# **Poetry Series**

# **Elizabeth Padillo Olesen**

- 181 poems -

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### **Elizabeth Padillo Olesen**

A Filipino born woman, lives in Denmark, wrestles with the Danish language; attempts to preserve her mother tongue- Cebuano, writes prose and poetry in English. Wife, mother, teacher, cross-cultural worker; loves to sing, paint and tend the garden.

Works:

A Pulse for my Country People: Poems and Reflections on Philippine Situation, CGS Printers,1995

Collection of Own Poems in Cebuano Language, 1995.

Own paintings demonstrated by verses or poems, www.artbreak.com or visit www.123hjemmeside.dk/Kunst-liv-tro

#### A Good Life

A good life is a song when melodies are sung by laughters and smiles.

A good life is a cup of tears when days are painted by all sorrow and pain.

A good life is community when one ceases to be alone in the sea of love and compassion.

A good life is courage when the heart of faith announces the dawning of a new day.

A good life is knowing the Shepherd who walks with us even in the valley of death and brings us to the mountain of safety.

#### A Man Without A Name

I see him often along the street of Kolding Train Station
A black man with his curly hair that seems not to have been washed in years A man with no smile on his dirty face A man with a bottle of beer on his lips and a lighted cigarett between his finger tips.

What is he doing along the open road while others are hurrying to their place of work? Why is he having much time to spare while others claim they don't have time and run with stress?

What is he doing along the open road while others would rather hide in the comforts of their gold?

What is this lost man doing in an open road, when he stands without a name, a story to tell, honour and shame?

Why do we find many more like him without their names, who find the open streets as their home to dwell?

#### **A Mother**

How can a mother forget her child, the child who is conceived nine months in the womb the child that is cradled at daytime, night time until dawn? How can a mother forget her child?

How can a mother forget her child the child who after the flow of months has learned to stand and run? How can a mother forget her child, the child whose mouth imitates her mother`s tongue, the child who after a year or two can say, 'Mama, I love you'?

How can a mother forget her child, the child who is so dear in her own heart and mind, the child that reveals the mystery of creation, the beauty of growth and human interaction. the infinity of our own universe within its finite linear time?

## A Plea to Hurricane Sandy

Why should you visit today when people in USA are lighting their pumpkins for the coming Halloween and for the election of a president?

Why should a hurricane of your kind pass along the byways and pathways, rivers, ports of lakes and seas leaving again unspeakable trace of your anger and fury?

Oh, hurricane, hurricane Sandy, will you please just postpone your visit, at least, for today?

October 28,2012

### A Psalm of Hope

When the world beats the rhythms of joy and sorrow, when our hearts keep the hope to light the dark shadows, when our hands touch the strings for our common song, then I know there is a way to go: a way to peace a way to hope a way to light.

When a child is caressed by love and kindness and a stranger is welcomed by our hands of faith, when each moment bears the seed of a bright new day, then I know there`s a dream to find and rebuild: a dream for peace a dream for hope a dream for love.

When pain in our life numbs our senses and the will to survive seems extinguished, yet a ray of hope comes shining through, then I know there's a place to go: a world of peace a world of light a world of love.

# A Song for Iraq

Listen, people are crying Listen, bombs are raining Listen, missiles are pounding Fires are spreading Houses are burning People are running.

Listen, mothers are screaming Listen, children are dying Listen, soldiers are bleeding Death is growing Hate is rising Where are we heading?

Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.

(written at the 9th day of bombing April 2002)

### A Tribute to the Filipino People, EDSA Revolution!

Such a courage you have displayed in confronting forces of tyranny You say no to corruption, dishonesty and degradation that have long plagued our nation.

You say no to arms, no to the mighty weapons of the dictator and by human barricades of your million-presence you give to our land your bodies as the best sacrifice that should die if needed if only to restore our freedeom and dignity as a people.

With your simple spirit of faith and prayer, you have told the world that not a revolution should ever be successful without God who is sought for peace and direction.

How can I tell you that I am so proud of you!

#### A Walk on the Snow

It feels cold inside when people cannot break the stillness when human tongues revolve around cars, TV and food when the painful silence is deep deep in the human heart.

I walk out of this coldness inside away from the comforts and heating installations in the house away from the speed and heat of a car.

I simply walk on the field looking at the vast space of emptiness treading on the snow, the snow that has covered the grasses.

