Poetry Series

Edgar Rendon Eslit

- poems -

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Edgar Rendon Eslit (August 21,1971)

Hello there. I'm Edgar R. Eslit, a budding poet they say. Jokes in here. Well, seriously, poets please themselves. There is nothing to stop good writers producing work that they like reading. Or what they consider worth reading. A beginner may ask: Do I have the talent to make it as a writer? Tutors handle the matter tactfully, saying that determination is essential to unlock the depths of a writer's personality and potential. But without increasing absorption, fascination and sheer pleasure in literary craftsmanship, that talent will never see the light of day. Native ability and hard work are essential to poetry, and pleasure is the stimulus to both. So, what's in Poetry that I like most? Well, I believe poetry will lead us to the superior truth, versatile and wide-ranging, it's a special mode of knowledge, and it has convenience as it gives sheer pleasure to me and my readers. All these simply give me a sense of fulfillment that somehow my poems are getting someone's heart grow fonder. Poetry begins in delight and ends in wisdom. - Robert Frost.

Poets whom I really admire: Christopher Marlowe, Anthony L. Tan, William Shakespeare, Robert Frost, Emily Dickinson, Edgar Allan Poe, Rudyard Kipling, Geoffrey Chaucer, John Donne, Dylan Thomas, Robert Browning, Ben Jonson, Nick Carbo, and John Keats.

Email can be sent at www.edgareslit@yahoo.com. Ciao!

Works:

Windows and Views, The 'E' Immortal Verses, and Muse wishpers

Amend Is a Colorful Feather with a Purpose

Why?
Since everyone will never be running out of excuses:
“I forget” … is a recantation of what’s obvious,
“I lost it”… is always prone to abuse,
“I don’t know”… is even fallacious,
“I’ll try”… is always disastrous, and
“Maybe”… sounds so spontaneous like
“I’m sorry”…is so conducive to use.
Is there anything left to choose?
Amend is a colorful feather with a purpose.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Analemma Solstice

Speak not the language of the villain
for this is not the end
Silence has brought to its find
for I remain mute till summer
begins

What's so important about Alcatraz?
History has spoken albeit renowned
like Bataan has fallen in deep sleep
In total chaos graffiti and croquet
hold down

Styx favors no compassion
where Achilles, Agamemnon and Centaur
roared as brave yet devoured
Are they not mighty alright?
Think of what remains

Silence
Ponder
Distorted
Thy midst, hear the Saga
Outbreak doubly spoken

Humongous blasphemy so real
In the land of the living
Everything nay as if nothing
yet conceptual, bold, sarcastic
spare not in liquid methane

Equatorial axis demises
Albeit Supernova confides inept delusion
Starry illation foretold deeply sated
Wishful heart in motion
driven in waning gibbous

Venus let go
Unearth thy heart obliquely shaken
Gomorrah, Zion not Babylon
in Nassau lights
unleash my contemplation

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Before you say I do

Put your feet on the ground and look around
Mind asking your self if it is profound?
Will it be for mending wounds or building grounds?

Certainly, one need not be an expert
To understand marriage and its effect
Be wise, for it could bring you victory if not defeat

Many times, a lot would say it's a practical thing to do
But, for countless couples, their "miseries" replace the sweet "I do"
By law or religion; what is this to you?

Yes, there's a loud applause the moment you say "I do"
And a deafening "awe" once you say " I don't"
Nonetheless, it's all but big decision for you to do

Reality check, there's no such thing as last minute train
Nor a rainfall in summer that you haven't seen
But all responsibilities in order to sustain

The glamor of an hour ceremony will simply fade away
Then the window of the promised life opens like fantasy
But on how the boat of the newlyweds sails is another story

If, there's convenience in separation, it wouldn't be an option
It's just a temporary relief to an immoral calculation
Don't ever fall into this pitfall like a demon

We know, what's legal is not necessarily moral
What's practical is not necessarily integral
Infidelity will just stir in a sagging spiral

Hey, are you okay?
Do you have any idea on how to raise a family
A roller coaster ride's heeding your way

Finally, before you say I do, think for one moment
Marriage is not a requirement
It is a life-time commitment!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Best Teachers

In the presence of my gifted teachers
our classroom becomes a delightful place
In the hands of my gifted teachers
There is laughter in every student's lips
In the company of my gifted teachers
Creative thinking is everywhere
In the palms of my gifted teachers
There is hope that genuinely prospers
In the lectures my gifted teachers
Imagination and knowledge are awakened
In the voice of my gifted teachers
The memories of the past are shaken
In the advice of my gifted teachers
Creativity and skills are modeled
In the prayers of my gifted teachers
All kinds of blessings are shared
In the guidance of my gifted teachers
faith and Talents are finely set
In the encouragement of my gifted teachers
My future is made complete

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Bidfair

Seems a cataract roars
Dusk glimpses adherent lures
Breath air no more
Bohemian scents anchor
Bidfair, nature conjures

Violent rays acquaint maladies
Man's abode demises
Seas and rivers gone helpless
Who cares? All, no one dares
Bidfair, besets God's calamities

Hundred-fold petitions unheard
Blind, deaf and mute all apprehended
Cowardice prevails, truth rejected
Men, though in throne most fainted
Bidfair, mortal-sweet long dead

Aforesaid facts best solution begged
Fear, points lo' turned plague
Thorn entombs, indeed imbued
Off to life yet no worth
Here, there and elsewhere-bidfair?

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Brother Poetry

Brother Poetry speaks the eternal language of my soul.
He cuts across man-made boundaries of civilization,
culture, age, gender and time.
He talks of my state of mind,
my confusions and decisions,
my concerns and pleasures.
With him my emotion lingers.
All issues that strike a cord
in the spirit of my poem
He goes beyond words in humane intention.
Brother Poetry will symbolize me,
represents me in all centuries to come.
He may be indicted in intense pressurized moments,
construed in a solitary set of time,
but once expressed,
He becomes my life and
the showcase of my perceptions.
So long as there are thoughts
and the desire to express them,
He moves on.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Brown’s “I Feel Good “

wake-up in the morning you say
thanks, it’s a brand new day
proceed to the toilet
time to brush your teeth
take a little shower
to revitalize your body better
fit a lighter shirt
weary if it still fits
wow, an aroma of a brewed coffee
ready on the table must be
turning on the DVD
there the jibe is in passion
through the rhythm of the classics
you whistle with the music
the mug is half empty
while your eyes is browsing the story
you’re stuck on the headline of the day
your heart is palpating so heavily
as you compare the tickets excitedly
“you won the 88 million dollar lottery”

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Caveat

Son, sort of caution, I say
No foul languages in poetry
Good poetry doesn’t need any
In prose, all you need is to facilitate words in good array
And in poetry, consider the rhymes, imagery and emotions all together
That would redefine a poem from a slander
Did you ever wonder?
Hear ye, not in ode, oh dear…
For muses and nymphs,
Citadels and pillars confer.

Thoughts ably recurring,
While the golden ink devours in symbolisms
it conceals our breath in an undated paper.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Child's Prayer

Lord, make my day happy and gay
Send your blessings wherever I maybe
Protect me every moment of the day
Let me share your blessings to everyone I see

Lord, I pray for your guidance today
Let me use my alert mind while I study
Give me strong and healthy body while I play
And bless my family while I am away

Lord, let all the children like me
Become inspiration to every family
May your presence be felt through me
That I may grow in love with my happy family

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Complacent Neurotic Delirium

The morning dews were silently dripping
Signaling a gleeful sunrise that was appearing
Solemnly, before that long and dreaded morning
In the presence of the chipmunks that were rather idling
The unicorn laid to rest near the bank so encompassing

Such mystical vision in dream
Like mist, it kept on coming
It was rather destructing somehow
For it gave no end
While there was crying

One day, after waking up,
there was a bundle of sticks on the ground.
The prairies turned lofty blue
The music was put to halt
It was 5 o'clock, and, again, the dream went on

While the cooling wind swayed the leaves
There was that warm ambiance in the ICU but chilling
When the nurse injected the last vial
Everything turned to normal
A closed eyes were seen but perching like a kaleidoscope's on

Confused but wholly aware
Of what's going on around.
Convulsed and in dim passion
Regaling the drowsing company of the unknown
And prayers are badly versed in congestion

