



# soul flower

**A poetry book by  
Winston Churchill James,  
Panamanian poet.**

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## **First Part: Erotic Poetry**

## **I would like to...**

I would like to meet you again  
To dwell again in your body,  
in flames due to my kisses,  
mad about being burnt down by my  
un-extinguishable flames

I would like to hand you a Spring,  
To receive your smile of sea and heaven.

I would like to drink from your sex  
The enthralling wine that you ferment...  
To mix you with my blood, for you to traverse me  
And to feel you, whole, in my systole  
And my diastole.

I would like to die  
And to resurrect immersed in your body.  
To be the warden who will set, entirely free,  
The orgasms that inhabit you  
And that you furiously repress.

I would like to explore, together, our inwards,  
Letting us fall into the greatest convulsions.  
I would like to find you again,  
Violent,  
Vibrant,  
Agitated and hungry of kisses  
as well as of fire,  
eager to explode  
within each one of the cells of my body.

## **Utmost Beautiful Sex**

In her deepest self  
Every woman is a garden of roses and carnations,  
In whose petals lie down,  
Tormenting themselves,  
her truncated loves.

Now, when I discover the genesis of my mistakes  
I wish to caress her pink hands of silk  
To shipwreck myself in her lips of honey, cherries, oranges  
To rub her volcanic breasts,  
To let my hands to silently slip on the soft petals  
that cover her soul.

I ardently wish  
To taste her utmost beautiful sex.

## **I prefer your tears**

I prefer your tears  
Spilled over the petals  
Of your unfading face  
To keep safe the maremagnum of your ecstasies  
That you have made emerge  
From the unattainable depths of my sea,  
Of my heaven.

I prefer your tears, woman,  
That have populated my wildernesses  
Overflowing my rivers on your body  
Filling you in with vastness, sea waves, reefs, beaches  
And also,  
Of never ending sand shores.

I prefer your tears,  
That conform an inextinguishable source  
Of wine,  
And to drink your woman's essence.

I prefer your tears,  
In them, I find your beauty,  
And all that is feminine in your honeysuckle body.

I prefer your tears,  
Because through them,  
It flows  
eternally,  
your Soul...

## To Your Mouth

To your mouth  
I went to look for the fire,  
A little bit of warmth  
For my never ending winters.

I also went to satiate my thirst, large as a desert.  
To look for a little bit of love.  
To replenish my life with dreams  
And daydreams.

To your mouth  
I went, to guide my insomnia,  
unique station where your sex holds back;  
where your laughter turns into streamers,  
and where your body fuses with mine,  
like two beings returning  
from a metaphysical journey.

To your mouth,  
I will go to find myself,  
Each time when I will get lost in those dreams of the body,  
Of roses, of sea waves getting undressed.  
To your mouth,  
I will go to look for parts of my life,  
Lost in some nomadic night,  
Or within a crowd, wandering through cold streets,  
In a big city,  
Where nobody knows (not even that)  
The ruinous death that surrounds them.

## Open Up the Night

Open up the night  
Open it up, wide open.

Look up for a nook where you could  
Keep yourself safe from the drizzles,  
Hold my photograph on your breasts and wait for me,  
Within the empty words of silence.  
Open it,  
Up to the point where you can see the whole night;  
Up to the point where the very deepest self of the night dare to question you.  
Up to the point where the very deepest self of the night start to open you up.

Open up the night  
And search for me, opening you up within the night  
Running away from the nocturnal rethoricism.  
Rubbing my photo on your breasts,  
And wait for me,  
Feeling you, totally covered by my surroundings.

Open up the night  
And wait for me, searching for you.  
Do not go through the night,  
Look for a corner  
Where you could keep yourself safe,  
From the lascivious swings of the night.

Open up the night  
Open it up, wide open.  
Stretch it. Transform it. Launch it.  
And I will appear  
On the apex  
Of your ecstasy.



## **Hold back the night...**

Hold back the night  
And let's us begin the treacherous game,  
Free of anything childish,  
Fortuitous,  
Superfluous,  
Unavoidable,  
Implausible,  
And let us start the journey, as in bygone times,  
Up to its final consequences.

Kiss me with burning embers, lava, fire, ardent sparkles,  
Butterfly of fire-spitting lips.  
Get naked on the exuberant sun of my desideratum  
And let us play flamboyant music scores of sex.

