

Poetry Series

Rose Marie Juan-austin
- poems -

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Rose Marie Juan-austin()

Biography:

Rose Marie Juan-Austin was born and bred in the northernmost part of the Philippines, a rural community, which stretches along the South China Sea. Navotas, Laoag City is a medium sized community where everybody knows everybody.

Her early years were exposed to the beauty of nature, simple and slow-paced life. Her poems entitled: God's Orchestra and the Tall Trees In Our Backyard depict her profound love for the natural world.

She has earned her degrees in Bachelor of Laws and Bachelor of Arts in Political Science at the University of the East, Manila, once labeled as the largest university in Asia.

She performed legal and legislative works on the Committee on Civil Service, Appointments and Reorganization, City Council, Manila and served as Chief of Staff of a young local politician in the City of Manila. While working, she has taken masteral units in Public Administration. She has also worked at the Legal Department of Burger Machine Holdings Corporation, one of the notable fast food companies in the Philippines.

She gained interests in writing during her senior year in high school, when she was chosen as the editor of The Weaver, the official publication of the student body of Ilocos Norte National High School. In college, for a brief period of time, she tried news reporting at the Dawn, the official student publication of the University of the East. She has also served as the news editor of the Sulyap, the official newsletter of the UE Political Science Society.

She once hated poems because of their intricacies and ambiguities. But she found solace when she tried writing free verse poems as a tribute to her father when he died in 2016.

Her poems often deal with social problems that beset mankind: War Is A Vicious Cycle, Rebellion Is A Descendant Of Harsh Hands and Pain Of Lies to name a few.

She was born to parents Florante Dacuag Juan, Sr.(deceased) and Trifona Mangapit Recido Juan. She has only one sibling, Florante Juan, Jr..

She is currently residing with her husband in Missouri, U.S.A..

Conquer Corruption

We must resist corruption!
The same defiance a rock
Shows to the wind.
Bold and Strong!

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A Trickle Of Thought-18

A society that judges people by
The scale of material wealth
Has no heart.
It leads people to hate
Caught in the web of greed.

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Monarch Butterflies - Haiku

Monarch butterflies
Sit on sea of wildflowers
Arrest my tired soul.

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Snow- Tanka

Snow rests upon a
Great and beautiful statue
Pure and whitest white
Water in its artistic
And most captivating form.

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A Trickle Of Thought-17

How I wish to be the wind
So free and has its own path
I can touch you even if
You don't like me
I can come to you boldly
And feel me.

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Trickle Of Thought-16

Knowledge that is never shared
Is like a knife with a useless blade.

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A Trickle Of Thought - 15

Love that is never spoken
Is like a wild grass
That pokes its way out
From time to time.
It never dies.

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The Grass And The Morning Dew

The grass dark green wands
Are choked with the morning dew
When the sun rises
The dew escapes rapidly
And the grass waves to the sun.

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The Wonders Of Being A Woman

Some women are like lambs
Yet when necessity warrants
They become lionesses.

Some women are born lionesses
Yet they will always
Have the gentleness of lambs.

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Two Faces Of Death

Death is a tragedy
For those who are
Taken early.

Death is a welcome visitor
For those who are
Extremely old.

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An Anchor

An old boat sailing
On the boundless furious sea
Searching an anchor.

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Fleeting Moments Of Joy

A bright star departs
From the galaxy of stars
Slips swiftly from the sky
To show off its light.

Two beautiful lovers
Wish for a love forever
But like the shooting star
Their love departs in a deep sigh.

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A Trickle Of Thought-14

Strength is not always
Measured on how long
We can endure failures
And pains in life.

Strength is best shown
When we can overcome
Hardships and obstacles
After we are shattered
To our very core.

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A Trickle Of Thought - 13

Those who suffered the most
Are polished the most.
They can make their light
Shines the brightest.

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The Great Divider

Hate is a great divider.
It is worse than death.

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The Sound Of Shoes

The School Principal
Walks along the corridor
Her stilleto shoes
Sound click-clack, click-clack, click -clack
Echoing in the classrooms.

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Homes Of Poverty

Laziness and idleness
Are homes
Of Poverty.

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Fiery Wildflowers

Fiery wildflowers
Bravely and proudly defy
A society ruled
By utmost conformity
Controlled by threats, force and guns.

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Perilous Tornado

A large tornado
Under the cloak of darkness
Decimates a town.

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Night Seems Endless

Insomnia attacks
Heavy raindrops like bullets
Night Seems forever.

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The Mustang

A Mustang struggles
Out from a heavy bridle
Free itself to fly
And harness its potentials
Away from the greedy man.

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Wild Ducks

A group of wild ducks
Paddling on tree-lined river
A hunter captures the scene.

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Impoverished Country

An impoverished country
Is where slavery
Springs and perches.

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The Spider's House

Ruthless dwelling place
Built without kindness and joy
Artful trap for death.

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The Piglets

Winter rain and sleet
Fall on top of the hog pen
Piglets squeal so loud.

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Like Fading Memories

The soft wind gently
Ruffles the slender and
Lanced shaped leaves
Of the willow tree.

The yellow and slight
Brown leaves slowly released
Themselves from the branches
Softly flowing to the ground.

They are like great memories
Of yesteryears
Fading slowly
From our minds.

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A Timeless Poet

The wisdom
The insight
That a Poet imparted
To humanity
And the values he championed
Make him
A Timeless Poet.

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Out Of Solitude

Out of solitude
We can emerge
Like a wonderful
And beautiful pearl
Inside an oyster.

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Memories-2

Memories are like
River's fast-flowing waters
We must capture them
They will never tread upon
Our direction one more time.

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Greatness - 2

To some, greatness is like
A shooting star that stays
In just a blink of an eye.
With others, it lives long
As the sun that pours
Its light until eternity.

A taste of greatness
No matter how much
Time it stays,
Attaches and lingers
With the man who creates
Such wonderful memory.

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Addiction

Addiction is like a quicksand
That pulls you down
To the deepest and darkest bottom.

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Good Words

Your good Words

Will forge

A close bond

Between you and other people

Where great humanity springs.

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Thoughts

Sometimes our thoughts
Pass like geese
Flying in tandem
Some perch in the mind
Cling as a leech
Sucking your sanity
Still others visit
From time to time
And tingle the mind.

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My Precious Tree

My precious tree
Is being beaten by the angry wind
Hypnotized by a power
So uncontrollable
It swirled, swayed and moaned
Its branches danced crazily
Leaves were combed
Removed forcefully
Like children that were taken away
From their loving mother
Without mercy.

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When Innocence Is Crushed

A beautiful flower bud
Never been embraced
By the warm rays of the sun
Never been kissed
By a butterfly
Never been caressed
By rain.

It is like a wonderful gift
That carries hope
And a great promise
Ready to share its life
Ready to be a part of our life.

Yet someone stretched out
His powerful fingers
Not to gently touch
The fragile bud
But to cut off the stem
To which it is attached
Put it in a vase
As if to command
The beautiful bud
To open and bloom just for him.

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The Wind Of Fate

He manipulates the wheel of life
Masterly woven his past
Carefully paints the present
Collects tons of gold for his future.

The Wind of Fate forced its way
Handed him a Scroll
A verdict....
A World of Nothingness.

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A True And Faithful Friend

A true and faithful friend
Cages your secrets in the
Four corners of his heart
And allows them to fly
When extreme circumstance warrants
In order to seek justice.

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The Claws Of Verbal Abuse

His words are weapons
Of destruction
Slowly killing
The dendrites of her mind
Slowly killing
Her hopes and dreams
Slowly killing
Her desire to live.

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A Passionate Night

The bright moon bows down
To the wildness of the sea
Stars quit from shining.

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Tears

Silver drops of pains
Act like sweepers of sorrows
Give way to calmness.

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The Pride Of A Tiger

The distinctive coat
Of orange-gold and black stripes
A powerful sight
Amid the tall trees and rocks
In the dense and wide forest.

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Vanity

She loves her beauty
Displays it like a peacock
With its bright plumage.

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Invasion

A cloud from the West
Forced its way toward the East
The wind abetted
The clouds' wicked invasion
And the sky is veiled with black.

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A Trickle Of Thought- 12

To liberate ourselves
From being slaves
Of our dark
And wicked thoughts
Is like flying
To heavens above.

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A Lovely Day

Blue sky cast shadow
On the wide, clear silver lake
A boy joins the scene.

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The Fate Of A Country

The fate of a country
Depends on the collective action
Of its people.
Power rests on the governed
And not on those to whom
Power to administer is granted.
We, the people must utilize
this power to its fullest extent
For our children
And children's children.

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Pride

Her pride
Made her perch
Among the stars.

Her pride
Made her exile
And live homeless.

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Crown Of Courage

The pains of the past
Are like cries of orphans
Reminding us
That life is no paradise
And fear can cast
Its shadow.

But those pains
Can put a crown of courage
That can propel us
To soar like an eagle
And defy
The raging wind.

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Strength Of Character

Bad environment can never alter
The core of being of a person
With strong character
Like the rock on the sea
That could never be
Toppled by the mountain of waves
Instead it slices
The hostile water
With its sharp daggers.

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The Conductor Of The Sea

Wind directs the sea
To pound, roar, swirl, smash and surge
Great power unleashed.

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The Sea Pebbles

Wet scattered pebbles
Adorned the whitest white shore
Jewels of the sea.

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When The Sun Rises

When the sun rises
It ignites the world
And humanity rises
As its rays cascade
Everyone is fueled to shine.

When the sun let her golden beams rest
And hides in its private place
The world changes its dress
From the blanket of the night
And humanity rests.

Sun is the ruler of clocks
That sets day and night
The great marker
Of humanity's time.

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Crescent Moon

A fisherman's boat
Sailing on the black ocean
With a mighty hand.

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The Dangerous Politician

He went to the masses
As a respectful and loyal servant
Gentle as the breeze that sweeps away pain
Extremely lovable like a lap dog
But a dark cloak
Covers his mind and heart
Ready to spread his wicked trap
Like a wild animal hunter
That lurks in the dark.

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The Coward

He lives an honest life
His heart is pure
And truth never stumbled at his door.

But when evils spread their wings
And the minion of darkness forced their way
He kept himself silent.

When he is called to testify against the devil
He closed his door
Muted himself to his very core.

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A Family Home

A family home
Maybe weathered and old
But the hearts of family members
Beat as strong as ever
Conquer all life's storms together
A solid foundation
Of a great society.

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Good Leaders

Good Leaders never say
They are great
Their works will speak
Of the nature
Of their leadership.

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The Immigrant

He was born and bred
In the Third World
A home so beautiful
That soothed right to the soul
But nature's wrath visited
Satan's roar, dinosaurs' feet
And thousands storm of destruction
Rocked the foundation
Of his most cherished home
They took away and crumbled
Every man's dreams.

His feet are tied to the
Soil of his birth
Like an umbilical cord
That connects him to
His beloved mother
Yet he has a life
Of his own
And that cord has
To be severed
To let him fly.

With a heavy heart
He left his Motherland
He sailed from land to land
Flew from continent to continent
He drilled oil in the Persian Gulf
He dug diamonds in Africa
He planted pineapples
In the Paradise Island
He worked in the land
Of milk and honey
His hands are like the bark
Of trees of long hours of work
Yet he found his dreams
In the city's advance technology.

He finally settled in the First World

And gained the status of Immigrant
Yet even in the farthest
Side of the world
He still seeks his Motherland
In him not an iota of her is forgotten
He missed the warmth of her embrace
He craved the aroma of her food
The smell of her seas and oceans
The warm smiles of her people
And her truest and most genuine love
Are waiving him always in his dreams
Ah, no country
Could ever substitute the
Love of a Motherland.

The treasures he obtained
Were shared to her Motherland
The crowns he achieved
Were offered to adorn her
And if God Almighty
Will claim him back
To His Kingdom
Away from his beloved Motherland
His ashes will mingle with the dust
And the wind and water
Will carry him
To the breadth and dimension
Of the 7,107 islands
All that belong to
His beloved Motherland
The Pearl Of The Orient Seas
The Philippines.

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Deceitful Love

His love is like
The silvery dew that
Clings on soft petals
Of lovely flowers
So fleeting as the air
That touches
A beautiful face.

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Multi Colored Maple Leaves

The gentle wind tossed
Multi colored maple leaves
Into the soft grass
Spread like quilted comforter
On a soft relaxing bed.

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A Trickle Of Thought -11

There will be a time when
We cease to feel the air and
The warmth of the sun.

Yet the wind will continue to touch
And the sun will always rise
To those whom we always loved and left behind.

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My Aunt Norma Lilia

A
Woman
Full of hope
Always at peace
The firmest pillar of our family.

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A Field Of Hay Bales

The big round hay bales
That lie across the farm field
Like small fortresses
Remind me of my childhood
And the game of hide and seek.

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The Weaver Of Hate And Pain

He weaves hate and pain
Creating a web of darkness
That traps him to death.

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When The Brightest And Biggest Star Departs

After spreading her gold for the day
In so many directions and ways
The Sun is ready to depart
And rest to give chance to night
When it finally sets above the horizon
Its golden beams create magical color tones
That bring warmth to creation
Inspiring us to look forward to
A beautiful tomorrow.

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A Trickle Of Thought -10

The end we weep for
Is not the end of everything
It can unlock an avenue
Where our tears we shed
Will lead us to that
River of happiness.

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Tumbleweed -2

Oh, how I desire
To be like a tumbleweed
That even in death
I can roll with the kind wind
And continue spread my seeds.

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Power And Greed

Some of us think they are too powerful
They can smash the mountain
They can divide the ocean
They can control the flight of the clouds in the sky
They can align night and day.

Some of us think they can manipulate
The hands of time
And people's minds
Taking all the great opportunities
Leaving nothing for others.

Their misdeeds will follow them
Cling onto their lives
The hands of time
Will run after them
And exact payment
More of what they claimed.

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The Arms Of Trees

The arms of trees
Are the most generous
They never discriminate.

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Tumbleweeds

Balls of dead foliage
Rolling through the aid of wind
A great fire hazard.

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When Alcohol Enters His Body

By nature, he is very shy and friendly
His sturdy hands are always ready
To help anyone at anytime
A friend of everybody.

There are times when he is in a party
He cannot resist a bottle of whisky
At first he will join a toast with everybody
With a glass so tiny.

A couple of minutes, the whisky
Settled in his tummy
He would suddenly
Start to talk so loudly
And ask to have big glasses of whisky.

He went into overdrive
As the effect of whisky lingers overnight
He feels like a King
And acts like a King.

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The Days That Have Passed

The days that have passed
Are like fallen leaves scattered
Among the rest
I wonder if they will form part
Of today and tomorrow
Like dead leaves that are embedded
On the soil and commingled
With it to be one
And continue to be part
Of the mystery of life.

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The Mountain Peak

The great mountain peak
Covered with the whitest snow
Sun hits the mountain
The peak shines like a queen's crown
It enhances her power.

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The Snow, The Sun And The Evergreen

A blanket of snow
Embedded the evergreen
Its leaves like needles
Turned into small white candles
When the Sun comes out, they cry.

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The Shy Plant

The shy, Mimosa
Leaves fold and droop upon touch
A weakness and strength.

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A Good Poet

A good Poet makes you
Feel what he feels
See what he sees
Concur with what he thinks.

A good Poet
Inspires with the wisdom of his words
Fuels the mind
By the power of his thoughts
Propels one to rise
By the kindness of his heart.

