waves, the colored birds
that fly out of the cave
at the edge of the forest
the wind blows so strongly it blows the people to the forest
to the yellow daisy field beyond
near the silver stream
Cristobal Benjumea

The Pussycat Stands Near The Weeping Willow Near The Stream

the pussycat goes to the mountain The owl rests on top then flyes to the sandy
beach, the beach is warmed by the sea
the warm wind in the forest amongst the chamomile buds brings a perfume that
reminds me of my lover
The sweetwater river flows amongst the reeds to the cataracts
the poppies in the meadow grow under the southern sun
The pussycat escapes the sandy desert to the forest
BUT to the valley where the owl is
the cave near the weeping willow hears the melody of the birds
The cave has sweet water
the weeping willow where the cataracts are caress me the naked swimmer
I get out on the grassy bank and pick a red poppie
WHich one, the one that inspire singing girls to rest and play with their golden
curls

Cristobal Benjumea

The Reasons Why I Love You

I love your beauty of course as if you were a goddess

I love your smilly face

I love you because you love me

I love your charm and being with you

I love you because your so tall, and you make me feel good

I love you because you are a friend of the lyre, and you echo and it sounds like a melody, danceably

i love you because i was sad and whent to the fores and you were there with a smile

i love you because you are a lotus flower in the pond

I love you because your like a multy coloured fish

I love you, how could i not love you like a child

I love you because you are ivy over crawling over the palace

i love you because you are the green grass, to sit and relax on, and youre the breeze that pases with messages

I love you because cupid fired hi arow at me

I love you because i want to take care of you, and hold your hand, walking in the park, or in the zoo

I love you at night, where we consume the hours with play, under the stars, we entertain each other ever closer, we get soul flesh and spirit all in two

and if we bear ofspring it will be better
we do gods will

if its silk not rock, it will be

Cristobal Benjumea

The Riot Of Senses The Angle Of Entrace, A Trance. Orientation Is The Constelation Acting On Hi Behalf

Drifting again in the horror the shadow of the apple, the willow can accomodate
me

all beauty has shadows

revision of my history defines the amount of people that leave for other
satelites

of life in casioplea

small emblematic fragment, entertainment for voyeurs in motion like us an the
whim mof the solar winds, entertainment on this our humble box near the milky
way

o lighthouses above the silvery sea, the fish exist and they swim from one place to
another place,
bellow and above to surfer fallen in the sea

they swim anywhere god likes, they like to, through a vast dimension to another

gravity is acomodaten by teaparties on red velvet divans, love takes it us on a
journey

to the land of the white marble statues in the garden

Cristobal Benjumea

The Rules Of Love

i loved you for the sheer pleasure

i loved you entirely

with just a neclace of yours

now you are gone, and yet i love every bit of you

your gone and any phisical presence gone

ill get over it was like there are more buses

wish upon a starr

i nkow i was like ash on your frock, that you brushed off

two

can play at that game ill be robert de niro and youl be keira knighthly

after all we are just two lonely people

time goes somewhere i dont know where

to a dinner party

we could be kissing all along

Cristobal Benjumea

The Sea

In the valleys there, were full of ghosts

here is a bunch of flowers you ghost symbol

the sea told it to a cave that told it to the lake, about that cristal fountain that
intoxicated our allegories and memories of wonderfull gardens of calid
afternoons, hearing birds sing

the bird told it to the lake that told it to the cavern that told it to the fountain

maybe im a ghost in the forest a sign of future, intolerance to the wounds of
broken people

cherubins in the sky that charm and elevated salons in elysium emit music to
hold our tender attentions

necesary room for the soul

that guides to that world

suddenly i see shore

the rudder of my sailing ship vered me to a harbour with a name

i followed the moving clouds, what did they say

the struggle between good and evil hangs on a knife edge

the fine line between love and hate

after a detergent

after there will be more falling leaves

more valley

more light in the hall of paintings

more forest with the soft breeze passing

more truth

less frightening to recognise the clearing of

more vine

more veils to lift

more secret life

after detergent, the white paper is contrued with vital facts

the universal relative value of yor plight

shufles the cards

the point reveals

your story in its savage portrait

colourfull

exploding fireworks,

at your fingertips, to chose

to mould

out of hair

free from cadavers

perfume in the air

to climb and see the face in the starrs

to see the land of the muse

the earths precious coves

inspired me

to laugh

the forest told the cave who told the wind to move the waves of desire to free
themselves from their captor needs to rise unbiden from the storm

Cristobal Benjumea

The Thorn

the thorns of life

Do we go to tolouse or tokio

i differentiate between the thorns and the buds

i listen to the wind for me it brings messages from the divine powers, heaven represented. as it should be.

love speaks in the wind

tells me what to do

it blows softly through the forest, the forest is where i am lost

the forest symbolises humanity

the sea represents the joy i have within me, and the power of god in action

the cave is my solitude, myself

the river is purity, and direction of the future

Cristobal Benjumea

The Vase

I love the real, from the unreal
Something riveting, tingling
dry
with a destination, through the mist
the concentration

The flowers, in the vase

Cristobal Benjumea

The Wind

THE WILL OF THE WIND IS TO REVEAL DIVINE WISHES TO CHANGE US INTO a
new form to sail the ocean to the FEAST OF ABLE, SACRED IMAGE OF THE
CREATORS wishes of good, PARADISE.