Hold back the night  
And lets us enjoy the exquisite fragrance,  
the warm dew coming out of your birch trees.  
Hold back the night...  
El Dorado... Ecstasy...  
Bonanza...

## **Woman**

Woman,  
You gave your unbreakable voice  
To the symphony of my stinging sleepless nights  
And the splendid light of your marvelous eyes,  
To guide,  
endlessly,  
my eternal quest for your replacement.

Woman,  
You brought life and eternity  
To make me company  
in the inhospitable rooms that shelter me today,  
Crucifying me in this inexhaustible Hell,  
Made out of cities, civilizations and wars.

Woman,  
I learnt from you,  
Without confusions,  
How to find, in crescendo,  
My promised land.

## **Second Part: Philosophical and Political Poetry**

## **My solitude**

From a Cliff of Solitude  
Covered with hermits  
Eaten away by Absence  
I inaugurate the vacations of my Soul

Who would have believed it?  
I have been left alone  
Immensely empty  
In this orphaned world

How dead are those days  
In which the Soul gets naked as well  
Decides to go on vacations to hunt  
And leaves us alone with our Solitude

To inaugurate cliffs of Solitude  
You must go out to dismember hermits

## **Black Brothers**

Black Brothers and Sisters  
Raise up Negritude under the sound of tam-tams  
In all the White men flagpoles!  
Make the blues go across  
all the rocky avenues of Racism!  
Do not stop at streetlights,  
Even if they represent images of Death!

Oh, Blacks!  
Dance, until blood comes out from your skin pores  
And jazz scores circulate through your veins.

Dance, Negroes!  
Black Brethren, let's us shout as one!  
Tam-tam,  
Blues,  
Jazz...  
Vibrations over blazing vibrations!  
Traverse with these vibrations  
All the beams of Apartheid!  
Negroes from all boundaries and contexts:  
Do not forget the Blood spilled by our Martyrs!  
Gather up that blood and spread it to the end!

Dance, Negroes!  
Dance and Sing!

Black Brethren:  
Let's us sing, in a Symphony,  
From the Depths of our Spirits,  
The songs of Martin Luther King,  
Malcolm X, Amilcar Cabral...

## To Look at my Deceased

I would like to look at my Deceased  
Look at them in their caskets  
Eaten away by elegiac termites  
And embellished by cadaveric spasms.

Look at them for the very last time  
For a second last time.  
To stare at them, steadfastly and thoroughly.  
To track down their deaths and to determine  
The exact moment of their deaths.

To tell them about their absences  
And the emptiness of their absence.

To tell them so many superfluous things  
(since talking to the deceased is a highly superfluous attitude)  
To shout euphorically at them  
and to demand them for an explanation:  
what is Death and what does it imply?  
How have they accepted their passing?  
Do they like to be dead?

I wish I could look at my Deceased  
Upright and languid and talking to their Deaths.  
To dance with them  
A second, last waltz.  
To chat with them and with their Deaths.  
To mingle with them through the trilogy of enchantment...

To tell them that I drank, for the first time,  
a Coca-Cola in Morocco.  
(To talk to the Deceased is something empty, somber and enigmatic. To talk to  
them is superfluous and worn-out and avoidable by anyone mentally sane).

I wish I could look at my Deceased again  
But here, at the suburbs of Life,  
A place from where, to me, they haven't migrated yet.  
Where they still coexist with me  
In the circumdant and the circumventing.

I would like to speak with them and with their Deaths

Before Death gets close to me  
with her usual deferences  
and invites me to her luxurious reception.

I wish I could look at my Deceased again  
But here,  
at the suburbs of Life.

## **Opus, in case God does exist...**

God  
Sometimes mine,  
Other times of the atheists,  
I don't know if You exist.  
In some occasions, I have gotten to believe in you,  
Thoroughly,  
Without religions  
Or creeds.  
Only with my soul,  
Our only true altar.  
Place where I have spilled out  
A "Mare magnum" of tears,  
For all the gigantic sins of Mankind  
And its tremendous human misery.

God  
I don't think it's important to know whether you exist or not.  
We should discard that concern.  
We should throw it down a deep cliff  
For the vultures to devour it.

