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To my loving family, especially my mom, who always encouraged me to write and to chase my dreams. To all of my awesome friends: Jessica, Lisa, Veronica, Gloria, Joe, Bruce, and many more. Thanks for reading my work and cheering me on. Not to mention the writing supplies! This book would not have been possible without all of you. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

The Poems

Volume I

Carlos Salinas

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Foreword from the Author

Poetry is a beautiful thing. To me it is an entirely different thing from other types of writing. To me, it is taking any idea; love or hate, joy or sorrow, life or death, good or bad and making it an event that involves every one of our senses. This only begins to describe what poetry is. To express something is a divine thing; but to express it in rhyme and structure elevates it to another level.

In this collection I have divided my poetry into two sections: Love Poems and everything else. This is volume I of what I hope will be several volumes. I hope you enjoy each one thoroughly and mark your favorites for re-reading.

See you on page one,
Carlos Salinas

“Through the Glass”

Why do they keep staring at me?
They may get one, or two, or three;

I quiver as I think that they
May dip me in their drink;

I don't care to swim; I'd rather stay dry,
Though behind this glass, I catch too many a
wandering eye;

Funny how the human that made me
Is the very same one that ate me!

“The Poet That Never Wrote”

Fleeting thoughts that never
Made it to paper and ink,
Fleeting thoughts that dawned
When he stopped to think;

From his wooden desk
Came no letter, no note;
Sad losses are the thoughts
Of the poet that never wrote.

“The Fish That Wanted to Climb a Tree”

Did you hear about the fish that
Wanted to climb a tree?
He was brave and determined,
While others just thought he was silly;

But he moved up along,
Proving everyone wrong,
And sat at the top of the tree.

“The Insomniac’s Rhyme”

There has been no magic dust
Sprinkled in my eye,
As I lay here much after the
Sun decides to die;

Sleep is a curious stranger
Who I’d like to meet,
But she eludes me;
She has very swift feet;

In the darkness, all things
Become too clear;
Joy, Wonder, and Sorrow,
But worst of all, Fear.

“Scribbles”

In the stacks of paper
The people finally saw,
That the scribbles of a “Mad
Man” made the most sense of all.

“The Big Picture”

I climbed to the top of my house
And saw the big picture,

Then I climbed to the top of the tallest house
And saw the bigger picture,

Then I climbed to the tallest mountain,
There, I saw the world.

“Big Shoes”

He was the smallest in his
Class, the runt, if you will,
Now his shoes are so big
They are certainly hard to fill;

At learning how to tie his
Shoes he was especially slow,
But he did, and has got
Several medals on the wall to show;

The little boy did grow up;
Bigger, wiser, bolder;
And now it is he who has
The “big people” upon his shoulder.

“Dreams Defined”

Are dreams just prolonged thoughts, or one’s self
Emerging from the fear and mediocrity?

People appear and act without a clear identity,
But still they are understood.

Are they fate’s way of showing your chances
And testing your faith?

Are they what others wish for you or perhaps
What they want from you?

Could they be secrets revealed from another
dimension?

Are they signs of your true self?
Not the person you let people think you are?

Are they feelings that boldly confront you in
The moment of your logic’s absence?

Like a tightly sealed steel can, you can’t escape
Your mind or its needs.

Does the subconscious being leave your
Body and live out the images?

Perhaps until your final breaths, or even then,
Will the mind take another form?

“On a Christmas Morning”

On a Christmas morning
The children did rise,
They walked to their Christmas
Tree and to their surprise,
There laid a collection of gifts
Right before their eyes;

As they began to open
The gifts from under the tree,
The floor was soon covered in
Shreds of paper, bows, and candy,
And a child realized that it
Wasn't about the gifts, nor how many;

On that Christmas morning
While he had his loved ones near,
What mattered, he knew in his heart,
Was that they were all here,
The family together around their
Tree, as they had been year after year.

“To My Unborn Son”

I can't wait to meet you, I love you,
You mean so much to me, I swear it's true;

Along with your mother, you will be
The most important thing in life to me;

I will teach you all I know,
And watch you learn as you grow;

I will catch you when you fall,
Be your rock when you need to stand tall;

I might not know all of the answers,
So I will marvel with you in all the wonders;

Even as a man, you will still be my boy,
My life's greatest gift, my life's greatest joy;

I will guide you when you fall in love,
Show her you're the man we're all proud of;

And when you make me a grandfather,
More love will come, a new joy altogether;

I will still watch over you when our time ends,
And I will leave you with family and many friends;

I can't wait to meet you, I love you,
You mean so much to me, I swear it's true.