THE DIVINE REALITY, VISIONS OF OUR EARTHLY HOME OF HUMANKIND

THE VOICE SOUNDS OF GODS BLISS,

GODS DESIRE HIS LOVE FOR US, TAKES CARE OF US, PROTECTS US FROM EVIL,

TAKES US ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY OF HER COUNTENANCE
CONCIOUSNESS

OF HER PHYSICAL APPEARANCE, HER DESTINY, CHANGES HER FORM INTO A
BIRD, THE EXTENT OF HER BOUNDLESSNESS AND COMUNION, SPEAKING TO
WITH THE STARS, SUBLIME ASPIRATIONS TO BE REBORN INTOHER DESIRE
TOTHER SPEAKING REACH EXTACY

THE VISIONS OF HUMANS DESIRES FOR PEACE, prolific HARMONY E\ARTHLy
BLISS BEAUTY THAT HAS NO BOUNDS NOT STRUGLES OF HAPPYNESS

Cristobal Benjumea

The Wind And The Rocks

The wind where does it take me to

The sacred way to the altar of eden

What about the fountain

What language do you speak

are you wind or earth

Are you in the cavern, is it better to be in the cavern or the forest

What about the fountain

what about prayer

How to pluck an Apple tree

What tree, do they make lemonade there

in the land of your curves

the sea

Caseagulls

albatros

reptile

the allmighty holer of the keys to the garden

Of Green and pink

utopia

Its better to be joined than to be parted

butterflies, lose in flower beds

my bower is in the cave next to the fountain of joy

The smiles that give me strength and joy, hope

and in the garden where i take her uder the constelation of Casiopea

there was born after much renewal and reawakening.

rebirth

Amongst the jungle

deeper in me, so many acorn tres, so many fountains

moving clouds

and dew on your skirt

remind me of the passed

takes me to the future shock

The symbols extol a professy of bliss

and shipwrecks

and of other bad surfers

Your dangerous with that form

I cease³ to be blid, but my cup is empty

tndrely i kiiss you to promote happyness

That dull narcotic

And the director of the orchestra, will let his will be done

And paint a pictrure of fervent devotion, that had the effect of demolishing the shadows in my life with passionate concepts that the destiny of nations listens to

depends on listening to, according to appropriate manners and in rare moments of moral substance

With this I achieve spiritual enlightenment and progress

and guiding, or to be guided through the scenario

to you chamber

Cristobal Benjumea

There Is Only A Good Experience Or A Bad Experience

There is something in between that decides

Between heaven and hell

something in between

the difference sets the mind wandering, and the horse before the cart

the painbrush paints a beautiful painting

its up to us its up to love

Cristobal Benjumea

This Gift Of Ambrosia You Give, Treasure

i want to share ambrosia with you under a sheet

prety cool, worth the journey

through the storm, god is my witness, he is there every step of the way

he sifts the devoted from the kleenex

the loyal body of whirlind efimeral power dealers

but im anaesthisised, the real paradise was unattainable

so a drink and chemical bliss was close enough

redemption

But why so much sadness, happyness is great

and everybody wants it more than sadness

forever switchig the material reward

in my cave there is only me and my shadow

come and taste me with a botle of ambrosia

we will swich the cards an lay our love in the firmament

passionate victims of the gods

waiting for lift off in the clear light of the moon

mission completed

the bread has been eaten

the bewitched fools, have met their doom

love was my god and paradise

but it was an illusion,

the closest to a real paradise but you slashed my shirt

the conoseurs of gods love

have their pleasure

a moment in paradise

the guilty will lack concience of their actions in the eyes of the all powerful
servant

those who love the asphalt

thir life will be hard

for those who sit amongst the roses will witness compelling miracles

those who love god will be, and rewarded

theirs will be the fire

Cristobal Benjumea

Though I Know You Love Me

yes I have thought of you little angel

fluttery pink bird

How can I entice you to congress

to live in the material world

Or maybe your dotty too

Ive constructed pyramids for you

Oh third eye

New planet foliage all

To get to the beyond land

By the crystal river

we can chase the waves

Celebrate
best hotels

Cristobal Benjumea

Thwarted Chaffing Restlessness

Who can go where the muse says

or her behest

who sits in chafing restlessness

the scroll is unrolled

I no longer fear fate

I see white fluffy clouds

not blood

I see a river a crystal river going where

Cristobal Benjumea

Time Is Against Me

I waited for a pretty princess

but she never came

now im grey

not much of a laugh

we need to differentiate between good and bad

better than worse

love and hate

happy and sad

happyness is romeo and juliette

A bunch of flowers

ill get rid of jealousy, because it brings me pain

It makes me digress from principles

it prevents perfection

of the wind brushing against pinheads

The experience of jealousy makes me want to drink therefore taking me away
from gods way

Cristobal Benjumea

To Love Unfetterd

To see the prize unfettered by pride, obsessions

To have easy access to love

with your birdman status

things as they really are

skin on skin, destiny has smooth access to the gift

enjoys the brown skin, the black curls

Cristobal Benjumea

To You, My White Ghost, With Love

Life is meaningless without you
as is said there is no cure for love
the marble finishing, in the flat
and all this metaphor of love
dissatisfaction, not satisfaction
trees not desert
rivers not pebbles of resentment
all subjective adjectives, life fulfilled contextually, freeing the bird from the cage
all in the vehicle of poetry.
freeing the spirit
painting the picture, a delicate water colour
but yes i love you dearly
And i know love will take me in his gleaming chariot
I had no idea this love was so huge, only just managing to squeeze in these
boxes., with only the golden sand, in between
us and the sea

