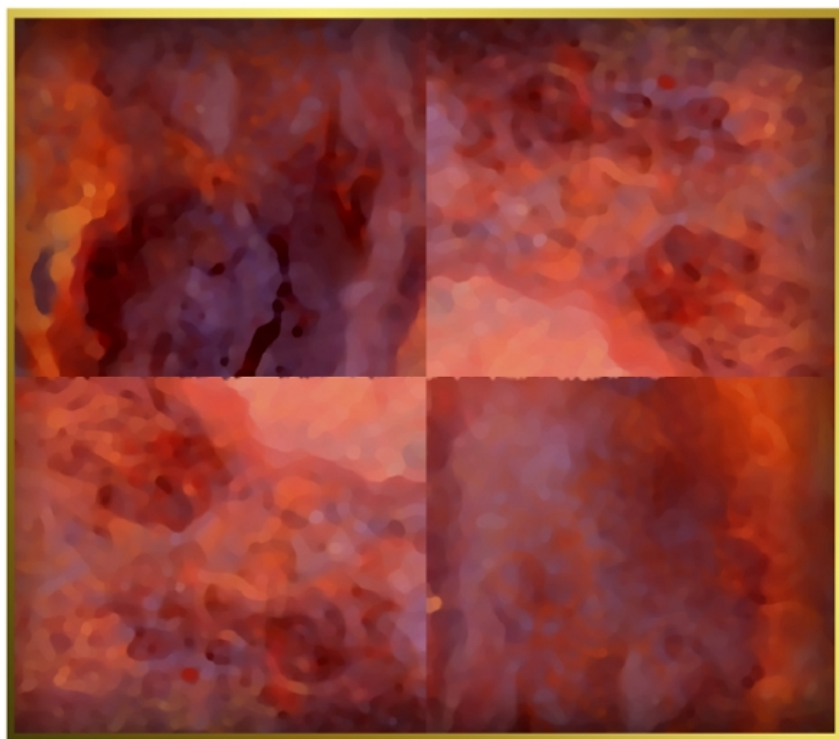


Creative Heart



PEDRO M. ROSARIO BARBOSA

INTRODUCTION BY LEILA A. FORTIER

Creative Heart

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INTRODUCTION BY LEILA A. FORTIER



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You can see the original image and more of her works (paintings, photography, and poetry) by this amazing artist and writer in:

<http://www.leilafortier.com/>

*To two sisters
whom I hold close to my heart*

Acknowledgments

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Introduction



This introduction is not a critical outline or summary of the writer and poet, Pedro M. Rosario Barbosa. This introduction will leave to the wayside the sometimes exhausting appendix of interests and accolades, achievements and endeavors that attempt to establish credential of a physical body.

I feel a deep sense of respect and responsibility not to cage or confine the spirit of his creation which thirsts for communion with heavenly altitudes. Offered instead, is a glimpse of the author's spiritual body which is observed and felt within this book. It is a testimony of the ability to transcend limitations within this physical and material world.

*to dance on the stars the galaxy bleeds
and speak of your four-dimensional grace*

Introduction

*Sparkle all the stars around your Moon,
and bite my steps towards your sight*
—Excerpts from “Cosmological Constant”

*and secretly transmute my touch
into hundred emotional states.*
—Excerpt from “Find Me”

This is the introduction of Pedro M. Rosario Barbosa- not as a man...but as the metaphysical composer of this collection of devotional poetry, *Creative Heart*. His voice emerges and then entwines into melodious stanzas drawing upon the senses in a kind of sensuous incantation. Light emulates between the lines from the seat of his most tender humility:

*I'm ready to turn the rain of tears into pearls,
and turn the mad grief into a joyous delight.
And dissolve the thorns of life into the ash
that would bring the phoenix back into life.*
—Excerpt from “Picking Up Dreams”

Creative Heart expresses the yearning to taste the hidden dimensions which can only be experienced through a kind of soft transcendence. Through his poetry, Pedro makes translucent the superficial layers of skin and being. Physicality is little recognized

save for an attribute's deeper symbolic meaning that sheds the vehicle of the body.

*flirting with the ghostly taste of the kind of
beauty that feeds my sight with your joy.*

—Excerpt from “Scarlet Hair”

I'm tied up to your silhouette.

