



A Poetry Chapbook About Love, True Love, Happiness, and Hate



By

Lucio Muñoz*

* Lucio Muñoz is an independent QLC researcher living in Vancouver, BC, Canada who enjoys writing short poems, short stories, and Haikus during his breaks. Email: caringlucio@hotmail.com

The nature of love

Good relationships begin with acceptance
Of cultural differences,
Of family experiences,
Of the fact that life is an unpredictable, but beautiful dance.

A special relationship grows
With honesty and affection,
When appreciation constantly glows,
And with the miracles of cooperation.

And hence we can summarize the nature of love,
As a blanket made of affection,
Cooperation,
Acceptance and care.

Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada

Love at its best

Love at its best,
It is honest,
It is full of innocence,
It is a pleasant surprise.
As it took just one innocent smile,
To know the need to go the extra mile;
It took just one unexpected kiss,
To learn the meaning of a bliss;
And it took just one simple word,
“Yes”, to become the king of her whole world.

Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada

About love

Cupido is the funny thing that brings two hearts together;
Careful love makes those two hearts display a beautiful smile;
Opened love leads those two hearts to give everything for free;
And true love is the glue that binds those two hearts for ever.

Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada

A simple kiss

**A simple kiss,
Can make your brain feel at ease,
Can make your heart say please,
Can make that moment timeless.**

**A simple kiss,
Priceless,
When leading to a state of bliss,
That leaves you speechless.**

**Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada**

Love and true love

Love,
The ability to attract freely
Or to keep even with disguised force
What you wish really.

True loving,
The ability to let go without a fight
Or to avoid retaliating
even when losing things you wish you could still keep tight.

Love,
Your self interest first;
True love,
Your self interest last.

Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada

About True Love

True love,
Like gas,
Can quickly dissipate,
If you are careless.

When given enough attention and care,
Like roses,
True love,
Produces beauty that undermines your senses.

Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada

The way true love was born!

A bee and a red flower agreed to meet at the edge of the garden.

At the end, the red flower said:

Visit me again, and again,
and I will become your best friend;

Treat me nice when around me,
and I will become your best companion so far;

Respect me when you are away from me,
and I will treasure you for ever.

The bee then replied:

I will visit you every day;

I will always be nice to you;

And I will always respect you.

And the story goes that is the way true love was born!

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Vancouver, BC, Canada

The nature of true love

The naïve nature of true love,
When you have it,
When you can touch it,
You usually do not know it,
Or you can not see it.

The sad nature of true love,
When you lose it,
You for sure know it,
You can feel it,
Or you now miss it.

Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada

My grandmother's heart

**Soft like cotton candy,
Caring like mother earth,
Beautiful like a piece of art,
Sweet like honey,
Deep like faith,
That was my grandmother's heart.**

**Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada**

The train of happiness

What is happening?,
What is that big commotion?,
Why is he screaming,
With such a huge emotion?

The train of happiness is coming soon,
Perhaps this afternoon,
Be ready,
Dress classy,
Make sure to bring a big snack,
It may never come back.

Then, he calmly had a glass of wine,
Patiently waiting he felt just fine,
He climbed the train looking his best,
And happy he left in search of a lovely nest.

Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada

Different roads to happiness

Sometimes we need to walk over icy mountains,
Step by step,
Mile by mile,
To finally find a hot spring.

And sometimes we need to go through islands of joy,
One by one,
Day by day,
To finally find a river of love

It is said that finding happiness is the main thing,
How you get there is a secondary move;
So act now and when you find it, enjoy your hot spring,
Your river of love.

Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada

Happiness is not a straight line

How are things!
To find happiness,
We all tend to search for rainbows,
Yet sometimes they make us slaves.

How are things!
To avoid sadness,
We all tend to avoid storms,
Yet a storm set us free, sometimes.

How are things!
We usually fail to see,
When facing love related challenges,
That happiness is not a straight line.

Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada

Happiness is a balanced mix

**Kisses taste sweet,
But only when coming from the heart.
Goodbyes taste sour,
But only after your soul realizes love still has its colour.**

**Happiness,
A balanced mix,
Sweet and sour moments,
A resilient love matrix.**

**Poem by Lucio Muñoz
Vancouver, BC, Canada**

Hate and Freezing Rain

The sensation
Of Seeing eyes full of hate or pain
Seems to be similar to the reaction
Your body has when in contact with freezing rain.

You can feel the emotional aches,
You can imagine the burden,
As your body shakes,
And your hands harden.

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Vancouver, BC, Canada

Poisoned Spurts

Discriminatory stares hurt,
As much as curt remarks,
As both of them come from a heart,
Intentionally releasing poisoned spurts.

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