Cristobal Benjumea

Tonight I Miss You More Than Ever

Our last conversation made evident your rejection

Still, I hit my head against the concrete

I harboured the idea that she would be mine forever, an obsession, compulsion,
but I was hitting my head against the wall, the facts were evident

I might as well have made an altar with the concrete blocks, and thrown the
merchants out

To celebrate, to light the darkness, eliminating shadows

permitting the will of God

and watch the lovers holding hands riding bareback on white horses

by acting I made the first step to changing, matter

Cristobal Benjumea

Union

Oh spirit please remove any obstacles that come between me and there is union and peace of 2 souls found, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

So that the the sacred ceremony of love can begin.

We can be delicious food for the feast of love, the harvest has begun and its time for reaping.

At last we can be loved, and taken high in loves dream fantasy kingdom

Were we can forever embrace, and makes feel the pleasure of endless kisses, devotion and service, to that most deserving of affection, us

Us that needed healing, and joy, take us to the green fields.

So we can dance to the tune of this love affair

Begin the venture of sublime joy

Illuminates our loveless ways to a bright future.

Our experience in life was a good one

We have many tales to reveal, we show the way through the unknown jungle

To the oasis of love.

Cristobal Benjumea

Union Over Separation Equals Love

Ive mulled it in my head

I hate it when were separated

I love it together, ang find these foreign lands where would we go

To consume our existence in merryness

To wath the flames grow

To the garden of yvy

What the wind knows

to the garden not the tool shed

satisfaction

our physical senses satisfied

Our spirits in extacy to behold his magnificence

his green landscape

our spirits climb to the altar

I proclaim the goddesses vows to be decreed

our xanadu created

materialised

our spirits requite love, and we drowsily wander the green garden of flowers

Never thinking of the abyss

or the starving millions

because were in love

and have found sanctuary

Corrupt our bodies at his sacred altar our heads filled with quimeras

Flying like birds of paradise

beholding his request

his wonders performed

solutions to mysteries

removing your veil on our bridal day was like

Beholding his treasure

light fild me and discovered a source of happiness and love

took action and turned hate to love

Green gardens

All delicate flowers

Cristobal Benjumea

Universe

rocky path

small problem, bigger problem

this mystery, always the world, a mystery

vast universe

solving problems, discovering truth, contrasts, the mystery of life

reveals more mystery

the patterns of the world

figuring hexameters, to hold on to the world

not falling too deep, tasting the river water

Cristobal Benjumea

Walking Through The Forest Protects The Tender Soul

Reveals a keen tendency to locate the flowers

Reveals an appreciation of love the saviour our saviour jesus christ and love his fellows

Which indicates less crime

The allure the holy temple arouses, indicates a search for peace and the miraculous works of god

The running brook, reveals strength and confidence and health to sustain

a lake and snowy mountains indicate a person who perceives the beauty every where

Cristobal Benjumea

Wasnt The Wound Deep Enough

4 u to run through the forest

2 find sacred water pure enough to drink

to satisfy

Cristobal Benjumea

Water Running Through The Night

but was it from the kitchen sink

or the valleys

where the narcissus grows

Cristobal Benjumea

We Comute Between, The Matterial, And The Imaterial

We flow in the deluge
as we float along this deluge, with our helmets on
ever faster, so it consumes us with passion
Between the bird of paradise, and the anvil
The right amalgamation, formula, if you like
The imaterials, the mirror image is a reality, free from ghosts
the materials, mirror imge is Xanadu

Cristobal Benjumea

We The Assasinated

loved the green valleys,

the flowers

the white sculptures among themselves listening to music,

beholding the vision of the goddess

it delicately touching the clean waterfalls

opening our eyes to the empty quarter

canovas white marble sculptures, stashed away in a museum

the museum

eternal art, like the guernica

please no more guernicas, from the bottom of my heart, from the bottom of my soul,

wherever that is, we hope its shelleys garden,

where the vane narcissus, grows and the sicofant goes

but we polish our black boots

spontaneously, like vapour

Cristobal Benjumea

Well The Sweetness Ball Balancing On Orion

I don't mind telling you that I will never envy the sweetness of your nights
amongst the coloured lights

I too would be a hurricane

but i think carefullness and beholding the secrets of the dim universe

glory enough, to be me on a special occasion

to unleash the me

with sharp teeth

I think they jump over the abysses too.