It gives me a deep sense of joy that the walk to turn away from coldness inside becomes a walk with the Lord. I walk with God on the snow.

Cars pass me by Houses stand in the stillness of their comforts.

I continue walking until my exposed ears, hands and feet ache. I walk with God on the snow and I understand why people fear the cold.

The Lord himself walks with me on the snow and on the cold inside me on the snow that covers the gound on the snow that hurts and frightens.

But such a time of journeying with God on the snow becomes a cleansing and a healing just as from the ground the green will be reborn in spring.

# Advent(Acrostics)

Arise, wake up and watch the coming dawn Days are counted before the Christmas morn Valleys and hills herald the coming Messiah Eternal Saviour to people's hopeless groping Nations light their candles of great expectation Time of waiting is now reached to consummation.

# **Against Violence, A Call**

Gun producers Gun buyers Gun users All share the euphoria Over the use of power.

Violent films
Violent computer games
Violent videos and suicides
All share the entertainment
Of the images of violence.

And we feel shocked When an insane man in the head Barges into the school of our kids And empties his guns from all bullets? Is violence the only legacy in our time?

December 18,2012

#### **Altars of Man-made Wars**

Men have always made altars for themselves:
Herod and the slaughter of the 2- year olds
Landlords and feudalism
Patriarchy and oppression of women
The Army and the Roman Empire
Hitler and Nazism
Mussolini and fascism
Mao Tse Tung and communism
Napoleon and militarism
Saddam Hussein and egoism
Osama bin laden and Islamism
George Bush and the wage against terrorism.
And in all these altars
It is the small children sacrificed as living offerings!

### And the Waters Come Raging

And the waters come raging like a month-long monsoon spreading their fury in minutes and seconds, making busy streets of shops and houses into deep sea of mud and graves.

And the waters come raging like a giant thief in the night unwanted, unexpected stamping down on trees, animals, cars and humans flushing them out like manure to a tunnel without light.

And the waters come raging with the screams and cries of the stranded on rooftops the tears of those who cannot save and find their loved ones, the prayers of those who wait until the fury of the waters should calm down and subside.

### **Bathe Me with your Love**

Come and bathe me with your love Shower me with your kisses And rub me with the balm of your touch.

Shampoo my hair with the oil of your generous kindness Pour into my aching body the blessings of God's grace.

Hold me closely to hear your whispers in the running water Hold me tightly to your bosom as if this is our last romance.

Come and bathe me with your love Caress me with your gentle arms And let me feel the beating of your heart.

Hold me closely to ward off the eternity of absence and let us celebrate these unending yet mortal moments in the bath of our love.

# Be A Dreamer (Haiku)

Dream, be a dreamer Draw beauties of love and hope Great way to survive.

### **Beauty of Friendship**

How can I resist the beauty of friendship when it beacons the soul to rejoice over acts of love and mercies? How can I be deaf to the notes of friendship when the act of rejoicing echoes melodies of joy that brings sunshine to dark clouds of tears?

How can I ignore the beauty of friendship when it is able to merge the past, the present and the future in the common experiences in time stamped in albums, videos and other images reflecting our young and wrinkled faces?

How can I ever bury friendship when it sows the seeds of beauty and joy in the heart, when encounters are marked by the wish of eternity in time, of saying only hellos and never goodbyes?

#### Beloved and the Sea

Swim into the sea of relationships and see how plants and animals behave. Among their own species, they live in unity and conflict.

Swim into the sea of relationships between man and woman. Homo sapiens, as they are, they too relate in conflict and unity.

For now they declare their love in marriage and tomorrow they dissolve their vows, rejecting the beloved.

Oh, this sea of relationships among humans - in harmony and conflict, in pain and sorrow, in joy, embrace and bed of tears!

'Is there another sea where we can swim and bathe', the poet asked. The owl, up the tree, answered, 'No! Learn to embrace the lonely sea! '

#### **Between The Rich and The Poor**

Who draws the gap between people? They call them rich, they call them poor The rich squander in wealth and abundance The poor wonder what to eat next time.

Who allows injustice as iron fists Smashing down the humble dignity Of the weak, elevating the powerful To decide what for the poor is best?

Who wakes up in the middle of the night Feeling the grumbling hungry tummy Over an open roof and empty plates? Who orders trips to paradise during holidays Hoarding bank shares and silver and gold?