“My Head Hangs Low”

My head hangs low when I think about all the
injustice,
It doesn't matter who's right, only who's in power,
Who's got the greatest number of followers?
Many will preach, but few will practice;

I can't write what I want and say what I feel,
Tell me exactly how's an artist to deal?
Can't step on any toes, can't ruffle any feathers,
Don't know if I can survive these changing weathers;

I'm getting mine, but why not them?
Who's caring for the next generation of children?
Working from the sweat of my brow
Doesn't always make a man proud;

My head hangs low when I see the curse of man,
Life doesn't seem sacred when it's left in their hands,
Man's war is always the deciding factor,
Called on by some honest men, some actors;

Why should a belief of faith decide man's fate?
For some, it is simply another reason to hate,
It was supposed to be the creation of a brotherhood,
Not something to divide brothers, but something
good;

My head hangs low when I think of all problems,
But I hope we can work together to solve them,
It saddens me and my head still hangs low,
When I think about how far we still have to go.

“The Jester’s Secret”

His duty was simple:
To absorb and carry
The troubles of the people;

And the King called aloud,
“Bring the Jester,
To entertain the crowd!

Let him make merry,
Commence the feast,
And pour the sherry!”

And he would create laughter,
However, no one ever
Saw what happened after;

Sometimes a laughing face,
Can be a sorrowful
And prison-like place;

For what no one knew,
Was that the Great
Jester was suffering too.

“Seems As Though”

Seems as though what I thought I knew,
 Never was,
The fog has finally cleared,
 And it's all because,
Life's ways are not always
 What's wanted by you,
But when looked upon with innocent eyes,
 Are always true.

“A Warrior of Words”

An Agent of Assonance,
An Army of Alliteration,
A Conquistador of Climaxes,
A Fighter with Form,
A Marksman of Motif,
A Mercenary of Metaphors,
A Ninja of Nuances,
A Raider of Rhyme,
A Soldier of Synonyms,
A Vigilante of Voice;

I strike with the fiercest of sentences,
With such clarity and no false pretenses;

I assail with the mightiest of swords,
I am The Warrior of Words.

“The Lake of Knowledge”

I traveled far,
So far I couldn't see any houses,
Through the valleys, and through the desert,
I finally reached my destination;

I was seeking true knowledge,
And wouldn't settle for some,
I wanted it all;

I did not listen to anyone,
“It might not be as you expect it,”
Were their words;
I didn't listen;

When I approached the lake,
It was serene,
Its beauty unmatched;

Hesitant at first,
I only watched it,
Then I entered,
Feeling its warm water,
My feet pillowed by the mud;

It was very comfortable at first,
But as I descended, it got colder,
“This is where I wanted to be,”
I reminded myself;

Soon my feet could

Not touch the bottom,
The coldness of the water
Made it hard to breathe;

The lake's water clung to my skin
And refreshed this weary traveler,
But soon the cling became a choke,
And no longer provided comfort;

The lake I sought was
Now the lake I dreaded,
Would I have changed my mind
If I had known where I was headed?

“Gratitude”

Never long for what others have,
Because you'll never enjoy what's yours,
Remember how much you wanted
It when it was theirs;

Desires come and go,
But time only goes,
If you'll get a second chance,
No one really knows;

Treasure what's yours,
Before it's gone,
Because what you long for
Might never come along.

“Listen, Young Man”

Sit down and listen,
Young man,
My words will teach,
Make you understand;

Don't hurry to finish,
But enjoy the view,
For when it's gone,
It won't begin anew;

In love, use your heart,
And your mind,
Her treatment of others
Will show you if she's truly kind;

Do not fall to the
Virtue of beauty,
For it will fade,
And leave you lonely;

Friends are to be cherished,
So cherish,
But beware of those
Who are foolish;

Wealth will come
When it is right,
Do not chase it,
It's a waste of time;

Sit down and listen,
Young man,
My words will teach,
Make you understand.

“When Death Comes For Me”

When Death comes for me,
I will be calm, still,
No fear, as I will cease to be;

I worry for my family,
It will hurt them more,
When Death finally comes for me;

I do not have regrets,
All I did in life,
Was with gratitude and intent;

I had love and it left,
But it was worthwhile,
It was a temporary gift;

When Death comes for me,
I will be calm, still,
No fear, as I will cease to be.

“Don’t Wake Me”

If you find me asleep,
Don’t wake me,
Leave me free to dream;

I’m in a place I love,
Please leave me,
In the clouds above;

To sleep is to dream,
More than life,
It’s my simple scheme;

To wake is to die,
A quick death,
Let me live and lie;

If you find me asleep,
Don’t wake me,
Leave me free to dream.

“They Wear Masks”

Don't be fooled by the words
They say or what they ask,
Remember my warning I gave,
They all wear masks;

They'll charm you when you meet,
The hours will quickly pass,
And they will smell so sweet,
But they all wear masks;

They will speak words as smooth
As the drink in their flasks,
But don't fall victim, remember,
They all wear masks;

They will pursue and confuse you,
It's on their list of tasks,
And their reason is simple,
They all wear masks.

“A Happy Life”

Live happily,
Laugh heartily,
Sleep peacefully,
Speak honestly
And
Love passionately.