to come out of the shadows

the dance quantum, waltz has them in the thrall

singing nrings them to extatic levels, at 20 rupees, a coffee, let us be grateful

for being closer to the truth

the envious cares of others

for people that arnt us,

white marble statues with veils

but who does not like eden

who likes crows

whateverlove stirs amongst these leaves, stirs this form I have, me

when love holds me

there is always thunder

is this the oasis

will god bestow his grace

to empty altars

who dares voice an opinion

lest they to be judged

what illumination, images that do not include the forest

the depth of which is a mystery as is his origin

what is the image of desire

and its content

to content those he loves

on his helpless devotees

dance garlanded at his feast like we were possessed by a compounding rhythm,

the beautiful parade, of antique actors the breeze entering the forest tells us something, the wishes of the gods

entering the profundities of humans, who endeavour to flourish like flowers

so you see we are actors penetrating the audiences perceptions, what is, what can dance in rapture for your joy

so we can scream and shout

and rest easy, our heroic purposes, unveiled

and the reality of starlight perceived

revealed

so the story continues unravel, and its perception is different to each person to

interest the ghost dance

Cristobal Benjumea

Were Is The Road

Take cover under the wing of pegassus

in the forest there is a highway

leading to a temple

invulnerable in all situations

contrasts love and hate

evil contated with good

only the chosen follow to the brilliance

Cristobal Benjumea

What Can I Say to You

what can i say except i was proud,

what can i say life at least i know is not a bed of roses

you are

again im alone, subject to external forces

me and others

im waiting for the sevenyth wave, i knew you once

i wanted you i got shot

i dont nknow the names of all the murderers

im developing calous skin on my finger tips

ive lost all faith in the world

im worried weather my life will be inconsecutial to the world

im trying to act my way out

sometimes i think a bowl of cereal will fix it

sometimes it does

sometimes i tink about all the people without cereal

do they think of me

my feelings are important about you

i wont feel sorry about myself

i saw you and we what of the rest do you agree tolet it happen

you dont have to worry i will never betray you

i approve of ballerinas

you can come to me without perfume, i'll put it on for you

i knew you would satisfy all your desires,

it's just so natural for you to be ladylike

the seventh wave came

i won't tell anyone

how can i repay you

it could be so simple

and why not would you prefer to make tea

your mine

Cristobal Benjumea

What Constellation Influences The Love In Me To Move Like A Tango

what form is that constellation

consumed with love for the oh so pretty one

lures me to love

aphrodites constellation

temple for my soul self

to expose its wounds

and some of its glory, and shedding vanity

uncovering a craving for redemption

rejection and the rope we hang onto our geographical bearings

after surviving the earthquake

a craving so long anaesthisised

confused

abused

rejected by beings from unter upturened boxes

physicaly, suffering rejection

the moon takes my spirit on an illuminated path through the forest with the
ghosts near the river to arcadia

materialises itself into another body goes through the valley

for the ceremony

souls unite

Cristobal Benjumea

What Do You Do When I Give You A Piece Of Jade

You give me a kiss that makes me feel like home,

and infests my body with its rainbow, ENters my inner sANCTITY

INSTANT TENDERNESS CREATES INSTANT JOY

DO YOU DISPLAY TENDERNESS IN MY INNER BEING

BECAUSE THIS LOVE MACHINE ONLY REACTS TO TENDERNESS WHICH IS THE ONLY THING THAT OPENS THE DOOR TO ME, MY LOVE, ME A REAL FLOOD

Cristobal Benjumea

What God Does

Protects himself from scourges hate loathing, sterility, yea another difference
disclosing the vigour, another piece of literature, ANYTHING THREATENING

Yes as i take flight, the horse way in front of the cart

yes the humble horse, hes so lovable, and so are you, no wonder your the icing
on the cake

MAKE OF IT WHAT YOU WANT ITS ALL SUBJECTIVE

aLL PROBLEMS OUT I KEEP MY CUP CLEAN

because only purifying the essence of the present synthesise and inform their
boardrooms with the eco

of some syrens song

all these fragments of the masterpiece

Its blues and reds, money love health zen book, italy bar

Resulting in fun fun fun, and even more if you want

Farr away from forest fires, wars in yemen and flooding in saudy arabia

The good the bad the good, the moral factor the difference if you like little clues
that indicate treasure

Your body, soul, the earths fruits

WHERE IS THE RED ROSE

nEAR THE FOUNTAIN

The moral alluring the unselfish granter of wishes, provider of friendship, love
beauty

Beauty the great idol, granting bridges out of the heart of darkness

To the neverending sun, amongst this foliage

Cristobal Benjumea

What If Nothing Happens, Then Some Form.

something falls in the cup

something else

i select protect reject

the best

reject the infamy, the evasion, the shame

so let the foamy waves take you to the foot of the mountain

of happy encounters of delight

cheerfull encouragement

and sparks

language and less empires of

more logic

human passions,

the creator formed everything

separated

light from darkness

good from bad which equaled peace which bore a thousand fabulous alegories
concerning passion

and fountains of joy that irregates

the flowers, that the doves drink out of

the moving clouds are reflected

your eyes see mine and we embrace kiss hold each other after this horrible fight

after the long journey

through the tall grass

i'm a good catch friend of the moon

on its

Cristobal Benjumea

What Is My Relative Value

does this obsession fetter me

im worth it i think as my spirit joins the birds in escape

Speedily i move on

naked i surge the maelstorm of god

diferent values

naked face to face with reality my true worth beholding

in the mirror

the expansion of the ego

the forest to hide from you

your beauty transformed, and in this obsession was holy

but better to stick to bricks and mortar and over the barriers to see my true self
in the mirror

