

Honey Heart

Poems of Love

*Honey
Heart*



Gael Rodríguez

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First edition published in 2014 by Gael Rodríguez, The Celestial Poet. Author and Editor.

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Huelva, Spain.

Spanish edition.

Design: Luz Boscani

Original Title: Corazón de miel.

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Second edition

published in 2015 by Gael Rodríguez, The Celestial Poet.

Author and Editor.

English edition.

Translated by Diana Ferraro

Henry Heart

*To Luz, my wife, my best special friend, my Teacher.
Thanks for your pure, truthful, infinite love.*

*To Mirta, for her unconditional support, her artist's soul,
her wisdom and her sweetness.*

*To the expressed emotion of both of them which is the source
of my poetical inspiration and the spark
that kindles my heart's bonfire.*

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Poems

The Murmur of Waves

You are the dinghy
rocking
in front of my eyes,
a murmur of waves
in shameless
conquest,
a golden knot,
a sirocco blowing across
caressing my blush.

You are a
warning frigate,
an enthusiastic poem,
a delicate love
I brush
it mid-flight.

You are the captain
of my life,
my breath,
of the thorn
that goes through
the rustling
of my moans.

Let Me, My Gypsy

Let me give you,
my gypsy,
the reserved honey
with its ancient sweetness
and its wise devotion.

Let me reveal today,
your highness in my dwelling,
the faithful song
you planted
on center of my soul,
the enhanced orchestra
that resounds
within me
every morning.

White Dove, Black Dove

White dove, black dove,
tiny head that lies
on your uncovered wing,
infinite landscape,
the perspective of an empire
we plough in, homesick.

Allow me, my dove,
To sing what I feel:

“You are the sweet sparkle
that lights what I see,
the passionate shock
that falls in love with what I can’t see,
the inebriating thunder
circling what I foresee.

A thousand hours of pleasure
can’t cover this second
in which
I look at you.
A thousand new nests
can’t give me the joy
I convey to you.

In this unsearched sign,
on this puzzling watch-tower,
in the forgetfulness of present,
on the lace of the four winds,
in the magic that holds,

this kingdom without direction.

There is no dove
that provokes
the flooded spell
in which I am;
the lengthened space
I glimpse when
a kiss from your soul
runs aground at the port of
my appearance,
in the saddened vase
craving your substance.

You are, faithful dove,
a scattered aroma,
the spirit of a thousand shapes
which colors
my desolate tapestry”.

My Promised Land

You are the emotion converted,
a curve made straight,
the airy elixir I breathe
after the forsaken rain.

You are the being of the not being,
my childhood's
promised land,
the crystal scene
of the fugitive kiss
blessing my remembrance.

You are the ticket
of a trip with no return,
of a shipwreck
without an outline,
of an impulse crossing
my creation
from pole to pole.

Risky Love

You know,
I have to confess that
since I met you
I am a risky love.
I live insane
because my heart
is in command,
now the captain
who leads my steps,
the pilot who drives
my thoughts and acts.

How not to go crazy
when I don't know
whether I am my life or your face,
whether I am a human or just
the sweetness of your eyes.

Don't ask me
how do I know
since this is my first day
to see you again,
but you and I
will stay together
the rest of our lives,
until the last night.

The Soul of a Princess

I am the light beam
that rests on your pupils,
a blinking firefly
rehearsing in your shade,
the ray of sunshine
that fills your eyelids,
flatters your eyelashes
and strokes the polished door,
entryway to your core,
mystery of life
which gives faith to your glance.

I am the unexpected rain,
a summer shower
interrupting your doze,
the hidden blow of freshness
waiting on your landing,
the beat of a drum in love
knocking at your Parnassus,
passionate percussion
that sweetens your existence,
the uncontrolled offence
embellishing your deck,
giving life
to your princess's soul.

I Am

I am through your truth.

I am through your truthful love.

I am through your universal soul.

I am through your never-ending caress.

Love Yourself, My Love, Love Yourself Strongly

Love yourself, my love,
love yourself strongly,
even though the tempest
that excludes
bursts into your
teenage garden,
even though the rocks on the road
block your
fountain's flow,
enlightened manna
which unites you to the highest,
to the infinite ocean of energy
lying beneath everything.

Love yourself, my love,
love yourself strongly,
the loftier your yearning,
the closest the sky
will be and farther
the rough gale
that removes you
from your center,
stripping naked
the puppeteer
who yells at you
and gets no answer,
who makes a point
to then avoid you.

