



"ABNORMAL FOOTPRINT"
 FROM Luis D. Perez

If there was a purpose in life,
 humans found themselves
 traveling in this world.

Paradise in nature,
 forest, air, water and animals
 that are not talking to us.

Destiny gave us a time expansion
 to live and travel, not knowing
 where and when we are
 leaving our traveling journey.

Meanwhile take advantage of the gift,
 enjoy life as it comes,
 continue the traveling,
 smile, dream and walk through
 the old silk road to meet the maker.

Maybe, who knows,
 some-body is observing
 our travels on earth,
 giant human zoo, waiting to
 wrap our body in shredded silk.

I am dedicating this poem to my grand
 daughter Cierra and my great granddaughter
 Aaliyah-Diana.



HUMAN RE-CYCLE

BY: Luis D. Perez

We are living in a crystal bubble
within the earth's circulation,
FUNNY THINGS,
Cycle and Re-Cycle of human zoo.

Smoke and spirit,
climbed into the sky,
Cycling the Bubble around the earth,
mixed with the cloud returned
back to earth as rain.
Mysticism of a baptism.

We get wet again and the
circle of life begins,
flowers and human renaissance
all over the place.

FUNNY THING AGAIN!

The soul mixed with rain
is flying all over the earth,
I thought that I was meat and bones,
but I discovered that I am smoke,
soul, spirit and rain..

IT IS A FUNNY THING!!.



THE BEST POEMS & POETS OF 2001



Concrete Souls

Peaceful morning, sunny September 11,
Birds singing and people expressing in nature,
Suddenly bleeding sky of terror strike,
The tarnished mirror of jihad means struggle of God?

The statue of liberty cry, she saw the abnormal
Footprints ahead of the person, defeating the purpose
Of a human citizen living on earth,
The lady question the integrity to the human race?

Tower's of steel and concrete souls,
Standing tall you still there with pride,
The spirit of America freedom did not crumble,
Red, white and blue, gave us the enlightened world.

Through the bars I see America, home Sweet home,
Even when shadows dance across my screen,
USA is a beacon of light on a dark stormy night,
Oblivion of my own condition I cry on desperation.

Politicians and epidemics are deeply rooted
In conflict with the multi religious masses,
The path of destiny will bring the encounter
Of superior beings, the ambassador of concrete souls.

Luis Perez