



JACLR

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John Fredy Gil Bonilla.

"A letter to my conflicting love, brusque adieu and others"

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A letter to my conflicting love

I

His prettiness causes a big sorrow in my soul,
His dinky eyes deceiving my love,
His stare pierces dreadfully my whole,
His so-called beloved is like a dead sea scrolling in my soul.

Just my beloved may heal this pain which drills my entails,
My loneliness is like a shadowy day in summer times,
Just my dear may relive this aching soul unveiled,
My agony is that our hopeless love is regarded as a crime.

Our love is not allowed in his believes,
Our passion is doomed by our sin,
Our affection is stronger than our everlasting grief,

That our ghastly end is mainly fated by him.

My love overcomes all beliefs in the world,
My fervor is mightier than all religious thought.

II

Those wretched summery days that avoids flowers to blossom as in spring times,
Those flowers that deny to sprung and show the beauty of their withering buds,
That fear that cannot let those weak steams flourish in the eyes of love,
Which provoke a shudder in those beings risen in warm thriving hug.

Those jovial wintery days in which the dew makes the buttercup grow,
Those carnations blooming and sparkling all nights smiling to the sorrow of love,
Those white glimmering daffodils that spur the heart to relieve that heavy rue,
And those zinnias that win all earthly and eternal heart in one view.

III

--- Your love is like a happily bright flower shining in summer days,
The gloomy breaking dawn starts when your smiley love is far away,
Just your happiness makes my heart feels as a daisy in spring times,
The withering leaves are like my blissful heart running away.

Brusque adieu!

This plain love that one's can't show,
This greatest fervour that you can provoke,
I'd no say good bye to your eternal love,
I'd go next to you when that day comes.

You were my unique love since I was born,
That first warmth that held me in arms,
Keep that delightful presence in my drab life!
Don't say good bye! You are a major token --- you know!

How dreary --- to be --- alone!
How sad --- to say --- adieu!

To wait so long to hold your gentle hands,
To embrace your frail mould!

As nature unfairly rules – you know!
You are the first to leave, aren't you?
The heavenly shiniest star that ever came –
To lead all celestial god-like being.

My dear grand-love!

My dear grand love,
How blue --- to wait --- long!
How sad --- to be --- afar!
To wait so long to see your godly-grandeur!

This stormy distance saddens my whole,
Keep your existence as a vital element in my soul!
Don't go far away from this miserable mold!
Just keep warmth this deadly cold doll!

This eternal delay is like an endless maze,
This triggers an inner grapple in my dust bowl,
My blind eyes are sheltered by a funky haze,
Which makes my orbs keep away from your mold.

What a ruthless distance stood between you and I!
But this matriarchal love is an everlasting journey --- you know!
Any heavenly being can rip the vastness of this love,
Here or there our eternal passion will be timeless --- you know!

Bioprofile of the author

John Fredy Gil Bonilla (1993) is enrolled in the English Studies Grade at Complutense University Madrid. He is fond of General Linguistics and the study of how apes might communicate with humans, a branch of Linguistics which he would like to study much more in depth. A multi-faceted writer, he is passionate about music, demonic books and poetry. Currently, he is writing a narrative book and a number of poems about his own personal feelings. "Brusque adieu" and "A letter to my conflicting love" are some of his most recent poems. He has a blog to display his narratives and poems for those interested (https://www.linkedin.com/profile/edit?trk=nav_responsive_sub_nav_edit_profile)

Contact: <john.fred.avit@hotmail.com>