But we should begin our trip to the Golgotha,  
Pick up our cross  
Without any moaning,  
Make ourselves to be crucified  
Over and over again,  
Many, many times.  
To multiply our bread and our fishes.  
Let the children come to us.  
Those children that were born to be happy  
But are unaware of happiness  
And do not dream  
Because reality is endless  
And cold as snow.

God,  
Sometimes I have tried to find you  
In front of the Sea mirror.  
I have looked for you in the flirtations of dawn.  
And in those nights where the sky is fully covered with stars,  
And it has flooded me



And overflowed me  
Until I get myself spilled out in ecstasy.

God,  
Some day You will get here.  
I firmly believe that we will meet,  
Face to face,  
Before Heaven,  
Before Hell.  
And then I will firmly stare at you.  
Without holdbacks,  
Without fears.  
Without anything unnecessary.  
And I will ask you for a duel  
without weapons,  
only with circumspect questions  
I expect you to answer without hesitations.  
Without way-outs,  
With a frugal language  
Totally far away from the Babel Tower.

God  
Sometimes mine,  
Other times of the atheists,  
Forget Judas and his thirty coins of confetti.  
I want you to step down that cross.  
Stop bleeding.  
Begin your departure from that callous Golgotha.  
Forgive them even though they did know what they were doing.  
Get close to me.  
Wipe off my tears.  
Give some comfort to this man of searches.  
Show me how to find love.  
Give me to drink, out of that source of living waters,  
Some metaphysical champagne.

And in a flock of pidgeons and seagulls,  
With an ensemble of angels,  
Take me,  
As in a bird's fly,  
Close to Your Heart.

## **Sweet Black Rose**

Angela Davis  
You are a sweet black rose  
A black rose of Afro, blood, sex and fire.

Angela Davis,  
They talked to you about Justice,  
And in the lapel of their coats,  
Death was eating the letters of your name.

Angela Davis,  
They planted in your atrium  
Roses with CIA petals,  
Roses with FBI petals.

Angela,  
Angela Davis,  
Black Angela,  
you, who know the Grim Reaper,  
his codes and keys,  
his spaces and times...  
You, who turned your back on him...  
You, who laughed at him...  
You, who slapped him in his face,  
Every time he was getting close to you  
With his horrible face of White Supremacy,  
With his terrifying glance of Racism,  
With his unison scream of Segregation,  
With his horrible verb of Apartheid.  
Kill him,  
Once and again.

Kill him, Sweet Angela.  
Kill him,  
Sweet Angela Davis.  
Kill him,  
Sweet Black Rose.

## Until When?

Until when, My God?  
Solitudes without doors or windows.  
An existence of Hell that devours me,  
lacerating me.

Until when, this naked passing away?  
I crave to tear down my soul,  
To bleed down in tears,  
To scream until I have no voice.

To vomit all the solitude that causes this indigestion.  
To go out to the streets without a mask  
with my sweet and sour face,  
exposed to any hand blow,  
without repressed shouts.  
Until when, My God?

I desire to design the life I want for myself  
To overflow my paths  
To be the man who really lives inside of me  
To believe in him, without flip-flops,  
To raise my very own Death  
And to be my very own Paradise  
And to be my very own Hell, as well.

Until when I will have to wait  
For the day of your arrival,  
the great day  
of the emergence of dawn?

I resist, with all my bones broken,  
With my soul under eviction (pidgeons and seagulls migrated already).  
I resist and I believe that, at the end, Death is waiting for me.  
That I will find her, firmly hanging on,  
Whole and poignant,  
Without limits or fluctuations,  
With her icy face and her open body,  
Ready to receive me, endlessly,  
Under the form of a grave and a cemetery.

## **The pain of this city has invaded me...**

1.

A wave of Sadness  
Loaded with thorns  
Inhabits the City

It roams through it with its unceasing "back and forth"  
By day  
By night

It torments it  
It butchers it

Repeating itself endlessly  
Caressing it unstoppably

The City doesn't recognize me any longer  
And it doesn't accept my verses  
Neither my roses  
Nor my tears

Because it's flooded with solitudes, with ghosts  
And screams

A rhythm of absences and figures, filled up with emptiness  
Corrupted down to their epitaphs  
Wanders around my City, absolutely

2.