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Ostrich

A bird of power
The largest living avian
Unable to fly.

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A Political Animal

Changes his color
Often like a chameleon
To intimidate
His rivals and the people
A vile political scheme.

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Make A Difference

Do not tread the regular path
Build another one
Frame with a rational mind
Pave with a loving heart.

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My Faith

I love you
I believe in you
I adore you.

Like the wind that I could not see
Like the sun that I could not reach
Like the clouds that I could not touch.

Why do I follow you
Why I am afraid of you
Why do I depend on you?

My mind never doubted you
My heart never stopped loving you
My lips never denied you.

Now tell me
When this life is over
Will I ever
Be with you?

I believe in your promise
A promise of everlasting life
A life to be with my Father
Forever.....

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Lice

Lice perch in the hair
Sometimes they want to show off
They cling on collars.

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A Life Without Life

He was given a life
A life devoid of life
He lives just to live
He breathes just to live.

A life anchored to pain
Suffering and total disdain
A life born into poverty
And stays in poverty
Is he in hell or purgatory?

Is he born just to die?
Who will free him
From this bondage
Of total nothingness?

He glimpsed at the horizon
He saw a dying moon
Dark clouds like cobra
Ready to snap his life.

Is he born just to die?
If this is his fate
I hope he will inherit
The Kingdom of God.

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Your Eyes

When I look into your eyes
I feel like I dove
Into the deepest point on Earth
Where I found the greatest treasures
And amazing wonders
That only your love could give.

When I look into your eyes
I see a fountain spring
Of a true and great love
Kindness and warmness
Where my happiness forever dwells
And my heart eternally rests.

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Summer Rains

Heavy summer rains
Prompted five tall boys to jump
In the mud puddle
Threw wet earth at each other
Even the cats want to join.

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When My Pen Bleeds

When my pen bleeds
I can soar to high heavens
The four chambers of my heart flutter
The four corners of my mind tingle.

When my pen bleeds
I can swim the deepest sea
And see the beauty and wonders
Of the rock bottom sea.

When my pen bleeds
I can reach the vastness
Of the sky and its galaxies
And the moon and stars shine for me.

When my pen bleeds
I can tour the whole universe
Without passing through borders
A world without color
A world without race.

I will let my pen
Continue to bleed
Bleed...
Bleed...
Bleed...
Unceasingly.

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Dandelions

Lovely dandelions
In a manicured wide lawn
Standing too yellow
Wonderful, bold and vibrant
Only to be plucked as weeds.

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Lovely Hibiscus

Hibiscus bushes

With lovely whitest white blooms

Adorned the pathway

Where a lady dressed in white

Walked like an alluring bride.

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Thunderclap

A thunderous boom
Shaked the windows of my home
Rattled my wind chime
Including my dog, Rocko
And my nephew's cat, Revo.

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The Luscious Forest

The luscious forest
Cloaks the hill in shades of green
It calms the senses.

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The Scarecrow

A ghastly scarecrow
Stands sentinel in the field
Captivates children.

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A Funnel Cloud

A dark funnel cloud
Rotating fast in the sky
Like a fighter jet
Ready for a blinding strike
To terminate enemies.

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Cascades

Curtains of water
Create music for the soul
Make our spirits soar.

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Pandemic

The great pandemic
Blows and whips like raging winds
Our ship is sinking.

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Imperialism

The dark clouds imposed
Their way through the sunny skies
Seized lovely azure
Showing their mighty power
A threat to humanity.

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A Journey Of Love

I would like to reach
The moon and the stars with you
Love fuels our journey.

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A Generous Heart

The Sun breaks the clouds
To give its generous heart
Full of hope and light.

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A Mother

A
Mother
Risks her life
To bring forth lives
An enduring yet joyful commitment.

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Covid-19 Pummels In The Metropolis

The virus pummels
In the great Metropolis
It is time to fly
Seek refuge to the country
Where nature gives us solace.

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Words

Words are not like birds
That can fly
Anywhere at anytime
Some words
Have arrows
They can inflict harm
And damage one's life
And honor.

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A Cloudy Day

Clouds like cotton wool
On a fairly cloudy day
They adorn the sky
Until they are forcibly
Displaced by the furious winds.

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Dazzling Clouds

Thin and wispy clouds
Like the soaring wings of doves
On a lovely day.

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A Dove At The Union Station

Amidst a maze of people
And suit cases
In different hues and sizes
I saw a beautiful dove
With long pointed tail
And plump body
Feathered with black
And bordered with white
So innocent and care free.

Among the crowd
Someone threw a crumb of bread
And a piece of tiny cracker
The dove flapped its wings
But it did not fly
Instead it walked
Towards the bread crumb and cracker
Only to be trapped
By two big hands like iron.

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The Abandoned House

The abandoned house
Devoid of windows and roof
Posts like wonky teeth
But I can still remember
The kindness of the owner.

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Social Distancing Unclogs Prison Cells

Social distancing

Allows some sinners to fly

Away from their cage.

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Humanity Needs Total Disclosure

The great destroyer
Was born in Wuhan, China
All facts must be shown.

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Beat Covid-19

My body is fit and healthy
My mind is sharp armed with rationality
My heart beats for love full of empathy
My soul is strong with the Lord Almighty
No virus could stop me from enjoying
The wonders and beauty of life.

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Social Distancing Deters Criminals On The Streets

Crimes strike on the streets
They lurk on the dark corners
Social distancing
Deters criminals to spread
Their venoms among people.

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Science And Religion

Science and Religion
Are like oil and water
Each has its own destination
But they respect each other.

Science and Religion
Create sea of knowledge and wisdom
They contradict each other's perception
But never hurt each other.

The umbrella of love
Shades them both
Fills whatever is void
The wisdom they provide
Humanity embrace them for life.

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Ang May Magandang Puso

Ang may magandang puso
Ay palaging may paghanga
Sa kulubot na dahon
At tuyong damo.

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The Crowned Virus - Covid -19

The great destroyer
Surreptitiously entered
The kingdom of men
Spreading evil and darkness
Equalizes men through fear.

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The Power Of Your Words

Inspiring and gentle words
Are like the warm embrace
Of a loving mother
Their wisdom and kind intentions
Can give birth to a good person.

Words that carry lies and are malicious
Penetrate like the sharp blade of a knife
And cut the core of being
They can kill a great person
And turn him into a demon.

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The Blazing Fire

Smoke swallows the sky
Blazing fire move stealthily
Through rows of houses
Taking precious possessions
The greatest thieves of mankind.

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Lake

Like a wide basin
Where calm, motionless water
Has no full freedom.

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A Beautiful Heart

A beautiful heart can always
See the wonders
In a wrinkled leaf
And dried grass.

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The Fluffy Clouds

Oh, beautiful and fluffy clouds
Can you make white cotton candies
And lots of marshmallows?
Make them float in the air
A feast for our summer camp.

Oh, wonderful and fluffy clouds
Do not turn into grey
And ominous dark clouds
We want to enjoy
A long and great summer camp.

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The Mother Cow

A big Angus cow
On a wide grassy pasture
Bonds with her twin calves.

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In The Middle

Matthew is in a tight spot
Between the funny boy, John
And the serious man, Sean
Everyone is awed of what he does
He could be a kid like John
He could be a grown up man like Sean.

He just entered a new world
A different place
Where he could be anyone
A world of roller coaster
A one hundred eighty degree twist
And turn maneuver.

Years ago
He loved to wear shirts that showed
Big prints of Super Mario
Big Bird and Mickey
Mater and Snoopy
Now he wants his shirts plain
So simple and yet clean.

He is now in Middle School
And he feels it is so cool
Yet sometimes there are fools
Who want to go against the rules
Set by the school.

Middle School is wonderful
And life is colorful
Despite the turns and twists
Matthew's parents guide him
Through the years.

Four years have been so fruitful
Matthew is now leaving Middle School
With a place in the High Honor Roll
A gift so unique and memorable
For her proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

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Why Can I Not Love You

Ah, why can I not love you?
My love only submits to your love
Like the tide
That could not be stopped
It pushed right into the heart.

Like the streams in spring time
Where water rushed through
As the blood flows into the heart
It creates a melodious song
Only for you.

Like the breeze
That kisses you warmly
And so suddenly
Envelops the heart with so much glee
All because of you.

Ah, why can I not love you?
My heart only beats for you, only for you
You are like the air
Even if I close my eyes
I still feel you
Sweep along my skin
Fill my heart with desire
And I know
I know, my love
That I am alive.

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A Bright Day

It is a bright day
Lovely clouds drift into view
Forming the image
Of a beautiful Angel
A splendid show in the sky.

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The Thinker

His mind is ahead
In each and everything he does
He imparts wisdom and insight.

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The Gentlest Face

Devil sometimes lurks
In the gentlest face
Like in the quietest
And gentlest ocean
It can take you down
To the bottomless pit
Where death is
Waiting to come.

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Man And The Ocean

The ocean submits
To the power of the wind
Man is swept away
By the power of the flesh
And lure of material wealth.

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Volcanic Eruption

Amazing display
Of Mother Earth's great power
Creates waves of fear.

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When The Sunset Meets The Sea

The Sunset scatters
Its pink and orange colors
When it meets the Sea
They give birth to a bright paint
On a lovely blue canvas.

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The Fireplace

Woods in the fireplace
I watch the flickering flames
Like great memories
Flooding back my mind and heart
Transport me into the past.

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A Trickle Of Thought - 9

One who gives with joy creates
A ripple of kindness
And happiness.

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A Trickle Of Thought - 8

The kindness and words of wisdom
You imparted to humanity
Will find their way home
In the hearts of good people
They will defy your death.

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An Angel And A Devil

My little Angel is always with me
She lives inside me
In the four chambers of my heart
In all four corners of my head.

My little Angel gives me happiness
Keeps me away from vices
When I am bored
Gives me wings to fly to distant shores.

Sometimes a little Devil
Visits and forces his will
Invades my privacy
And injects me with fantasy.

But my little Angel
Fights with this little Devil
Wraps my heart with love
Wraps my head with her light.

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Ultimate Corruption

The Judiciary is the firmest pillar
And the last resort of people
For the protection
Of their rights.

When this pillar
Is eroded by corruption
The collapse of democracy
Is inevitable.

Corruption promotes
Moral degradation in a society
And when a country is hit
By this great menace
The core of its heart ceases to beat.

The people cry
Like a Roaring Dragon
Marching under the intense heat of the sun
Marching in heavy storm rains
Their angry steps dig holes
On the isles and curves of streets
Raising their fists in the air
With combined voices
That move the unmoved
And rouse the sleeping souls.

A country of chaos
A country of despair
A country which hope
Has been extinguished
In the darkest of the night
A country which dreams
Have been beaten
And blown away by the furious winds.

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My Dream

Ah, my dream
I let it perched
In my mind and heart
It became a part of me
And moved me to rise.

Ah, with my dream
I feel strong
And I fear nothing
Even the rage of the wind
Even the King tides of the sea.

And I fly
To reach that star
Willing to burst
And spread
Its wonderful light.

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White Christmas

Large, fluffy snowflakes
Drip rapidly down my head
White Christmas is here.

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Philippine Carabao

A farmer best friend
Works even on rainy days
Services abused.

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Simple Life

I wrapped my being
With simple things
To ensure that pleasure of the flesh
And material things
Could never claim
One iota of me.

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The Driving Horse

A beautiful horse
Pulled an oversized carriage
Pound the rough long road
In extreme hot condition
Stopped and buckled on the road.

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December

My lovely garden
Covered with a white blanket
Shines like diamonds.

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The Blizzard

Everything is snow
A monochromatic scene
Exposure brings death.

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Worry And Fear

Worry and fear
Are like brothers
They poison and cripple anyone
Taking away lives.

Worry and fear
When they entered your mind
You are like in the middle
of the raging sea
Never seeing a safe anchor.

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A Lone Tree

A lone old oak tree
On the bank of the rice field
Stood the test of time
A witness to farmer's life
A link to an earlier time.

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Absolute Poverty

He wants to escape
Hunger, illness and violence
Unable to act.

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A Bend On The Road

Life's path may seem calm
Safe and familiar
Yet there are curves, thorns
And hard balls thrown
Along the way
Accidents and mistakes
Take their toll.

Sometimes there are
Opportunities that lurk
By the bend on the road
Giving you a new lease of life
With a promise
Of a wonderful
And fulfilling life.

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A World Full Of Wonders

I know the joy
That comes from watching
The sunrise
It sends hope
For a new day.

The inner peace we feel
When we walk through a meadow
Of wildflowers
It is like the world
Is paradise.

The beauty of the rainbow
That arches across the sky
After a big storm
It renews the spirit
Of a deserted heart.

The brightness of the orange moon
That turns the night
Into a colorful landscape
It gives a warm embrace
For a peaceful night.

The kiss
Of a cool breeze
On the face and strands of hair
Like a wonderful promise
That everything will be alright.

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A Trickle Of Thought -7

Not everything from our mind
Should come out from our mouth.
We have a heart that can tame
The evilness of a thought
And harshness of a word.

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The Night Sky

A group of bright stars
In a velvety night sky
Let my spirits soar.

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The Sunset

I watched intently
The setting sun's dying rays
Glistened off the hill.

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A Birthday Message For My Mother

Happy birthday to the
Most loving mother of all time
A mother who dedicated her life
Solely for the welfare of her children
A mother who could never eat
Without feeding her children first
A mother who could never sleep
Without seeing her children in bed
And a mother who can trade her life
For the life of her children.

I and my brother
Will never be able to repay
What you have done for us
But we tried our very best
To give what you truly deserved
As a loving mother
And whatever there is lacking
I know God will step in for us
To give you the rest.

The main happiness we now enjoy
In our life is because of you
We thank you and our late father
For bringing us into this world
To enjoy the wonders of existence.

Every waking day of our life
We thank and ask God
To give you another day
A day full of happiness
Contentment and peace of mind.

Your love
And our love
Will always dwell
In the core of our hearts.

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The Farmer

At peace with his land
He lives by his own time clock
With help from nature.

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Fear

Fear perched in her mind
It has taken everything
Even her whole life.

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Memories

Remembering memories of yesteryears
Is our path towards our loved ones
Who are no longer with us
It can bring sorrow and joy
But it closes the gap
Between us in the meantime
Holding them near in our hearts.

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Rivers

Rivers are like snakes
With a designated route
And hidden dangers.

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The Wind And The Sea

The wind gives power
To the calm and sleeping giant
Sea is awoken
Unleashing its great fury
Huge waves rolled without mercy.

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The Rose

An innocent rose
Well known for its hard prickles
Against predators.

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Corruption-3

Corruption is like a demon
It sucks a nation
Into a whirlpool of despair
And hardships.

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Lovely Butterflies

Lovely butterflies
Swim into the humid air
Like petals flying.

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Father And Son

My brother and I
Were born a year apart
I first saw the world
With the sun and the moon
While he came
When the Earth obscured the moon.

I got a face
Envied by everyone
While he is likened
To a blobfish
That only a mother
Could ever love.

When God showered
All the luck on Earth
He caught nothing
And now I understand
Men are not born equal.

My father said he loves us
But I know
Deep inside of him
He cursed the day
When my brother was born.

He made a trench
For my brother
Furnished it with all the things
A human being needs for existence
But no one could enter
Except our family.