### **Brother Roger of Taize**

A humble and fragile man with a great heart for respect, love and dialogue among peoples of all nations.

With a call in your heart you establish a community of peace in Taize' a taste of God's kingdom on earth.

Yet you died a cruel death never invoking revenge and hate And even if your innocent blood was oozing out of your breath your brothers and ambassadors of peace continued to sing the Songs of Taize.

Brother Roger, thanks for leaving us all a great legacy of love, fellowship and humility.

Recalling the loving life of Brother Roger, the leader of the Taize community who died at the hands of an assassin. A peaceful man of God who died under violent hands. I would like to honor his memory by this short verse.

# **Burying Her Ashes**

Strange! A person with great height and weight is now turned into an urn of ashes.

Down deep into a little hole of the ground, she is laid down without music and elegance.

Strange! She, an equation by contraction or reduction!

And this life of great height and grandeur is now inside a metallic urn!

# **Capsule Of Joy**

Not sugar coated
Not soaked in colours
Not packed by silver papers
But it comes from the heart
In its purest mixture
Capsulated by laughter
Coded by rhymes and music
Mesmerized by goodness
Intoxicated by love underserved.

#### **Catch a Dream**

Catch a dream in your mind Nurture the dream in your heart Share the dream with your loved ones.

Let the dream grow as a voyage On the high seas, toyed with high waves And yet seeking to freely float Along with the strong currents.

Let this dream drift to a number of directions until it finds a secure home, the shore. And let this dream be planted in the shoreline of joy and hope.

### Christina Green, an Angel in Arizona

I see the tears of your father while he retrieves the morning you come to wake up him up and call him dad.

I see your proud mother beaming with pride, finding you a loving angel snatched and taken away from her sight.

You were born when thousands mourned over the heinous attack in September morn And your birth brought hope to the hearts of sorrow, a new life born out of decay and fall.

Nine years of shining light of an angel radiating from your face and one day in one political rally, you fell down counted among the dead and wounded.

What a short life of an angel to remind us of the human madness engined by power, vengeance and hate!

# **Christmas (Acrostic)**

C is for Christ, a God-given gift to mankind
H is for hope of the world that is dark and cold
R is for reason of this great celebration
I is for ideals to make this world safer to live in
S is for the song of the angels, asking us not to fear
T is for time, sharing gifts with strangers and loved ones
M is merriment on the birth of Jesus
A is acceptance of the gift in our hearts
S is salvation to all who receive him.

#### **Christmas and Detoxification**

Food, drinks and presents, Lavish food and lavish giving Christmas parties, Christmas delights, Christmas trees and sparkling lights!

Christmas for families and loved ones Christmas for haves and have-nots, Time for spending, time for eating Time for giving, time for sharing.

Detox Christmas from excesses Seen only from what can be fished Out from our accounts and wallets, from what we can feed our tummies.

Detox Christmas by welcoming The gift of Love and Grace into our being, removing toxins of greed, of hate, fear, and doubt in human heart.

### **Christmas and Magic**

Christmas is a trip to the Wonderland when darkness turns into nights of sparkling lights when despair is met by the Star of Hope when want is reached by generous hands.

Christmas is a trip to God's Kingdom when oppressive rulers in the land are checked by the lowly and humble Servant, when hatred is overcome by Love, when the sinned-against grant forgiveness to the sinners; and when blessings are shared so that all may abundantly live.

Christmas is magic and myth and yet made real in the historical Jesus. The magic of love cleanses and renews human hearts. The myth of magic, the Hope of Mankind, points to the Lord and Savior, Jesus the Christ.

December 27,2012

# **Come and Play Your Music Well**

When the ghost of disease cripples my fantasies, I must strum my guitar and sing a song of peace.

When bright days are haunted by dark clouds of pain and fears, I must harmonize my strings and play the sweetest melodies.

### **Come, Let Us Sleep and Dream**

Let us sleep and dream Let us pluck out the stars From heaven and plant them in the ocean of mermaids.

Let us explore the castle of fairies and paint the stories of their flights in long and lonely nights.

Let us sleep and dream Let us sleep and dream when days leave us scars that let us cry and scream.

Come, let us sleep and dream knowing that in our sleep there we find mermaids and fairies, tending our scars by the magic of their sweet voice and their mystic loving hands.

### **Conquest at the Hospice**

For saying yes to be admitted into the hospice, she has actually accepted the seriousness of her health case, that she is now at the mouth of death.