"Heart rate fluctuating"
"Apply CPR"
"Get ready with the oxygen"
"Clear the room! "
Commotion followed

A week and two days came to an end
The Angels sung in soft melancholic melody
There was light, a bright light
Flashing a neon color in an open door
But the fist was clinching reversing the open door

'twas, as if, eternity
such with the passing of time
And it's getting cold back inside the room
There were voices that turned to a cheering noise
Moaning was heard again

He got the strength
Lucky to have surpassed the ordeal
That, the doctor recalled
The eyelids were slowly opening

Welcome back! , were the words as if done in choral reading

That was a momentum,
A silence of disbelief when
the senses were back and the thoughts were reckoning.
Everyone’s rejoicing
Seemed the Angels were heard in a choral mode again

Yes, good to be back
Who would have thought that he could make it again.
Was it luck?
After that car accident, he recalled, the lord gave his life back!
An experience that made a compelling vision within that Complacent Neurotic Delirium

In an instance,
that passage to a near death experience
crept deep within my bones
it came to mind, not in delirium, but in total disposition
my co-equally tragic experience before

How could I forget?
Two of my friends died in a car racing
The other one was in drug overdose
And a convicted felon who hanged himself to death
They all talked to me, showing dirty fingers, in my delirium

There’s so much despising on god for one reason or another
There’s a bigger dispute about his existence
Both in the heart and mind together
Questions, questions and questions full of doubts
That made the vacuum of answers way back then

Those Daffodils, Daisies, and Dandelions though
Seen beautifully thriving beside the scenic hills.
While the sparrows, in pairs, were happily chirping;
Why were they so beautifully enticing in a dream?
Well, on my way home, it insinuated a prodding smile

Good to realize as well
that there are solid reasons why I need to live.
There’s a challenging future out there.
And, there, it had given me a lesson to ponder:
I’m not ready to see god in heaven or my friends in hell!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Count your blessings

Count one, two, three
Count again two, three, four
Count some more three, four, five
Count further more six, seven, eight
Count finally seven, eight, nine and ten
Hold it, yes, hold it
You're countin' nothin'
Does it makes sense?
If your answer is 'no'
Well, that made sense
For 'yes' is nonsense
That's what life is
Sometimes we're losing senses
But as it is,
It made sense
Cheer up! You're alive!
Start counting your blessings

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Crossroads

Like in the canvass of memories
that plays all fantastic images,
on my mind,
Death of denial breaks through.
The thread of my tattered quilt,
assaulting the unknown madness of worldly frames
and while in an unforgiving dose of reality
my devouring emotions and
its overwhelming appetite for justice
Caught my madness swoons for mercy

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Dakak Adventure

There the conclave sea cove cools and reminiscing
Its ash-white sand is reflecting the water clear
The sea's serenest flow remains cool and sparkling.
Witness its panoramic view; pay a visit you ever wonder
For the guests, it echoes the breath that’s so romancing.
Visit Dakak, see how its ambiance fascinates you forever

Yes, the beach and underwater exposure are so tempting
Never will they be forgotten, they’re recurring real adventure.
The view, golf course, and the landscapes are so captivating.
If you dream of silence for reflection, can have them for sure.
Moving on, mountaineers, an upright cliff stood so imposing.
Well, as in our honeymoon, was told to start from the seashore.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Dapitan City

By its name, it typifies the word welcome, “Dapit”.
Nestled in the province of Zamboanga del Norte
Once a sleepy town but made a significant history
when Dr. Jose Rizal; a polymath and nationalist visionary
was once exiled and whose martyrdom serves as catalyst
that precipitated the Philippine Independence day.

Now, Dapitanons are reaping seeds of Dr. Rizal’s sojourn.
That they can tell the world or the first sunrise of the sun
the first kiss that his bosom inflamed; when thousands of
good memories surged out from within and prospered the
heroic depth to the height that mounted to wherever Rizal’s
kiss of wisdom and nationalistic vision transform into reality.

Still, over the shore and beside the tranquil and lucid bay,
the breeze idly cools in its firmament buzzing ways.
The waves always whisper in sighs on the docile wind
as it tells of its timeless stories beneath the shroud of the sea.
'Come one, come all' there musing like accolades everyday.
For visitors, serenely, it’s an all time eco-elegant sanctuary.

Where could I find that place? What is the name of that place?
In one of the rotundas it says “The shrine city of Dapitan”.
On the post card: a meeting place full of golden memories.
Oh, yes, it’s the place in southern Mindanao that once seen,
one will never say “Farewell, sweet stranger, my friend”.
Come to where the paradise and heritage convey-Dapitan City!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Exquisite world

Why bother?
It's pretty good to know
That I don't have to explain myself
And can still be free and solely understood.
That’s when I escape to another world -my world!

In memoriam: Uncle Bienbenido
(Discover the windows within)

Edgar Rendon Eslit

First Two Magic Words

Smiles like an angel
giggles like a cherub
touches my heart
be it day or night
Da de de de, he said
Ma me me me, precede
Such lovely words
Soothingly affectionate
from a darling baby
Hanz Benedict, my love

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Full watch

Decisive and direct in providing tempered proximities
Commercially enticing for fun and compromises
Resounding but resentful as if joyful adversaries
Wake-up, dream not from that false protégés
Drugs and alcohol amplify false promises

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Genesis to genocide

In the beginning there was only God
The earth was without form and void
And God said
"Let there be light"
And God saw the light
He called the light the first day
"Let there be a firmament"
"Let the waters gathered together"
"Let the earth bring forth grass"
"Let the waters bring forth the moving creature"
God created the fishes
And God blessed them
"Let the earth bring forth plants and Cattle"
Then He made man in his own image and likeness
"And let them have dominion on all creatures"
And God blessed them
To subdue the earth
And God saw everything good
There was evening and there was morning—the sixth day.
God rested on the seventh
Now man exercises his dominion
First, created his high-tech world
Control his days and nights
Decided to rule everything on earth
He knows no boundaries nor rest
Man saw all of them so beautiful
Beyond his subsistence and whims
He created submarines for the waters
Fighter planes for the sky
Tanks to roam the earth
And soldiers to obey his commands.
He found them great and beautiful
But man was never contend
He created his own enemies for profit
His own war to control and enjoy
And finally, his own Death!

Man comes to rest

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Gift for Evelyn

Give you diamond!
Plato once called it a living being,
an embodying celestial spirit.
Yes, diamond continues to hold a deep fascination
as the world's ultimate symbol of love.
Its rarity and natural beauty
have contributed to making it such
an extraordinary and magical gift.
The timeless history of this stone
makes the most meaningful and powerful way
to symbolize eternal love.
It shapes in Round, Marquise, Emerald,
Princess, Pear, Oval and Heart.
So fabulous as our time, diamond is renowned
for its incredible histories, magical lore and sheer size.
It has come to own grand names to mark its significance.
Today, behind this spectacular gem lies a rich
magnificent story of history, discovery and mysticism.
Who couldn't remember the De Beers Millennium Star,
Star of South Africa, Centenary, Cullinan, De Beers Diamond,
Koh-i-noor, and the Taylor-Burton?
They are the world's famous.
Mine just hold a simple happiness
for it only radiates love
as brilliantly as the first day I slip it on.
A diamond is forever
and so are you, dear!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Give me shelter and I give you a garden of roses

"Give me shelter and I give you a garden of roses"

Kini ang panaad sa usa ka olitawo ngadto sa usa ka inosenting dalaga samtang sila hinayhinay nga nagbaklay padulong sa kapilya usa ka higayon niadtong kaadlawon sa Decembre uno, dos mill singko (2005) .

Dili ikatago sa dalaga ang kaikog ug kahadlok nga kon iya unyang matubag sa laing inistoryahan ang gi tukib sa usa ka lalaki, dili unya siya masabtan ug tingalig ikasobo niini. Kini natural nga balantayan sa usa ka pagbati sa usa ka brobensayanang babaye. Apan kay dili man usab niya ikalimod nga may pagbati usab siya ngadto kaniya, kini sa hilom gihikbi ang gibati ug nagpakita sa iyang lalom ug tim-os nga pahiyom.