“What I Think I Know”

I think I know,
But how so?
I can only show
What I think I know;
I’m not quite sure though
But I think I know,
You know?

“Ode to Nature”

O, Nature! How you comfort me,
You show me what's real and how things should be,
Never haughty or fake, simple to take,
Your sights are like music to me,
With magnificent colors in every key,
Yet there is a bit of irony,
Since you give me the paper I use to write about thee.

“A Birthday Poem”

We are friends,
This be true;
Which is why I wish
A very Happy Birthday to you!

And on days that
Your birthday be not,
A very merry un-birthday
Is what you've got!

“Carry On, Weary Soldier”

When the terrain is rough and uneven,
Don't give up hope, keep on believing
That the fighting was not done in vain,
And your happiness will soon return again;

Though the night may seem eternal and cold,
Keep your head up and spirits bold;
Though wounded in battle, the scars heal,
Wiser now, you know what is truly real;

When the dust settles and the fighting's done,
Carry on, Weary Soldier, carry on.

“Firsts and Lasts”

Spring's first flower,
Love's first kiss,
Spring's first shower,
Sorrowful to miss;

From the first look,
To the last smile,
From the path I first took,
To the very last mile;

Life's greatest firsts,
To Life's greatest lasts,
Quenching the greatest of thirsts,
Satisfying the longest of fasts;

Spring's last flower,
Love's last kiss,
Spring's last shower,
Sorrowful to miss.

“Changes”

There is a beautiful balance
For everything around,
For what is now lost,
Will one day be found;

What was once hot,
May one day be cold,
What was once young,
Will one day be old;

What is now bright,
Will one day be dimmed,
What grows freely today,
May one day be trimmed;

What is here today,
May not be tomorrow,
What now makes you happy,
May one day bring sorrow.

“The Dreamer”

Perhaps I am a dreamer,
That's just how I came to be,
Perhaps I am a dreamer,
But nothing's gonna change me.

“The Siren”

Her song called me once
Upon a moonless night,
A sweet melody I could
Not resist, try as I might;

Like many sailors before me who
Had sailed through a siren’s strait,
I could only hope that I
Would suffer the same fate;

And as her lyrical poison gently
Carried me to my sweet death,
It was her kiss that sealed
My fate and stole my last breath.

“Beware the Poet”

Beware the poet with a keen eye and swift feet,
For her tongue be as sharp as it is sweet!

LOVE POEMS

“What Do You Say to an Angel?”

What do you say to an angel that
Crosses your path one day?
How can one explain the feeling?
What does one say?

Everything seemed hopeless,
It seemed I was at the end,
Everyone seemed a stranger
And then I found a friend;

I don't know what I did
To make her come my way,
I just know that now I
Truly want her to stay;

What do you say to an angel?
Perhaps a simple “Thank you”,
What do you say to an angel?
A heartfelt “I love you”.

“With You”

My life is a garden,
And you are its most beautiful flower,
Your love is my rain,
And your eyes, a stars' shower;

The sun shines brighter
When I'm with you,
I hope you feel it when
You're with me too;

It's something very special when
We're together in harmony,
Together for another day,
Making another happy memory;

My life is a garden,
And you are its most beautiful flower,
Your love is my rain,
And your eyes, a stars' shower.

“She Loves You”

She loves you,
And everyone knows,
Because when you are
Near her, she glows,
Love her tenderly
For as far as she goes,
She will continue to love
You and cure your woes;

She loves you,
Rejoice in this,
Recall this in hard times,
And before every kiss;

Do not fear her love
For you ever going astray,
For a love of this kind
Is not found every day.

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About the Author

From his website (CarlosSalinasWriting.com):

If you are a new reader or have been following me since I started publishing my writing waaaaay back in the fall of 2012, I am happy and grateful that you are here.

I always wanted to write. I remember reading great stories in all sorts of books and my imagination went off on tangents for my own creations. I also remember very interesting stories that I would hear people tell. We are all natural story-lovers, especially when there is a personal connection with the story teller, a character, or element in the story. I wanted to write stories.

My purpose for writing is to spread a positive, hopeful, inspirational, motivational, and insightful message through words; in stories, quotes, and rhymes. At times when looking for new books, I couldn't find the books with the message that seemed so clear to me: about love, knowledge, truth, perspective, and clear thinking. I remembered reading somewhere that if you can't find the book you're looking for, you should write it. So I did. The feedback I have received for my writing has ranged from: "I have always felt that...but was afraid to say it or couldn't put it into words," to "It made me think, and I don't agree with it but it really made me think." That was my goal all along. To help people discover themselves, their beliefs, and their voices.

As I always say, "A writer is nothing without his readers." And you guys are the absolute best. Feel free to reach out to me on Facebook or any other social media. I always love talking to you.

See you on page one,

Carlos :)

This collection of quotes is the first book published by Carlos Salinas. His writing consists of quotes, fiction, and poetry. He currently resides in San Antonio, T.X.

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