She sends sms to dear friends not telling that she is right at the hospice but only wishing them all the best in life that they may keep their trust in God to the very end of their days.

She knows how her daughters have been saddened by her case The medical treatment at the hospital, taken so diligently each passing day, has not really relieved her from the agony in her mortal body.

And yet, during her last days, as long as her lungs tolerate to breathe, she uses the time to talk to friends, sends them sms and wishes them all the best. This hospice is her fortress of hope, of courage to look at death face to face.

And we, who mourn over her last days, realize how at this hospice, she has vanguished the ugliness of death.

### **Cook Your Poem**

Cook it simple
Cook it short
Blend it with passion
Knead it with ingredients
Let it simmer
Let it boil
Let the images prevail
behind the bubbles.
Serve it with colors
And let it look more palatable.

# **Countdown To Surgery: A Prayer**

In my dark hours of doubt and dark moments of fear, I beseech you, dear Lord, to grant me courage to be.

In my tears of pain and sighs of relief I ask you, Lord, to hold me by your hand and let me see your face.

Abide in me in this glooming sea of darkness And let me swim into your shore of hope and peace.

# **Danish Language**

With vowels and consonants like English or Cebuano but with Ø, å and æ, strange vowels to read What is seen or read is not the same as heard or said.

### **Dear Mother from your Child**

You nurtured me inside your womb You said prayers that I might be born clothed with beauty, health and sanity. You followed my growth and giggled at the way I kicked your soft belly.

You woke up each night as I cried Picked me up, danced and sang me lullabies At late night, dawn, and early morn, you cuddled me by your hands so divine. and wrapped me by your dreams of might.

I heard your voice and breathed your presence Of pure sweetness and fragrant elegance You were no longer alone or a wife to man Your world became intertwined to mine. I was destined to be with you as one.

### Despair

When colours are all grey and black When shining lights turn gloomy and dark When hope for now and the future Is switched off by the violence of the past Then the focal point on life's meaning Grows dim to the eye of the beholder.

How necessary it is to rise up from despair To see the blinding, dazzling colours and lights To face the future with courage and not fear To wrestle with pain and accept it is there To see meaning in all that's happening To lift up the face of despair as part of life.

# **Devoured Spring**

Like cotton candy flakes they fall on the ground white and stiff as sand.

In few minutes they turn the streets and fields into a silent sea of ice.

Passengers are stranded Drivers fear to glide Buses and cars collide.

Why is this long winter devouring the great colors of sunny spring?

#### **Divorce**

Why do we have to slaughter our love in the gallows of rudeness and indifference?

Why do we have to chop off our love with the sharp knives of hate, anger and fear?

Why do we have to come to these gallows and slaughter our love?

Why do we have to proclaim the death of our love?

#### Do You Know Your Woman?

A woman who knows tenderness in the way things are said a woman who knows kindness in the way a man looks at her eyes.

Do you know your woman? She, a woman wanting your presence, your tender words of praise, challenge, comfort and caresses.

Do you know your woman? She who wants to be in your heart, your soul mate, craving your full ears and focus, not just a mere appendix.

## Earthquake in Central Italy (L'Aquila, April 6,2009)

The earth- crust collides The ground shakes And those who sleep awake with fright.

The earth opens her mouth The buildings collapse And those who are not lucky enough are swallowed, hidden and buried alive.

Who can predict nature when it unleashes its fury over humanity?

Fragile men and women are we in absolute dependence on God's mercy!

## **Easy Life?**

Is there such an easy life?
Each moment calls one to decide:
To rise up or to sleep
To work or to report sick
To care for someone or neglect
To hide or to face with courage
To speak up or avoid noise
To calculate or to risk
To march on or give up.
Each moment calls for a decision
Is there such an easy life
when each day is posed
with choices to make?

## **Egyptian Revolution 2011**

After 30 years of silence and repression, here they march on the streets raising their voices of discontent and neglect.

Here on the streets the pros and cons in the conflict meet And the battle for each other's interests. is being waged.

Piles of stones and stones after stones are hurled at each other as fists, and the more powerful with their whips and machineries of bullets reign on the streets.

The unfortunates are counted among the dead and wounded The journalists, too, cannot escape from blows and whips.

And yet they continue to gather in broad day light and nights dreaming for the rebirth of their beloved Egypt.