Hilom ug matalinghaga ang ingon niini nga sitwasyon. Apan sa duha ka nilalang nga sa pagbati daw gi anod sa katam-is sa mga pulong nga sa kanonay bahandianon, tingali kong sa pulong sila nagkulang, dili sa mga lihok nga sa hilom lalom kon tugkaron.

Bueno, kini ang sugilanon ni Moniko ug Dolores nga pagasaluhan nato karon ning atong tulumanon…

HANDOMANAN NGA WALAY AWIT!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Growing salt

The brackish color of the dune
is telling us of our untimely parting.
While it may be a fact
that it pained us a lot,
We must withstand the pain
and have to move on.
Our days of mourning
will come to pass for sure.
The moments of recursions,
would surely suffice even more.
But as these flitting days pass by,
little did we know that
every time we close our eyes
for a gripping resolution,
It’s been awhile when
we realize that
our lids are growing salt
silently, even without the intention.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Haiku 1 (A Theme for Love)

Facing the horizon
On the velvet shadows of Venus
My undying love waits

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Haiku 2 (Soliloquy)

Scenting breezes of an ocean
While the heat is folding its peak
Summer fun has began

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Haiku 3 (On honor)

Courage without strife
Set forth bold and daring
Never say give-up

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Haiku 4 (Rainy days)

Warm breezes are blowing
Storks are returning
May’s here at last

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Haiku 5 (Visual review)

Scenes have allusions
calling it panoramic alliterations
Beauty is beyond description

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Haiku 6 (Meditation)

Before the life-giving sun touches the horizon
And the pride of lions reprieve towards the hill
The silence of my heart echoes in solemn prayer

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Haiku 7 (Hope)

While the angels happily chorus in unison
The trumpet of life sings joyful salvation
Freedom, there’s freedom for the mournful

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Haiku 8 (Moral View)

Material possession begets worthless passion
Like worldliness ushers distrust or destruction
Love amplifies values and joyful compassion

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Her idea of a macho man

I’m not into color, height and looks; she said.
Neither that in fame and action, heavens forbid.
Nor in riches and so hunky if I may call.
But he who got principle: he
who could carry me if I fall,
who could wipe my tears if I lost control,
who could bring a smile even in a moonless poll,
who could bring our kids hand-in-hand with pride,
who could prove his love in action not in brawl,
who does a chore happily as duty to ensure.
And walks through the path of being humble.
Then, he certainly is a macho man after all!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Here's Why?

Since the chirping birds echoed their songs sublime
Like a blanket of fleece soaking moist in the sand
That reminds me of your lasting love before time
You’re caressing my innocent cheeks with your kiss divine

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Hope to Hope

Started from nowhere
Nobody knows when
There was chaos
The Oracle has foreseen
Death abound everywhere
The dungeon crossed its bow
Espousing tribulations
But He came
In solemn animosity
For mankind
Trumpeting
Emancipation

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Hotel Confession

Netherlands

Manila,

Paris, and

Iligan.

One time, a guest watched me clean her entire room,

I made the scrubbing on the toilet to emptying the trash

—and told me at the end that I was 'building character.'

Well, complement is not nearly as encouraging to a humble worker as a couple of dollars doled.

Chuckles. Sorry, I apologize to you now if you ever stayed in one of my assigned rooms.

You deserved better, I know!

But if room keepers were paid more than the minimum wage

—and the tips were a bit bigger

—I might have cleaned your toilet rather than just had it flushed twice.

Surprisingly, I didn't realize that hotel workers received tips left on the table inside the room,

So, it took me weeks to realize that the coins left in my rooms were an intentional tip.

My tips were paltry, so to say: I almost never received more than a dollar a month,

And, at times, guests left religious souvenirs (probably not on purpose) .

But then, one day, however, I was shocked to find a crisp £100 bill lying on the table.

Wow! But then, it’s good to realize, still,

Success is the child of hard labor.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

http: //www.friendster.com

Everyone needs a friend and
who knows where it leads to.
As the site banner would tell,
“While looks attracts the eyes,
it’s the character that catches the heart”.
Isn’t it amazing when two or millions of people
find windows of relief over the Internet?
Will it not be exciting to find friendly
individuals who bother to lend a couple of their
wisdom consoling the weary hearts of those lonesome
friends at the other end of the line?
Technology has a fine line connecting those lost and
uncertain feelings. It prevails. It made a difference.
Ahum, hmm, wine and drugs can’t do any better.
And why bother?
Well, everyone needs a friend.
Never mind where it leads to. Suspense.
Isn’t it wonderful?
The Internet made it easier: friendster!
There’s life in friendster.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Hug and kisses for you my love

Moonless and sleepless nights I prayed for you, oh Love
The Almighty God touched my soul from heaven above
I tossed and turned all night for am dreaming of you
I love thee with the passion of care so true
I knew He answered my prayers for my bride to be
I've never felt this lucky, God made them all for me
Smiles and tears, our lives will have to choose
Closing my eye, checking if my dream will be of use
All these thoughts and more were going through my head
Yes, never felt worried, tonight I'll be hugging you instead

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Hypothalamus bubbles

Wandering along the coastline of the stretching boulevard
Sun is totally out while the horizon mourns and bleeding
Now hoarding leaves of shelving memories as lone reward
Of the bygone moments and the promises unwinding

Time is precious and bold yet cleverly vicious and flitting
Let go, don’t stay, are words remain so uncompromising
The profoundest apology lamentably toward imposing
Of your final words bidding goodbye but without saying

Darn inept and confused feelings in solitary confinement
Emotions tamping, regaling the solitude of the calm night
Your whisper illuminating along the dreaded lonely moment
Of this innocent heart is madly in love with you be it day or night

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Imposed Victim

Mighty wind whirls prone to attack
Thunder breaks, roars 'til dusk
Lightning glares, roams, and strikes back
Waves hare ashore no retract
Keep up, it's all bad luck

Nature's upheaval continuous onslaught
Life deems, harsh realities approach
Concretized values seemed not taught
No hope nor thread for life permeated
Selfish desire noticeably wanted

By then 'same people heavily affected
Crimes and oppression remain a trend
Freedom not theirs to live
Say, such right rather maltreated
Yes - the poor remain victim-centered

Edgar Rendon Eslit

In Beethoven's tune

Swung the baton like its ninth marching debut
To an alto allegro with the knotted lieu
While the harmonica reverberates the fizzing tune
There, the groom trumpeted his triumphal pew
in a Sicilian bastion for his lady in June

Edgar Rendon Eslit

In ten seconds

The crowd was rumbling and
When the referee’s calling for the final time-out
The coaches’ voices were thundering in light speed
They gave the last minute instruction.
One wouldn’t forget how
the opponent got the one point lead
Jump ball, Free throw and… counted!
“Pass to JR”, “guard, hold still”
“We’ll go for the three points, Okay? ”
Go, go, go for the win!
The buzzer chimed
… ten seconds countdown.
Dex dribbling, quick to Roger, to Tolits.
There, over the mid court, JR fell
But as miracles happen
He flipped his arm
caught and sprang the ball towards the board
it whirled down and rigging inside the ring
and while the whistle's blown in final second,
The final score, thundering,
JR’s head stamped and bounced on the floor.
The crowd eclipsed to a mournful stupor.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Influence

Endured the belching winds of the desert
Crossed the raging channel in the outskirt
Defied the thunder from night ‘til dawn
To thee he pledged his loyalty and devotion

Don’t have to be a knight in a shining armor
Romeo for Juliet, discrete in love like Arthur
Yet to die for love is not for royal indulgence
Vengeance forbid but not a sweet revenge

These Chivalric words or its likes sound like tinsmith
Though old and swollen, still savor a magic heat
For so long a decade of absolute dutiful decadence
Pancho Villa, endured par forth with omnipotence

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Intoxicatingly Sophisticated

The sheer side of parting
is the agony of waiting.
Like my coldest winter stay in Moscow
which I found to be summer in San Francisco.
It’s sophisticatedly intoxicating when you’re blue.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

It’s all because

I write poetry because
I think of you
I think of you because
I miss you

I miss you because
I want to sing for you
I sing for you because
I am happy

I am happy because
I am in love
I am in love because
I finally find you
Now, let me to tell you this:
It’s all because I Love You

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Janette

What a surprise that Janette
Must dress up as the finalist
For her talents prevail
Made up her voice like an angel
Would that make her a soloist?