Cristobal Benjumea

What Love Made Me Do, As Is Said

Oh you giant love that engulphs me

Makes me seek his whim

TO BE OR NOT TO BE IS LOVE DOMINATED BETTER BECAUSE I HAVE TO REIGN
OVER

a strange aparell

BUT is love only 30 percent of the masterpiece,

WE COULD CONCENTATE ON THIS BUSH AREA

AND LOVE IS JUST A LAUGHING ECHO

AN ANGEL LOST IN THE NIGHT

one that poseses, notlike the silver running brook that pasSes away

leaving A GLIMPSE OF TIME AND A FOREST TO FORMULATE THE GENIAL
INIPIRATION LIKE DEW IN HER GARDEN, LIKE A FOUNTAIN

GLIMPSES OF VENUS, AD WHAT DOES DESTINY THINK

WHEN IS IT 50 PERCENT MED 50 PERCENT EVERYTHING ELSE

ADECUATE EGOS WITHOUGHT UNNMANEGEABLE OPULENCE SUBLIMITY

PRESS ON CHOOSE THE 70 PERCENT

SOULTH AMERIGA, THE RUNNING AMAZOM, THE ONE THE ONE THAT PUTS LIFE
INTO YOUR MOUTH

I FEEL LIKE LIVING FOREVER

WITH A MEDAL YOU GAVE ME BEFORE I LEFT

YES YOU LIKE THE CITY OF LIGHTS

AND PLACES LIKE ISTANBUL, WHERE YOU CAN SENSE AFFECTION, AND SICES
AND SMILING FACES, WHERE YOU BECOME HUMAN

I ENJOUYED HER FACE GAVE ME HOPE

FOREVER I EXCLAIMED IN THE CHURCH NEXT TO THE TAVERN

I GO FROM PINK CLOUD TO PINK CLOUD, AND WE KISSED

Cristobal Benjumea

What The Black Cat Said To The Misty Fluffy Cloud

did you hear the music again darling

and the wind it has a noise of wings

And blooming flowers in the orchard

does the music not remind you of eden

with its cascade

The charm of villages we pass

passed the ruins

to arrive

Cristobal Benjumea

What The Dervishes Reveal Of The Voice Of God In The Forest

Democracy, cherishes child of the blue ray, has its victims
the ignorant

the black holes of war heroes, measureless to humans

is but a ray of the gods sceptre,

immutable purifying scientific answer, cleaning, so the riddle of history can
intriguingly guide us to the human race and its embers

the diamond path to the face of,

to the

can i see destinations or concentration the distillation of our dreams poured on a
world that depends on greed in order to function its ecstasy,

Not imagination and the many jewels inside you, the sapphires, the rubies, the
topazes, enigmas of ecstasy.

when you reveal yourself in the club to the ancient actresses from forgotten theatre
demons swinging silversabres in the universe, i

ii mee, ride in a spaceship the very latest fashion, and hold the banner, you grab
me, baby puppie from hell

falling through the blue sky

i relax on the sofa a moment and another glance, encounter with her

the scientific approach to love, answer to antique vows

but the riddle has a code from the feeling encapsulated

you love my passion, you make corners for me to disclose myself spine to u,
pluck your tree

your happy your passion floweth and compels to compound moving clouds.

that pour on your garden

its was good, but just a klenex

Cristobal Benjumea

What To Do If You Get Insulted In Paris A Prose Poem

The synthesis to this book is more descriptively expressed as what to do if you get insulted in Paris

The general concensus is that one ought to call the a cochon, a pig

And if this will not to resort to carbron will do

The best thing is to go to india

If this is not possible resort to reading the book what to do if your insulted in London where sexual conotations cause quite a stir

The whole meaning of this allegory is to play the hero and get the girl

Because you have baffled them with your reconosaince of the stars

That reduces dickheads that insult you to pupetts who will then obey you and become subjects bereft of life

Cristobal Benjumea

When I Trott When I Run

Or when i swim

Chassing gold fish

Ive been told that people that live in forests or like forests are afraid of change

surfing on Waves

or just lost romantic efervecence and candor

Cristobal Benjumea

When Im With You I Feel Consoled

The closer to you that i am the more consoled i feel especially when i touch your body with mine, and i flourish like flowers growing

I want more mam

to heal this fallen leaf

Cristobal Benjumea

When Will Cinderela Come Out Of The Tower

Burn at the holy altar like the candles,

They want intangible and tangible

Only giving you his heart at the end of the competition

Cristobal Benjumea

When Will I Be Alone, When Will I Be Together With You

instead of what effect will of us being together

how do you affect me

im in shame

when will sorrow end and joy come in

Cristobal Benjumea

When Will We Burn On The Pire

After much white doves flying and lofty platonic love

materialising your trajectory, derives the best lemonade

Cristobal Benjumea

Where Are The Swans

i THOUGHT I FOUND A SWAN
TO MESS AROUND WITH
I WANT TO BE THE RIVER NOT THE ROCKS UNDERNEATH,
THE RIVER REALLY GOES, TO THE SALTY SEA
THROUGH FORESTS
THE HORSE BEFORE THE CART
THROUGH THE MIST
THE WINDY TOPS OF MOUNTAINS
HAS PUT MY SUBJECTIVITY TO THE TEST,
AS I RELATIVISE LOOKING AT CASIOPEA AT NIGHT
TO TRY TO LISTEN YO THE PASSIONATE ACTIVITY WITHIN
I DREAM OF MOUNTAINS ON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN, THE SPRAY
MY MYSTERIOUS EROTICISM.
YHE BREEZE, ON THE TOP OF YHE MOUNTAIN, BRINGS ME THE SCENT OF THE
LOVED ONE