On the very day
My father put my brother
Into the trench
A cloud like monster
Enveloped our family
And sadness put its weight on us.

My mother wept
Until she got
No more tears to shed
She felt that my brother
Was put into his grave.

Whenever we go to the trench
My brother always cries
Gives wan smiles
He never laughs
No, never.

The trench stole his laugh
Took away the sun
The moon
And the starry nights.

The touch of gentle breeze
On the skin
The silkiness of flowers
Over the palm of the hand
Are all foreign to him.

The deep blue sea
The blue sky
The horizon and the rainbow
Are far from his heart.

His childhood
His youth
His very life
Were taken by the trench.

One moonless night
I did what I deemed
To be the best for my brother
It has been long lurking
Inside my heart.

Oh, my dearest brother
How happy he was

To see the world
To feel alive
To be human after all.

But the curse
Came down swiftly
And I witnessed
The evil in people.

My poor brother
Succumbed to the comfort
Of the trench
Scourged and condemned
To his very core.

I ran to my father
To give him a million hugs
So tender and loving
Repressed for all the years.

My father told me
"My love for my children
Has all the colors of the rainbow
And its breadth is like
The limitless sky"

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A House Near The Hill

A house near the hill
Lit up when a sunbeam broke
Through the alto clouds.

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Philippine Mango

A Philippine fruit
Spreads its sweetness in the world
A Philippine pride.

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A Trickle Of Thought -6

When one is young
Love comes so easily
Every warm hello
Every glint in the eye
Every smile
Every sweet word
Carries a lovely song.

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A Trickle Of Thought -5

A politician who
Promises everything
And gives too much
Will take more
Even your very soul.

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A Trickle Of Thought - 4

Oh, how I envy
The birds that can fly
To distant places
They can navigate the world
Without fear of border patrols
They can even soar
To heavens above.

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Lighthouse -2

Hundreds steps to reach
The old beaconing lighthouse
It's worth every step
Seems you are close to flying
Makes you nearer to heaven.

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Great Philippine Eagle

Philippine Eagle

Soaring up into the sky

Without boundaries.

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Trickle Of Thought -3

Happiness and sadness
Are just temporary
Like the murmur of a morning breeze
That flows through the window
And the waves on the ocean
Without permanent destination.

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Trickle Of Thought -2

No matter how we drive
Ourselves to heights
Sometimes the wind
Of fate aborts
And sweeps away
All the great things
We built leaving
Us nothing.

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Death Is Near Yet I Welcome It

Death is near
I can see black butterflies
Fluttering around
I am dreaming of
Beautiful angels
Every single night
My guardian angel
Is leading them to me.

Death is near
Yet I welcome it
For in its arms
I will be liberated
From the claws of
This war torn world.

Death is near
Yet it is welcome
To embrace me
I will see no more greediness
And feel no iota of pain
And sadness.

Death is near
The lark and nightingale are singing
The cuckoo clock is ticking
And the radio is playing
My favorite song
"In The Arms Of An Angel".

I welcome death
For I will be with my Lord
Who will give me eternal life
A gift of blessedness
And everlasting happiness.

A Lighthouse

Atop the high cliff
A lighthouse stands strong and proud
Guides sea travelers
A witness to sea perils
And a ray of hope for ships.

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A Weathervane

A big weathervane
Is perched atop the old barn
Whirling in the wind
Forewarning a farmer that
A strong storm maybe brewing.

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A Rainbow

Have you ever seen
A rainbow over the mountain?
It is like a crown
Put on its tip
Showing to the world
Its grandeur and glory.

Have you ever thought
The rainbow that spread
Across the vast sky
Is like a ring given by a lover?
A symbol of promise that
He will come back again and again
Giving comfort and beauty.

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A Mud Puddle

A big mud puddle
After a long heavy storm
A boy's great playground.

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A Poet

A Poet

Sees all

Feels all

Tells all

With his mind, heart and soul.

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A Trickle Of Thought -1

Innate talent is like a river
It will just flow freely
From the mind
Through the veins
To the heart and soul.

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Why Fate Never Meant For Us To Be Together

We wrote our names in the sand
As many as the stars above
The moon shone on them
But the waves that constantly
Kiss the shore took them away.

We carved our names on the bark of the tree
From its base to the branches
The sway of the leaves in the wind
Carried our love across the miles
But the greedy man cut the tree into pieces.

Like day and night
We met only
At dawn and dusk
Only to part
And have our own destination.

Is our love for each other not enough?
Can we ask
The sun, the stars and the moon
To stand still
And unite day and night?

Why fate never meant
For us to be together?
Maybe God
Knows why.

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The Silent Witness

I climbed a Hill
When light and dark were fighting
Where there were no people around
Only the grass, touch me not
And wild flowers
The light above spread
Like watercolors
Yet slowly the fiery colors
Were subdued by black.

Here at the Hill
I poured my heart out
All hurts that lingered
And lurked inside my heart
I cursed
I punched
I kicked
I slandered
I cried.

Here at the Hill
Where the stars are nearer
No one is hurt
The Sky
The Hill
Are the silent witnesses
Of my weakness.

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Street Children

Street children are roaming around the streets
While the dark sky
Pours the earth with tears.

Street children are roaming around the streets
Even if the Sun sprays
The land with its hot and fiery rays.

Street children are roaming around the streets
While the dark and lonely nights
Are infested with beasts.

Street children crawling like rats
Waiting for their next meal
They are like snakes sleeping on the slimy streets.

Oh children of misery
With hollow cheeks
Mud covered their arms and knees
They knocked at your hearts
Forced to kneel
And kiss your hand and feet
For a single cent.

Oh poor children
They mature before their time
Starvation is a day to day scene
They could die anytime
And anywhere
Without seeing the rising Sun.

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Contentment

If there is contentment
There will be no walls
That divide the rich and the poor.

Like the flow of water
In the river
Contentment guides us
To a common end of
Unity and togetherness.

Like the birds
They fly without anything
They sing for everyone
Expecting nothing in return
Whatever the circumstances.

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Negative Emotions

Negative emotions
Are great traitors
They are like snakes
That snap anytime.

Negative emotions
Are great manipulators
They drive you to extreme hate and love
Make you capable to terminate life.

We must not be ruled
By negative emotion
Our mind must overpower it
Otherwise we will be swayed by demons
And make our life uncontrollable
And miserable.

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The Fisherman

He braved the vast sea
With only the stars above
And a small lantern
His precious life depends on
His boat and great skill.

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Hot Sand Dunes

On the vast sand dunes
Only hot motionless air
Water is like gold.

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My Old Mother's Hands

Hands lined with old age
Wrinkled and covered with marks
Hands that nurtured me.

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The Eyes Betray

My lips denied him
My arms could never hold him
My eyes betrayed me.

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Corruption -2

Corruption is an ugly and indelible stain
That attaches to the very core of a nation
Like a dark cloud that threatens
The sky's calmness
And envelopes the face
Of humanity with disgrace.

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The Power Of The Mind

The mind
Can create a wonderland
It shows magic
And wonders.

The mind
Can create a prison cell
It makes illusions
And traps you into the dark.

The mind is powerful
You can be with the stars and the moon
Or in the dark and gray clouds
Of an oncoming storm.

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No Room For Lies And Bitterness

Never give room to lies and bitterness
For if they fill your life
You will be lost
And consumed by darkness.

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Kindness - 2

Kindness is the most beautiful
And ever blooming flower
That can spread its fragrance forever.

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Raging Wind

The wind is in rage
All bowed to its great fury
Which way should we flee?

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Rain - 2

Beads of water freed
From the clutches of the clouds
A mystery song.

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Rain - 1

Rains shoot the parched field
And penetrate like bullets
A great gift to plants.

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Storm Clouds

Storm clouds that are black
Sprawled like cobra in the sky
They create great fear.

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Love Has Many Faces

Love is full of happiness
And wonders
Love is full of woes
And lows
Love makes you strong
Love makes you weak
Love could be
Heaven or Hell.

Love has no limit to
What it can do
To a person
It all depends
On how the arrow of Cupid
Strikes the heart and
Who has been struck.

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Dense Foliage

Healthy dense foliage
Blocked the warm rays of the Sun
A green umbrella.

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All In The Name Of Love

We plunged into another world
Only armed with hope
To make it through
We selflessly meshed
Two diverse personalities
Absolutely integrated into one
In the name of love.

The roads ahead of us
Might be as smooth
As baby's bottom
And as flawless
As a work of art
Or as rough as a rock
And as thorny as touch me not.

But we may escape
The roughest
And thorniest
Of them all
And be stranded
In the most welcoming road.

Sometimes we may have
Different views
On what road to take
We want to avoid
The hardships
It entails.

But is it not that we are sometimes
Gauged on the perils
We undertake in life
That the most dangerous times
The triumph tastes the sweetest.

There are cases
Fragmentation evolves
And heart grows cold

Feel empty
Dying slowly.

But we have to remember
Our vow for each other
And the road
From which we started
That we tried and hoped
To make it through
All in the name
Of love.

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Beware

Beware of those people
Who invite and hide evils
Who sow hatred and bitterness
They want to take you to the
Arms of Nothingness
Down to their Kingdom of Darkness.

Beware of those people
Who come to your corner
You will be caught unaware
They shower bits and pieces
Of dark ashes
And cloud the window of your eyes.

You must be ready and vigilant
Take them on
Face on
Head on
Show them
The Fury of the Good!

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Whenever I Miss My Mother

Whenever I miss my mother
All I have to do
Is look in the mirror
And I can see
The smile and glint in her eyes
That give love, warmth and care
And I say to myself
'Yes, everything will be alright.'

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Courage And Truth

A brewing storm
A darkening sky
A deep rumble from the earth's crust
Earth and sea move
They cannot forestall me
To seek for the truth.

The imminent danger to life
The 44 magnum aimed towards my head
The samurai sword pointed at my heart
The smell of death
They could never, never silence me
To speak for the truth.

The evils
The terrorists
The bullies
The snakes
They cannot cripple me
To stand for the truth.

Courage is with me
When I seek for the truth
When I speak for the truth
When I stand for the truth.

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A Poet's Richness

A Poet may not attain
Material richness on earth.
But a great piece of poetry
Could enrich the minds of many.

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Seal Yourself Away From Me

We were in a gargantuan cathedral
When it was time
To say Christ's Peace
You took my hand in yours
And we said as one
"Peace be with you."

When we touched
Our bare palms together
I felt the whole universe
Was in perfect alignment
Our first interaction
That lasted mere seconds
Seemed like a lifetime.

God Almighty
Must have been amazed
We did the ritual handclasp
A deviation
From everyone.

We shook hands
So tight and fierce
Yours was so warm
And so was mine
Like the feverish foot
Of an infant
The warmth seared through the heart.

The mass has ended
My eyes captured you right away
Despite the sea of people
That passed along the way.

You made
A long sustained eye contact
You have the most beautiful eyes
I have ever seen in my life.

The eyes that met mine were brown
Like dusts of cocoa
Over chocolate truffles
Melting from the warmth we exuded.

You smiled at me
My, the creases framed
Your eyes beautifully
I felt your eyes
Pushed into mine
And everything seemed in limbo.

I gathered all my wits
And then you said, " Hello "
I mouthed the word " Hi "
Without a sound
We both smiled.

A little pain stabbed my heart
When I saw you
Going the opposite direction
We parted without saying goodbye
With eyes full of joy and hope
That we will meet again sometime.

For the first time in my life
I spent sleepless and restless night
The night that was so dark
I felt it was starry night
I am so excited
It felt like my heart beats
More than 150 per minute.

I faced the morning
With so much glee in my heart
Grinning from ear to ear
Driven and with increased energy.

One misty day
You caught me unaware
You were there
At our front door

With the beautiful flowers
In your hand.

I don't know what to do
I just stood like a post
In the middle of the room
Staring at you.

My parents were fast as lightning
In attending to you
As they talked
I saw your face
Suddenly changed
From happy to serious.

I overheard them saying,
"You are already 19 years old
At the threshold of adulthood
Our daughter is only 13 years old
Just at the cusp of her youth
She is still under our care
Seal yourself away from her."

Furthermore, they said,
"When you are meant to be together
Fate will find a way
To make you together forever
In the meantime
Seal yourself away from her."

My eyes were clouded with tears
You gave the flowers
But never looked at me
I was burned by the warmth of your hand
You touched the midst of my palm
It reminded me of our first encounter.

I discarded all the petals
Of the flowers that you gave me
I inserted them
In every page of my book
To remind me of you

A tear suddenly fell on the petal
It stained the highlighted
Three loving words.

Time had elapsed
We haven't seen each other
The tree that I named after you
Had been uprooted
By super typhoon Haiyan.

Season of Lent is here again
The first time we met together
In this gargantuan cathedral
I brought the children
I teach and care at the convent.

We lined up for the observance
Of Ash Wednesday
Then I saw you in white robe
You put crosses of ashes
On all the worshipper's forehead.

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Philippines

She was broken up
Into seven thousand
One hundred seven pieces
Of unproportionate sizes
Mother Nature compensated her
With the longest coastline
In the whole world
The deepest point
On the planet
That man can ever dive
And the most biologically diverse
Waters of Mother Earth
More diverse than the clouds
And stars above.

She is as pure
And beautiful
As the Mother Pearl
Lying in the heart
Of the Orient Seas
Her beauty captivated millions
They want her
Keep her
As their very own.

But her beauty
Has its own curse
Nature puts her
On fire
On the edges
Of the largest ocean on Earth
In the Pacific Ring Of Fire.

She is as just big
As the Mini Mouse
Compared with the Giant Panda
Its breadth and dimension
Have been laid down
Since time immemorial

In accordance with the laws of men and God
Anchored by the values
Of equality and respect.

Her territorial jurisdiction
Is just enough for her children to settle
And divide among themselves
Yet super powers
Of different colors want
Her bluest seas
Her whitest shores
Her longest coastline
Her deepest waters
Her volcano which peak
Claims the sky with the
Most perfect cone in the whole world
And the Philippine Eagle
That soars and dominates the vastness
Of the sky, the largest of all Eagles
With its mighty wings
It can even reach the heavens above.

Oh! Our beloved Philippines
We love and adore
In your great bosom
We seek refuge
And solace
Your beauty
Gives us a taste of heaven
Your love
Gives us the strength to conquer all evils.

No man
No nation
Could ever take your place
In our hearts
In our minds
Even in our very souls.

No man
No nation
Could ever conquer

You once more
Under the mighty hands
Of super powers
We would rather die
A zillion times.

Every single fish and grain of sand
In your seas and ocean
Every bird that flies
Above your sky
Every fauna and flora
In your forests
Every Filipino
From Womb To Tomb
We shall protect and respect
Until our last breath.

These, we swear
Under the name
Of our heroes and ancestors
The Youth to whom
Our hopes and burning dreams
Will continue
To all Overseas Filipino Workers
Who sacrificed the comfort of your love
For posterity of one's country and family
And to the One Above
Our Almighty God.

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Your Bitter Words

Your bitter words
Will deliver you
To the claws of revenge
And a destructive cycle
Of bitterness.

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Always Grateful

The tears that fell
From your lonely eyes
Evidence of your extreme fear
And sadness
My heart bleeds
Of knowing you love me so much.

I knew how you struggled
To keep me still
Pleaded to the physician
For just another day.

I prayed to Almighty God
To give me an ample time
To say a proper goodbye
But my body did not cooperate
It was ready to go.