Now that she'd dressed up
Like prima ballerina of the opera
Acting the final obra maestra
Cascading her piece at Casa Blanca
Wouldn't that bring her a runner up?

Everyone's anxious about her rendition
As if Janette is the only star
Jiving the beat of the electric guitar
She brought forth the emotions at par
Alas, Janette stood up the champion!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Juan de la Cruz Is Shouting with Convection

Enough with those bogus adulations!
We're tired of consented graft and corruption
You've succeeded in blanketing this chaotic administration
with profane, bias, anti poor, and terror resolutions.
And while everyone's calling for moral revolution,
Who cares for a transformation?
While this banana republic is sagging,
those junket of mongrels got impunity as protection.
Stand up, let's save this nation.
Revolution, revolution, revolution!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Just as we used to (Valentine special 1)

Come not to where we used to treasure a view
Confine not to where we used to say adieu
Let’s hold hands not because we want to
Yes, let’s immortalize the “I love you”.
On this cathedral, let’s vow anew
Just as we used to
In a promise so true,
The undying words “I do”.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Just by a Toad

Cephalous Thaddeus thugs the thrombin near the toad
Thundering thunderous voices throb so broad
But when he finally realizes the thrill he thralls
Cephalous Thaddeus touted the toad like unlading troll

Verily, verily and verily as merry as me so verily
Heard Cephalous Thaddeus relying the airing words to me
Since merrily and verily were spoken so horridly
Cephalous Thaddeus was unlikely misunderstood like me

Now everything and everyone dint ever understand
Me nor Cephalous Thaddeus leisurely lading out of hand
Messages sided resounding like odes weren’t understood
Better stop and hold before everyone’s head-hood explodes

Edgar Rendon Eslit

King Solomon and I

That was a complete silence.
An avalanche of concepts precipitated
in a Herculean domino of conversation.
Hyperbole, metaphor and personification
are but few of the tools in words manipulations.
As if you keep on believing the things
which you don't believe
But keep on pretending that you believe anyway.
It's like keeping a smile in a troubled heart
or rhyming a note in an empty tune.
While it maybe easy to show off your coolness,
floating adrift like an iceberg is but another story to tell.
Reasons, reasons and another reasons ensued.
After all, the boundary between sanity and madness
can only be measured by the amount of success one has made.
As Freud obsessed by his libido and Einstein for his relativism
But in question
Where should I stand?
The novice finally ask…
It irked words in terms so valuable
Said, be cautious but don't take it so easily
Juxtaposing reality is like whirlwinding the facts
Anything and everything you see are but superficial somehow
But confusion has the seed of wisdom
Fear not though, take your grip.
For life is not the amount of breath you take
It's the moment that takes you breath away.

The silence has been shattered
by the opening of the door

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Know

Know what you're fighting for
For if not, it could led to something more
More than anything that had caused you trouble
Trouble making you miserable
Miserable that when you finally think about it
It's your latent pride
Pride beyond control hence
Tragically controlling you after all

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Lamentation Sendong

Ngano man?
Asa man?
Kinsa man?
Unsa man?

Kay ngano man nga niabot ni nga katalagman
Kasakit sa silot nga akong nahi-aguman
Way sapayan ang nanga-anod kong kabtangan
Silang tanan pwede kong hikit-an
Apan ang kinabuhi sa akong mga hinigugma
Dili ug dili ko sila basta na lamang hikalimtan

Asa man ako nagkulang?
Nganong silot man ang akong nahiaguman
Kabangis sa kinaiyahan daw dilobyong nikusbat ning akong galamhan
Panahon sa kapaskohan ako daw gihampas ug gidagmalan
Kapa-it sa akong kapalaran
Inusinting mga kinabuhi napapas tungod sa kadalo sa uban

Abir, kinsa man karon ang akong masumbungan
Kay dili ko man kayang ihilom ang dangoy-ngoy ning akong kahiladman
Kay nganong dili nalamang ako ang gisilotan?
Ingon ana ba diay maningil ang kahitas-an?
Kahakog sa uban, Iligan ang napahimuslan
Bagyo ug baha, inosinting kinahuhi, kamatayon ang nahiaguman

Unsa man ang mahimo ko?
Igo na bang itolisok ko ang akong mga todlo ngadto sa mga gahamang mga politiko?
Sakto bang imaldisyon ko ang mga dalong mga nigosyanti ug kapitalista
nga sa kalasangan nanamastamas sa nahinanok nga mga kakahuyan?
ug sa mga bungtod nagamina para sa quarry ug mga bulawan?
Hostisya bang matawag kong sa kinabuhi sila usab hikapsan?
O, Dios ko, bag-oha ang mga batong kasing-kasing sa imong mga katawhan.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Legacy lingers

I was totally awaken
when my grandparents told my uncle
“If there’s anything that you can be proud
in being a man, it’s where, when you settle down
with your beloved woman, not in the lowly
circumstances you leave them behind”
A parent’s wisdom
that lingers in my mind

I was not dreaming then
when my grandparents finally told him
“be man enough! ”
“be responsible! ”
“you did it, then, face it! ”
“running away could only mean
one thing – callousness
and that’s not in our blood”.

For once, I thought of him as an idol
An athletic psyche he possessed
Always on the go for an action
Typical for every woman’s admiration
Who would have thought of his dissolution?
Fifteen years ago, Eric, turned
Achilles the vulnerable

I may have succumbed to the same spiel
being of a feather, God forbid
for way back in Spring Land
I compelled the duty of a budding lad
Against all odds
said “I do” to the woman I love
Emulating responsibility and commitment
made them proud all throughout

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Life and Soul

It’s a total recall.
When you told me
that you trust me,
you got my caring answer.
In essence, I said yes
for my heart says you’re sincere.
When you broke your promise
I also forgive since you need peace.
You humbled yourself and
It’s what I appreciate.
But there you go again:
On wine, racing, and drugs.
You squander your life and soul
In exchange of your Vanity Fair.
Now I said NO!
Did I do anything wrong?
I maybe lenient in tolerating
everything that you made profane
but I can’t forgive myself
if I lost your life and soul.
“Put that gun down, son! ”
There got a stand off.
My life, my soul;
Dad saved them all.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Look who's talking

Lit me in below your legs
I’m a little tense but ready for the situation
So please, if I may beg
I am dressed for the occasion
Don’t push me out for ‘am not that big
That if you want your belly free from toxic conditions

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Lovers quarrel

Gee, what’s that for?
Silence, silence and a longer silence followed
Do I have to ask you again?
There ensued a deeper look piercing but no word
What? What is your problem?
You are my problem, you are, and he answered!
Now, both are shouting, is there anything weird?
Silence, the crowd is enjoying what they heard.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Luminous lamp

Waiting for the full moon to rise
But end up falling asleep
Anticipating the clouds to pass by
But only to be ignored
Indeed, but
If all things, simple or complicated
cannot be appreciated
you deprive beauty

Edgar Rendon Eslit

MAGIC TOUCH

I was
Pondering neigh in a distance
Got no one to hold on to
Grief is couching my heart
Devouring in perplex moments
Not in solitude
Nay intrusion
But in Orion’s distance
Once, even once
Perpetuates your caring image
That passionate smile
Trenches a loving hello
Oozing with life
A magic touch
I live

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Magic Touch

I was
Pondering neigh in a distance
Got no one to hold on to
Grief is couching my heart
Devouring in perplex moments
Not in solitude
Nay intrusion
But in Orion’s distance
Once, even once
Perpetuates your caring image
That passionate smile
Trenches a loving hello
Oozing with life
A magic touch
I live

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Magische Berührung

Ich war
Nachdenkliches Wiehern in einer Entfernung
Hat niemand erhalten, um festzuhalten
Kummer couching mein Herz
Verschlingen in verblüfft Momente
Nicht in Einsamkeit
Neinstimmeneindringen
Aber in Orions Entfernung
Einmal sogar einmal
Erhalten Sie Ihr sorgendes Bildnis aufrecht
Jener leidenschaftlich Lächeln
Gräben ein Lieben hallo
Triefen mit Leben
Eine magische Berührung
Ich lebe

