

Poetry Series

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- poems -



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From Cebu, Philippines.

17 years old.

Is currently in her senior years.

Loves writing.



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The Tulips Aren't Mine

I love tulips, yes, I do. I love the scent of the flower everytime it touches my nose.

But everytime I try to hold one I bleed and I don't even know why.

It's just so sad to think that it can hurt me badly, even if the flower doesn't have any thorns that I could prick.

The soft stem of the tulip is hurting me and I don't know why.

Maybe because the tulips aren't mine; the tulips will never be mine,

I'll just keep on staring at the tulips from afar with deep connection;

The tulips can't be mine and it hurts because I love tulips.

I love how the different colors of tulips represent my emotion everytime I gaze at one.

Should I accept the fact that I will never have tulip in my life?

I love tulip, yes, I do. But you aren't mine.

Charnen Postrano



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Gentlemen

I've always wanted to approach someone in a room,
I've always wanted to scream the words to someone in a room,
I've always wanted to say something to someone in a room,
I've always wanted to be someones' solace in a room.

Everytime I approach him, I can't find a word to say;
I am afraid to say something because what if I say something bad?
Will he ever understand?
I can't scream how much I adore him, so all I do is stare at him from a distance

Dang! Why is he so mesmerizing?
It's funny how only his hair makes me happy,
Even in the slightest thing he does, It makes me feel different emotions.
I love the way his eyes twinkle—his eyes has stars that formed a constellation;

Everytime he smiles, the world slows its pace, while my hearts starts to jump in glee,
My entire body recognizes him badly, and that even if his 10 meters away. I know that it's him.
Even in a world where boys are in a room. I will forever look at him;
Because in a world full of boys, he's a gentlemen.

He's a gentlemen, that's why I like him.
He's a gentlemen, that's why I can't say a thing.
I got lovestruck in his charm, and got hit by the arrow of love.
It is cringe to say this, but I think I am starting to fall in a hole where I cannot tell if it's a trap.

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Crowned Love

I hereby declare that my love for thy is the truth;
Absurd only in the eyes of the peasants in this kingdom.
A love so sweet like a fantasy, dancing with the fireflies with my prince.
In love, we were so in love, that the witches were jealous.

But we love in monarch; both fighting for the love;
Failed to protect the crowned love.
Fast approaching, our swords were clashing;
Bathed with our own blood; A love so tragic that we end up ending our lives.

I was his princess, and he was my prince;
Crowned our love, yet our love became crown-less.
Thought about dying in the arms of my prince where supposed to be my shield
when crying.
My, my, what a tragic ending our love would be.

Charnen Postrano



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Pervenche

'mi amor' a Spanish word for my love.
A love that can change the world and the men
Even the said song; sang by group of dove.
Endlessly dancing—ought to stay at dim.
Thus, periwinkle sprout in the meadow.
Favorite in spank of dirty socials.
Pervenche, the heart of every shadow.
Thy grace in hand, dancing with fireflies,
Comes hand in hand with the dark beast, astray.
Comes with love by periwinkle, I guess?
The wolves in the forest were cut ashamed.
How beauty of thee was packed with vengeance.
 Drop dead gorgeous; hell I would kneel on ground.
 Loved periwinkle, like how sun meets mound.

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Faded

As I sat on top of the chair,
I didn't realize that I was fading,
My body is slowly diverting into a soul that the naked eyes can't see.
Pain, heavy eyes, shredded heart; eating my system into the ground.

As I sigh, the cold wind pinched my skin.
I walked, much like a zombie in the vastness of the forests' depth.
I don't know what I am feeling,
All I know is that I am lost, petrified, deprived by faith.

I was a happy soul, but now even a children's show cannot paint a smile on my face.
I didn't realize that the string is pulling me towards the end.
I am exhausted of fighting for my life, that even if a stranger will cut my ties. I would let them.
How lonely am I in this night. So lonely, so sad, so devastated, so miserable, yet agonizing.

My eyes slowly shuts as I felt myself flew.
I can't see myself, nor even know myself anymore.
I was fuming mad, like a person bathed with gasoline and lits up.
But, then I realized that I am smiling. Smiling because nobody can't see me anymore.

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Celestial

Everyone is appreciating the moon; here I am, appreciating the stars.
Stars that shine on its own, twinkling at its finest besides the glowing moon.
My eyes twinkles along with the stars, not minding the crowd less mound.
For it can never pull me towards the crowded waters in the Nile.

Everyone is looking at the moon; here I am, looking at the stars.
Stars that twinkle just like the object that I love to watch.
Thou eyes twinkle along with the stars at the northern sky, not minding the
stormy cloud above.
For he, is the owner of the stars that I gaze not only at night but the day.

I love watching thee from the depths of the ocean,
Not only in the eyes of Selene, but also Helios.
I can compare thee to the celestial whom I've been adoring.
Thee who is my celestial in every blank canvas.

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A Poet's Message

Thee be the one whom is treasured for a long time.
For he, is loved by a poet whose inks are tide.
My love for thee is like a never-ending battle.
Battle for life; a battle for love.

My heart not only beats blood—it also beats your name.
Every second, every minute, every hour, it's you whose name is marked.
A love so beautiful; a love so tragic.
Thee be not wanting my existence in its life.

A poet's message; a story be little but treasured.
A poet's message; a rhyme be euphonic, yet melancholic.
You are the drug that I take, and it's not even illegal.
My thoughts not only echoes thy name, but spell it in a second.