Love yourself, my love,

whisper your love to your mirror,
be sweet to yourself,
hug yourself with no reason,
become the beautiful and pure
that keeps you company
since the beginning,
give your hand to the sublime
waiting for you at every station,
divine love resting
within you.

Love yourself, my love,
accept yourself strongly,
there will always be
hurricanes hitting,
trying to keep you away
from finding yourself
until, after
so many mountains
and unrepentant valleys,
you discover the high land
where to get lost forever.

When I Hug You

When I hug you
I feel I am in heaven
with the clouds of your kisses
and the birds of your silences.

When I hug you
I feel I'm climbing
the stairs of your body
towards the rooftop of my dreams,
I feel my world in peace.
I feel I'm not made out of fear.

Give me a few more
of these moments,
of this honey that heals my torment
and takes me to your temple.

Even Though You Say No

Even though you say no,
I will always be a yes
since I'm already in love
and, being now pure water,
not knowing how to get out
from the river of your life.

Even though you say no,
I will always be a yes,
because even though
you may not be near me,
there will not be a day without your presence,
without remembering the innocence
you embedded in my existence,
without that lump in my throat,
your mermaid's soul,
without my unwavering faith
of seeing you again
within my reverie.

I Need You

Every moment without you
is like not living,
a return to the anguish
of being alive with no aim.

I need your laughter,
your complaints,
your zest for life,
our time melting in silence,
our strolls
full of dreams
on discovered roads.

I need to ramble over
the smoothness of your innocence,
tuning in to your sweet voice,
listening to the birds at their summit
singing to you.

Divine Mother

When your kiss to the soul
strokes my hair,
my gypsy sorrow
becomes a windmill.

When your pretty girl smile
resonates in my desert,
my arms steer straight
what the bare land withered
a long time ago.

From the pitfalls of life,
you and I share
an enclosure,
from the essence of love
we taste the eternal.

Without your hand
on my lap
I die in agony,
without your light gait
and melodious gibberish
sleep is but a sad melody.

Like two lovers,
our love
is no longer time,
like magic in the morning
our two moments
ceased to be.

Henry Heart

Like the river
idling in the sea
we are one on this line.

My Heartbeat of Life

I can walk with my eyes closed
on the path your light traces for me.

I can sleep on your golden palm
like the nut that slumbers in her shell,
like a drop of water on its enraptured leave,
like a soft breeze on the edge of the horizon,
like a speck of dirt magnetized
by the heartbeat of existence
which has kidnapped it.

A Love Poem

*(Not yet published, for The Little Great Book of Love,
by Luz Boscani)*

That which is beautiful in you
is what you just don't see yet,
a silence, a carelessness,
a rising sun, a rediscovery of life.

Today I only want to be with you,
alone,
to feel that I can give you here and now
all the love in the world,
to look at you and soon realize
I'm in the right place,
at the right time.

Today I don't need
to ornate my words,
to do flourishing gestures
or to avoid the unavoidable;
only to close my eyes
and hug you to not release you,
to give you true love
until the infinite catches us,
until time ceases to be,
until your soul and mine
merge within a pleasant dream:
to Be One,
to be heaven.

Today I'll walk my first step

to the Eternal resting upon your gaze.

Challenge

We cross our looks
and I feel the challenge,
the sharp knife's edge
on which I walk,
the passage to other worlds
I don't master,
the universal scream
I live with,
the understanding of the subtle
which I strive for.

When You Are Not Here

Every so often I acknowledge some more
the heart within me,
inn that hosts your kisses,
bed where your cheeks
paint pictures of grasses,
fire where you burn
memories of long gone days,
of a hallway without an exit.

Sometimes I feel
and I don't find
where this agony ends,
the day I don't see you,
the moment I'm alone
without your hug and your punishment,
without the dressed up sunset
you are when I show up,
without your smile of a pioneer,
without the orchard of fresh lilies
you wear
with nerve.

Today I feel
the faithful puppet
of your love,
a sailor who doesn't
return to the sea,
a fish maddening
among coral reefs,
a bee working hard

Honey Heart

for the nectar
you're the only one to give.

If only I could,
like a hook lost at sea,
hold on to your angry bosom,
your hair when you rise
its imprisoned cyclone,
the gentle path which parts
my sight from your charm,
my mouth from your attempt.