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Making me complete

Queen of my song
A gift that came along
Lovely chestnut-eyed little lady of mine
I’m proud to be your valentine

I never thought before that day
But your face bloomed like a gentle flower
Sweet while I woo with simple melody
Oh, dear, make me remember

You are so sweet and tender
Now, not all that time or fate I fear
But the callow youth and slender
If it stays forever

I pray our promises keep it anew
Our lives set no burden or blue
With happiness so great and sweet
Make me feel I am complete

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Manny Pacquiao, Manny Pacquiao

He fights for his country and the Filipino people
That's Manny Pacquiao

A featherweight, Bantamweight, and Flyweight champion
World titles itched in the name of Manny Pacquiao

A pound-for-pound boxer known all over the world
He is Manny, Manny Pacqiuao

He came from a humble family and made his way up high
Notably, in the boxing world, that's Manny Pacquiao

He loves God much as he loves his family and countrymen
Everyone and every Filipino love Manny Pacquiao

He sings, acts, billiards, cockfights and plays basketball
A man of sports, Manny Paquiao

He finds time to be with the poor giving heartfelt assistance
A golden mark of a humble Manny Pacquiao

His strength is from God as he always glorify the lord's name
A unique virtue of Manny Pacquiao

He fights with dedication; he brings pride to the nation
A dedication, true to the heart of Manny Pacquiao

Inside the ring, his fans would shout Manny, Manny, Manny
Michael Buffer would valiantly say "Manny Paaacmaaan Pacquiao"

They say he is a fearless boxer; a champion and a hero
I say he is Manny Pacquiao, Manny Pacquiao, a true Filipino

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Maze no.1

I go round and round
I move up-side-down
I close without a sound
honesty and sensitivity abound
lovely if you see where ‘am found
the joy of your soul resounds

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Midsummer chill

Cold winter had come to last
That agony of our past
When you made wine
Out of my tears so fine
Love not lust seemed to entwine

A season or two
Would come to say adieu
We've got to move on, I know
As long as there are reasons
Yes, we can embrace the moon

Isn't it wonderful?
Others called it desirable
But when your slumber will remember
The spirit of that laissez-faire
Emancipated a chilling smile in summer

Edgar Rendon Eslit

More than a wish

Come closer dear so you may see
The words and deeds this moment can’t pay
God bless the day for my chance to say
You mean so much to me

Our distance veers no adversary
While your courage strengthens me
Your encouragements inspire my day
It paves the way for a wholesome memory

Yes, happy times may come and go
And if I may say so, I mean sharing it with you
Though the length of days may just pass away
Quietly I say; hope you’re always near me

Finally, on your joyous natal day
Allow me when I squarely say
I love you, have a Happy Birthday
And, more than a wish, it’s what I pray

Window 0314200

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Morning After

While the blistering wind and glaring thunder
gobble up to smash my bleeding heart
I stood still.
While the rumbling shadows of denial
Impede the vision of my senses
I never retire.
While the clanging voices of deceptions
Divide the vision my judgement
I never give up
for I know you better
like the morning after

Edgar Rendon Eslit

My Connubial One

Caressing my cheeks like a waterfall,
Raving all the nights when tears befall.

Others won't let me sleep,
But she wouldn’t love to see me get all the night I weep.

Praying silently, try to wake no one up,
But there, I'm supported always on top,

She’ll do all odds and lose for none,
Supporting me for her is great and fun.

In an attempt to make my life glitter,
She’ll dive for pearls and for life better.

Behind all the sad scenes, she’d be waiting for a cue,
Surely, she’d come to my rescue.

At times when I'm utterly week and scared,
She’d stand to make sure that I am spared.

Though time and again her cheerful patience knows no end,
Yes, she was, is, and will be my dearest friend.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

My promise of love

I was passing by your window
But you weren’t home
I was knocking at your door
But you give no attention
I was calling over the phone
But your line got no connection
I tried to walk with you everyday
But you just ignore me
I was calling your name even
But you only put it in vain
I give you my protection and love
But you never grab
I tried in your dreams
But you shot me off in whims
Well, I guess that would be my role
After you nailed me on the cross,
I still love you as my own

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Naked truth

So, you call me friend
Only to be taken for granted
We shared good memories
Only to be wasted
Now
When little things can’t be appreciated
Need not make them complicated
We’re making ourselves secluded!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Noteworthy (Life’s a journey)

Why not?
Some say you must never look back
Some say you must believe on it
Do you know why?

You’ve heard the songs in all genres
You’ve seen the iconic message everywhere
You’ve seen it in post cards
You may even have seen a number of movies
with that theme
No wonder others have set their sights higher.

How do you find it?
Are you in a journey?
or in a dream?

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Old lady farmer

Scrapped the moistened clay with her handmade bolo
Dug a medium whole for two with her tireless arms
While setting the healthy seedlings with a smile
Her being patient, humble and old a lady
Bore the passion of a lone bread winner
To a growing family of eight
With banana leaves on her hand

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Omni Ode

Deep within a wide package of thrill adventure,
there hums a subtle power that guides people.

He who believes the compassion for life is good
for that long haul; that on that tenet is good for all seasons,
good for all ages, and good for all those who
wish to play role in making this world a better place for all.

So remain comfortable with such concise image that informs,
that entertains, and that reminds that those external values that
unify all people into one or even those who seek clarity
and coherence in this confusing world would still prevail.

And so long as we never lose sight on those
powerful principles that are at the soul of our experience;
and so long as we remain at the cutting edge of our lives
in doing good deeds in this planet, then we are as
ready to lay claim to a future as brilliant and as exciting as
it was once before.

Everything on Earth is but part of the winding adventure.
It hums power though in subtle picture.
Learn to appreciate the past even in its darkest moments
and make it a tool in rebuilding a brighter future.

Then let generations prove that what have been beautifully
put forth still ring true for me and you.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Painting the Horizon (View 62107)

As I reclined and looked at the horizon
I complemented myself with a proving smile
because the sunset was so lovely
and I had not seen one like it for quite sometime
The omnibus colors of the sky blended so perfectly
Magnified by the tilting shadows of the glaring sun
and before it had finally rested
I felt my life painting was done

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Parting Words

Once I stood
Before those people in multitude
I dropped a golden seed
But don’t know where it landed
Hours, days and nights
‘twas nowhere in sight
But just as when I decided to depart
I noticed something’s sprouting in their hearts

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Philippine Junket

Just as the clock starts to tick
There sprung the tongues of fire
When these honorable men play their mutual smack
One will see their infinite capacity to lie
Through their gums like soothing mark
For nobody cares
Everyone loves to smell the roses
And we end up smelling the gutter instead!

Their speeches are so hilarious
Quite apart from poignant
They seem to feel their colleague’s loss as their loss
To us an expostulation of wonderment
Weeping and gnashing their teeth to protect their boss
For nobody cares
Everyone loves to smell the roses
And we end up smelling the gutter instead!