My heartbeat faltered
My eyes were cloudy
And dreary
My legs gave way
All the way.

It was so sudden to leave you
Due to a sickness
That plagued me
I am no longer attuned
To this godforsaken body.

I will never
Hold against you
If you accede to
What the physician had advised you
Instead I will be forever thankful.

But you defied everything
You brought me home
Just to be with me

Away from everyone
One more time
You hold on me so tight.

You waited with great passion
A sign from heaven
Praying ardently to God
Hoping for a miracle
That I will get better.

But no one
Could ever
Ever conquer
The Book of Life
That everything will come to its end
In God's own time.

My day has come
Yet it came like a tidal wave
Caught me unaware
Swayed me to that unknown place
And delivered me to the arm of
Nothingness.

I faced the inevitable
I left you with a heavy heart
And I brought with me
All the treasures you gave
Love, kindness
Care and happiness.

I know God
Will make everything right for me
Though I tasted a different heaven
By being with you
With Him
There will be no iota of pain.

I will be watching over you
Every single moment
Along with my Father
For I am always

Always be grateful
To you.

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Knowledge - 5

A leader who uses his knowledge
And power to abrogate
Rights and curtail freedom
Of his people
Is a minion of darkness
Who puts his country to hell.

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A Person Without A Family

A person without a family
Is like solving a puzzle
To eternity.

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A Taste Of Hell

His love came and left
Like a dust devil
Giving her nothing
But a taste of Hell.

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Flowers For Eva Marie

Each and every God - given day
I walked through your road
As straight as marble fluted column
Built with wealth and grandeur.

It is a journey of the heart
Just to take a glimpse of you
It lingers with me
To dream on
Marvel and cherish.

With me are three sunflowers
Girded with rice straw
And tagged with Eva Marie
Your beautiful moniker
That befits you.

But these sunflowers
Will just remain
In my callous palm
It will never land
In your delicate hand
And touch by your candle like fingers.

You are so near
Yet so agonizingly far
You are like a dream
But a dream
That will never come true.

For dreams
In this corner of my world
Are like litters
In a garbage dumpster
They created holes
In my very core.

How can I tell you
My heart beats for you

And my very being
Cries out to hold you
Everything that I say in dreams
Is a million of your names.

But these feelings for you
Will make me fly
And I resolved to conquer
My littlest world
To be in your corner
No hands of time
Can hold me back from trying.

For the last time before I go
I took a quick look of you
The brightness of the morning
Put a smile in your face
My heart is so heavy
Not to let you know
What I feel for you
Swiftly I scribbled a short missive
To declare my love for you.

It will take a long time
A lot of courage
Beyond the limit of strength
Just to see you
But I know
Time will be
In my favor.

And now a self- made man
Once again
I tread the path towards you
No one could forestall
Not even
The Angels in heaven.

With ravishing three red roses
Tagged with gold
In your name, Eva Marie
I bravely took steps

To your door.

The brightness of your elegant abode
Enveloped me
But sadness mantled the place
I saw you right away
So beautiful and calm
Lying in repose
In a glass coffin
Surrounded with plethora of flowers.

The roses that I have in my hand
I laid them on the glass coffin
Right above your face
You are still the same, Eva Marie
As I have seen you
Five years ago
But time has robbed me
To be with you.

I expressed my sympathy
To your bereaved mother
Yet the look of pity on her face
Was more than I could bear
She gave me your letter
Your handwriting relives
The images of you.

You told me,
" I will wait for you forever
Even the angel that watches over me
Closes my eyes
And takes me to heaven
Our love that was never spoken
We will make it to heaven ".

I felt the whole world
Has abandoned me
Against all odds
I climbed the social ladder
To be with you
But all endeavors I took

Were futile
Because I am not with you.

From the depths of despair
I called my Angel
To take me
On this very day
For there will never
Be tomorrow
Left for me

Oh, there will be
No tomorrow
You took everything
Everything
That is a part of me.

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Firewood

A pile of firewood
On our neighbor's wide backyard
A winter fuel.

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The Beauty Of Fall

Fall wraps the mountain
With bright multicolor leaves
Sun pours its glory
And strikes the high mountain top
It creates multitude sights.

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My Mother Is My Anchor

When I was four
I used to tell my grandmother
" Who cares about ghosts,
My mother is a ghostbuster."

I was in Grade one
When I bragged to everyone
"Who cares about the storm,
Lightning and thunder
If you are with your
Fearless mother.

Time flew by so fast
I was in Grade six
And I said,
"Who cares about the bullies
My mother is always at my side."

My mother told me;
"Bullies are weak persons
Hiding in their own fears
Take them on
Face on
Head on."

I did what she said
And formed them
As a crown
To adorn my head.

I was eighteen
And I began
A mark of my own
A hardball was thrown
I felt like a loose bouy
Drifting out of the ocean.

My dear mother
Was right there

Hold me more than any treasure
In the world
Kept me safe from the tides and waves.

She forewarned me
That blustery wind
Is yet to come
And she encouraged me
To be firmly anchored.

Her thinkings
And teachings
I always wear them
As diamond pendants
For my necklace.

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Knowledge- 4

Knowledge is like
A particle of soil on the field.
It does not put us to a higher ground
Or make us superior than others.

Knowledge is found
Even in the poorest of the poor
Even in the disabled
Even in animals.

Knowledge shall not make us proud.

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In Our Midst

Your body runs its course
It lies under the trees
And lush green grass
Your voice and laughter
Are carried by the wind
You are gone
But your spirit stands.

You are gone
Yet you are with us
As we raise our glasses
With sparkling wine
As we sing to our hearts content
To celebrate the unfolding
Of a beautiful day.

You are in our midst
In times of happiness
In times of sadness
When we reap
The fruits of your plants
When we set up the karaoke
For us to sing.

On this beautiful day
You are in the core of our hearts
In the recesses of our minds
No matter
What we do
Where we at
What we are.

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How Can We Say Goodbye, Nickey Boy

It is hard to say goodbye
To a wonderful dog
Like Nickey Boy
That knew no other joy
Than to please us
And be with his toy.

He is gone
With his floppy ears
And shaggy coat
His puppy dog eyes full of joy
So pure and playful.

Gone is that vibrant dog
That used to wait for us
At the doorstep
Stuck his ears at the door
And wagged his tail endlessly.

He brought happiness
That is beyond measure
With a heart of gold
That has more than enough love
To go around to everybody.

He will be dearly missed
By everyone
We will always
Always remember Nickey Boy
As one in a zillion dog.

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Kite

I have a small kite
Made of Japanese paper
Craft sticks and long string
I let it fly in the sky
I feel so liberated.

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Evergreen - 2

An evergreen tree
Stands out amid fall foliage
A lovely contrast.

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Rows Of Wheat

Sweeping rows of wheat
They glow in the setting sun
A feast for the eyes.

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Flowers And Butterflies

Beds of red peonies
Swarm with monarch butterflies
A breathtaking sight.

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Knowledge - 3

He who uses his knowledge
To sow seeds of terror
Division and hate
Is likened to a well dressed beast.

One who unites and fosters brotherhood
Through his knowledge
Is like a burst of light
In a moonless and starless night.

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Knowledge - 2

Our knowledge shall not be used
As an instrument to kill.
It shall promote life
And dignity.

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Knowledge -1

Our knowledge shall not be bragged
Instead it shall be shared
It shall inspire and uplift
Everybody's heart, mind and soul.

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The Parched Grass

Parched Bermuda grass
Awaits a brewing big storm
To quench its long thirst.

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Greatness

The power of the mind is limitless
We have to harness
What is within to attain greatness
We shall not be mere clappers
Of other people's laurels.

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Cold Heart

She will never ever
Let Cupid prick her heart again
For love had put her
To heaven and hell.

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The Dog Named Lady

Lady, the dog that looks like a rat
Chases a beautiful Persian cat
She puts in high gear
Running like a deer
Then trips over a huge baseball bat.

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Lovely Seashells

Lovely shaped seashells
That are cone and nautilus
On the wide seaside
Like pieces of memories
So vivid and heartwarming.

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A Pair Of Wild Geese

A pair of wild geese
On a beautiful wide pond
Craned their necks and fly.

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Morning Fog

Morning fog hovers
Over a field of rows corn
Sun dissipates fog.

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Black And White Cows

Nine black and white cows
Graze on a lush green pastures
Boys watch from afar.

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My Grandfather Was A Farmer

I was still a little girl
When my grandfather taught me
How to care and till our land
To produce the vital things
That nourish life.

How wonderful to see
From sunrise to sunset
Large tracts of brown
Covered with gold and green.

Sometimes I played with the soil
Fiddled and molded
The way a craftsman
Worked on the clay.

We planted seeds in rich soil
But sometimes the wind and rain
Played with them
Some shoot up wild
Others have grown healthy.

My grandfather earnestly
Transferred wild ones
To more suitable beds
Attached rods on them
And mixed with the good ones.

How amazing to take
A glimpse everyday
How the wild ones continued to grow
As straight as the rod
And sturdy as the healthy ones
Some have grown even better.

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Innate Talent

I was born with a gift
An innate talent
It was coursed through my ancestors
It flows through my veins
Embedded in my heart and mind
Even in my very soul.

The gift is like breathing
It was anchored
To my very existence
Nobody could imitate
It has been etched in me
By the One Above.

But this gift
Shall be honed
To its perfection
And shall be used
In accordance with
Its noble purpose.

I shall not be proud
Instead I shall be humble
This is my gift
To the one who gave me
This talent
The One Above.

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An Ode To My Aunt Norma Lilia

On the tablet of my heart
Her name is well written
Next to my mother's name
She is as close
As a tight embrace
Her care is like a mother
To me and my brother
And my thirteen cousins.

Born with a zodiac sign Leo
She resembles the lioness
Love her
She will love you
A thousandfold more
Hurt her
She will get back to you
With a thundering roar.

She loves everything that is fiery
Red and orange specially
A strong -willed woman
She could sail through hundreds obstacles
A discipline that comes from within
She defies age
By being vibrant and sexy
An amazing personality.

She always says;
" Life is like being in a battlefield
When you hit the lowest lows
There's only one way to go
Up
Up
Up."

Her wisdom and teachings
Are like clusters of gems
I kept them
In the core of my heart

And in the deepest recesses
Of my mind.

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Poetry Is A Solitary Art

Poetry is a solitary art
But beautiful words come alive
While we write.

As we go on penning
Lovely words smile and sing
Laugh and dance
Right before our very eyes
They touch our hearts
Fill up our dreary senses
Tingle our minds
And make life
Full of love.

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Kindness

Kindness shall not boast
It will defeat its purpose
And good intentions.

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Lingering Snow

It is spring
But it feels
As if it is still
The dead of winter.

Lingering snow
Deters the plants to grow
Birds nestled on their nests
And hope their eggs
Will not perish
From the winter freeze.

Yet, I see some
Tulips and daffodils
In their vibrant hues
Bravely poke their way out
In the lingering snow.

Winter's grasp
On spring
Just would not let go.

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A Good Poem

Gold and silver may perish
With the forces of nature
But a good poem will stay
It can withstand
The tests of time
It will pass along
To the next generations
It will linger in our minds
It will find home in our hearts
It will fly high
With our eternal souls.

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My Garden Awakens

Three breezy cold months
Are eventually over
Flowers are blooming
Birds are chirping and singing
My wide garden awakens.

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O Have Mercy On The Refugees

Government against the governed
Faith against faith
Brother betrays brother
Friend betrays friend
To death.

The home that shelters
From cradle to grave
It turns into a demon
The motherland that nurtures
It destroys and envelops
Everyone into the arms of nothingness.

Dreams of the youth were trampled
Infants die while sucking their lives
From the ample bosoms of their mothers
Families gathered
Not to enjoy a meal
But to dig a way out.

They want to shut their eyes
Of the painful change
Of their existence
Let life takes its own course
Or turn into demons and fight
Or maybe just wait with indifference
And die.

Yet their hearts shout and choose
To flee and risk to live
And when they left
Their beloved home
God is with them
And their hearts
Still stay in the beloved home.

Citizens, young and old
Flocked en masse
Into the massive sea

Tossed wildly in the high seas
Swayed like dirt by the enormous waves
To unknown lands.

They walked days and nights
Through the bone dry lands
Endured sandstorms
Soaked by heavy rains
They crawled like worms
To reach the Golden Lands.

They were displaced
To different homes
Homes that have solid fences
And doors are as big as the hole
Of the smallest needle.

Oh, how lucky are the birds
They could fly to distant places
And claim the vastness
Of the grand sky
They could land anywhere
And build homes in a blink of an eye.

Oh, how we envy the fishes
They could go anywhere
All places that water
Occupies on Earth
They could swim to the deepest
Known points in Earth's oceans
And claim the ocean floor.

Yet, we love the human race
We are vested with hearts
Framed under One God
Hearts anchored
Under the virtue of kindness.

We have unalienable rights
That God gave to man
At the creation
That is why

We have dominion over the
Birds in the sky
We have dominion over the
Fishes in the sea.

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My Still Bank

When I was a little girl
I have a tube coin bank
An enclosed bamboo segment
With a slit at the side
It was one of the walls
Of our little house.

I inserted a nickel
From time to time
The remainder of my school allowance
My parents gave me.

Sometimes I want to put a dime
And I will buy
A boiled banana or sweet potato
For lunch.

Some years later
My father worked overseas
Our simple abode
Was renovated
From a bamboo house
To a stone house.

My coin bank
Was hammered and crushed
The money within
Were scattered all around
I cried when I got
My nickels and dimes.

My mother gifted me
A porcelain piggy bank
In lieu of the damaged one
It came from the finest pottery maker
In town
With holes in the belly
And in between ears.

My school allowance increased
I put quarters in my new coin bank
When it was full
I got all the money inside
And went straight
To the nearest bank.

When I finished school
My piggy bank
Is still fit for use
I handed down
To my favorite nephew
He kept it as the foundation
Of a valued trait.

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Half Naked Without A Hat

One hot summer day
At the carnival
I saw the teenage boy
Who had a big crush
On my beautiful sister.

He stole a kiss from her
But he got no luck
Before he could land his lips on hers
Her eyes were poked
By the rim of his hat
He ended with a black eye.

When I saw him again
He is a full grown man
He sported a shaved head
And wears a hat
Every single day.

He has all kinds of baseball caps
Collects all tennis hats
He got all the colors
That goes with his shirts.

He has fedora hats
He wears them with his suits
But what he loves the most
Are his cowboy hats.

One time a whirlwind came
It blew his hat off head
He tried to catch it
But he cannot outrun the wind
He went straight
To the nearby store
And bought a replacement.

On a cold weather
He wears beanie hats

But I noticed
They were in badly shaped
He used them
Until they disintegrated.

He reserves his favorite cowboy hats
During summer time
As a roof
From the Mother Sun
And stormy summer.

Sometimes he spoils
His Black Stallion
He puts grains
On the poor cowboy hat
He bends
And the horse will eat
To its heart's content.

But he doesn't mind
No, not at all
Despite he felt half naked
Without a hat
Inside the church
Specially on the most important day of his life
When he married
My beautiful sister.

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The Roasted Gold

You are the first one
That I seek in the morning
One that keeps
My day going.

You are one of the last things
In my mind in the evening
One that suppresses me
From yawning.

They like you
For what you are
All that black silkiness
That soothes body and soul.

I feel better
When you are mixed with white
That delights
My lips and tongue.

