

*A Tribute to
Mother Earth*

POEMS

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ALSO BY MARÍA ALEJANDRA BENAVENT

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For my sons

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INTRODUCTION:

In Tune with Life

Dear Readers,

Let me dispel a widespread misconception about the purpose and spirit of poetry. Some people feel the genre is out of touch with humanity's excruciating challenges. It is thus my intention to prove that, within the cosmic spiritual dimension verses navigate, there can be plenty of space for a multihued approach to life. Exploring my pages, you will notice that I have turned to the language of poetry to address the sobering realities of a troubled world and to expose the woes and wounds of a planet pleading for mercy.

Poetry's wondrous wings can take intrepid travelers to myriad destinations. Meaningful encounters I experienced on my journey have shaped many a humble verse eager to honor and revere lives steeped in virtue, courage and decency. Since life is laced with light and darkness, I have endeavored to lay bare scenes of environmental devastation as well as harm inflicted on vulnerable beings, often forging paths toward reversing damage wrought upon the planet. Likewise, I have done my utmost to capture the nurturing light of love, friendship and human kindness in the cosmic space

verses can engender. In a word, the compelling themes covered in the book flow through the colorful channels of lyrical discourse.

No matter the territory my work traverses, no matter the destination my mind envisions, it is my wish to distill the exquisite essence of lyrical beauty from a kaleidoscopic language cauldron teeming with promise and meaning. Words are freedom-loving birds. They can flock, fly together and display sound's aesthetic prowess not only to seduce our senses, but also to honor the dignity of man and beast. Poetry can soar to revere life, to struggle for a better world and to pave the way for lasting peace.

Let my lines be A Tribute to Mother Earth!

From my heart to yours,

María Alejandra Benavent

In Praise of Poetry

Verses

*- like strings -
carry the wings
of sounds and sentiments
enamored of stanzas
enthralled to give voice
to the dual languages
of the mind and the soul.*

*Poetry can travel far
to translate
the complex ecosystems
of human experience
into weighty words.*

*Poetry can be
profoundly cathartic
every time the poet's cares
unleash a cascade of creative energy.*

*Poetry can be political
every time poignant verses
expose human flaws,
failures and omissions;*

*every time lines lay bare
the spiritual vacuum
standing in the way
of peace and progress.*

*Poetry can be devotional
every time its passionate pulse transports
the nurturing narratives
of our natural world.*

*Poetry
can sparkle
with aesthetic beauty
every time sounds assemble
to sing the heart's sweetest melodies.*

*Blessed be
the power of poetry
to capture and display
life's subtle hues and nuances
in the cosmic space
of a mighty page.*



Daybreak

*Sunlight seeks
to breathe new life
into the landscape of the mind.*

*A miracle unfolds
as I attempt to hold
a wispy cloud,
a skylark
or just a blazing spark
within the cosmic space
of a humble page.*

*Take me home
to eternity,
dear friend.*

*Let me flow
with the stream,
carrying along
a tangle of dreams and ruminations
attuned to the tintinnabulations
of my restless heart.*

*Where the Golden Wheat
Fields Glitter:*

ODE TO MY ANCESTORS

I

*I wish I could
trace the trails
my ancestors left*

*as they forged ahead
through sullen seas and*

*finally basked
in the light of contentment
and enduring peace.*

II

*I wish I could
fight their fears,
carry their loads,
cry their tears.*

*I wish I could
brave the sentence of sorrow
wars exacted
on their flesh and fiber.*

*I wish I could
fathom the burden of loss
they were called upon to bear.*

*I wish I could
follow their flight*

*as conflict,
hunger
and looming death*

*drove the fragile birds
away from their nests.*

*I wish I could
witness*

*how the flock
roved the continents;*

*how hope
beckoned and blossomed*

*as they finally found
sheltering horizons*

*deep in the south,
where the golden wheat fields glitter.*

III

*I wish I could
tell them
how grateful I am*

*for the lessons
they taught me*

*as they traversed
swaths of searing sadness
in search of sunlit shores.*

*I wish I could
tell them
how grateful I am
for the gifts
they bestowed on me:*

*my sojourn
on this precious planet;*

*the chance
to live out my days
far from the pitfalls posed
by conflict,
hunger
and looming death;*

*the freedom to pursue
the desired path
inspired by their stoic steps.*

IV

*A bird
of no fixed abode,
I spread my wings
to enfold the seasonal cycles
of Life.*

*Nestled in the sturdy tree
of my formidable ancestry,
I have learned
to feel at home*

*where diversity dwells,
where the creed of kindness counts,
where the light of reason reigns.*



Life-Shaping

DEDICATED TO MY FATHER

I

*Memories carve out
the essence of identity.*

*Memories dictate
the course to take*

*as we navigate
the copious chapters of existence.*

*Special moments
we once savored
may seem shrouded
in the mist of oblivion.*

*Yet they subtly claim their space
within the cosmic landscape of the brain.*