

Koli Music

koli-abuelo.com

Poems by: Luis Alfonso Alba ©2011

From the albums: Cecilia and Poemas

Thank you for your interest in my Poems and my music.

Translating a poem from one language to another can be sometimes a very difficult task. The words can sometimes be replaced to make the poem sound Poetic in the translated language, but the original feeling of the wording can be lost while doing so. Here are the pure translations of the poems used in my albums and as much as I hate to say it – the original have the feeling and the translations will give you the idea of what it is said in each melody.

Thank you

LUIS ALFONSO

AMIGO

(album: Cecilia)

My Friend

**I want you to think along with me
you, who have known of everything
You, who holds the truth**

My Friend

**You don't need any advise
you know more than the oldest elder
No one can teach you anything any more**

Tell me...

**what do you expect from life
if nothings surprise you any longer
If there is no one teach you anything else**

Only you...

Only you...

Think about it!

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VERTE

(album: Cecilia)

If seeing you was my luck
and not to see you my life

I rather be dead and see you
Than not to see you and been alive

And if my luck was to have you
and to have you gave me life

I give you my life and luck
Together with the rest of my life!

El Andariego

(album: Cecilia)

I, Who was always a traveling bird
I, who was the butterfly to a thousand flowers
I miss now the warming of your arms
Of those, your wonderful eyes,
Of that love of yours!

Chains or tears never held me down
And now I am just looking in you - peace and serenity
I beg you to forgive my tardiness
Forgive this wanderer, who now brings you his heart.

There are absences that survive
and ours did!
Lets love each other now
with the peace that we once cherished.
And after I die; no lights, no mourning..
there, before my cross... peace, is all I want!

Only you my love one,
if you still remember my love..
a tear bring me for one last time
in silence... pray! And, in the name of God
Forget about me!

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Titiritero

(album: Poemas)

From Village to Village,
The wind takes him following the road.
His country is the world
and just like a wanderer
travels the puppeteer

Comes from afar
Traveling the old rocky roads.
He is from that kind of people
that from plaza in plaza,
Will sing us their sorrows.
Always smiling..
Sings out his dreams and tells us his sadness.

He would empty his bag of dreams
Forged in dust of his long journeys.
Brings down a star that will banish the sadness
we all seem to have.
And sings his romances
to the mocking of strange dances.
Asking the villager to fill his hand with the little he has...
or can spare.

Always smiling
He sings of his dreams and tells us his sorrows,
and at the end of the day,
when the night falls in place
in the old cart,
the gossips of town he will pack.

And just like he came,
he will take the road alone (and sad) once again.

Maybe tomorrow
in the open windows the road yawns each day
In its own time,
the puppeteer again will arrive....
and his sadness again put out to play!

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Pajaro de Hierro

(album: Poemas)

Girl of my black eyes.
Girl of the peaceful look.
The farthest you are..
the closest my sorrows stay.

You consume my life with the sweet kiss of your lips,
while I leave on yours the sense of my soul.
I remain of the peaceful of all...
empty!

Thinking today would be the day
to your side I return!
I tired!..
and I cry of happiness to the morning that comes.

Flight Bird made of Steel!
Let the sky move under your wings.
... getting close to her
My soul in her eyes I reach!

Armenia

(album: Poemas)

Last night dreaming I was
of two blacks killing me.
Those were your beautiful eyes
looking with hate at me.

Those eyes of my Armenia
have an strange look
they look at me for a little time of hour
then turn me on in the morning each day.

In a delicious garden
Of that flower in love I felled.
So beautiful she was
my heart... all... I devoted to her.

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Armenia to worship you
I run out of time
You have to know this fool loves you
Until he losses his mind.

Living without you, I can't
I feel nothing with out you.
To forget you is impossible
For all in me is to love you.

Three hours a days I sleep
The rest of them, thinking of you I dream.

Crying I say farewell
with the sadness of not seeing you
My departure goes with song
... it hurts to see you gone!

Un tipo como yo

(album: Poemas)

How is it possible that your sought love
has found refuge here in my nest.
How is it possible that of all women
It is you the one here with me.