It never forgets to entrap my soul

*Your mouth distills honey dressed up as kiss,
existing free in the wind to enclose my heart*

—Excerpts from “Find Me”

Here, the act and art of physical intimacy...or rather, the longing notion of it- is the very wine of union from the chalice of the divine. Ecstasy is the life-source that enables us in this lifetime, to in fact leave the physical body and experience the limitless intangible states of grace, such as witnessed in these lines:

*Do not forget the splendor of last night
when the celestial river transmuted you
in a torrent of rain and stars.*

—Translated excerpt from “Soñar Bajo el Cielo”

Introduction

Pedro demonstrates with sensitivity the vacillation between an innermost faith and knowing tested within moments of human vulnerability. This contrast dances in tandem with lines such as these:

*I will crawl silently on your chest.
I am ready to fill my dreams with honey,
to tear away from you a confession of your love*
—Translated excerpt from “Soñar Bajo el Cielo”

*... waiting ...
... to see discrete dispersions of light
drawing lines in the sky
to make the horizon appear ...
... stage by stage,
never fading to despair.
Yet waiting ...
... for that love which will not arrive.*
—Excerpt from “Waiting”

The reader can sense how the author guards with a spiritual vigilance the human source of his inspirations by the sacrament of prayer made into poetry:

*I wish that my embrace would remove your nights,
those which use to bring moments of hindrance,
especially when, silently, the evil obscurity
is eager for being an unshakable obstacle to your joy.*

—Translated excerpt from “Ojalá”

*Let me kill your nightmares step by step,
and print in your life all those instants
you never knew would come from me.*

—Excerpt from “I Know How to Love”

Poem by poem, Pedro proclaims his reverence to the divine feminine that assumes human forms by elevating their art through his own. He is indeed a witness to the infinite through his profound appreciation for the beauty and act of creation which sustains us all:

*And then, end up being a creative universe
to express all your theories
on how to disentangle and intertwine
all its complexities
by letting your heart create works with your hands.*

—Excerpt from “Intersection of Art and Words”

Introduction

*Your mind creates for our own to rise
whenever you write about darkness or sparks,
to then become the keeper of hearts*
—Excerpt from “Creative Heart”

In conclusion of reading this collection comes a dizzying aftereffect; A subtle lingering from inhaling the aromatic blossoms of each page. Pedro’s own dreams take root within the reader as if by osmosis, as he declares:

I express all of my dreams inside you

~ Leila A. Fortier

June 5, 2011

POETRY

Scarlet Hair



My soul wants to revisit your scarlet hair
your eyes of hope and your charming smile,
flirting with the ghostly taste of the kind of
beauty that feeds my sight with your joy.

Let me rest forever in your heart.

Cosmological Constant



I want to fly high and above the arcs,
and, for you, the skyish horizon attire.
Then I will start to sow a path of quarks
and a nebula will quantize my desire
to enjoy the ruby scent of your hair,
and my soul would sink into your eyes,
to roam in the verdant fields of your stare,
and discover the cosmos in your skies.

As gift, I offer you a shining eclipse
that will create the shadow bridge
to connect our satellites in ellipse
that both of our beings will abridge.

Cosmological Constant

My weightless body would trek lightspeeds
when your love constantly warps the space
to dance on the stars the galaxy bleeds
and speak of your four-dimensional grace
to the pace that the aural universe conveys,
and uncover the secret bright light song
that your heart speaks to me in a phrase
when it is against my chest pressed strong.

With your radiance, let your energy kiss
into a sublime blend of eternity and time
sculpting jet showers with a soft hiss
and particles whose trace we both climb.

We fuse our loves in magnetic appeal,
to electrically kill all drowning dreams,
a gift of loving flames that turn real
by swimming swiftly in plasma streams.

Sparkle all the stars around your Moon,
and bite my steps towards your sight,
the comets will inform strings, to soon
wrap us together in delight.

Prayer for an Angel



In heart, to God I kneel and pray
writing verses in form of praise,
for an Angel who takes skies of gray
and turns its kind into a blaze.

I ask God that from all pain
she escapes in the morning light
when it does rise after crying rain
for the torment of a soul in night.