## **Enter Into Our Jerusalem, Jesus**

We bid you, Jesus, come into our Jerusalem. Enter into our hearts where hatred and bitterness can possibly lurk and thrive, cutting out the petals of love.

We bid you, Jesus, come into our Jerusalem. Enter into our family life where love and faithfulness can possibly be choked by thistles of fear and mistrust.

We bid you, Jesus, come into our Jerusalem. Enter into our working places where stress, boredom and discontent may eat away all our joy and energy.

We bid you, Jesus, come into our Jerusalem. Enter into our churches, synagogues, mosques and temples where power struggles and personal interests blind us from living in God's way.

Enter into our Jerusalem, Jesus, on this Palm Sunday.

## **Farewell in the Night**

Goodbye to you, dear friend The birds begin to perch on branches It is time to sleep, time to rest. The moon is waning, the sun hides her face and saves her rays.

Goodbye to you, dear friend as your mortal body resigns from active labour, from nights and days of hard work and leisure to peace in your distant, forlorn grave.

Goodbye to you, dear friend Let us cry our tears of regret for not exchanging the last goodbyes Let us fill the air with the aroma of your memories in many dark nights.

#### **Fear To Love**

There is cold silence between man and woman silence that severs the marrow of their own bones.

There is disgust and anger between man and woman disgust and anger that cripple their passion "to celebrate the presence of each other.

There is fear in cold silence There is fear in disgust and anger the deathly fear of being rejected, the fear to love the fear of losing the other.

## **Feel the Moment**

Feel the moment And be present. Smell the aroma of the moment And never show that you are absent.

Feel the moment
The moment of dialogue
The moment of possibilities
The moment of expectation.
The moment of love.

Grab the moment Treasure it as a priceless jewel Claim it as a great gift Hold it as your very own.

## **Flight from Reality**

Alcohol, wine bottles
Hash, pot, marijuana
Cocaine, coke, cracks
Amphetamines, hallucinogens
Ecstasy, doping pills
And others to sniff and inhale.

These and more are accessories To the flight to the dazzling unknown And yet making the passengers Very difficult to safely return home.

## Footprints and the Grains of Labor (Haiku)

Hold the grains of sand in your hand and taste them by the buds of your tongue.

Retrace your footprints on the sand and read life's pages in Creator's hand.

Harvest the seasons and the grains of your labor leave footprints in life.

#### **Fountain of God's Grace**

The water is there ever-flowing, bursting
singing, dripping, cascading...
The flow may be fast;
it maybe slow.
But the water is there
never emptied, never dried.

It flows to empty and aching hearts. It reaches out to to the rich and mighty. It embraces those who are left with nothing except the choice to come closer to this fountain.

And yes, this fountain of God's grace grants the water of hope, the water of life.

## Friendship

Friendship is a seed that sprouts from the ground when an open hand is extended when smiles and laughters are shared when exchange of stories is heard.

Friendship is a plant that thrives on the ground when drops of rain fall down when sunshine breaks through the leaves to make food for life.

Friendship sprouts and grows when love and care are extended when deepest thoughts are understood when laughters and tears and shared when wrongs are forgiven for a fresh start.

Friendship is a seed, a plant which sprouts and grows when its common food on the leaves and from the ground feeds the mind and heart to bear and sustain friendship in all the good and bad times.

# From the Perspective of Heaven, Mountainous Burdens of Man Turn to be Tiny Spots of Light

The plane soars up high beneath and above the clouds of Cirus, Cumulus and Nimbus it flies.

Below the ground we see the houses and companies of man and woman turn to be tiny spots of light.

We search the skies And bear the mountainous Burdens in life burdens we think enough to kill us alive

And yet from the perspective of the heavens, these mountainous burdens are simply small spots of light when brought forward to the heart of God.

#### **Give Me A Poem**

Touch my heart so I can catch the images so much alive. Touch my ears so I can hear the tone and rhythm of sounds. Touch my fingers so I can build the right words to write. Touch my mind so I can guard the flow of my lines.

## **Gloria, Excelsis Deo (Acrostic)**

Give heed to the sounds between earth and sky! Let this sound reach the heart of all humans! Others will reject this; others will openly receive Resounding trumpet of our Creator who dwells in our midst-Incarnation, mysterious dwelling in human flesh! Alleluias, the angels raise their mighty voices of praise!