Making a balance
I cant even with my life pay (you)
all of the good you have brought into my life.
How is it possible that as beautiful as you are
you have chosen to fall in love... with me.

With a guy like me
... a crazy guy like me.
One, who just by having you
has the world in his hands.

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One who ask only one thing of life
Only a part of yours (to have).
One that gambles his luck
Only to look at you.

With a guy like me
an improvised lover.
One who does not know to count
One without a penny to show
One who cant offer you anything
but his love...
but (the one) who never want to loose you...
And always be with you.

Infancia

(album: Poemas)

Four things a man has
that in the sea will help him none
anchor, rudder and oars
and... the fear to wreck.

My childhood is a world of memories
among them, a garden with a lemon tree;
my youth, wasted learning to grow and full of miss-happenings,
my story, some events that remembering I want not.

Don Juan, a gallant or a charmer I am not,
you all know the simple dress I wear -
and a while ago, before Cupid assigned me an arrow
I loved the hospitality of all the girls
who seeing my sorrows opened their doors.

There is in me a drop of old (warriors) blood,
but my poems come from a calm place
and the poet I impersonate, the crazy I follow
and the one who never crosses himself (in the name of God) I admire.

I am, in the good sense of the word, one more
one more like the rest...
but some good I have.

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**I despite the romances of the empty tenors
and the sound of crickets singing at the moon.
I like to stop and listen to the voices of the echos
and I listen among all those voices, only one.**

**Am I a classic or romantic?
I have no idea...**

**To leave behind I wish...
my poems,
like the captain who leaves behind his sword
but the sword famous for its brandisher
and not for the one who to kill made use of it.**

**I like to speak to the man inside of me
he who speaks to himself, so they say, will speak to God some day
my monologue is good conversation with that old friend
who a while ago though me the secret of philanthropy.**

**At the end, I owe you nothing
you owe me what I have written.
To my work I travel, with my money I pay
the clothing I wear and the place I inhabit
the food that feeds me and the bed I lay on.**

**And when the time comes for my last trip to take
and the ship that would never return is ready to depart...
you would find aboard, easy in the luggage
almost naked, like an old sailor on the open sea.**

**Four things a man has
that in the sea will help him none
anchor, rudder and oars
and... the fear to wreck.**

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Calor

(album: **Poemas**)

A watch on your wrist
and shoes to your feet
just like any other child
you brought with you at your birth.

With an up and down road
for you to travel
downhill a bit now
uphill later on.

And even if it gets hot on you
keep on walking under the sun,
the shadow is OK
for those with pale skin
who are afraid of a little sweat.

And if it rains on you
don't you decide to run,
to get wet is to grow
and running over the puddles can make you fall.

When the shoe feels tight
among other things
look around you
and never give up
there will be energy to continue on your feet.

Today you walk in the morning
and me, towards the dawn,
but always at your side
you would find me to stand.

Only look a little in you
and there, inside, next to your soul
I am there to hold you along.

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And if it rains on you
don't you decide to run
to get wet is to grow
and running over the puddles
can make you fall.
Sooner or late
you watch will stop
and if there a heaven
there, I will wait for you
with open arms
and with the same love.

And even if it get hot on you
keep on walking under the sun
the shadow is OK
for those with pale skin
who are afraid of a little sweat.

Viejo

(album: **Poemas**)

My old man was a good guy
never alone, and always polite.
Had a very warm smile
and a heart open to the yawning wind.

I used to look at him from afar
and saw that were like each other.
He had been raised in the old ways
with a stick and me by instinct.

Viejo, my dear Old Man
sometimes he would walk slowly
as if forgiven the wind.
I could feel then his blood,
the blood of my Old Man
and I could feel his silence and his time.

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**He had some very gentle eyes
and sometimes a heavy posture
and without me noticing
age was coming upon him
he was night and was morning.**

**I had then the younger years
My Old Man the older ones.
The past was inside him
in a story without time.**

**Viejo, my dear Old man
Now it is me who walks slowly
Live forgiving the win.
I am your blood my Old Man
I am your silence and your time.**

I am your blood, mi Viejo....