You

You are the source from where all my rivers flow.
Himalaya's manna from where all my love springs.
You are the sacred alchemy which transformed me.
You are the Brahman who vibrates within me.
You are my sun, the poem that heals me,
The Great Master who lights me.
You are you, the true love,
filling me with emotion
and driving me to
my inner God,
the Master
I am,
...
beat
that turns
the ending in my beginning,
the particle of life in the infinite,
the whole and nothingness in the same versicle,
the sacred invitation to unity within a principle,
one second and the joy in brothers sharing the same fate.

Dance of Souls

Our souls caressed each other
when I thought of you,
when you read poems within me,
when your sighs landed
on a void without borders
on a delightful retreat,
on a jasmine passage.

Our lights danced
without a lie, without the sea of darkness
that cloaks unhappiness:
the wayward event of
the going-on,
vulgar travel
in an ivory world.

Both our bright stars
sailed an invisible sea,
a space with no shades,
a dumbstruck dimension,
a whisper of stolen secrets,
a loan without an interest,
a clandestine sway
of soaked hearts.

From My Lips To Your Dreams

If I could paint the paradise
I would sketch a straight spiral,
 a trip of desire
 going from my lips
 to your dreams,
to your open privilege.

 If I could draw
 what I feel about you,
I should steal from the sun
the light of its success,
 I should ask the wind
 for its passionate fury,
 the spiteful movement
that carries everywhere
 my love for you.

 If I could draw
 what I feel about you,
I would bathe with white roses
the ocean of your feelings,
 I would water with poppies
 my whole garden
to see you in the morning,
 if you're not beside me.

Your Hand on My Chest

There is a spell,
a celestial concoction,
a sort of potion
that brings me to you.

There is a moment when your hand
gets lost on my chest and
draws circles and shapes
of puzzling feelings,
hieroglyphs of tenderness
that heal me
and take me beyond
the human prison
and the ridicule
in which I dwell.

Before I Met You

Before I met you
I sang you in every love song,
I felt you in the passionate boleros,
I guessed you in the beauty of landscape,
I mistook you for its blaze.

Your love is so savage
it doesn't know time,
it doesn't care whether it's a second
or a thousand years or a whole world.

Otherwise, how to understand
I caressed you
long before meeting you
and foresaw you
in every mirage
heightening my present?

Now that I know you,
I realize that all my previous life
wasn't but the hope to meet you,
a faraway oasis
I descried, eager and desperate,
not able to hug you,
not able to have you.

Sing Me

Sing me another lullaby, my heart,
I want to be hypnotized
by your worthy soul.

Sing me another verse, my love,
I want to be incense
spreading without direction.

Sing me another *om*, my devotion,
I want to be the lotus flower
which opens to your song.

Sing me another glance, my life,
because it's now when I'm born
and blending with your alchemy.

I Only Care About You

I don't care about
the day being a day,
or the hour an hour,
I don't care about the flavor
of my solos or my glories.

I don't care to know
who discovered which land,
who won the match,
or who dates who.

I don't care to obtain
the love of a train without faith,
or the intoxicated flattery
tarnishing my love.

I only care about you
being happy and thankful,
dressing your best smile and
your full-flared skirt,
being an enthusiastic paintbrush,
dancing like jaunty love.

I Forget About Myself to Think of You

There are those moments
in which I forget about myself
to think of you,
to listen to your redolence,
to feel your scarlet
presence.

It's the beat of your steps,
joy overwhelming me,
when I only know you're my break,
when you're the umbrella
that carries me night and day,
when you're the bubble
protecting my smile,
my forgotten sunrise,
the small room of a miracle,
the wall that returns to me
the most beautiful of my compliment.

I want to forget what I am
and what I do,
to call off the bustle
that blacks out my lightning,
to travel towards your dreams
by the artisan's tram,
within the carriage of light
that transforms the mundane.
I want to stop at your arms,
in the unblemished station
of your lengthened space,

in the chamber of peace,
in the cunning void
of a wink in your cloak.

Nourish Me

Nourish me, little sparrow,
feed me with the spoon of your mouth,
with your small chicken beak;
conquer the sacred palate
which is my poem with no recipe,
my night without a square.

Feed me with your corn extract,
glazed little bird,
the flat little nose
of your touch
in my cote.