That of the hidden star dance
of the twilight drops she dreams,
make each accent of sweet trance
an experience of time in streams,

Prayer for an Angel

calling for the traveling winds
that wipe her falling tears away,
by marrying her to lifting wings.
And not let the noise of dark decay
decree sketches of cold ice snow,
but that she drinks from midday
and that her soul will never know
sorrow but joy. Oh to God I pray . . .

that she leaves always a trace
of melodic steps of heaven's sight,
a mirror of her gorgeous face
announcing whole new days of light.

That for her, let rainbows arise
and hold on to waking silent dreams
that make the light of her eyes
be in perpetual feast. She gleams.
May the Angel always dance in delight,
and grant her in perpetual time,
that new verses in soul she will write,
that would let us dine with her rhyme

Creative Heart

from a love that is born in springs.
The sun is set free in delicious shrine.
A holy friendship in love she brings,
that she will always be a poetic sign.

Amen.

Words to your Heart



I wish that as ink my warm blood serves
for the feelings of what my heart wills,
as in my sight your face sends thrills
that pour out all that my soul reserves.

In paper shall my rhythmic beating sense
be written as my words kiss your lips,
as your tears are silenced and eclipsed,
and arrange the syntax in present tense
such as you feel in your world my touch.
The idea of me your mind would shape,
not to imagine that from you I'll escape.
With open eyes I will not dream much,

Words to your Heart

but fantasize awake in your eyes,
as you smile holding my words in kind
very close to your heart myself I find,
so that to nourish your soul, they rise.

Hold my words close to your heart.

Lady of the Morning Light



You are the Lady of the Morning Light,
who softly lets the shadows by put to rest,
and not make the horizon assume acidic drops
which, in harm, would diminish the soul
when the yellow star begins to set at dusk.

You hold the light of the sun in your hands,
whose simplicity spreads in strokes of brush
to paint roses where harmonies of grace dwell.
And with an embrace, you sculpt the kind of day
that not even the dark angels can begin to erase.

You make a Cherokee treasure shine bright
each time you surround her with the truest care,

Lady of the Morning Light

and, with no empty lack of certainty,
make her walk over the clouds with smiles,
and make your art be part of her glare.

In every step you make, you invent instants
of calm rhythms which await to touch the soul,
to undo the haunting ghosts of sorrow,
and to my waking eyes uncover and reveal
what a world friend you really are.

You are the Lady of the Morning Light.
Let your dawn be the time of my mind's rest
whenever it finds your present time
and announce the end of my sadness and grief
in the midst of all of the joy that you bring.

You hold the light of the sun in your hands.
With it, always pour your rivers of loving warmth
and become the voice of the brightest day,
when strokes of paint fill in a delicious incense scent
as you keep enriching my life with your mind and heart,
and the glowing happiness is all that is spent.

Tonight



Tonight is cold, and this small world is turned gray
not thinking if to expect the nightingales to sing again.
Sadness in your weak breath dares to not walk away,
while doing an empty search for your heaven in vain.

But tonight . . .

Tonight I'll rest my thirsty lips on the sweat of your skin
so that my dreams about you wake up to make real
an intense flow that in you I wish to start from within
making your heart race, and what I want be revealed.
As you will feel dizzy like if you were drunk with wine
I want you to float between the earth and the sky,

Tonight

make night and day be collapsed in hours of time
for my sly kisses on your hidden sensory spots to lie.

Tonight, they creep on your skin to set you on fire,
to spark and incite a string of urges, moans, sighs,
to make your voice break the silence, and require
that with my touch i command your warmth to rise.

And then . . .

And then, let your desire for me flood your being,
let your eyes feel the thirst for the feast of my sight,
let your arms and chest release me, by freeing
my wish to fulfill my ways to make you ignite
the crowning spot of your ectasy, and ascend.

I want to dine, drink, and taste you out of my mind,
and make ourselves crazy for your evening to trend,
after loving all those corporeal details I enjoy to find.

Tomorrow will be the morning for your smile to last,
invading your soft dwelling thought as a scent in the air,
or swiftly embracing the memory of me and cast
all shadows away, and the stars are all that we share.