Cristobal Benjumea

Where Does It End, Where Does It Begin

Why did it have a possibility of drowning in the fountain, why did the ecstasy of
love crown me and make me psyche,

what bird from heaven heard my call

and answered sweetly

I was as a fool in front of beauty

I knelt before her and I said I find you bitter, and I swore at her

and today beauty is here in my pocket, of jewels

The memory of something pathetic

fields of wheat fields of orange groves

my garden with hurricanes in the middle

calm in one of Dante's circles

ever consuming and feeding the lamp of the wind

his holy commandment must come to be

to be or not to be

to feel or not to feel the orange on the tree, threatened in the garden.

the circles denounce mirages of her lips

endlessly coral red

the thorns on the rose bush clawed my physical harness

Cristobal Benjumea

White Knight To The End

what of it

is there any hope in us

statues of marble in the garden, forgotten

the stars have heard the howling

like explosions of matches, in the face of the gods

after the whirlwind

here we are,

what are we

projections, or inventing a new song

my fire needs material, to consume and the brightness give birth to a new icarus

who cares what the rest are, what they say about us

there are tasks to fulfill

redeeming, yes it sounds like a huge word

the way forward is to strike another match

see me

around me

from me,

materialise my dreams of you

material imaterial

into forms

physical spiritual

no vexations to the spirit

the horse is unleashed

your tears are my reward

the culmination of my desires is you

burning brightly

Cristobal Benjumea

Who Caan Stop The Flowers Growing, Or The Grass, In The Field

I walk through the green field, covered with violets

its beautifull to my eyes, messengers of the sacred venus

no longer will people moff,

at sacred venus

they must drop their silk scarves over the white marble sculptures in my palace

people stare

At the great variety here

there everywhere

still surounded with chestnut trees

Cristobal Benjumea

Who Can Stop The Rain

these shadows in me are shone by your beautiful countenance

i want more than this image with no soul

i want to love every bit of you

till im satisfied

Cristobal Benjumea

Why Are You Like A Serende

YOU ARE LIKE A DISTANT MELODY

CAPTIVATES ME FEEL JOY

FILLS ME LIKE A CUP OR TEA

AFTER ALL THE BATTLES I STILL LOVE YOU

i hope you forgive me

MAYBE IT COULD BE ANYONE MAYBE THE POINT IS THAT I LOVE

Cristobal Benjumea

Why Are You So Beautifull

And ever scince im in sublime love

but your shun ws unrequited

Sort of drinking off milk

And scince then your beauty is a tower

The wind blowing through the forest

But requittted love must be like mixing cream into coffee

something of salsa or tango

You are definitely salsa,

We all tear of our clothes when you come

And the laws you decide oh witch of the north

Has us vassals to your reighn of madness

The witch of the soulth is so tender with os and requite our caresses with a kiss

WE are two blonds and my black witch makes such an exiting product

Uotstanding long awaited redemption

Our empire isn't worth the forest or the river to eden

the passion in the forest sings like a bird our species of human need lessons from
cupid to
make us smile

The truth is we are just bonfires like any other bonfires

That people come near to warm themselves

Why Do We End Up In The Canteen

You make me want to drink

though i love you, your unfaithfulness has made me jealous

and i end up in the canteen

faith, faith, the love poured from up above

life is a poem, with birds

aa crown where we are jewels

love hate love hate love love

dont abuse me

love me

im indiferent to the blooming of flowers,

the effect of your love has been contrary to the formulae

im going to get a black cat

and some decent white clouds on the hills

and a bed of flowers that wont suddenly move

Cristobal Benjumea

Why Do You Like Trash So Much

Come to the inner circle and behold the light

Maybe just have breakfast hypocrite

you won't hear the music

Cristobal Benjumea

Why I Like Two Instead Of One

i like one, i like two better

What is between us is a fragment

let the wind do what it does, does it blow us together

Does good perform, and are his works revered, and form a masterpiece

Does the forest provide refuge

What does it protect, enabling further personal development

Protecting beauty, id being our god, champion of evolution

and more purple lillies

What is revealed in the forest surely something precious and what secrets disclosed

Preparing for the celebration in between the flowers

In between the banquet and the river

A devil

a house in the middle of the lake

Cristobal Benjumea

Women Are My Saving Grace My Consolation

IM HIGH ON LOVE EVER SCINCE I WAS A LITTLE BOY
PURE FANTASY, OPERA, MY LIFE SCINCE THOSE CLEAR VISIONS OF INFANCY ARE A WALK THROUGH THE GREEN BUSH

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE VALLEY

NEAR A STREAM THAT FLOWS TO PARADISE

I CANT GET ENOUGH OF YOU I RELAX IN EVERY NOOK AND CRANY
ILLUMINATING THE WITH MY BLUE LIGHT.