My friend takes you
As a whole
All bitter
But tames you
With sweetie
And wraps you
With whitie
Blackie or brownie.

The corporate world
Dresses you
In so many ways
That catch the eyes of the consumers.

They name you
In various languages
Elegant
Bold
And refined.

You are in the Malacanang Palace
House of Windsor, White House
And Imperial House
Sitting on the side
So still
Afraid to make a spill
On the laws to be enacted
And implemented.

Mingles with the Members of the Upper House
And Lower House
The House of Lords and House of Commons
Ignites their senses
To tackle issues of national interests
That will make them
Honorable and dishonorable.

Tingles the mind
Of the members of the bench
A writer and researcher
And burn their eyebrows
At night until dawn.

Keeps the surgical team alert
For the intense times
But drop you
Like a hot potato
When they are called to perform.

A silent partner
Of a fisherman and farmer
But keeps you on the run
With a driver
And commuter.

They could never drop you like a hat
When students are cramming
For upcoming exams
And teachers are overflowing
With lesson plans.

My godfather always asks for you
At the Stripper's Club
When he kills the night
At the Five Star Hotel and Casino
When he grasps and tosses the dice
At the Travel Shops
When he soars
The one hundred must see places
Of the world before one dies.

People search for you
In the jungle
In the upland and lowland
Even in the ass and poop
Of a lowly Asian cat-like animal.

Oh, the magic of coffee
And its aroma
You bring gold
In every businessman's coffers
You are one of a kind
The most traded
And sought after commodity
In the entire humanity.

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From Womb To Tomb

Experts advised her
To expel you
And never
She will see
The likeness of you.

She stood by your side
From the moment you were conceived
You have the legal
And moral
Rights to be protected
And nurtured.

You shall be born
See the light
And enjoy the beauty of life
You must experience
The wonders of existence.

Some people said
She will bear the burden
From womb to tomb
If she will let you
Stay with her.

She made them aware
She will worry about you
Every single minute
But the bundle of joy
You will bring is infinite.

They keep on reminding
From womb to tomb
You will generate sadness
She keeps on rebutting
From womb to tomb
You will give happiness.

The thought of you

Just excites her
But it scares her to death
How she will react
At the moment of your birth.

She holds on to her gut
She knows everything
Will be alright
For God will be here
To make it right.

In every fiber of her being
You are indelibly marked
You will never part
From birth to death
And life after death.

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Courage

It takes courage to reach
The fiery sun
And let its rays
Beat down on my soft skin
Than just take a glimpse
Of its radiant rays.

It is too daring to fly
High above the waves
But I know I am braver
Than I realized
When I rolled and twirled
And sucked by their power.

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Three Baby Foxes

Three baby foxes
Peeked out of their forest den
As the deer passed by.

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The Ring Bounded By Fear

We dwell in a place like paradise
A picturesque nation with seven thousand one hundred seven islands
Lying just above the equator
Seated in the western part
Of the largest ocean on earth.

A beauty to behold
Tourists flocked and explored
The best islands
From its rocky shallows
To deep twilight zone reefs.

Rich endemic plants
And animals thrived
Unique marine creatures flourished
And most of all
A home to happy and warm
Hospitable people.

Volcanoes with their mighty peaks
Dominated the skyline
One of them had the most perfect cone
Mighty Mayon Volcano
A wonder of the world.

An abode
To the most biologically diverse
Waters on earth
Splendid and sunny beaches
With the whitest white sand.

Bodies of water hiding
At the foot of the mountains
Underground river flowing
In a mountain range
Fountains in the midst of the valleys
A true embodiment
Of the magnificent
Art of God.

Oh, so wonderful
So beautiful
Yet, so fearful
Nestled in a horseshoe shaped
Along the Circum Pacific Belt
Otherwise known as the Ring Of Fire.

Like the sword of Damocles
Hanging above our heads
Always in a quandary
On what to do
Comes that mighty blow.

Into the dim
Recesses of our minds
We pushed the query
Will the tremors
Likened to a cat cry
The roar of a beast
Or a bomb that had gone off?

Will it splinter
The highest and the lowliest
Flatten the earth
And lead us
To the arm of nothingness?

The upsurge of the water
The seismic waves
The slip, slide and collide
Of tectonic plates
The shaking beneath the feet
Are our constant fears.

When the volcanoes blow fast
Is our darkest
And deepest fear
We might be taken out
On this Earth
All at once.

Everyone cries for mercy
To the One Above
Cry from the heart
That we will be spared
From the wrath
Of the Ring Of Fire.

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The Lobbyist

A smart lobbyist
Is like an ardent suitor
He calls and visits.

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Poems Without Readers

Poems without readers
Are like lonely wallflowers
On the wide dance floor.

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Fuzzy Blanket

A fuzzy blanket
On a breezy cold weather
It makes me feel snug.

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My Grandfather's Barn

The weathered old barn
On the middle of the farm
Memories linger
Of my grandfather's hardwork
And his deep love for the farm.

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When The Moon Wanes

It was a bright night
With the full moon and sea of stars
At the celestial dome
His wife went
Hand in hand with him
To the deck of his boat.

He will trail the sea
With him
Her unending love
The warmth of her breath
And her sweetest kiss.

Before he sails to the vastness of the sea
He holds her hands
So soft
While his are so callous
By pulling in nets
And propelling his boat.

As the moon shines her face
He saw her brightest smile
Completely lit
By the full moon above
Her happiness
Is beyond measure.

But he knows
Deep inside
Her happiness
Is just a flash of lightning
Which pierced through the darkness.

For now
He will let himself drown
By her sheer joy
And pure beauty
For it is where he draws
His strengths and hopes.

When the moon wanes
She will be enveloped
With despair and sadness
And his heart
Will bleed for her.

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Lady Justice

Lady Justice weighs not with the eyes,
But with pieces of evidence that are strong and bold.
Therefore, Lady Justice was depicted
Wearing a blindfold.

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Hate Has Its Own Time

Hate you must
The one that hurt you
It makes you human
Like grief
It has its own time
To heal.

Hate sometimes inflames us
To move into a higher ground
And we exceed the one
Who puts us down
And at a given time
We become better persons.

Yet others
Are immobilized by hate
They are frozen
The hate and hurt lurked
Inside their hearts
They become bitter.

It is therefore wise to say
That hate must surely
Come to its end
Whether it makes you
Better or bitter.

For if hate has claimed possession
Hate possesses your heart
Hate possesses your mind
Hate possesses even your very soul
Ending yourself
As the prey.

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Anger

My blood surges
To its boiling point
I am about to snap
And the meanest animal
Is about to be released.

The animal's wrath will unfurl
It will hurt
And destroy life
Including mine
But I took a long deep breath.

I shouted at the top of my voice
In the dense forest
My screams were answered
By the birds
With their sweetest songs.

I yelled on the tunnel
The things that came out
Of my mouth were pieces of trash
The words that I swore
It came back to me
I am ashamed of myself.

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The Aquarium

One fine morning
I went to a fish store
And bought tropical fishes
In their brightest striking hues
Blue, yellow, red and orange.

I kept and displayed the fishes
In our fifty gallon aquarium
The aquatic creatures
Created aesthetic appeal
In our living room.

The elegant sway of their bodies
As they swim swiftly
And synchronously
Brings fun and happiness
As if I am traveling
In the majestic seas.

The sun has set its glory
And the bright moon appeared
With its glorious beauty
Its light seared through the window
And illuminated the fishes
Guiding them as they move
Within the confines
Of a mere glass box.

Sadness overcomes me
And now I am having
Two opposite views in my mind
I am happy seeing the fishes everyday
In a glass box
Yet I am wracked by guilt
Of robbing their precious home
And abusing their treasured freedom.

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Failure

I tried my very best
I have exhausted
All that can be required from my capabilities
Beyond power and strength
But I lost.

Shoulders and tears dropped
Knocked the wind
Gritted my teeth
Felt the world
Has abandoned me.

I licked myself into shape
And have thought carefully
What went wrong
I prayed hard
And called on God.

I brushed myself
Honed my skills
And prepared myself
To get back
In the same arena.

Hell bent to win
I renewed my energy
Increased my pace
Used all legal means to win
But still for the second time
I failed.

I cannot accept defeat
And I told myself
I am not a quitter
I forced my butt
And tried with all my might
And here at the same field
For the third time.

Yet luck
And success
Were so elusive
I was doomed
To be a failure.

But my mind and heart
Cried otherwise
I used my failures
Put them together
To make me stronger.

I changed course
Now I see the light
Stars are shining bright above me
Finally
Fate smiles at me.

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Our Father And Mother

Husband and wife
Ordained by God
Recognized by law
An intimate and permanent partner
United to become one.

Mandated by God and by law
To treasure each other
To encourage one another
To enrich and solidify life together.

Our father and mother
Are poles apart
We do not know
Why they ended up together.

Everybody says
Unlike poles
Attract each other
That is why
They are together.

Our parents
Are similar to a seesaw
As one of them goes up
The other goes down.

They never go
In the same direction
One wants to see the North Pole
The other is geared
Towards the South Pole.

Under no circumstances
They watched shows together
Mother loves tearjerker movies
Father is an addict of Ghostbusters.

Whenever they embark

On a new project
They do the toss coin
Father chooses the face
Mother gets the tail.

Eardrums throbbed
With their endless debates
Always argue on the country's affairs
He is anti government
She is a loyalist of the government.

They have different taste buds
Father is tingling with pleasure in food
Mother is a finicky eater
He is a glutton of bizarre foods
She pukes when she eats one.

But no matter
How much they antagonized each other
Whenever their love is put to a test
They love each other to death.

When father is sick
Mother never leaves his side
She calls and inquires
On everyone
How to treat a headache and common cold.

When mother is not around
Father looks for her
In every corner
Worried and anxious
Like an old mother hen.

Loving each other deeply
Covers all their inadequacies
Including small treacheries
They committed to each other
They delight in the Lord
Their hearts entwined.

They were graced by God

Two beautiful children
Joyfully and wonderfully made
Whose frames were framed after them.

Two humble and simple people
Who loved them dearly
Their blessings from above
Who will connect the dots
Towards them
To forever.

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The Joy And Pains Of Gambling

I am old and alone
Rich and yet lonely
Nothing to do
Except to wait my time
To meet His Divine.

I looked for diversion
And I found you just in time
I wonder why
So many people flocked to you
Was it for amusement or fortune
I don't know.

Like a magnet
I was drawn to you
You entered my life
And I was sucked
Into my own world of fun.

You bring extreme joy
To the heart of my very being
When I am with you
I have a fountain of youth
So relaxed
Yet so giddy.

I am always excited
To be in your corner
Like a teen age boy
Going on his first date.

Whenever I enter your house
It amazes me
And everything fades from view
But only you.

We played with sheer eagerness
Under your roof
Illuminated with fancy stars

Then I heard a roar
Or was it a thunder
That came out of nowhere.

My head
Suddenly spin
With the million of spins
I have ever seen.

People came like paparazzi
My world seemed to cease
But I seized it
In just a blink of an eye
My fortune increased
To thousandfold.

I tasted the beginner's luck
And I played with you
More, more and more
I became greedy as hell.

I stayed with you at daytime
Noontime and nighttime
The fortune
That I got in an instant
Is all gone.

I visited you four days a week
Other days were spent solely in my bed
Too hard to get up on my butt
Except when there are perks
That can lure me up.

I love the action to death
But because of exhaustion
It is no longer relaxation
It ends up to sleep deprivation.

But whatever I do
I can't get you out of my mind
I never stopped wanting you
Whenever I lose my bankroll

I will put more to make it roll.

I embarked all my fortune in you
I played and put at one fell swoop
Hoping I could amass
All the wealth on earth.

But in one heartbeat
I was doomed
To the status of a bankrupt man
Lonely and destitute
Citizen of my Motherland.

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The Trucker's Horn

Honk, honk, honk
Loud and thundering
From a semi-truck trucker
Rocking that air horn
For children
So eager to hear
The trucker's horn.

Breaker, breaker
Here is now the trucker
Behind an eighteen wheeler vehicle
That came from interstate haul
Michigan, Missouri
Massachusetts, Mississippi
Maryland, Minnesota
Maine, Montana
Both far and in between.

From the desolate bone dry deserts
Giant stone arches
The Salt Lake
Rolling hills
Grand Rocky Mountains
To broad grassland plains
He will deliver your load
Despite absence of GPS
Even to Death Valley
He sure know where he is.

Honk, honk, honk
For all the gentlemen and ladies
Out there on the road
Here comes the King of the Road
Who drives a big rig
You watch out what you do
In your little car
With his good vision
He can watch everything on the road
Including your lascivious conduct.

The trucker always says
" I fear, I fear, I fear
Here comes the weigh station
I pray, I pray, I pray
That my log book is up to date
And my load
Is not overweight. "

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Cruel Days Did Pay

The time that I first saw the light
Sun turned into darkness
Of the billows of smoke
From the warship
Lifeless bodies sprawled
Tora, Tora, Tora
A shout from one of the Axis Powers.

The moon did not shine
Stars were hidden by the dusty clouds
Tremors shook the earth
Hunger, thirst and nakedness
Enveloped my childhood.

In my youth
As tender as the rose bud
I just hold on to dear life
While my friends danced
Laughed out loud
Turned nights
As their happiest lives.

Like an owl
I made nighttime
Into daytime
Used my hands
Until they were tender and swollen
Pounded my mind
Until it was numb.

Same as the ants
I worked during hot and rainy days
Hoarded all things
I can hold
Trash of others
I made them
A mountain of fortune
Clothes that I have worn
Were all hand -me- down

Tears that came down my eyes
I made them
My daily table salt.

Now stars are hiding no more
Crowned with laurels of my own
But I will never
No, never
Intend to sit on them
Afraid to let them go
I continue
The cycle of my life
Haggled over every last dime
To ensure
That cruel days
Will not take control.

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Your Love Is Like The Briefness Of Tulips

You shout the beauty of spring
In lovely hues
Of red, yellow, purple and pink
As straight as cupid's arrow
You got my heart
To fall in love.

He came to me
In mid-April
Elegant and noble
My heart is like an awakened tulip
The bloom of youth
Bright and ready
To its greatest beauty.

He vowed his love
Infinite and undying
Passion is burning
My heart is wooed
And he won.

Red tulips in deep shades
Were showered on my way
Beautiful
Wonderful.

But it was just a fleeting moment
Of utmost joy
Like a royal carriage
Dressed in purple tulips
Passing by
To witness its grandeur.

O my love
And the radiant tulips
Your lives
Were cut short
On cold rainy days
Of springtime.

Yet unlike my love
Tulips will come again
And again
In nearly every color
Of the rainbow
Opulent
Magnificent.

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Just A Wink Of An Eye

Last night I saw you
On the waterfront
You glanced at me
And I looked your way!

Our eyes locked together
And your eyes shifted colors
As they caught the light
Installed at the waterfront!

Though your alluring lips
Were sealed
Yet those lovely eyes spoke
A thousand words...!

The night was perfect
With star studded sky
You winked at me
And snatched my heart right away!

It was a wonderful moment
Our hearts craved for a kiss
With the bliss
Everything happened
In just a wink of an eye!

You were utterly crazy
Your glance made me crazy
We were both swept away
By this undefined ecstasy
In just a wink of an eye!

We soared the inevitable
We could not resist
The high tides of emotion
It knocked us down
To the very end!