Earth moves under my feet as heaven is reached Xenophobia runs away and hides in the grave Carols and hymns sing the glorious message Lovers renew their vows; enemies reconcile. Salutations to the most High! Incandescent lamps replaced by stars in the night Sages prophesize the birth of a Child.

Dance with the shepherds and the trumpet of the angels! Exclaim and proclaim that God is Emmanuel!

Overflowing grace from heaven above comes down!

## **God, Emmanuel**

Be by my side Heal my heart and mind.

Come to my anger Come to my failure Come to my sorrow Come to my pain.

Turn off my fire of anger Bend my arrow of failure Empty my sea of pain and sorrow.

Come to me, God Emmanuel, Let me feel your presence on this fire, this arrow and sea Let me dwell in your presence with the healing touch of your wind.

#### Green, Greener

Our world is green.

Greener is the earth when more trees are planted Greener is the garden when nurtured by loving hands Greener is a tree with leaves on its branches Greener is the ground when seeds for grasses are sown.

Greener is human life when there's piece of land to toil Greener is life of man and woman when trees, grasses and garden thrive best to serve mankind.

#### **Haiti Survivor**

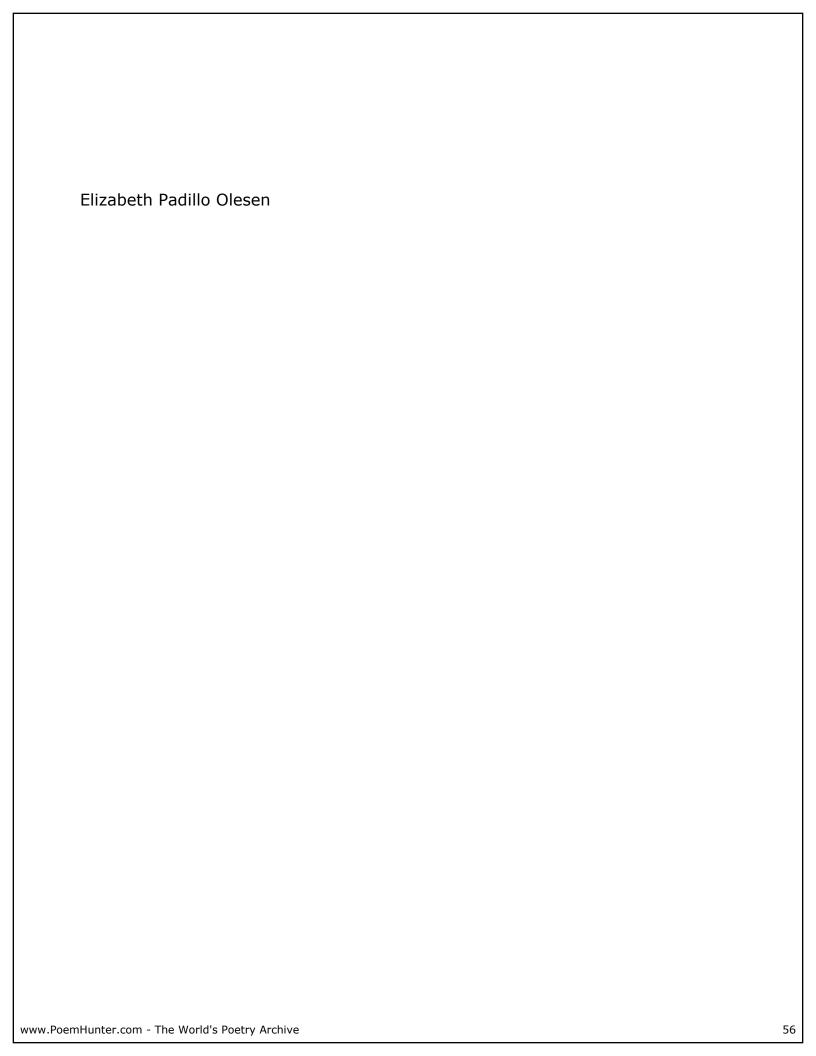
The earth shook
And the buildings collapsed
She and her friends were trapped
Total eclipse.
Light left no trace
In darkness she heard
herself and her friends
crying, sobbing, moaning
in pain so unbearable to bear.

She could not move her legs
Only her hands could touch
a stone, wanting to embrace
her friends but she could not.
Dusts filled her lungs
She coughed, yes, they coughed.
They continued to sob and moan
She screamed calling for help
She yelled in all despair
but nobody heard her.