Counting the seconds when I accidentally fell for you,
Like a glass that shattered because no one noticed it falling.
Like? Love? Neither, 'cause you are even bigger.
The moon and the sun came clashing.
The stars died and turned into a mesmerizing supernova.

How'd thou interpret my love for thou?
Thou be loved by a poet whose words are infinite.
Thou be loved by a poet whose words are structured for thee.
Thou be lucky to have a poet whose hands are bleeding writing.

Charnen Postrano

Burning Desire

As I walked the halls with a frowning face.
I started thinking of how we should've dance with grace.
As the time past by I am slowly losing chances.
Should I give up? Or should I stay like this forever?

Should I continue to walk barefooted on top of a burning stone? Or stop before I die?

Am I inside your mellowed heart? Or just like a gaudy clown I am hallucinating?
Nevertheless, my love for thy will be forever a burning desire.
Just like the twinkling stars, the dancing northern lights at the dark yet bright night sky. I smile every-time I am watching

Just like those precious tulips in front of the horizon you see.
We are bounded in a way of hoping in the midst of frowning.
You became the different colors of my grey skies.
You caused euphoria inside my little world.

O'er the rain we danced with glee and undefining smiles.
Maybe sooner, we will succeed in this bloody battle; turning the vivid memories into what we've hoped.
Maybe someday we'll danced with grace—just like those precious tulips in front of the horizon you see.
As the air touches my face, I have come to witness the love of grace.

The waters in the river made sounds with glee.
Happiness is when I gaze at thy eyes.
This love is not absurd like how fire burns the waters.
I do not sound like the screaming ogre in a forest full of barnacle.
Instead, I sound like a princess in her dreamy years in her castle.

Charnen Postrano

Enchanted

As I gaze at the moon, I can only think about your eyes.
I still remember the time when I was fantasize by your gaze.
And when I first saw you I heard Taylor Swift singing enchanted.
'I was enchanted to meet you, ' she sang—I couldn't agree more.

What if—for once—you can hear me singing my favorite song?
I could hear my heart playing a joyful tune.
I could feel my brain dancing when I first saw you.
I felt real happiness like all of my organs won a match, especially when you
walked past by me and I smelled the scent of roses.

It was enchanting to meet you, yes that's true.
I can't help but smile everytime I see you.
The world will often stop everytime you look at me.
And even in the midst of the crowd, I can't see nobody but you.

Boy, if only you knew how enchanted I am.
It's like watching in awe of a firework display.
I am so enchanted that I could write thousands of prose and spread violets in a
room.

Violets because It's my favorite, violets because you are my favorite.
Suddenly, all the colors are meant for you, not just violet.
'Enchanted' if that word is a person that would be you and me.

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Teardrops On My Paper

The vastness of the surface is silent.
The moon is shining above while the air is singing its tune.
Melancholy, melancholy song the choir sang.
The song is far away but my heart resonated with pain.

As the tears keep sliding down, my heart pumps with sad music.
It used to play a joyful tune when I thought about you,
But now it plays poignant music when I think about you.
You didn't even hear me singing my compositions for you, and it's sad.

You were supposed to be my perfect prose,
But now you're the tragedy of my prose.
I am losing again—I am losing again in this battle where I created.
I am losing again, when will I even win? Just once, only once.

My hands are bleeding while holding my pen.
I am writing you again, with a sad ending.
My papers are showering with my own water as if it is raining.
You were once the melody of my music, but now you're cacophonous.

I am writing you again, with a tragic ending.
My moans in the darkness while waiting for you is a tragic music.
Can I sing a melodic and euphonic song again?
I am writing you now, because you are the teardrops on my paper that I've been wanting to stop.

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A Sad Song

I used to love, love songs.
Dancing to the music while seeing sparks fly whenever I play it.
I used to love, love songs,
Because I always thought about you.

But suddenly those love songs turned into sad songs.
As if the acoustics are played by broken strings;
Broken melody, perhaps, have you thought about it?
The love songs were once about you; it is still about you but with a different meaning.

It is melodic, yet melancholic.
It is euphonic, yet cacophonous.
But who cares? You aren't mine to lose.
It is a shame to play dead when you aren't mine to lose,
But is it okay to get hurt?

I love you and I won't deny.
You are my tulip in a field of roses;
You drew stars around my scars but now I'm bleeding.
You are yet to be my favorite art, poetry, compositions but now I cry for it.

Let me love you even if it hurts now.
I will hush like a baby that cried.
I will never let you hear my pleas.
I'm not desperate; I'm just in love with a sad song.

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I'm Sorry, I Love You

I'M SORRY, I LOVE YOU

I fell into a trap in the wilderness.
Broke my bones and was full of bruises.
Why didn't I notice you didn't care?
I often cry out of despair and you didn't care.

I sigh in the wilderness hoping you'd see my eyes twinkle.
You were my solace in the misery, my moon in the dark.
I'm sorry, I love you. Is loving you that bad?
I love you as much as I love the moon and the stars.

Stuck in the middle of moving forward;
To forget you, even if it will cause my grief.
I cry in the middle of the night, talking to the stars that shine so bright.
'Will you at least care for me? ' I asked.

I'm still at the restaurant when you thought I was done.
I'm still sitting in the corner and waiting for you to come back.
You'll never gonna lose me, but I already lost you.
I'm sorry, I love you. But I'm not really sorry for loving you.

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