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Don't Stir My Calm Water

Don't stir my calm water
There is an active volcano
Ready to erupt
Inside of me.

Keep your hands
To yourself
If you strike me
A serpent is ready
To inject its venom into you.

Keep your harsh words
In your mind
Tame your mouth
Otherwise the hornets
Will hush you forever.

I tell you
Don't stir my calm water
You will be sorry
If you do.

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Attraction

Her dress floats elegantly
Under the bright lights
Of the dance floor

Legs sway seductively
To the rhythm
Of UnchainedMelody

His eyes were glued
To her face
Waiting to arrest her eyes
That are so lovely.

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My Mother's Quilt

Striking dried leaves
That are orange and russet
On the wet ground
I remember my mother
And her magnificent quilt.

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Slanderous Words

Slanderous words

Like speeding arrow

Spreading hate and rage.

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Hugs

He hugs everyone
His hold is so tight
He should use a deodorant.

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Alone

I feel so alone
I look at the trees
They are alive with love birds.

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A Writer's Nook

A rustic table
By the steel window
Writer's pen bleeds profusely.

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Tired Of Not Being Herself

She is just plain
So simple and yet happy
Got some marks
That mar her beauty.

She wanted to be somebody
Got treated
And finely bleached
Cultured like a piece of gem.

Archaic name amended
To elegant and one of a kind
It rings a bell
On everybody's ears
It suited the urbane life.

Admired the new identity
Loved the newly acquired personality
The sophistication
And savor faire.

A beauty without a flaw
One that shimmers
And shines
That knocks everyone's socks off.

She became a social animal
Traits changed
To suit one and all
Mingled with the public
Too many of them to handle
Too many emotions to deal with.

She cried for help
But she became distant
Elusive as Siberian Tiger
Back to a reclusive
Rural life
Where she truly belong.

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A Horse On Loose

Big thunder rumbles
Lightning flashing many times
Horse on loose runs wild.

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The Girl With Ponytails

A group of young boys
Laughing out loud, give high fives
Girl with ponytails cries.

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Annie Fifi

They usually say
You are not that pretty
Short flat nose
Wrinkled face
And eyes that are dark and buggy.

But to us
You are a beauty
Your unique and comical features
Set you at par
With everyone
In the canine family.

We saw you from a breeder
You have many siblings
And it was difficult to choose
From a litter
Of pug puppies.

But you like to show off
And came to us by surprise
Looked at us
With your globular eyes
That were full of fire and smiles.

We were so excited
We carried you
Your square and compact body
Fitted into ours
It warmed us inside.

Your creamy thick coat
Shed heavily
The glossy small hair
Stuck into our velvety
Black dresses
And turned them
Into salt and pepper.

We took you home
And named you Annie Fifi
You are so good friendly
Like the sunburst
You shine through our hearts.

No one could ever surpass
The loyalty and protection you gave us
Every waking moment in our lives
We felt safe
By your side.

Now you are old
Mostly blind and deaf
Your time is near
Towards its end
And still you brighten
Our days.

If you could feel our hearts
You will surely know
That all we want
Is what is best for you
To make your world
A happy place.

Annie Fifi
A family
You are a great blessing
From the one above.

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Band Aid

Yesterday,
It only covered minor abrasions and cuts.

Today,
It also replaces bikini tops.

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How Can I Not Remember You, Father

I still remember the most fragrant flower
That assaulted my senses with wonder
The song that made me cry a river
Is vividly imprinted
In my heart's deepest corner.

How can I not remember you, Father
You brought me into this world
You live on through me
Yesterday, today
Until eternity.

I fondly remember
My strict elementary teacher
Her rules must be followed to the letter
So engaging yet loving
She treated me like a daughter.

How can I not remember you, Father
You are the namesake
Of my only brother
Every time I see myself in the mirror
I can see the shape of your face
And your eyes that were like marbles.

I don't care who you were
All I remember is you are my father
I don't care how other people
Remember you
All I care
Is how I remember you.

I remember you
With love today
I spoke to God the other day
To bless your soul every single day
With each passing year
Memories of you linger.

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The Domestic Pigs

Ten domestic pigs
Squealing, wiggling short tails
Food fast approaching.

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Kick Your Heels And Go

A friend of mine
Thought she is number one
She is living
In a beautiful house
In the middle of nowhere.

She was taken
To far away lands
To the most beautiful cities on Earth
The City of Lights and Stars
Even to the City That Never Sleeps.

She has the tightest embrace
Of an Anaconda
She knows what to say
How to say it
When to say it
To turn her man's ear.

She always brags
Her man was smitten
By her loving ways
That she is the air
That he breathes.

She complements him
In every aspect
He promised
She is the one
The only one.

Yet, on the Day of Thanksgiving
The cold breezy days of Christmas Eve
And New Year's Eve
All the grand occasions of the year
He was never with her
To share the meals
She patiently prepared.

She desperately
Longed to have him
At family affairs
Eager to introduce
To her nearest
And dearest.

He always says
There will be the proper moment
To meet everyone
But he is not yet ready
At this time.

One day
She called me
In the middle of the night
Crying at the top of her lungs
Between sobs she confessed
She is slowly being killed
By the emotional strife
In her life.

I told her
The words she hates to hear
"Kick your heels
And go."

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I Have No Memory Of You

You puffed off like the wind
Abandoned me
Without anyone to lean unto
Except the four elements
I was swayed by them
Wandered from one place to another
Hurt and damaged.

Fate turned on me
Someone came along
With a heart of an angel
She nurtured me
Gave me roots to stand on
And wings to fly.

Suddenly you came
Like a bombshell
You forced your way
Into my world
Reminded me
That you were the one
Who gave my life.

I have a tall wall put up
In my corner
Where only a few
Are allowed to go through
I have no memory of you
It is hard
To make you near me
And be in my corner.

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The Tall Trees In Our Backyard

I have never known
Someone as obedient
And enduring as you
Imprisoned under the clutches
Of Mother Soil
Yet never
A single sigh
Leaped through the air.

You swirl and swing with the wind
And bowed to any kind of storm
You always look up for the rays
Of the Mother Sun
With sheer delight
Praying to give you more light
You catch all the tears from heaven
Even if it will cause
Your fall and death.

You are my green curtains
From the probing eyes
Of passersby
My walls
From the harshness of the wind
Your halos that sparkle in the light
Give comfort against the heat and rain
Clean the air for me to live.

In your wide
And uneven trunks
I rest my tired body
The touch felt
Like a hug
From a mother's
Loving arms.

Now, I am old
And you are still here
Holding my cherished

Childhood memories
Intact and alive
In your rough barks
That bear the prints
Of my joys and pains
In life.

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Christmas Spirit

When I woke up this morning
I saw snowflakes
Falling over trees
Some seemed like ferns
Others fell like diamond dusts
The purest of the pure
The whitest white.

The crisp white snow
Blanketed the ground
And embedded itself
To where it fell
So pristine
Like a wonderland.

The scenery before my eyes
Took me to the realm
Of my childhood days
It reminded me
Of that little girl
Way back home
In my motherland
Where snowflakes
Never land.

I went outside
Wearing three layers of clothes
My body was still chilled
Yet, my heart felt warm
And I let my mind
Pondered Christmas.

Suddenly an incident
Long time ago
Just crossed my mind
My late father was holding
A driftwood
For our family's Christmas tree.

The little girl cleaned the driftwood
Took away the scruffy branches
While her mother
Made the ornaments.
The little brother
Got some tide powder
Diluted with water
And made suds all over.

Brother and sister
Played with the suds
Throwing them
Into the air
The wind carried
And scattered them
Just to be dropped
In accord with the rhythm of nature
Like snowflakes
Falling on the ground.

The rest of the suds
They put them on the branches
And trunk of the driftwood
And they let them dry
On their own
They made a white Christmas tree
Out from scratch
The suds resembled crumpled snow
Attached to the driftwood
At the tip of the branches
Small star lanterns were hung.

Too many memories
Of yesterdays Christmases
Like snow piled up
They lingered in my mind
Pinched my heart
And brought me back
To my homeland.

Yet, even away from home
I still fondly carry

Those deep rooted
Christmas traditions
That bring out family's treasures
And make my family circle
Closer to heart.

Christmas spirit binds us
It closes the gap
Among us
Even just for the meantime
And our hearts
Beat as one
As we celebrate
The birth of Jesus Christ.

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Mounting A Mountain

I always gape
At your giant pyramid peak.
How you got that tall?
Did God
Blow on you?
I envy you.

You are a wonder
That people adore.
You can reach the star.
Your sky-high beauty
Is shouting
You conquered the world.

You towered in isolation.
Living things in your territory
Succumbed to your greatness.
How can I reach you?
I want to explore
The mystery in you.

I wish to be like you.
But how can I,
I was born of lesser qualities.
When I look at you,
You always remind me
Of how small I am.

Though I will strain
All my energies and intellect,
And even I will cry
For mercy,
Under no circumstances,
Could I ever
Ever conquer you.

The Day That Was Never Promised

Today marked the day
When they became one
In the eyes of God and men
Bounded by a cord
And a ring that has no end.

They promised
Their love and faithfulness
It has been written
In the core of their hearts
And imbibed
In the recesses of their minds.

Hand in hand
They passed the sun
And God's morning star
Seven thousand six hundred seventy times
The shooting star that landed
Before their very eyes
They made a wish to live together
Forever.

For seven long years
Their bond has been tested
By the fires of adversity
And the storms of life
After which their love
Is likened to the strongest steel
Strengthened and molded
In the most difficult times.

But the mills of change
Grind slowly
And the vessel of love
Has been broken
The vows that they sworn
For each other have been breached
And the rings that signify
Love and fidelity for each other

Are never worn.

Their hearts where their love
Have been written
They keep a record
Of all their wrongs and treacheries
The faces that they love and adore
Each and every morning
They torment
Their very souls.

The day that they became
One flesh
It has been thrown
Into the vessel
Of forgotten memories.

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The Philippines: A Gem That Endures And Protects

You were hailed
As the Pearl of the Orient Seas
A precious gem
That never ceases to amaze.

Everyone took cognizance
Of your magnetic beauty
Yet exploited
Your naivety.

Through hard work
And ingenuity
You are soaring
Far and high
Like the Bird King
In the endless blue sky.

You made a safe nest
Of your own and children
Ensure their well being
From cradle to grave
A promise of a life
That is bountiful
And beautiful.

Behold my Motherland, The Philippines!
She will come to your side
To embrace and commend
Your righteousness
Takes her whip to penalize
Expunge your wickedness
And to overthrow all forms
Of ignorance, corruption
And oppression.

A cradle of warmth and beauty
The calm water that soothes the body
The gentle wind that caresses the face
The flower bud that blooms ahead of the others

The bird that sings unceasingly
And
The teardrop that falls in the sea
To become the biggest Pearl Of All.

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The Budding Flowers

I walked through our circular garden
I saw lacy leaves
And a riot of summer color
Budding flowers.

I like to cut the new buds
Let them fully bloom in crystal vases
And enjoy the sight and smell
Of a garden inside our home.

Yet, I let the Mother Sun
Sent its rays on every budding flower
With gentleness
And bloom to their greatest grandeur.

But nature sometimes is harsh
It pours its fury
It only takes one gusty wind
And a heavy summer rain
To take away the beauty
Of every budding flower.

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The Pubescents

When you ask them,
"What are you doing"?
They say,
"Nothing".

When you inquire
"What do you want"?
They answer,
"We do not know".

When you tell them
"This is what you gonna do".
They quickly say,
"We absolutely know".

I was once
A pubescent
And my favorite line was
"What else can I do "?

Oh, the Pubescents
Their lives
Are full of wonders.

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A Country Boy To The Core

My husband is a country boy
To the core
When we are in the city
He is going crazy
He is always yearning
For the country.

When we are at home
He fills the four corners
With country songs
From Garth Brooks
To Johnny Cash.

He comes and goes at all hours of the day
And even late at night
He goes outside a zillion times
Our door has always been cracked
It has been repaired
A million times.

Squirrels roaming around
Going up and down
Along the trunks
Of the maple trees
His eyes are fixated
As if he had seen them
For the very first time.

He always peeks through the window
Looking for feathered friends
When he hears
That chirp and tweet
His green eyes become bright
And sweet.

At nighttime he ardently waits
For the moon to pour out
Its glory
And the sequin-silver stars

Flashing and dazzling
The grand sky.

One night he stayed outside
For the longest time
When he came inside
The house, I told him
He can now marry
The moon and stars above.

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Aim High

My aim is high
As high as the moon
And stars above
It is almost
At the tip of my hand
But slips away in an instant.

I never departed
From that aim
Forever it will be mine
For my life without it
Is like breathing
With ailing lungs.

The path towards that aim
Is melted into
The darkness of the night
Turbulent
Yet, I will never lose hope
Until it will be realized.

I shout my aim
From the top of the hills and mountains
To the hidden springs in the mountains
At the mighty seas
Where the roaring rogue waves
Will carry my voice
All the way to the bottom of the sea.

I shout my aim
On the tunnels
My aim echoed
Ten thousand times
Up above the sky
It is well written in the rainbow
In seven striking hues.

I write my aim in papers
And attach them to the claws

Of singing birds
Let them fly
Bring it to the sky.

And I whisper
To the butterflies in
The garden
They will fly
Fly up above
They will bring it
To heaven.

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The Mansion

I went to my friend's abode
A proud and mighty mansion
It got tons and tons of gold
Hanging in the chandeliers
And lots and lots of silver
Embedded in the kitchenwares.

My friend got millions
And countless of diamonds
Hidden in her safe
A sea of antiques
Her house is
Like a living museum..

Her room got its own fireplace
For wintertime
A motorised rippled curtain
That can be opened
In an instant
During summertime.

But in her heart
She felt like homeless
Of the wheel of sadness
And emptiness
In her life.

I live in a house
So old and tiny
Devoid of gadgets
And fancy furniture
Yet, I am
Absolutely happy.

I am just a simple person
With tons of gold
And lots of diamonds
Sitting at the bottom
Of my heart.

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Absolute Power

He was selected
From among the finest
Of all men
To carry the loads
Of millions of fathers.

He got hundreds of millions of children
With multitude personalities
Some are in the right wing
Others are in the left wing
Still others are moderates.

He holds great power
Vested by the millions
He watches over
Yet, his authority is clipped
With checks and balances.

He got noble intentions
Initiated reforms
For the good of all
Majority submitted to his power
Others desperately wanted him gone.

He reached the fork in the road
And he tightened his grip
To his power
Changed tactics
And ruled with an iron fist
Cut the tongues of his children
And broke their wings.

He tasted
The absolute freedom to rule
Like a wine
He wanted more
Intoxicated by the desire
To be the first in everything
The one who has been told finest

Has turned into a beast.

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The Mystery Of Rain

The rain falls like bullets
It splits our home
And pierces the tenderness
Of our hearts
It displaces the hill I loved dearly
And tears down my favorite tree.

It is in the rain
That I witnessed
Nature's equality
It spares no one
Rich and poor
Good and evil.

Yet, I love the rain
Each drop creates rhythm
And music that only nature can give
It sounds like angels
Coming down from heaven
Knocking our hardened hearts.

Rain nourishes
And feeds God's creations
Brings a new lease of life
To broken grasses and lands
Gives the world
Mysteries and wonders.

I love to look up
And face the sky
Whenever it rains
The pattering of raindrops
On my cheeks
Are like the sweet wet kisses
Of a lover.