Those outside had to survive
They were running to find
shelter from the after shocks.
They were pulling bodies
of those whose legs and hands
they could see and touch
But she and her friends were trapped
Down deep in the ruins of dark dungeon.

One week passed
The voices of her friends
were heard no more
Two weeks and three days passed
And there was no voice for her to shout.
She prayed, she slept, she dreamed
She saw light, she saw herself
willing to start a new life
Then she woke up
to this new dream, to this last hope
and to this new lease of life.

With the last hope in her voice
She cried for help again
And her last voice echoed
to the ears of the French rescuers
Then slowly the light entered
Her will to live on won.
Out from the ruins and rubbles,
she was pulled out from total eclipse
to the full shining lights of sun and moon.



## **Halloween in the Deep Night**

Festival in the deep night Parade of colours and masks Time to dwell in darkness And what it can bring to life.

It is time in the year when People pose in disguise, playing the role of the good the bad, the sinners and saints.

Let us celebrate this night of Halloween in fear and delight Let us pose in disguise and see Ourselves behind our own masks.

#### Halloween! Halloween!

Ghosts and witches in the sky Vampires and Draculas in the graves Bats and fireflies in the air Zombies and skeletons on the run Darkness dwells driven out by light.

Actors in darkness gather to spread fear on others Plans for destruction, laid out in their secret dark domain.

And yet light shines to reveal the secrets of death and darkness, letting the lost Jack carry a pumpkin of light.

## **Heartbeats for Japan**

What words to say What verses to write when watching the earthquake and tsunami, casting their fury over the House of the Rising Sun?

Who can measure fear when watching death before one's eyes? Who can measure tears shed upon those who die?

Who can bring back lives and treasures long time laboured which simply disappear at a wink of an eye?

Fragile humans are we who by nature's fury are like crumpled papers and floating debris on the earth's open sea.

## **Heavily Snowing**

Snow falling
Snow falling
Cleansing, purifying.
Snow falling
Snow falling
Insulating, covering
Snow falling
Snow falling
Snow falling
Blocking, changing.

## Hello, Tree!

What makes you stand erect and content, silent and majestic, undisturbed by the noise of time?

Why do birds find you their home, the safe haven to build their nests and lay their eggs?

Why do you stand there erect and content, silent and majestic, bathed by sunshine and rain?

## Hiroshima and Nagasaki Remembered

66 years ago the atomic bomb blasted below the heads of those in these towns. How many hundreds, yes, how many thousands were left to die, consumed by man-made fire?

66 years ago, the incredible showed its face that death by hundreds or by thousands be decreed by man, that the green land and waters should stand barren and poisoned.

Never again should another atomic bomb be blasted on another town or towns! Never again should another Nagasaki and Hiroshima be doomed to atomic curse!

But let their story be told to generations Let the ashes of the dead float in the seas and rivers, an eternal reminder of human fault. Let this story be remembered and retold.

August 9,2011

## **Hope When We Gather**

There is hope when we gather around a table hope when words are heard and listened to hope when we nod our heads to understand hope when we can say "No" to disagree hope when silence is respected hope when we rejoice in chorus hope when we pause from talking giving the silent ones their voice.

## Hospitality (haiku)

You open your door Wash my feet, rub me with oil, petals and perfume.

#### I Have Crossed the Mile

I have crossed the mile With patience and perseverance I have crossed the mile pushing beyond my limits hoping against hope.

I have crossed the mile Like a crawling snail on a parched land, I have counted every step and every second to draw me closer to the end of the line.

I have crossed the mile Like a sportsman on a race, I have run without stopping gasping for my last breath yet smiling to discover that I have crossed the mile.

## **Images of Hunger**

A child weeps on the bamboo floor while mother looks at the empty pot.

Father comes home from the storm stooping like his lonely boat.

## In Every Woman, A Diana

In every woman is a river of love that flows to all lands that feels, that comforts and understands.

In every woman is a sea of pain when rejected, when unwanted by those whom she commits to live with.

In every woman is a dark cloud of uncertainty of one's identity projected in many mysterious ways.

## Jesus, the Lord, The Agent of Change

From darkness to light by the Lord of Freedom

From disease to wholeness by the Restorer of Life

From despair to hope by the Lord of Courage

From fear to trust by the Lord of Grace

From hatred to love by the Lord of Forgiveness

From poverty to abundance by the Lord of Generosity

Such is Jesus, the Lord, The omnipotent agent of change.