Feed me with your tweets,
I have by now forgotten
the sound of luck,
of love with no muzzle,
of the giant who dwells
in my crystal palace.

I Only Ask of God

You are my breath of life,
the case for my devotion,
you provoke my joy
even when you shout a no.

You are a drop of water
in the pond of my passion,
there where we're one,
where neither the you or the I
exist.

I only ask for God
to let me naked
but full of that love,
be substance without matter
painting everything a different color,
to be the universal symphony of silences
turning every particle of your creation
into a miracle.

So Many Days, So Many Nights

You are my sun,
the same that awakens
the flower in love
which is in my heart,
the same that melts
the ice floes
which protect my fear,
the same that heals
the wound of having waited
for you so many days,
so many nights...

I Want to Break the Silence

I want to break the silence.
I want to get out from this shell
and become a live emotion turning
fear into love.

I want to be pure expression,
invisible halo of energy
which enlarges your heart,
to love until I wear you down,
until I hug the child
who cries within you.

I want you out
from that state
of emotional paralysis
in which you live,
I want you to be the
So-La-Ti-Do
of that delicate instrument,
the prana of your gift.

Love Flies, Flies.

Love flies, flies,
it plays between being and not,
between the simple and the belief.

Love flies, flies
among little lambs at the milk feeder,
among water lilies without the tablecloth,
among the reeds that avoid
the tears in your dawn.

Love flies, flies
between the space and the wall,
between the hands of a clock,
between a yes and the tick
of a quiver.

Love flies, flies
with no further hope
than Spring
and the scared flower
about to bloom.

Love flies, flies
among paper clouds,
among stanzas sliding
from the shade of possession
onto the hand that closes
with no other urge than to love.

Marry Me

For you, I will marry
with ointments and pomp,
with flags and an orchestra,
and the red carpet of a marquise.

For you, today I will stay away
from the whisper of my breeze,
from the strolls without my dreams,
from our memories and clashes.

For you, today I will surrender
to the song in your look,
to the glowing girl in you,
to your soul without a word.

I look at you again and I feel now
my life is not enough, for you.

About the authors

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Luz Boscani, born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, known as The Woman of the Treasure of Values, always felt moved to help people overcome their difficulties and achieve happiness. She has a degree in Marketing and had great success in her career, but after a profound change she gave up everything and turned her objectives to service and to selfless help. Today she dedicates her days to writing texts of spiritual self-help, love, personal growth, and well-being.

Works like *Removing layers of the onion*, *Become a Better You*, and *21 answers* reveal how Luz is a pioneer in the implementation of unusual methods as tools of personal growth and self-help. With a completely new approach, the reader is led to the healing of his or her life in a simple and enriching way. Many people say their lives transform after implementing the methods of self-knowledge and divine connection that Luz teaches.

Her vision of life, her purity, and her sweetness moves even the most skeptical person. Through her words she manages to convey universal wisdom with clarity and great depth.

Gael Rodríguez, known as The Celestial Poet, was born in Madrid, Spain. Mystic poet and writer. After marrying the love of his life, Luz, he retired with her to the top of a mountain, achieving self-realization and profound inspiration.

Gael Rodríguez is, probably, the poet who has written the most about personal growth. His verses and essays create an authentic work of self-help. His mission is to offer people an instrument through which they can connect to their heart, find peace, and live

in harmony and fullness with life.

Ephemeral, The Powerful You, and his *Poetic Collection of Personal Growth* makes him a contemporary reference of transformational thinking.

A fresh look, mystic and defiant, that creates a new poetic wave.

Luz and Gael have become a spiritual and humanitarian writer couple that touch hearts around the world, with their more than 25 published titles. The remarkable growth in the Spanish-speaking electronic market has exceeded all expectations. Countries such as Mexico, Spain, Colombia, Chile, Ecuador, Argentina, and the USA lead the ranking of the best sellers.

Books in English: *Honey Heart, Ephemeral, Sri Sri. Poetry for Self-Improvement, 10 Steps to Create a True Relationship Forever, The Little Great Book of Love, 10 Foolproof Steps to Achieve Professional Success, The Little Great Book of Work and Thoughts to Reach Fullness, 301 Selection of Quotes.*

They tell us: *"If you persevere on the way to your heart and spend time studying and cultivating yourself, enhancing your virtues, you will undoubtedly reach true happiness."*

Their works are available in major online bookstores throughout the world in paper and digital forms.