When I am lonesome
And tears come streaming down my face
I used the rain to wash them away

Hiding my sorrow and temporary weakness
And I remember
My beloved mother
Her tender loving hands
Wiping my tears.

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Of Legal Age

I traveled the world
For eighteen long years
Wrapped in the arms
Of loving parents
The sail was smooth
That made life
Worth living for.

They led me
A sheltered life
That they certainly know
The murmurs
Of my heart
Even the deepest secret
That lurks inside.

Today has come
For me
To be emancipated
Away from the clutches
Of their authority
Yet, I am
In quandary.

Glad that
I can walk alone
The path of life
Without a cane
And make a mark
Of my own.

Still my heart
Is fretful
And afraid
That I might not
Make on my own
All alone.

But, my loving parents

Have imparted
A fortune:
A discipline
Solid as a rock
That I can hold onto
For life.

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Conquer Fear

A big black stone
Was thrown
Into our home
It perched in our minds
In our hearts
Even in our very souls.

Our family is frozen
Like the black stone
But we clung to heavens above
And called all its angels
To lift the burden
That threatened
The sanctity of our home.

We poured all our energy
Solidified our courage
The conglomeration of
Family's strength
Produced the hardest
And strongest rock.

Today, the sun shines
In its brightest
And warmest
It melted the black stone
Even its black shadow.

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The Predator

You have a razor-sharp mind
And a barb wit
You speak eloquently
It matches
Your long black damask robe.

In your court
You have a zest for verbal combat
And strongly worded views
On all issues.

But when you scribe your notes
They are all lies
Your lying pen emits
Blood monies
And the cries of the oppressed.

A wise and experienced man
Armed with hired hands
That trapped litigants
Laden with fortune
And waiting to be swooped.

You traded the gavel of Justice
With jet ski and muscle mustang
You love to acquire high-end things
At the expense of people's rights
And honor.

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The Leaders

Some have iron fists
Few are loose
Majority are in between.

Authority comes from the governed
Older ones claimed
They were given by their Gods
Others got lucky
And said it was destiny
The frauds through treachery.

Their rules are confined
To their Kingdoms
Under the cloak
Of humanitarian purposes
Some want to rule the world.

They cannot get enough
Become greedy
And they extend
Their territories.

They want the high blue seas
And the highest bluest blue skies
Even that beautiful line
Where the sky and earth meet.

But no one has ever heard
That they want to rule
The most coveted of them all
Where all authorities emanate
The kingdom of all kingdoms
The Kingdom of the Lord.

I am sure
The greedy, the fraud
And the treacherous
Could not even try
They will be swept away

Right away.

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Always A Child

Like a soft shell
Afraid that she might be squashed
When I hold her tight
It makes me feel
Like I am walking
Through egg shells
Every single morning.

My child
Will always be a child
I will spend a whole life
Taking care of her
Mourning for her lost potentials.

Every waking moment
I will worry about her
What if I will be gone
Will there be someone
Who will ever comfort her?

What if I am gone
Who will put a smile
On her face so dearly?
And when she cries
Who will wipe every tear
From her eyes tenderly?

But she is my lucky charm
Her weaknesses
Are my strengths
Her single smile
Brought a million joys
And simple triumphs
Are the sweetest of all.

My beloved child
Is the keeper of my key
Toward God's Kingdom.

My beloved child
Will unlock
The Gates of Heaven for me.

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Oh My God

Three simple words
Commonly used
A mode of expression
Frequently abused.

When you are angry or frustrated
You bark, Oh My God
In excitement or in shock
You shout, Oh My God.

When you hold your breath in awe
In between gasps you say, Oh My God
If you feel low or dismayed
And your energy is melting away
You repetitiously moan
Oh My God, Oh My God, Oh My God.

Oh My God
You are everywhere
Mouthed by people of all ranks
Of all ages and of all colors
At all times
A concrete manifestation
That we acknowledge God
In our daily lives.

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Betwixt Extremists

I am in a tight spot
Betwixt extreme right
And extreme left.

Two stones
Are thrown simultaneously
From both sides
I am afraid
I might be pulverized.

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The Blindfolded Woman

I am walking towards a formidable building
With walls encased with bricks and stones,
I see your maidenly form,
Standing tall with your glory.

Elevated above us,
A figure secluded with flowing robe,
A strong and mature woman
Installed right in front of the Justice Hall.

As I gaze into your blindfolded beauty,
I ask thee;
Will the scale in your left hand
Tilt towards me?
Will your right hand strike me
With your double edged sword?

I am just a little guy:
No money,
Not even a single penny.
No real property or personal property,
No family,
Except the Lord Almighty.

How can I win this battle?
It is a clash of wits,
Gold and guns.
My opponent is fully equipped
With an array of legal luminaries,
While I, being a destitute man,
I am defended with one.

I am nobody.
But I will present my case:
With indisputable evidence,
Without fear,
Imbued with ardor,
Leave no stone unturned,
That they may weigh,

Know, consider and understand,
That I am innocent.

And if the Blindfolded Woman
Tilts her scale of justice
Favorable to my adversary,
Metes out justice
Through her sword against me
She then pierced
The very piece of me.

But I shall not be deterred.
I will fight!
As long as blood
Flows in me.
As long as this heart of mine
Never falters to beat.
As long as there is a strand of hope
That flickers in the
Darkness of the night.

I will appeal my case
To the One Above,
The Final Arbiter
Of all.

In Him, I am sure
The verdict will be in my favor.
For I am innocent.
He is God of Justice
He will not punish the righteous
He will not acquit the wicked.

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Under The Blue Star

Sky watching
On top of a mass of green and brown
Sitting knee to knee
Forehead to forehead
Under the blue star.

Two hearts beat as one
Dreams that are so high
They can move mountains
Enable us to leap
And meet the blue star.

We belong
To two different worlds
Set by a social class
It meant nothing to us
But the rest of the world is harsh.

The night is windy
It seduced and ironed
My natural curly hair
Like the way you used to do
Everytime we meet
Under the blue star.

You vanished into thin air
But I am here
All alone and lonely
With bended knees
Under the blue star
I pray for your safety.

You have gone to
Another country
To its city
Where stars are plentiful
And beautiful
White, yellow, brown
Black and tan.

You want to prove
And show to everyone
That someone like you
Could change and turn
The world upside down.

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Silence

How I wish I could move you
On the floor of my mouth
To articulate the thoughts
That arise in me.

To utter the words
That a mother
Yearns to hear
From her beloved daughter.

To sing a melody
For my father
Who earnestly wishes
To hear the golden voice
Of his very own.

I always love to listen
To the endless queries
Of my little brother
I know
I answered them so well
But he seemed
Not to understand.

No one will ever know
The deepest longings of my heart
And the hurts
I usually encountered
The joys and happiness
I experienced in life.

The memories I gathered
I want to convey
And share them with you
But they always
Stay with me
Only for me.

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A Childhood Memory With My Father

My father
Made up stories
Just for me
So short
But they always had the touch
Of magic.

He made me a heroine
Sometimes a queen
There was a time
I was an angel
But I loved when he called me
The Bird King.

His right hand glided
In the air
When he narrated
His story of
The Bird King.

He said,
"Soon you will have wings
Soar like a heroine
And queen
But always land
Like an angel."

The bond that we had every night
Before I go to sleep
I kept it
In the deepest part
Of my heart.

I will always cherish
His bedtime stories
For it always ended in me
Living happily
Ever after.

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The Sisters

I am twelve years older
Than my youngest sister
When she was a little girl
She followed me everywhere
Like a dog that loves its master.

She is very much like me
Wrapped in a different body
She adored
Everything I got
From the sole of my feet
To the top of my head.

She suffered in silence
My tenderhearted lash and pinch
And all the treacheries I committed
She idolized and loved me
Every single day
Till doomsday.

Sometimes I hide
Just to be by myself
Away from her
But she is like a mushroom
That sprouts
Anywhere overnight.

At the onset of her youth
She did a 180 degree turn
She hated all things
That I got
Including my brain and guts.

And now I always wish
I could turn back
The hands of time
And be with my sister
All the time.

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Rebellion Is The Descendant Of Harsh Hands

Our shoulders are drooping
They are heavily laden
With numerous harsh laws
The rulers had imposed.

We are treated with iron fists
Reduced to mere machines
The rulers forgot
That we have hearts
Where we hide
The pains we feel inside.

They put us under the silkiness
Of their palms
Yet, their fingers
Act like giant claws
That strangle
And get our nods of agreement
On the laws they love to implement.

The pent-up anger
And toils of suffering
Are indeed overflowing
It turned into a fireball
Ready to hit and roll.

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Weed Out The Indolent And Corrupt

You got your seat
Without any drop of sweat
Relied on your grandfather
Your namesake
And full time provider.

Your platform of government
Was capitalized
On his exemplary service
Integrity beyond reproach
His sacrifice for the oppressed
Utmost care for the youth.

You succeeded
With lavishness
Excessive grandstanding
Amazed the people
With highfalutin words
That were all Greek to you.

Ancestor shed blood
To restore freedom
Burnt eyebrows
To frame people's rights
Built the foundation
Of the nation.

Encaged yourself in a crib
Made of glass
People could not approach you
Except your men in uniform
And women in pumps.

Ascendant ruled the country
In tranquility
Freedom from all oppression
Freedom from corruption
Abundance in life.

The leadership in you
Robs peace and liberty
Breeds laziness and poverty
Allows the corrupt
To manipulate
Drives the good people to seek refuge
In a far away country.

Your grandfather
Wished he was dead
The shame that you caused
To his name
Took him into his grave.

The people rise en masse
To take away the seat
They granted
Exact payment
For the wickedness they reaped.

They safeguard
Their beloved Motherland
Assure the future of the youth
Freedom from indolence
Freedom from corruption.

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Corruption

You are one of the social ills
In the annals of mankind
A leech that preys on the weak
The poor and the ignorant.

You destroy the very core
And foundation of society
A malaise that must have been eradicated
In its entirety.

Anyone that embraces you
Is a minion of darkness
An enemy that wrenches you
Into pieces.

People will join forces against you
And you will be vilified to the end
Your children
And your children's children.

You will be effaced
Completely
By the full force
Of the laws of men
And of God, the Almighty.

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The Poem

The first light appeared in the sky
It sent shimmering rays
Over the rice field
A golden path was created
It tickled the dendrites
Of my mind.

A new day is born
I immediately grab my pen
It bleeds
Myriad of thoughts and emotions
And words
Dance before my very eyes.

At dawn
A poem is born
It is a recollection of sorrows
Solitude and togetherness
A slice of history
And a childhood memory.

It is my language
That comes from the innermost
Chamber of the mind
Through the core of the heart.

It is ardently hoped
That like a river
It flows
And sears through
Your deepest hearts.

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Evergreen

Firm to the ground
Standing tall
Forever green
From the deepest blizzard winter
To the desert like summer.

Your wholeness
Is enveloped with snow
Yet your green imposed its way out
Under the diamond dusts
Forever green, you are.

You outwitted
Autumn's and winter's might
They could never
Never take away
Your crowning glory
From your majesty.

The rainy days of spring
The violent thunderstorms of fall
Make your green greener
Evergreen
You symbolizes life and nature
With your radiant color.

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The Bullies

The bullies
Are great pretenders
Of great strength
When they are tested
They are cowards
Hiding in their own fears.

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A Mother's Agony

How can you fathom,
The breadth of pain
Of a loving mother,
Predeceased by her beloved child?

Do you measure her tears?
Do the tears in her eyes
Reach the lowest level of the deep blue sea
Or do they flow like a river?

I knew how,
When my uncle died.
My grandmother
Went straight to her grave.

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The Gelly Haired Head

Oh, sweat droplets
From your gelly haired
Big head
A real treat
To all the flies
That hover over
Your head.

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The Sun And The Clouds

I am waiting
For the sun
To pour out
Its golden hot oranges
And fiery flaming reds
But dreadful clouds
Claimed the sky
And obscured
The warm rays of the sun.

Most of the time
I see the clouds
Behind the sun
And my days
Are like the sunflowers.

When the clouds
Patched the sky dark
I am inclined
To paint the world
With gray.

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The Fathers

Some let their children fly
Free as the birds in the sky
Others spare the rod
A few left them on their own
Still others are always in between.

They weave their different ways of authority
In accordance with the thought
Where their love would be best served
Others complement the love of mothers
Still others want absolute authority
Over the family.

Some fathers, unfortunately
Renounce their rights
Give up as fathers voluntarily
Leaving their children to trail
The storms and darkness of life.

Oh, how lucky and happy
Those children who are sheltered
In the arms of their loving fathers
They could wrestle with life better
Knowing they have someone
To fall back on later.

Yet, we must always love
Our fathers no matter what
It is one of God's commands
We are not here by chance
We were all made
From a capsule of love
At a given God's time.

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The Blue Wingback Chair

The blue wingback chair
Nestled into the corner
Of our living room
So old and worn out
A part of my life
As far as I can remember.

It was my stronghold
When I was a child
The punishment chair
For my misdeeds
It was where I cried
The tear marks
Are constant reminders
Of my childhood years.

I can still recall
I could lie for ages
Wrapped in a cocoon
Of soft blue silk
And the wonderful memories
Of yesteryears.

But how can I forget
The best memory I have ever had
In the blue wingback chair
It has been etched
In my mind
Forever.

Whenever I remember
My first kiss
In the blue wingback chair
It evokes pleasure
Of knowing the first real taste
Of pure unfettered desire
With my first love.

Rose Marie Juan-austin

The Keeper Of Her Tears

Oh, how lovely that cotton handkerchief
Hiding in the pocket of her red dress
So ornately decorated
The purest white
And she wears it
With a slight touch
Of Light Blue Dolce Gabana

She dabs her face with it
And uses to suppress
An impending laugh
Most of the times
It is what she clings to
As if where her life depends
As she softly wipes away her tears.

She shed tears
More than she had to
Everybody is gone
Friends were no longer there
To weep with her.

She got wrinkles
Like the map of her life
Large veins snaking her fragile hands
Yet, she perms her hair
And still the crowning glory
Of her beautiful face.

Gray carpeted the sky
But still the sunset beacons her
By witnessing its grandeur
She appreciated all gifts
Life has given her.

As she held the pocket of her dress
Where her handkerchief lies
She has no more tears
To keep

It is time to shed
Their tears
For her

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Rape: A Living Nightmare

He penetrated my body
With utmost force
Pulled, squashed and twisted
Tortured and battered.

I resisted with equal force
Fought with painted claws
Shouted for help
At the top of my voice.

I tried with all the might
To lift the weight
Kicked the core of the manhood
But to no avail.

My strength drained
Thigh fell away
Dignity, honor
And womanhood violated
Body succumbed
To his power and control.

He seeded me
With a nightmare
He follows me everywhere
His existence
The living testimony
Of an evil.

Inundated with thoughts
To get rid of this nightmare
But conscience dictates
There is life
Who is dying to see the light.

I delivered him
Into my uncertain world
But when I look at him
It pains my heart

I could not bear to hold him
He reminded me
Of that awful night.

I want to be freed
Of this nightmare
Spread my wings
Soar the world
And taste every morning
For which a wonderful
Future beckons.

I kept wrestling
With my feelings
With him around
It might be wonderful
But it is so painful.

I voluntarily relinquished
My absolute rights over him
To someone who really cares
And loves him
Unconditionally.