Picking Up Dreams



I search for illusions in my walking steps,
picking up discarded dreams in my path
fishing leftovers of creative ideas
which have been scattered right out in the mind.

The fresh hearts which once embraced them
have been poisoned by the evil devotions
to figures and idols of power, lies, and wealth,
which act like moths, wearing the soul away.

I'm searching for illusions in my walking steps
picking up forgotten drops of candlelights
whose fire fall from the eyes of despair,
at the anguish of being deprived of all hope.

Picking Up Dreams

I'm ready to turn the rain of tears into pearls,
and turn the mad grief into a joyous delight.
And dissolve the thorns of life into the ash
that would bring the phoenix back into life.

Ojalá



Ojalá pudiera predecir de ti todas las gotas de alegría,
que parecen desvanecerse cuando las nubes ocultan
la luz que hace florecer el resplandor de los cielos.
Tus lágrimas deben dejar de tener su razón de ser.

Ojalá pudiera, con mis abrazos, remover tus noches,
aquéllas que suelen traer esos momentos de tropiezo,
especialmente cuando, sigilosa, la malvada oscuridad
anhela ser obstáculo inquebrantable de tu felicidad.

Ojalá que tus ojos vieran con claridad el camino certero,
el que a pasos te transporte paulatinamente al horizonte,
en donde las horas esconden las dulces aguas del Leteo,
que felices condenarán al olvido las sombras del pasado.

Ojalá

Ojalá tuviera el poder de derramarte un balde de risas
y con el sabor de mis labios despertar todas tus alegrías.

Deseo permanecer en silencio adentrándome en tu ser,
y hacer que nazcan para ti las flores del nuevo amanecer.

Ojalá . . . ojalá fuera yo, para ti, una instancia de primavera.

Details



My love, the difference is in the details . . .

One thing is that I silently whisper a spell
which would open in your ears a sweet dream,
and in dear revelations in a lighting stream,
it manifests all of the illusions that I tell.

*Yet, another thing is to imagine you dance
with the warm thoughts that my words convey,
to make you feel leaving the clothes at bay
and let your skin feel naked in trance.*

*And as I look at the depth of your eyes,
I play the game of chase with your soul,*

Details

*induce the feel of me devouring you whole,
and make you sweat as your warmth does arise.*

We could surround us both with an embrace,
kiss like petals whose wings let us fly,
joyfully saying to our sad tears goodbye
and softly feel how our hearts would enlase.

*But another thing is to slowly climb your hills,
to savor nerve endings which hide in their tips,
make the palms of my hands feel your moving hips,
and send all over your body a set of warm chills.*

*Feel river of streams from among your thighs,
as they escape and spill from your lips on fire.*

*To meal within your sweet fields I aspire
the pulsing fruit that would make your back rise.*

*As I remain in full senses to firmness inside,
I drive you to move in rhythms that yell,
and out loud proclaim our peak as we swell,
so in moments both of our heartbeats are tied.*

Oh, my love . . . the difference is in the details . . .

Feel me.

You Kiss my Eyes



In occasions, cold destitute emptiness becomes me,
and dry deserted zeroes keep depleting my heart
with philosophical nothings in my mind, I flee,
from the wolves that rip my being and spirit apart.

After every walk over hollow space that I try,
there they are, your lips on my sight,
making all the dark shallow loneliness die,
and kill the bleak evening in your shining light.

... And you kiss my eyes ...

The sound of a friend the stars would charm
so they laugh rains of drops of bright colored blaze.

You Kiss my Eyes

For dearest friendship's sake I extend my arm
and hold for you the wine of toast and praise.

You, the beautiful friend for whom I care,
will always receive the crown of shining glow
that will adorn your gleaming smile in the air,
as the waves of blessings to me you bestow . . .

. . . as you kiss my eyes . . .

To Love and Die



Let my self never resist your voice
in every second of my life.
Let it shape itself on my skin
as every cell in my body
fuses the waters of the oceans
with the immensity of the dancing wind,
forming all kinds of sounds and waves,
swiftly traveling at the speed of life.
Let the sky close the horizon at dawn
where my walking dreams join us
by building our ebony thoughts

To Love and Die

hiding above the starry blanket
of the night sky.