This City without a city  
Has scared away its flowers, its birds  
And the honey from the faces of its infants

(I hold strong to my City and life hurts,  
So much fog and all the lighthouses  
Absolutely all of them, are gone)

3.

But we must continue  
Even if the danger is stalking us and its unyielding  
As if Life was a useless game  
And if Fire was a simple fabrication from the snow

I hold strong to this City  
And my roses wilt  
And renounce their thorns  
They throw away their pollen, and cry out a river  
Because Spring does not recognize them any more

I hold strong to my city  
And my Death drinks wine in front of my very own face

4.

I dreamt of a City large as the Ocean  
Due to its laughter and its roses  
With all the happiness of confetti  
And its music, getting inflamed by dawn

I dreamt of a City, of mine and of the sirens  
Next to Love  
Warming itself up by the flames of its many struggles  
I dreamt of a City that was also a chimney  
And that was also tender, handing itself over to the kiss of its heroines

5.

But I dreamt of Fire  
And I'm in the middle of a Torment

A wave of sadness loaded with thorns  
Has taken over my City  
And its Pain has invaded me, up to spill off my Anguish

And that wave of Sadness is who directs the Farce  
Its callously laughs at the characters  
It wants to be heard  
It daringly speaks out of Love  
Of the architecture of kisses  
It frivolously flirts with Fire  
And it has also tried to mate with my City

6.

I must stop her  
Defeat her  
Remove her with swords stolen from the glow  
And rescue my City  
And hand it back its Spring  
Reconstruct its laughter  
Make the inventory of its dreams  
Show to it, again, how to dream  
How to sing to the stars

To my City, who was left without a city  
I must rebuild it  
With Blood,  
Fire,  
Kisses  
And Roses...

## **I will go back to the Sea...**

I will go back to the Sea,  
My old home,  
Liquid hermitage.

I will try, again, to conquer the sea waves.  
To make them my plastic slaves  
In order to,  
In their metamorphosis,  
Turn them into the desirable mermaid,  
Always sought for,  
Never found...

I will go back to the Sea,  
To try to discover your seagull shape.  
I will search within that immense selfhood,  
that dwells, endlessly,  
in every one of my interstices.

I will go back to the Sea,  
My old home,  
Liquid hermitage.  
Epicenter of metaphysical concerts,  
And of my eternal encounters  
And losses, that do not heal...

I will go back to the Sea,  
My old home,  
Liquid hermitage.  
But this time  
I will be perpetually captured by the swaying of the waves  
And by the sad spirit  
Of Sunset...



**Mr. Winston Churchill James Jordan** was born in Colón, Republic of Panamá, in 1956. He holds a Law degree from the Universidad de Panamá and is a practicing attorney. He has also been a state appointed Notary Public in Colón, for six years.

Mr. James is a well known writer (poet and editor), cultural promoter and a peace activist. He has published his poetry in many local literary journals such as *Diálogo Social*, *Maga*, *La Plancha*, *Calypso*, *Temas de Nuestra América*, etc. and in the local press. He appears in several national poetic anthologies, such as *Poetas Jóvenes de Panamá*, *Antología de Poesía Panameña*, *Poesía Erótica de Panamá*, among others. Mr. James has published two volumes of his literary works: *Poemas de Winston Churchill James* (INAC, Panamá, 1981) and *Almaflor* (Poesía, UTP, 1999; Library of Congress catalog number MLCS 2001/13556 P). A third book (“Opus por que ellas decidieron ser libres y otros poemas”) is scheduled to be published by early 2014.

As an editor, he is the co-author, with Luis Wong Vega y Orlando Segura, of the book “*Antología de Poesía Colonense 1900-2012* (Editorial la Antigua, Panamá, 2012). Also, with Luis Wong Vega and Raúl Houlstan, co-edited a second anthology named “*Rapsodia Antillana: selección de poesía afroantillana de Panamá*” (Universidad de Panamá, Panamá, 2013). He was invited to take part in the Festival Internacional de Poesía Ars Amandi 2012, as “poet in residence”. He was a speaker in the XIII International Conference on Caribbean Literature, held in Panamá last November 2013.

Author’s email: [winston.churchill.james@gmail.com](mailto:winston.churchill.james@gmail.com)  
Telephone: (507) 6725-9866