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Heaven In My Corner

A leaf of the church calendar
Has just been torn
It revealed the month
And the date that I was born.

Of even date an inscription
The birth of a remarkable woman
Sanctified by her chastity
And acts of charity.

Another page has been turned
In my life story
It reminded me
The endless cold nights
Of being alone in my bed.

My old mother who is cooped up
In a worn out rocking chair
Cheated death thrice
To be with me
Afraid to leave me
In my solitary life.

She waits for me
To settle down
Eager to see little ones
Who will be her crown
And who will surround her
Around the rocking chair.

How can I tell her
That I have never been happy
Than being on my own
That there is heaven
In my corner alone.

How can I tell her
I don't want to go through
The road she trod

When I remember
My heart melts for her.

The ugly scars
I always see in her hands
Whenever I hugged her
Evidence of hardships
She endured with all the men
She had loved in her life.

Memories of endless cries
Pain and suffering
Rootless wandering
Took an emotional toll on me
It made my heart numb
Killed the desire
To have another life
In my life.

I have tasted heaven
Alone with God
Everlasting happiness
I have experienced
Every moment I worked
In His Honor.

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I Am No Better Than You

You stripped me
Of the vast wealth
I inherited from my ascendants
Enormous tracts of land
That even the eyes
Could not see its limit.

You are a fraud
You tricked everyone
By the power of your social position
And with the stroke of a pen.

I hate the way you talk
I hate the way you smile
I hate the very sight of you
I curse the ground
On which you stand.

I hear the rumbles
Of my own angry heart
I need to get even
See you crawl
And you seriously wish
You were never born.

I am no better than you
I let hatred take over
I sought vengeance
For I am just human.

Rose Marie Juan-austin

A Taste Of Chateau Margaux

My favorite uncle is an Able Seaman
His duty is a helmsman
He comes home
Whenever his ship docks.

The moment he is out of his ship
He thinks he is a pirate
Who had discovered a hidden treasure
With tons and tons of gold.

He is on top of the world
And has something for everybody
Everyone in the community
Is very happy.

He has always a bottle of wine
For friends and foes alike
Buys whatever he wants
Afraid that the world
Will end tomorrow.

He tastes everything he craves
Even the most expensive wine
As if he is the next one
To sit on the electric chair.

When tomorrow comes
He cooped up himself
In the house all day long
Until he is called for sea time.

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When Hurt Lingers

He was thrown
Like a tin can
Kicked akin to a piece of slipper
Crushed beyond recognition
Left alone in a crap hole
No one showed mercy.

The sound of a fall
The groan of the wounded
The lingering agony
The smell of death
No one showed mercy.

He conquered death
Rose like an animal
Licked his own wound
From the sole of the foot
To every strand of the hair

The hurt catapulted him
Into a warrior
Wounded everyone
No one could stand against
For he showed no mercy

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Feisty Bell

She whizzed through everything
Faster than the speed of a sound
She barks and chases swiftly
All things
Which are small and squeaky
That landed in the vicinity.

She was just a year and a half
When she joined me
In my solitary life
She was a gift
From a nephew.

She was named Taco Bell
Afraid that she will be named names
Like Burrito and Chorizo
I dropped Taco
And called her simply Bell.

The first time I carried her
I held her up
On top of my head
But she made a mark
I ended baptized
For the second time.

She is the house alarm every 4: 00 a.m.
The early warning device
For a tornado watch
And acts as the doorbell woman
For every delivery man.

Some years ago
I left her for a month
I went to a far away land
Across the Pacific Ocean
In a country called
The Pearl of the Orient Seas.

When I got home
I brought with me
A beautiful wife
Feisty Bell
Barked for the longest time.

One dark morning
Feisty Bell chased my wife
But the latter
Is a corker
She cannot be outwitted
By a four legged.

My wife meted Bell
A penalty of suspension
Of thirty days
From her favorite treats
Bacon and jerky.

Now there are two
Feisty women
In the house
My beautiful wife
And my adorable Bell.

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Honor

You dressed me
Something inappropriate
Embellished and styled
In an elaborate manner
With a hole in my bosom
And in between my thighs
Unbecoming of a fine lady.

I was subject
To mockery
On account of what you clothed me
People walked with outstretched necks
And spit
Whenever they see me.

Honor is a right
It attaches to the core of my being
Akin to right of life
It gives breath to life
It signifies
The very soul of me.

It is my absolute right
To defend
And fight for it
To the very end
For me
And for my family.

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Education

I wake up everyday
Before the alarm clock
Jolts everybody awake
Ahead of the roosters
Before they start to crow.

I stay at night
Until everyone is asleep
Drink coffee or coke
Just to stay awake
Pinch any part of my body
When I get drowsy.

I am a night owl and lark
Because of you
To imbibe you
Commit to memory
Every details of you.

My grandfather bequeathed me
A plan
A considerable sum
To be embarked in you.

What it yields
It does not shine like gold
It cannot be valued like silver
It cannot earn interest
Nor double your wealth.

Robbers cannot forcibly take it
Away from me
Forces of nature could never destroy
For it has been embedded in me
Only for me.

It is a timeless endeavor
That will take me to heights
A treasure

Unlike any other
That prepares me
For life ahead.

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Our Mothers Are Domestic Workers In The Persian Gulf

They traded the comfort of their homes
They curtailed their freedom of religion
They infringed on their right to speak
They bargained their educational attainment
All in the name
Of economic freedom.

Womanhood violated
Discriminated on account of their race
Treated as second class citizens
Faced prejudice in their workplace
All for the glory
Of family.

They raised the economy
Of the country
They improved their standard of living
And freed their children
From the vicious cycle
Of poverty.

Oh, our mothers
Our selfless mothers
Their greatness
Come in small things
They are one of a kind
The unsung heroes
Of our Motherland.

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To My Brother

We are the fruits
Of two diverse merged trees
Adhered to a single branch
And joined by the same roots
That keep us fixed and united.

We shared life's ups and downs
Keeper of each other's childhood memories
And dreams
Rejoice in each other's talents
And gifts
The golden cords
For each other's life.

Side by side
We stood
The tests of life
That even the biggest storm
Cannot knock us down.

We both rowed
Our respective boats
To different destinations
But we always meet
At the end of the sail
Our common anchor
Our family.

Every now and then
We played our favorite game
The game of chess
To check on each other's strengths
And weaknesses.

We are glued
On each other's life
For our love and care
For each other
Knows no end.

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The Weavers

She unceasingly weaves
Her hopes and dreams
From fibers and threads
In beautiful hues and lines
As she weaves like the wind
The threads and fibers
Are her bread and butter
And all who depend on her.

It produces silk from itself
A thread as strong as steel
As it ornately weaves its web
It secured a safety line
Of its own
And traps and wraps
Its prey to survive.

It collects bits and pieces
Of myriad dried things
From leaves of grasses
To leaves and bark of trees
And weaves them
With precision
As safety nest
Of its hatchlings.

As the weavers
Draw their strings
For another day
Each of them
Has her own preference
On how to survive.

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The Ruinous Heads

They were wise and experienced men
Ascended into power
By virtue of their political acuity
But they were like plagues
That hit their nations.

They governed
With absolute power
Wielded their swords
With the greatest fury
And filled their lands with blood
They brought deaths
More than the plagues.

No man will ever rise
To power again
And commit genocide
For God Almighty
And humanity
Will never allow them.

No one shall ever
Ever be born again
In the likeness
Of the ruinous heads
For they have etched
Their names in hell.

Rose Marie Juan-austin

The Man And The Ants

I was sitting for ages on a bench
In a bus station
An able bodied man
Approached me for a donation
To buy his food for the day.

I was hesitant to help
But conscience dictated otherwise
I gave him money
Enough to buy a single donut
And a cup of hot cocoa.

He got the cash
Without saying a word
My eyes followed him
He went into a nearby convenient store
When he came out
He got a beer and a pack of cigarettes.

I heaved a sad sigh
And looked at the ground
Then I saw a battalion of ants
Like tiny dots
Marching in a clothesline
Each of them carrying a grain of rice.

Passersby stepped on them
With their stilletoes
And tennis shoes
But they rise as if nothing happened
And proceeded to work.

Oh, how diligent
And clever
Are the ants
They prepare their food
For drought
And flood.

They got brains
Smaller than pinpoints
Whereas the man
Got a brain
The size of a bowl.

The man came again one day
But I rapid fire
A piece of advice
To make use
Of his rusted
Brain and bones.

Rose Marie Juan-austin

God's Orchestra

Beneath the canopy of stars,
The stillness of the night
Seeped into my being
And chilled me out.
There is no single iota
Of sound,
Only the rhythmic beatings
Of my lonely heart.

Then came a symphony of sounds:
The chirping of the crickets
Followed by the baritone voices
Of the bullfrogs
Continuously crying out their names
A plethora of fireflies
Like stars
Tossed from the sky
Like Christmas lights
Twinkling in the night
The birds singing their own songs
Before they finally settled
In their nests
The wind blowing through the trees
The sway and twist of the leaves
Like wind chimes
The owl when it hoots cries
Whoooooooooo

Oh, a symphony of sounds!
It creates a magical evening
An orchestra
Performed by God's noblest creatures
Led by an invisible hand
Of the Great Maestro
The Mighty Hand
That rules the Universe.

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The Baleful Mouth

She has the pouty lips
Of a movie star
Lips that resemble
The Cupid's bow
And the magic smile
Of Mona Lisa.

But her mouth
Is governed by the laws of hatred
Deceit and lies
She utters evil
Anopheles mosquitoes
Fly from her sexy orifice.

She could unmake a hero
By the twist of her tongue
When she draws her lipstick
In her fine slightly parted lips
Men lose their minds
Succumb to her trap.

She flatters you
With all the nicest words on earth
Seasons them with mint and rosemary
Yet, they act as razorblades
And cut you into pieces.

She could set in motion
And in fire
An entire community
Even a whole country
By the power of her tongue

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Father, I Love You

We were separated
By continents
Huge mountains
Covered with rugs of trees
Towering rocks
And the high seas.

But the wind and water
Run through them
They bring
My love for you.

The wind knows no boundaries
It whispers my endless care for you
The gentle breeze
Brushing by your face
Reminds you
That I am thinking of you.

Water flows everywhere
It carries my loving thoughts
And prayers for you
The pattering of raindrops
The rolling ocean waves
They tell you
Not to worry
For I am always
With you.

My mind and heart
That were framed after you
Like the wind and water
They bridged the barrier we have
With the love and care
They felt for you.

Father,
I love you
I love you

I love you.

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Vinegar

Oh, vinegar!
You are such a wonder.
From the food we eat
To the toilet seat.

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The Love Of Our Mother

Her love is the first we have
And the purest of them all
From womb to tomb
And far, far beyond
Our mother's love
Will outlast
The end of time.

The beatings of our hearts
Are synchronized
With the beatings of her heart
Every fiber of her being
Every atom in her body
Speaks her love
Her only love
For us.

Even in our wildest dreams
We can always feel
How much she loves us
If we fell
Into a bottomless pit
Her love will find us
Our mother will make
A way out.

In our wanderings
She constantly follows
The footprints of our lives
In the darkest hours of the night
Her mind will not rest
Until she could say good night.

Through life's adversities
She molded our character like steel
But sometimes the storms of life
Claimed our path
Weakened our established character

And if life is too much to bear
My dear mother
Will spread her hands
Strong yet loving
And caring
And takes up the cudgels for us.

And if in case the Lord Almighty
Will take our lives ahead of time
She will ardently pray
To all the angels above
To take her life instead
For her life without us
Will be her million deaths.

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The Extraordinary Kindness Of An Oyster

She is lying hidden
Inside a pear-shaped shell
A rough, rock-hard outside
So porcelain white inside
A safe haven
For a delicate life.

Out of the blue
In the Pacific Ocean
So blue
Someone forced its way
In the oyster's sheltered territory

The invader
Is like a splinter
It pricked her plump body
That is so soft
And slimy.

Yet, the invader
Was never ejected by the oyster
Instead it was coated
And treated
With warmness
And kindness.

The kind gesture
Turned into an exquisite treasure
A gem so marvelous
A pearl so precious.

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Her Way

The way of a mockingbird
Is a beautiful song.
The way of a cat
Is a loud whining and howling.
The way of a rooster
Is its crow.

The mane in a lion
Captures the eyes of a lioness.
The fragrance of a flower
Is an assault on the senses.
The lovely sway
Of a woman's arms and hips,
Catches the eyes of a man.

Rose Marie Juan-austin

Unbridled

Why does the ground I stand
Gives way
Whenever I see you

Why do I go weak
At the knees
When I am near you

Why do I seal
My lips
When you open yours

Why does the world
Seems still
And suspends time
When I am with you

Why do I feel full
And full of joy
By mere looking at you

Let me out
Of this feeling
Unbridled and unknown

It is a bottomless pit
That sweeps me down
To the state of oblivion

I want to fly
Explore the realm of knowledge
And set dominion
Over my existence

With this feeling
I am reduced
To a mere machine
Controlled by an unknown

Pain Of Lies

They weave lies
And distort the truth
Layers of lies thrown
To humiliate and persecute

Act like a hammer
Left you battered
And life totally shattered

Prosecuted with the bang
Of a gavel
And caged in a metal box
On account of the lies
They had deeply sworn

Life reduced to nothing
But nothing
Honor besmirched
And looked upon
Like a piece of dirt

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Stateless

The clouds claim the sky
The waves have the sea
The unborn child
Has the womb of his mother
While I had no one
To call my own.

I am a human being
That has inalienable rights
Yet I am like a river
That wanders
Among the seductive curves
Of the rocks
Like the wind
That twists and turns
Like the weed
Pulled off from the soil bed
No one wants to care.

I am at the mercy
Of your mighty hands
Begging that even just a moment
Someone gives solace
And shares a place
With this rootless human being.

Rose Marie Juan-austin

My Mother's Hum

My mother hums
The top ten popular songs
Of the day
Like multiple pieces
Strung together

She hums
So beautiful
And sweet
That makes the birds
In the trees
Chirp and tweet

Every single moment
I wonder
Why she hums
Here
There
And yonder

She hums
So wonderful
That gets her through the day
A lovely hum
That keeps my feelings at bay

She hums
A special song
When she tucks me into bed
Conquers my fear of darkness
And drives away
The ghosts at night
That linger in my head

How can I survive
This everyday life
I will never know
A never ending struggle
If it were not for her

I could be nowhere

Rose Marie Juan-austin

War Is A Vicious Cycle

Civil Wars, World Wars
Mass Killings, Killing Fields
Genocide, Terrorism
War is inevitable
There are a lot of evil people.

Hitler, Pol Pott
Mao Zedong, Hirohito
Bin Laden, Stalin
Saddam Hussein, Lenin
Men with iron hearts
They never cared how much they hurt
War is a vicious circle
There are a lot of ruthless people.

Idi Amin, Vlad Dracula
Ivan the Terrible, Emperor Caligula
Bloody Mary, Amir Timur
Sadistic people
Were allowed to rule
They provoked vengeance
A vicious cycle of violence
And war.

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My Family

I never had a choice
But to accept them
No matter what
For God handed down
Them to me
By virtue of love

They love me
And God knows
I love them so
In spite of it all
In good times
And bad times

I have them imprinted
In the very core of my heart
For we have an unbreakable bond
Until eternity
Even beyond
I will have them with me

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