Forget the just and the wicked
For that is like squeezing blood from stones
They all wrought turbulence hard and morbid
When they speak, they sound like storms
Relatively an equanimity they stood as united
For nobody cares
Everyone loves to smell the roses
And we end up smelling the gutter instead!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Pillar of solitude

Alone lonely loner
among the boughs in caved pavilion
startles the fowl from the gaggles slumber
but though she traces the scenes with oblation,
yet her memory caveats her like sewer

Alone lonely loner
Whose wisdom sires images of deeds refine?
In her soul's pleasure it prevails forever
Hardened thoughts thwart her spine
for its swinging whims perched in constant reminder

Alone lonely loner
While yielding her prayers respond so fine
In most familiar beat it backfires with spire
Then the roar and the crisps of homeless winter
echoes its solemn tune, struggling over her troubled chime

Alone lonely loner
While shivering into her unfounded altruism
her passing wind scatter in false contentious desire
Realizing her bygone yesteryears as nowhere to bloom
Concluded “acceptance is blessed when one surrenders”

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Pleading

Down, down and down
Below the pit on the quicksand grown
Its depth cannot be outgrown
What will I do, ‘am facing it alone?
Hear me speak; its rage is as hard as stone
Oh, God, please salvage me, 'am eaten by wound.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Potion in Motion

Look through the eyes
Never Propose
Smile!
Be friendly
Let your action do the talking

Offer the menu
Do not impose
Suggest!
Take your time
Feel the ambiance avoid the mess

Initiate simple conversation
Be natural
Observe!
Be responsive
Don’t let the candle bow before it melts

Impart humor
Be spontaneous
Persevere!
Anticipate all possibilities
Laughter creates momentum

Be friendly to the waiter
Give proper orders
Concur!
Be polite
Be sure, you’re in control

Allow the conversation to prosper
Take the lead
Assert!
Be active listener
You’re the ultimate date bearer

Savor the food heartily
Be mindful
Serve!
Always be conscientious
The environment is eminently forceful

Offer a toast
Do it as you please
Cheers!
Say, for you and me
You’ll see it breaks monotony

Cascade your final weapon
Don’t drag it so long
Unveil!
But keep it undertone

Gratuity evokes emanation

Now that you’re both heartily full
Assert your intention
Conquer!
Win the coveted courtship
Fair and square, stupid!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Promises can’t be made to be broken

There it goes again
The stride can’t close my eyes
for the anguish’s still there
But while the thought of it is rushing
Through my umber veins,
that only burn the uncertainties
For an amend ain’t recuperating
or how could that advent be
forgotten without remorse
when its wound pierced
Deeply, so deep that made other spirits moan.
Now, in the depth hollow of this shaken soul
Left devoured by guilt for the promises undone
Felt 'am broken and totally down

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Purely out of CPR

When she left
She acted like thief
There’s no goodbye
There’s only love

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Question that wakes

Decapitations over the left extremity never go extreme
Puss sizzles on gauze while blood splatters tight under
All these we can bear but then when she asked us:
What’s the point of living when you can’t feel alive?
It brought the transient silence to decadence of tears
Never thought such question is Luz’s looming farewell.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Reality dream

There it sprang unpredicted
An opportunity we got so excited
Once in the bosom so sweet
Behold it made our lives complete

Long it started in March
So decisive even without a touch
Construed in the month of May
Dubbed certainty as upheld by Mary

Now comes Lance Anthony
Awfully sweet darling baby
A perfect reality to see
A reality dream must be

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Realization

When will we ever learn?

We've been hearing words
loud, very loud and sometimes cursing
In a dead night haplessly intimidating
Humiliating, indeed, yet it's on going
Will there be no end?
Shouldn't they be feeling tired at least
It's obviously difficult
For they made walls out of their voice
Distance out of fear
Pity, what a piety
How hard it is to be subsumed by anger
They should have tried listening to their hearts
Now that they're into the brink
of falling out of love
For their hearts would make a good bridge
Connecting pointless gaps
Especially, since they made once
a promise to love.

Well, it's true
If steel's greatest enemy is its rust
For man, his lost pride!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Red Signature

Looming thunder’s about to erupt by mouth
Not once but twice in secluded gloom

Salient fear couching in saucer’s blood bath
The fighting spirit’s unfolding in one soul to form

Latent vengeance engulfing life’s aftermath
So valiant lamenting nemeses to doom

Dare no devil, better justice must be fought
Here, mighty scepter’s eyes everyone must conform

Now, the echo of yesteryear’s maladies spread forth
Gasping and sucking were theirs for men in uniform

Detractors blindfolding justice; vying as if their cohort
For a defenseless subject their whims stood as to inform

The last thread of life now’s not in your hand but on both
Divulge the scalded truth they lawlessly hid as their own

Said, this courage maybe barred when they brought death
But the sympathy of this pen shall set my fallen justice bloom

[Long live the legacies of the Philippine Journalists whose courage remain incorruptible.]

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Remember (Inspirational song)

Walk with me and stay with me forever
Take my hand I'll show the way and answer
To the place of happiness forever with the father

Don't be afraid 'cause we will be together
I'm the way, the truth, the life have no fear
We'll find the way to happiness forever with the father

It's me who offer, take the yoke and carry it with me
For life is empty if you hear me calling yet you doubt
Yes, life is empty if you hear me calling and you doubt

Look here I am waiting… dear
(Walk with me and stay with me forever)

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Richer, Stronger and Happier

…because I value life more than my possessions
I never wish to wake up one day on top of the gold bullions

…because I treasure my friends as family of my own
I find distance as an isolation but not a division

…because I don’t entertain gossips and rumors
I bridge gaps but discourage misdemeanors

…because I take good care of the words I speak
I can’t afford words in double meanings for tricks

…because I learn from my mistakes, I gain values
I share my ideas and I never impose

…because I know how to appreciate defeat
I have my own weakness, I’m not perfect

…because I can afford to smile even if I’m sad
I smile; its impulse echoes relief, ‘am glad

…because I’m doing what I love and
I love what I am doing

…because I don’t question things that are impossible
I know they have a purpose no matter how small

…because I confront my problems head-on
I won’t retire without its think-and-try solution

…because in life, I face all kinds of obstacles
I take the challenge, ‘am willing to start if I fall

…because, if at all, I don’t pray to God to gain more
I pray for guidance for me to endure

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Sa Pagsubang

Daw gilimot, nawala, ug nahikalimtan mo na sa dayon
Ang himno ug awit sa atong damgo nga gi hiklib ko karon
Kay ang mga tipasi sa kagahapon daw kini haghagonon
Nga nagahaploy sa akong kalawasan tim-os nga handomon
Sa matag hapon, ania ako, kanonay nagahandoraw
Sa mga bito-on matag subang sa bulan sa kagabhi-on

Lab-as pa sa akong panumdoman kong akong batbaton
Ang imong mga panaad nga gi hapnig ko lang sa hilom
Kini ang gahatag ug hagit nga ako ni-a magapadayon
Sa pagdumdom, sa mga panaad tang buhi ug bahandianon
Nga budhian ta sa atong kinabuhi kong kinahanglanon
Kanako pabilo nga ning subang gabuhi kanako sa dayon

Ug kay ngano, unsa; tugutan ta ba sila nga bulagon kita?
Ang akong pagka ulipon ug pagkatimawa kasal-anan ba?
Sa mata sa diyos patas kitang tanan, walay labaw o bathala
Pero kay gikatakda ka sa usa nga kanila may importansiya
Kay sila na silaw sa salapi nga gihambin nga ilang gibandira
Ania, panahon sa subang sa bulan, gitakda inyong panaghiosa

Paminawa, bati-a ang pagdangoyngoy sa akong kasingkasing
Sa kamingaw pabiling gaantos daw gipangilaba sa hangin
Hain na, o asa na, ug na unsa na ang gipanompa-an tang duha
Pabilin kong gi balaan sa hilom ang langitnon tang gugma
Ug sa akong kahingawa, o ngano ba, nganong galo-ib ka?
Sa pagsubang sa bulan, ning akong lubnganan, ako pasaylo-a.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Saving Jocelyn

The crickets’ haze heard and resounding
On that moonless night inside the cabin
While the countryside is celebrating
Here, she got a pillow, subbing, forbidden

Is it necessary to seclude and be forsaken?
You had it twice and it felt uncompromising
Melancholy wouldn’t give anything to gain
Prove him wrong, he’s not worth crying

In a day or two, this scenario will surely change
Don’t allow his caprices control or consume you
If you do, will it help resolve and untangle the pain?
Make it even, he doesn’t deserve you, let him go

It’s good to have him punished, yes, oh, I know
Is castigating him will make you tough and supreme?
Let go of his whim, his bully won’t make you grow
Get out, play his game; it’s nice to see him scream

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Spill!

Good to win every fight
Be it in candor or encoring fright
But why can’t I withstand with might
For as if this heart is squesshed so tight
Now it’s bleeding alright
But what good will it brings if I get the big bite?
Said, anger consumes one’s civility faster than mite
Know, at times, it takes more strength
not to fight!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Sunrise to Sunset Jazz

Chirping birds and rustling leaves embrace the morning breeze in gleefull hype
When the aroma of the browed coffee awakens the slumbering nostril to life
And the glaring sunrise refold the earthy music of Kenny G’s 'Silhouette'
There hums the morning smiles like an orchestra on its alto el allegro strife
What a day, such a day, and a lovely day to start a new day right.