And with your invisible astral embrace
let myself die in the midst of dark,
so that every drop of breath goes away
to only live in the heart of your love.

Vida en tu Aliento



¡Que hermoso sería dormir mientras tu corazón mantiene el mío en sus brazos! Sería como soñar en un verdadero auge de color rojo en melodías, porque toca mi oído con tu feliz aliento, que, silencioso, da más vida que una mañana en rocío.

Creative Heart



Your mind creates for our own to rise
whenever you write about darkness or sparks,
to then become the keeper of hearts,
and to devise imaginations which flow and fly.

You shorten our travel to your world of dreams
and like rivulets you turn the sky
into starry streams, where we take a sip
of your poems, as we taste each of its drops.

Never lose your heart in your tears.
Behind the mountains the sun will fall
when its shining rays will hide and go,
but remember it will come back again.

Always stand up and be glad.
Let each day be the happiest in your life.
Do not miss the drops of heaven's light
showering you with reason to smile.

Let your soul rest in Him Who is Love,
and also in those who will offer you wings,
to follow you and drive you back home,
where you will enjoy a tender embrace.

Lift the flowers from the ground again,
after you seeded the earth with your words,
and nourish them with torrents of poems,
raising them with the light of your heart.

Let the wind of grace return to you,
and make it a song for your verse to beget,
just as Paris renews itself before you,
and give us the rose of your words every day.

I Know How to Love



I know how to love.

I know how to fire your wishes,
to make you feel in love like the first time,
and open wide the edges of the Earth
to make the heavenly spheres become your mind,

to be able to paint your body
with colored rains running down your skin,
and to prepare a pleasing meal of no regrets,
with made up melodies of bites, tastes, and kiss.

My devotion translates into dance,
so, I don't need to ask permission to find

I Know How to Love

how to sublimate your desires.

I just want you to ride little tips of time . . .

. . . and then . . .

. . . express my devotion to your eyes

and let you shiver. I thirst for you.

I betray my thoughts with my acts,

as I invade your veins with my soul.

Let me strip you from your dress in the dark

and with candles, tonight, I'll sip

the drops that the sun has left behind.

My fingertips will clothe your skin

with twinkles and tingling streams,

while you feel your hips meet my lips.

I know how to stretch the night

to renew the face of your world,

to drift your sight into galaxies

to interlace their arms

so stars can play hide and seek,

and make you swim in oceanic dreams.

Creative Heart

Feel me, and only me,
Time will transform into empty sands
and the wind of eternity will come to be.
Let me kill your nightmares step by step,
and print in your life all those instants
you never knew would come from me.

Sonar Bajo el Cielo



Vida mía:

Quiero que veas el sol despertar el paisaje,
dorando las notas musicales del alba,
y suavizando las dulces horas del viento.

Abre los ojos, quiero avivar tus sueños.

No olvides el esplendor de anoche
cuando te transmutó el río celestial
en un torrente estelar de aguaceros.

Abandónate a la verdad de tu fantasía,
en la que viviré aferrado a la dicha

Soñar Bajo el Cielo

de mojar nuestras ilusiones bajo el cielo.
Quisiera vivir insistiendo en la alegría
de vivir sigiloso y oculto entre tus brazos,
y trazar aquellos senderos de tu cuerpo
por donde mis labios caminarán descalzos.

Encenderé tu piel en ardientes llamas,
mientras que con alas te conduzco a los cielos.

Y para ahogarme entre tus amores
reptaré silenciosamente por tu pecho.

Estoy listo para llenar de miel tus ensueños,
para arrancar de ti la confesión de tu amor,
y en medio de clamores e incesantes besos,
ante el astro en la cima, un areito bailaremos.

Intersection of Art and Words



You are a blessed point where melodic art
and colorful verses interact.

They both wake up in your heart
after communing with the cosmos
with every breath you take,

And then, end up being a creative universe
to express all your theories
on how to disentangle and intertwine
all its complexities

by letting your heart create works with your hands.

Intersection of Art and Words

By letting your mind roam and play beside the Creator
you let us have a gist of our heavenly home,
which the hopeful heart has never seen before.