YOU THE CREATOR TRAVELING THROUGH THE UNIVERSE

WHEN WE MAKE LOVE A MILLION WHITE DOVES ARE RELEASED AND WING
THEIR WAY TO A NEW KINGDOM

THE MOVINGG CLOUDS MEAN CHANGE

THINGS WILL BE DIFERENT WHEN WE CEASE TO SE THE FOUNTAIN

WE DANCEE DOUBT HIDES THE AABSOLUTE WHICHREVEALS ITSEF I NTHE
GREEN FIELD FULL OF GREEN AND ROSE PETALS RELEASED FROM THE GODES

WHEN SHE WALKS DOWN THE LINE WE FOLLOW

WE HAVE THE STARSTO GUIDE US TO THE MILKY WAY

Cristobal Benjumea

Xanadu

I know you need utopia

necesity the mother of invention

Amongs this crowd

this tiara, with thse sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and king diamonds

now in this forest, this tiara, lighter

capable of igniting

this paradise ia this lock

over the barriers

his flat

this 1 2 12 1 2 12

the abode was selected in the snow drift

this bower was there any hope for it

Cristobal Benjumea

Yes I Am Obsessed

I MUST ASSERT MYSELF

LOVE HAS MADE ME HIS FOOL

SWIMMING IN HIS OCEAN

I MUST ASERT MYSELF

SO I MUST NOT BE

LOVE IS JUST A T SHIRT

Cristobal Benjumea

You And Me

I have come to regard this efimeral fantasy relationship

I will never criticise

the sort of platonic greek muse of my heart

But we have no physical prescence, physical dimation

You say enlarge your spirit

action renders the difference

Yet Darwin explained everything about our origin

this warm garden

Some would think of the girl from iponema

What do I think

I Think you are beautyfull

and that I have to assert

redemption I deserve

or hear you singing

The truth is we on a bad note when you dissed me

the sort of isensitivity levels would have to be enormous

I think im more white doves

And I tasted reality, something like a hurricane

now women I don't like alcoholic women because im an alcoholic and I don't
whant super alkie children

but please me, I don't like to much white

a moments rest upon the wind and another woman will bear me as Kahil Gibran
said
the concrete blocks

Love is a foaming fountain, giving is a pleasure, covering the sea

Or if you were more like

the ideal, baby making wonder

Cristobal Benjumea

You And Me Are The Promised Land

separation

over union equals the land beyond paradise

Cristobal Benjumea

You Are Imagery, Like A Fountain

Romance and originality, the concentration needed, to blend

non pretentious, reality amongst the junk

surely the cart was before the horse and the white doves were set free

not the budding of the forget me nots, but the unleashing of the white hoses

the extacy and the sea

now someone else has taken your place

In truth life means nothing without you

searching everywhere for you

the procession of doors

without yelow buterflys

meaning of gardens of roses where beauty hides

amongst the thorns and the branches, the rose

But will not endure, it sensuality lasts a while

can i stun it with my revelations, are my yearnings not ties of love to be
observed

Cristobal Benjumea

You Prophets

You prophets, bless you, relate the future

solve the mysteries

no one has a monopoly on truth

entertainment,

in, synthesis, what is the meaning of life, and can we wear it, with garlands
bestowed

and can the journey be comfortable

Cristobal Benjumea

Your Are So Distant

This physical distance may be could be abridged by our spirits

our destiny ordained by the stars

Youre like water to my greens

And the harp brings me closer to the breeze brings me news of you

the effect of the melody brigs me closer to your paradise

I feel I live in the shadow of the mountain

but in your garden the birds bring me news of the joys

Signify the beauty and happiness I yearn, desire

the universes forms are like maps to you

For me to behold

enjoyment brings tears of joy

when will we enjoy union, not separation

And in our bower another bird will sing

Cristobal Benjumea

Your Beauty Has Put A A Spell On Me

I remain your devoted vassal

our empires might be of greater value than the garden of Gethsemane

But mostly we are bumble bees devoted only obeying loves commands

Starving children, huddled awaiting loves redemption amongst concrete squares

Communication lacking the power to communicate

Challenges our most urgent principles and foundations

Our devotion no matter what

always unity not separation, our everyday actions we help love have his way

The rosebush with all its thorns

Our voices utter not yea or nay

to engulf the cloud

Logic says one and one is two

Two

The individual is redeemed by society

No longer will he withhold passion

he will perform the rights without avarice

HE will change the swamp the rubbish the forest into the wind

The value of his empire will have its proper value

Devotion to Andromeda will expose the relative value of all problems

There are many nymphs there are many satires

The embers of our entrails demand the most important only the truth can open
the door

Logic contains a fields full of yellow flowers and all the universes vast rich
tapestry of life

logic will put our love in proportion with the most beneficial and important justice

And will allow for feelings

Cristobal Benjumea

Your Beauty Is Intoxicating

i cant get enough of you but when your twenty miles away your just a platonic
love

the ink leads us to the book

sometimes i ride the seventh wave of love

i put the spectsculars oasis in the interlunar space

we are just burning flesh and blood

a veil that comes between me and the mountain or the birds

the best visions

interesting alegories of platinum

what of his workings, emblems of his faith

compounded by what

the interior

our palace of love

foam

hate

love

i love the birds

the multicoloured ones

there freedom explains the lost world of our harvest

the theatre

non being verses being never affected like water of a ducks back

affect sEnsitivity to affection,

effect,

cause, begining of experiment

reaction

i am the key to this abbyss

i dance upon the wave

of passion and desire for celebration of haleluyahs to the muse

of joys that overspill

your jeweled cup

dance in front of the love god

the perfect bliss

the stars are bright not dim, out of controll

love is out of controll like the wind, escaping the prison

there are jewels in the cup, but look at the brim whist drinking

the wind told it to the forest, the forest told it to a lake, the lake told it to the cave, that told it to the snowdrift who told it to the valley, who told it to the to the mountain.