Waving and blinking satin curtain gliding down the window underneath the cell
While the next dew falls ticking the saucer pan beneath the grills down below
And the next quack of the lone duck demises granny’s veil above the wall
Here, signals a simpler lead, folding the blanket back and up to pile the pillows
What a reminder, simple to remember, and so dearly spoken by granny Dell.

Half dusted Sax bellowing the door used to throttle the 'B' flat minor sound
With dad and his band used to play while his crews were on merry the grove
And the San Miguel Beer typifies our stumping feet together on the ground
Well, there goes the pair, swinging and gliding in heightened antique moves
Such music, a living jazz, in twilight 'till dawn rings true for all generations.

Ecstatic as it sounds maybe but the memories of old openly divulging everyday
That yesteryears happiness, for us kids in the family of five, remain a treasure
And the love, and values, and lessons we usher to everyone in that humble family
So to say, worth keeping all the way as it itches in heart that jubilant picture
Such memory, so simple, a vivid example of once cherished golden family day.

Years have passed by and as the days would come and go for my three boys to grow
What a task to do when a four, two and one year old mischievous kids approach you?
And their shout, cry, throwing, rocking, feeding, running and pampering would ensue?
Oh dear, the orchestra on its el alto allegro, but in a simpler melody caring like a pillow
Day ends with whole note reminder: correction does more but encouragement does better.

Shhhhh, Sax's on while the three darling angels have come to slumber!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Super Mom

That unforgettable lullaby in spring
Like little chimes in my ears that ring
The message folds in changes bring
Remains enchanting and captivating
My dearly beloved mother could sing

“Sleep, sleep, oh, darling my dear
The angels above are watching still
Over the clouds they swing and cheer
In prayer, their voices echo over the hill
You’re in my arms, rest, go to slumber”

I missed those verses in blissful reckoning
And while the gazing sun transforms to tell
The priceless memories in my life you bring
So is your lullaby waking the emptiness I dwell
Oh, mother, my mother; if I could only sing

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Surprise to Death

Papers crumpled in intentional mess
Sinks leaking like condemned faucets
Smell stung like rotten scallops
Floor in scorch-dirt manure like caricature
Wrappers deviate all over the floor
Dangling dilapidated doors conjure
With vandalism par ultra superior
Stung so tragic in reality-horror
Oh, my, all these and more
In the Philippines' public toilets
You'll be sorry on your visit
Pay and be surprised to death!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Tears in silent words

She was turning back
The sigh is so deep
And the silence is deafening.
While she's leaving home,
She hates bidding goodbye
But those who love her noticed
The tears in her silent words

Edgar Rendon Eslit

That child in me

Just like any other child, I never experienced being brought to school by a nanny.
My family couldn’t provide me one.
Just like any other child, I never experienced being fetched by a chauffer.
My father could not afford any.
Just like any other child, I never experienced being prepared a lunch box for my snack.
Nothing was there to prepare anyway.
Just like any other child, I never had a bag of my own.
What I had was a plastic bag that could accommodate all my belongings.
Just like any other child I never had good shoes to wear.
I got broken slipper; sometimes, none.
Just like any other child, I never had a good pair of socks.
An old pair of Boyscout knee socks is all I got
Just like any other child, I never had a uniform for my school.
Well, I inherited two faded ones from my grade six cousins.
Just like any other child, I was never allowed to go out camping in school.
No one could provide me the things to bring.
Just like any other child, I was never allowed to participate in any school games.
I was too thin to play any games
Just like any other child, going to school without breakfast became a habit.
Not because no body’s preparing it for me but because there really is nothing to prepare.
Just like any other child, I can hardly pay for my school tuition fees.
My mom barely had enough money after she does the neighbor’s laundry.
But unlike any other child, I never quit.
I never quit! I never quit!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

The thought of you

Good Morning, dear!
I'm just dropping in to say,
'I wish you have a beautiful day! '
May your morning be
as exciting and bright as the rising sun
and your afternoon be as lovely.
May the whole day
bring happiness to you and your family!
And, before I leave, just want you to know that
You’re in my prayers today

Edgar Rendon Eslit

The Toddler Poet

You should never miss a clue when I teach you
Follow me when I read to you the do me do
A simple verse then followed by I love you
The toddler said - bayooo

Great introduction with the humble intention
Point this, take that, where's your attention?
Now show me the right direction
The toddler answered - eh shun

Here's my hug and kisses 'fore I leave
Take good care and do behave
Mom and Dad won't put you in a crib
The toddler queried – nanny Bib?

That would be all for you today
See you this noon let's find and see
A present for you, a toy must be
The toddler mumbled - Ja bee

Isn't it happy to start your day
With a little boy crossing your way
Well, when ask, how are you today?
The toddler giggled - oh k

Edgar Rendon Eslit

The word is not enough

My gratitude for everything that you have done
I knew so much passion reside therein
Your loving presence and kind wisdom are never gone
It couldn’t be measured, perhaps, but will live ‘till then.
I should say, your thoughtfulness is your glowing sun
Your caring heart is more than the presents I’ve seen
You shared the love and blessings so gracefully like swan
Let me say, my gratitude and felicitations will always remain.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

To my Alma Mater, MSU-IIT

Behold thee, oh queen pearl of the promised land
Into thy bosom successful scholars mold
You are cascading wisdom in color gold
In deep passion greater treasures unfold
Today, amidst the bustle of the urban breeze
You’re comforting with a loving embrace
In an anthem fitting for the humble praise

Through the years you withstand the test of time
Espousing diversity and cultural heritage sublime
Distinct in academic excellence and dynamic policy
Upholding culture and nature in harmony
One finds you a magnificent sanctuary
A sustainable blessing from God Almighty
Hail, hail my Alma Mater MSU-IIT

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Touche magique

J'étais
Méditer hennit dans une distance
Obtenu pour personne tenir
Le chagrin formule mon coeur
Dévorer dans les moments perplexes
Pas dans la solitude
Non l'intrusion
Mais dans Orion la distance de s
Une fois, même une fois
Perpétuer votre image de soin
Ce sourire passionné
Les tranchées un aimer bonjour
Suinter avec la vie
Une touche magique
J'habite

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Unsolicited Advice

Now listen
That is not as simple as it has been
You see, life on top of happiness is so boring
However life tainted with misery is worth living
Here’s to tell you why
It’s not what it seems
Not because of pessimism
In reality, life works best in constructivism
You may stumble or fall
Learn the lessons from them all
Now live life to the fullest
Give all your best
For life is short and inevitable
But beautiful
Beautiful, so beautiful

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Up, up and away

Newspaper is better than magazine
When it’s done
The ground is best than on the street
To start, it’s better to run than to walk
Once successful
One needs a lot of space
It needs creativity but easy to learn
Young and old will love it
Conflict is minimal
Wind brings no complication
Using rock serves as better anchor
While in there, birds seldom get close
Rain soaks it fast though
But one never gets a chance
When it breaks
It’s nowhere to be found

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Valentine Java

That aroma
of a Starbox coffee
Rejuvenates Stradivarius at the sofa
Tickling and blending resolutely
The static ambiance
Brewing our Valentine’s Day

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Voice in a bottle

Behold thee, gentle cherub, while you're in peace
Your oblate eyes and bloating ridden veins
Touched in velvet mouth, leaning in moistened glass.
You have half-opened eyes telling me your life's story,
while your heart sang song of truth in melancholy.
You got broken hands that are soft but clinching.
Your cheeks are gentle, meek, and pale yet they blushed
I heard you speak in tongues and in foreign tones,
But, in my impulsive mode, I understood them all,
I knew you're not happy in that darkened bottle
And as others considered you moot in forgotten time
I must say, such cruelty cannot be hidden at all.
Now rest and sleep in slumber though
I know there are no other demons who will hurt you
But here's to let you know that the wrath of God is waiting
for those irresponsible beings who made this to you

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Way Wide Word (Food for the mortal soul 2)

If there’s anything worth keeping
In the entirety of our lives
That is our family
Anything more
Is just a hustle
We’ll, if you got a circle of friends,
And some material possessions,
Take them as an added bonus
For in the end
It’s just our family that remains
Through think and thin
Better or worse
Just like in the old solemn promise
Next to God, a family stays 'till the end!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

What’s the Fuss? (sti 121306)

Be positive
The battle has ended
A new challenge will begin
Embrace it with desire
Fill your life with meaning
Live to succeed

Edgar Rendon Eslit

When I see that wall where my father hung his reminder

Take the red one to choose!
Dear, ever wonder?
The reason why God gave us children is because
He wants us to receive Roses in December.