See your own true self,
the one which hides songs in your works,
which let our souls walk and dance
the kind of music that
leaves behind the hateful creeds
of the secret sins of the past.

As priestess of the divine,
keep measuring our questions
with all the rays exhaled from your being
which is
the mysterious gift that the Eternal Love
has inspired in you.

Then, build transparent monuments
absorbed into abstractions of turquoise and gold.

And open the doors where
all the silent, but never simulated,
waters of the truth have always lived.

Creative Heart

Smile, and be that gorgeous gift that
you were meant to be, now and forever.

Artistic Soul



Sweet Lady of the Morning Light:

You make an artistic work of life
to be the craft which can breathe
with all of our senses,
to kindle small flames
in the depths of our dreams.

Make our anxiety dissolve
within the voice of the wind.

Turn grayscapes into days
by filling shades with all the delights

Artistic Soul

that spring from you,
teaching us possibilities
of aesthetic encounters
with what creators draw,
paint, craft, and shape.

Your beautiful way of being
makes strokes of paint dance
like the motion of gypsies
dancing in the night
hypnotized by the ever
being heart of the Earth,
and having vision of waterfalls
gently wearing away the night.

Your mind keeps up
with your sweetest inspirations
making colors be born
as your hands keep
creating landscapes and worlds.

You erase sketches of sadness
with a single smile,
making us taste the warmth

Creative Heart

of your soul,
making your sole presence say
that the tenderest love
has arrived to caress our hearts.
Be as you always are . . . a work of art
in heart, mind, and soul.

Slow Death of my Will



As I explore your skin with my touch
I make each of your cells scream my name.

And in a forbidden sweat,
uncover your hidden flows
running drip by drip to the depths
of what a lover alone can taste.

Releasing a delicious scent of myrrh,
breath by breath,
my lips drive you to new heights,
killing my will to free yours,
and die slowly in your arms

Slow Death of my Will

when you ride the urge
to fill your desires with mine.

The Language of Love



I want to make words out of you,
whose syntax I use to pronounce
my desires with all of my senses,
and in passion devour your lips.

I have kept the feel of your beating heart.
My tongue's hidden cryptic language
loves to savor and write on your skin
to spiral chills down your spine,
to make me embrace your hips as time stops,
while you feel racing blood and nerves
intensely flowing among your thighs,
loudly moaning, crying out my name.

The Language of Love

I express all of my dreams inside you
as my fingers read the crest of your life.
And as we sense our sweats as they walk
let us translate the flow of our breath,
and the language of love to new heights.

Waiting



In my discontinuous . . .
. . . discrete existence in my mind,
I have a watch ticking
in my pocket . . .
. . . waiting . . .
. . . to see discrete dispersions of light
drawing lines in the sky
to make the horizon appear . . .
. . . stage by stage,
never fading to despair.

Waiting

Yet waiting . . .
. . . for that love which will not arrive.

Living Ideas



I sit down to look up, and talk to the night.

I pronounce your name, and reveal the evening
all my intense thoughts of your touch
which keep running again and again in my mind.

I wear the dark as mask to hide my self,
to not let you know what the twilight understands . . .

. . . that I breathe my hunger for your embrace . . .

. . . that I wish to display my senses
and fulfill the burning wish . . .

. . . to calm my thirst . . .

Living Ideas

... to savor the ends of your nerves
making them sing and call my name ...

... in the midst of the surrounding heat,
sweating during the deep night ...

... releasing from within you all sorts of drinks,
to feel with your flesh my ideas of you ...

... to make them exist ...

... so you can steal my heart ...

... and make what is veiled in my mind
come alive.

Find Me



I'm lost.

I'm distracted from this crumbling world,
thinking of giving your body my speech,
to treasure hunt beneath your clothes,
to explode your senses out of nowhere,
and secretly transmute my touch
into hundred emotional states.

I'm tied up to your silhouette.
It never forgets to entrap my soul
with the desire to reach your shapes,
reminiscing my unconditional goal
of exploring the depths of your lips.

Find Me

Your mouth distills honey dressed up as kiss,
existing free in the wind to enclose my heart,
to make the memory of you be expressed
with nothing more than paper, a pen,
and being intensely absorbed by your eyes.