on the ocean there is an altar that falls that says it to a lake that rises.

is there nothing to inspire, send the senses reeling

stirr the passion

lifes sprk degenerating to an epitaph i confess i did seitze thmoment

my soul was ravished by her charms, whiped into a trance

whatever consumes my desires

whatever

everything that is not luke warm
so are we

to surf the foam

your neck of sand

stands in front of gods

the stars seem to be dimming, ignoring the dance along the path to utopia.

this inevitable decent from paradise

this fusion with god
this desiduous offence to our efimeral souls

what form are we looking at

the form of your waist

the waste of time

visible only to the discerning
the exploits of the universe are
your wasted years

our relative value is unbalanced with passion sometimes

but science foams unapologetically reminding us of the transitory

bodies lost in the universe whose direction

is null and violently ardent

our everlasting love depends on our position in andromeda

my conscience of him is paramount

he is a mountain

or a sea

i feel him intimately
who wants to be near the acropolis
cannon girl

lets go all the way and it this way

atoms and no fusion

no golden staircase to your bower

and the tree has roots

although its branches reach freedom

of the birds

that see the many flowers that speak bewitching the sight

of the light

Cristobal Benjumea

Your Cave In The Forest Of Pines

the way you hide in the forest means you are shy

Do you want me yes or no

The reflection in the lake is the future you would like

The prophet what does he say, and the oracle

Listen or perish

Cristobal Benjumea

Your Love Is Like Trench Warfare

And id rather be in a tropical garden losst amongst flowers and hazelnut trees

I dont dread the shadows of the sun
waiting for the dawn again mr jones, says postman pat

killing all your enemies my love drinking thir blood because i love you

an unsuspected time, and age of astonishing revolutions of the wheel

neverending ecstasy, the all consuming fire is enturage of my desires
compounded b y something more than agreable complancy.
i love your smile

your inname happynes is an osbtacle to infinity,

over the barriers, your place on earth is chalenged by the burden of the flesh, or
rather the burden of the flesh prevents union with the divine and the tought
process, anything you find that is not censorred, delites my sensorial recognition
like the power of love

love is not a kleenex

it isnt in the cereal packet

the satires in the garden of are increasinngly restles waiting for judgement, my
senses are distracted

by the beauty of the begonias

we will launch dreamy vessels of delight through fine arteries tonight, in the
velvet night that compounds golden arch

love that adorns

give and recieve transformation to a bird

conference of the holy feast of love

Your Tiara Dazled And Brought News From Venus, And Brought Me A Piece Of Heaven Or Happyness

Lately venus wanting entertainment

Is that like your flirting, even though you burned me

on top of that your hang around me like we can be friends

But ill get over you with as mouch jack daniels i can get

and i will shift to potential puller of women, a man about town and an embrio os
sort

Dont worry i will get better and yes there is another valley im cured i survived
the valley of the dolls

Im determined to get another female, aparently they make good fried eggs in
the east

Even progeny

I believe its my turn now to give someone the elbow, i believe its quite common
now, like a virus and isnt verry good for society, not like pink roses

Cristobal Benjumea

Youth As A Key To Unlock The Door Of Eternity

You are not well
you are well, round not square, greATER FLOW FANS
ARENT YOU RELIEVED TO SEE THE COSMOS
DONT WORRY I WONT SAY A THING, WITH THE ENEMY IN FRONT AND THE
FRIENDS BEHIND
HOSTILE ACTION,
YOU FINALLY MADE THE BODY DO WHAT YOU WANTED IT TO DO
BUT THE SPIRIT
AS REGARDS ANABELLE, WHO I LOVE,
LOVE IS A FORCE, TO BE DIGESTED AMONGST CITRIC APETISERS IN A WARM
GARDEN,
INNOCENCE, EXPERIENNCE, CAUSE AND EFFECT, BLACK AND WHITE, LILACS,
GARDENIAS, FLOWERS ASSORTING THE GARDEN, OF FEELINGS, UNTOWARD, IN
AN CLAUSTOPHOBIC AREA
BECOMING BORED BY THE LACK OF AMBROSIA, IN THE GARDEN, HAS
EVERYONE GONE TO SEE THE VIRGIN, OR IS IT PRECIOUS REFUSING THE GIN
AGAIN
MYSTERY AGONY
SAME OLD WORLD
TRANSGRESSING BECAUSE, I HAVE TO

IM IN THE SEA, FOR PROTECTION, ITS COLD
I HOLD IT
WHAT A JOKE
GOD, DOG, IVY, REFLECTION ON THE LAKE, IN COLOURS
CLUB OF THE IVY
TIME RUN OUT
SENSUALITY, AS A KEY TO UNLOCK THE DOOR OF CREATION, WITH ICE CREAM
THE MATTER, THE NON MATER
SUBJECTIVITY
CELEBRATION OF, A B C E I O,

LISTEN TO THE SONG, OF DIRT,
THE HIGH NOTES FROM THE LOW
HAPPYNESS SADNESS
THE CHOICE BETWEEN MATTER AND NON MATTER, EVIL, FROM GOOD

Cristobal Benjumea