There goes a pause...

Edgar Rendon Eslit

When I Think of Christmas

When I think of Christmas
I never think of what’s fun
When I think of Christmas
I never think of Santa on the run
When I think of Christmas
I never think of present’s showdown
When I think of Christmas
I never think of parties and charms
When I think of Christmas
I think of hugging you with my loving arms

Edgar Rendon Eslit

When the Rye Gets Dry

Get ready!
“Victory has many fathers,
but defeat remains an orphan”.
There’s the line of whine twang
when an ecstatic bell bangs
loudly on the sphere of life
that reciprocate the founding site
where once of a pedestal of charm
you sprung in rhyming prism
but now of burbling junk
consolably fruitless a trunk
Once you flunk

Edgar Rendon Eslit

When You Smile

Why are you smiling such lovely smile?
When I am saddened by sorrows for miles!
How can you smile the same smile?
When my day brings nothing but the feeling of shy!

I was thinking for so long
What reason you got to smile that long
You're smiling though it would always come
You remain sweet and tenderly awesome

It's such a mystery for me to see
Your smile seems heaven swaying by the sea
I adore and always pray without envy
That forever you’d share that smile to me

I always feel happy when I see you smile
For so many reasons if I'm sad and lonely
Your smile brings me shower
That refreshes me dear-anywhere

Was it you?
Who gave me the reason to smile?
Bringing smile for all seasons
A simple smile but worth a million

I think gratuity is like that
We all have the reasons to smile
For this smile brings reason for itself
To be happy and to be free

Now, I wear this smile because of you
Because your smile brings me joy not blue
It proves so powerful for me and you
Like your innocent smile it made me closer to you

Smile my love
Smile for us to bring all the love
Smile and love, smile to love
Smile so the world will be filled with so much love

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Where have all the answers gone?

What separates humans from animals is the sense of reason.
Humans think and animals act by instinct.
But humans got his way of erring away from this concept,
making them irrational than other animals do.
This is a view that redefines the fine line between the two.
It is sad but humans go animalistic; animals go humanistic.
In this changing world, this view subjugates the law of nature.
Animals go sensible and act like real humans,
while humans are enjoying the mode of being animals.
No wonder why the global destruction is getting far advance.
Whose deeds are terrorisms?
Why can’t we stop the war?
What’s the cure for AIDS?
Why is there a white slavery?
Who could stop poverty and hunger?
Why is there a global warming? and
What are those international summits for?
Dear animals, I need your answers!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Whisper (Valentine special 2)

Felt the breeze that’s glazing around the Eiffel
The floral scents in lilac that mystified your smell
While we strolled around the scenic site in Paris
Have you not forgotten the words we used to immortalize?
The words not of a promise but of dedication
Oh, so lovely and pure beyond imagination
And while we savor its sweetness
That darling smile of yours
made me realize that
nothing is important to me now
than to love you forever
Yes, that whisper in the garden
made me smile again
When you replied
I love you
‘till the end

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Why Not Only Me?

Why not only me?
Why couldn't I be the only one?
If you have ‘no’ as an answer
Then, but only then,
Could it be another one?
If I’m not the only one
Will it be anyone?
Should there be another one?
Who’s the other one?
Why not only me?

Intrepid time
hid seasons for reasons

Edgar Rendon Eslit

William’s Oracle

If the armor of the last mortuary would conceal the truth, so be it.
Should the last Spartan general forbid your action, then, time would tell.
Would this world turns its back against your modest doings, so shall it be.
For your prevailing words will survive not in vain but in eternity
No one can stop you in fulfilling your promises, for I believe
This life is worthless without its rightful deeds and mindful bearing
So if everything will vanish and so the words remain so deconstructing
These lines may be cleverly decried to be foolish and subjugated in mediocrity
But long live the decisive and forgiving mortals who labor in believing that
Nothing is more sacred than fulfilling a promise for your loved ones

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Wish

If
All angels can tell
The muses, their mysteries
They're all within
Ringing the bell of eternity
This is your day
Happy birthday, dear!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Writing Lyrics for the Deaf and Mute

For one Euro or two, in an octave
I'd mastered not from Mozart, I composed
"Remember" song for Angel Lyn, who
sat silent with a golden crib beside my chair.
She loved the song in return, the lyrics
plotted out in sign pen or black ball-point ink.
This is Dod composing, she had me say,
and children, often, when they sing, added
postscripts that began 'give me your hand'
as if I wouldn't mutter their tunes aloud.
'I'll show you the way', they repeated. 'To the place.
where fantasy lies, making our dreams come true.'
When one woman had her daughter compose for me,
she folded that sheet inside her purse
so Nicoli John, holding the envelope,
smiled and said, "It's good one, made in two pages."
Straight out, that girl said her mother wanted
us to meet, that the verses of that song resound
and my way of plotting the higher do's showed I was
a lad to be trusted when they have grown.

Before she paid me in jewels and gemstones,
from a silver box on the table,
Nicoli John counted every gem by two's
a testing, for sure, because everybody
knew the deaf sensed better than the abled one,
and I rested awhile, not sensing, until
a familiar woman mailed a package poststamped
for me. It lay so quietly, so bare
on the message I read, "The three jewels in two's
are for Dod, " giving myself a raise.
Would Angel Lyn believe I was worth it?
Would she consider her gemstone's value and have them
in my position? In fact, I thought it is so,
because I wouldn't mind, keeping something
from those mute and deaf what I thought I deserve.
But it doesn't sound over in that song;
it's playing all along

Edgar Rendon Eslit

X-Diary entry (Wishful thinking)

A week before Christmas in 2005
I visited a friend who's under
probation for a case
he was incarcerated.
Right after I got out from his cell
I couldn't help myself but wonder
if he could sustain his situation, the heat,
and the isolation. Not to mention the pain
and loneliness and the agony of lengthy
case trials. Can he bear the pain?

That in mind, I brought the thought home.

Came the morning of December 24
Our neighbor was cleaning his fish bowl.
He got rid of its smell after he lost
the pair of golden carp in it.
Since he got one left
He decided to put it in their pond

What I saw brought my friend to mind

It's a worthwhile experience
Watching the golden carp freed
from that glass bowl to the pond.
You can see her flip, twirl
and far, far, she deeply swam.
I could almost hear
her heart throbbing, palpitating
and gasping to its limit.
Happy, happy, there she went flipping.
But would it not be happier
if she was allowed to join the other fishes
on the river?
If I own that fish,
She wouldn't only be happy.
There on the river
She'll be happier and free

If I only have my way, this Christmas, he'll be free.

Edgar Rendon Eslit

You’re Invited

It’s my first birthday today!
The guests were all ready
Everything has been set
I want you beside my seat
Come, let’s celebrate
Make my party complete!

(Lance Anthony's First Birthday/112307)

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Your smile

Your smile makes the world go round
Like in a carrousel we took around
People like children at play with love
Bloom like red balloons above

Your smile lit the neon light
Brighten up the darkest night
Color my life with your smile
Each day, let’s be in love!

Edgar Rendon Eslit

Zee to his beloved princess

Where is she, where is she…
The voice that keeps on hunting me
Just like every other day
Where is she, where is she?
Now it’s Sunday

Where is she, where is she…
My dream is talking to me
But it sounds so lovely
Where is she, where is she?
It does not believe a holiday

Where is she, where she…
A thought I hear from the mountain to the sea
Embezzled like foliage in my memory
Where is she, where is she?
A growing thought like a winding highway

Where is she, where is she…
Will she be singing today?
Far above the horizon one day
Where is she, where is she?
Oh, fiery dragons keep, I pray

Where is she, where is she…
This world turned deaf an angry
Where is she, where is she?
If my death is a sacrifice for our misery
So shall it be to make you free!

Edgar Rendon Eslit