Your picture hits the walls of my being
shattering a glass of visions all over my dreams,
reflecting my drying thirst for you,
heated by those consummating flames
of our embrace, giving ourselves away,
in our attempt to sweat and breathe as one.

My heart is hidden beneath
the waves of awe
when I glance at your sight.

I'm waiting.

Come.

Find me.

A Ray of Light Happened



Angelic lights made you happen
when their hands let you go from the sky,
to send your celestial self
to souls wandering on this land . . .

. . . to batter the cold
with the softest of warmths . . .

. . . to perceive all sorts of scents
of temporal swifts to
the small prints of raptures
you constantly leave behind . . .

A Ray of Light Happened

. . . one more instant
when divine beauty is revealed
each time my sight gazes at you.

To remind memories of joy,
a constant invitation you are.
I heal within forgiveness of pains,
by listening to your lovely voice in delight.

Your friendship is a risen attempt
to grasp once more the sense of joy,
as you are a place to spring
the art of always touching our hearts.

No tears running on our cheeks . . .
a relief of pain you are,
with your musical notes
you make appear
a child's smile in the heart . . .

. . . the one you exhale with a kiss,
an embrace of friendship you are,
a place to uncover God's Word under the day
to thank the Lord,
for sending you to represent heaven's light.

The Spell



Beneath you . . .

. . . I see drips of your desire for me,
transforming into sweats of clear drops,
following gravity's path
so that, in tingles, they kneel at your feet.

You write goosebumps
with your gentle nails on my back,
making circles on top of my skin,
sliding slowly where my nerves end,
and your lips will begin.

The Spell

And in candle lights . . .
I will worship your self
by allowing your senses
a taste of my offers and gifts
in pure death of my will
to increase your flow of life
make you be in ecstatic rapture . . .
. . . surrounding you in a hot lake
of spells my body will cast upon yours . . .
. . . for the rest of the night.

Write



Write.

Open the doors of a white sheet of paper
to let me be intimate when you
stain my soul with your ink,
and organize thousands of ways
to fill my world with your name.

Let me organize syllables with my touch,
and disperse my handwritten notes,
much like leaves and nightingales,
when the image of you flies to my sight.

Write

I love reading you with my skin
pronouncing you with my kiss.

And like a native tongue
I would spell every inch of you
as your loyal scribe.

Let's make our science of language tonight,
and make our language of a science
only *we* will share and write . . .
. . . all night long.

Solo Quiero . . .



Solo quiero darte una noche en que tus sentidos puedan saborear
mi calor,

cuyo ritmo apasionado marcará el palpar de tu pecho.

Mientras busco morder los instantes de tiempo entre nosotros,
no deseo ni una gota de tristeza correr por tu faz.

Solo quiero que se desate un flujo anárquico de delirio
cuando mis labios toquen las puertas de tu piel

y mis dedos sientan ese cabello
que viste de color grana tu cuello,

para que ante tus ojos de esmeralda
lluevan pétalos de felicidad sobre ti.

Solo Quiero . . .

Que empiece en la oscuridad ese relato
en el que se enredan nuestra entrega con nuestros ensueños.

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I feel a deep sense of respect and responsibility not to cage or confine the spirit of his creation which thirsts for communion with heavenly altitudes. Offered instead is a glimpse of the author's spiritual body which is observed and felt within this book. It is a testimony of the ability to transcend limitations within this physical and material world.

*to dance on the stars
and speak of your four-dimensional grace*

*Sparkle all the stars around your Moon,
and bite my steps towards your sight*

- Excerpts from "Cosmological Constant"

*and secretly transmute my touch
into hundred emotional states.*

- Excerpt from "Find Me"

This is the introduction of Pedro M. Rosario Barbosa- not as a man . . . but as a metaphysical composer of this collection of devotional poetry, *Creative Heart*.

~ Leila A. Fortier

PEDRO M. ROSARIO BARBOSA is a philosopher and writer. He wrote a book on philosophy of mathematics and science titled *The Relation between Formal Science and Natural Science*, and also a book on his first poetic writings, *It Needs to be Said*. Currently he lives in San Juan, Puerto Rico and teaches at the University of Puerto Rico - Cayey.