## **Landmines and Amputees**

From Angola to Cambodia from Mozambique to Bosnia from Afghanistan to Iraq and Iran from Egypt, Kuwait to Somalia, we are the amputees, the living witness, to the ghosts of war.

Why are landmines planted in the soil of our existence - in our farms, in our parks, in our forests and playgrounds, in all the sacred corners of our lives?

Why are they planted to betray our freedom to take away our trust in the soil of our existence to steal away our innocense and laughter and to transform our days and nights into screams of pain and horror?

How many Dianas will come and visit us?
How many Ottawa Conventions
should be signed?
How many Nobel Peace Prize winners
should be named
before our soil of existence
can be declared
as safety zones?
How many more wars should men
in the world create
to agonize
our spirits and bodies?

## Language from Womb to Tomb

It is heard from mother's womb, taught and learned through the days and years; repeated, remembered, quoted, mimicked, twisted, spoken to bless and to curse.

It is to make one come across the border lines
It is to feel a part of the whole
It is to understand and be understood.
It is seed that grows through the years
It is a pen that records the scars and stars
It is present in the years of our life the years lost and gone and the years to come.

It is language from mother's womb to our own tomb
It is language of jubilation, of judgment and adoration It is law and order
It is history-document and monument. It is victory and defeat.

It is the language of love It is the language of hate. It is the language of life and the language of death.

May 7,2010

#### **Last Flower and Last Letter**

I've just delivered to your room the last flower and my last letter It's a flower you no longer can behold It's a letter you no longer can read.

You still breathe but cannot wake up Your body is warm but it can never rise up.

Minute after minute your family surrounds you touching your fingers and forehead and shaking their heads in disbelief. They too must wait for God's verdict.

And the flower I delivered to your room stands lonely on a lonely table And my last letter to you on the platter remains unread.

## Let Us Simply Dance

When the day is tainted with sorrow When the shadow of death walks in When the notes of would-have-beens Fill the mind with some regrets, Please stand up anyway and join the dance.

Listen to the music of joy and hope Make your feet and body move Smile at the camera man Fill the air with the aroma of thanksgiving For the days that have been lived.

Keep on dancing Until the music ends You know that music and our dance Are in symphony with beginning and end.

## **Let Me Embrace Lonely Distance**

First, I got the message you were sick then the message that you were admitted then came the message of your death.

It's just a matter of days when distance between life and death could be counted, just a matter of days to your funeral service.

Let me embrace this lonely distance by joining in your funeral even in absence Let me embrace your memory alive today.

## **Let Me Sleep Longer Today**

Let me sleep longer the bed keeps on calling while duties also knock at the door. Let me sleep longer as my eyes want to rest long let me dream dreams some more.

Let me sleep and rest longer let this be a special day when I manage to pamper my body Let it lie down without worries, without deadlines and must-duties, without telephone calls, net and TV. Let me sleep longer today.

#### Life`s Polarities

Why is there life? Why is there death? Why are there tragedies? Why are there feasts?

Why is there evil? Why is there good? Why is there care? Why is there neglect?

Why are there memories Why is there forgetfulness? Why is there despair Why is there hope?

Why is there childhood? Why is there adulthood? Why is there disease? Why is there health?

Funny and mysterious life with all its polarities! Hold on to its fulcrum as its polarities rotate!

#### Loneliness

It is down deep in one's being It is feeling alone in a crowd It is speaking without being listened to.

It is singing without a tune. It is dancing without rhythm It is eating without taste.

Loneliness comes and dwells in one's own being uninvited.

## Long Winter (Haiku)

The heaven empties her bosom droplets of snowflakes, falling Mountains of snow, blocking.

## **Loss of the Magic Wand**

When what comes out of the mouth is blaming, complaining, shouting - bitter herbs that poison the act of loving

When one is not able to welcome neither give back any loving act but instead receive it without thanking

When one ignores the other as non-existent, not worthy to be talked with neither worthy enough to be listened to,

Then the heart of the other, the seat of love for everyone, stands as a fallen red rose, forgotten to be watered, untouched by a magic wand.

#### Love

It is abstract but has her face in the hands that touch with compassion in the eyes that seek only the face of the beloved in the words uttered, seeking only to uplift and not humiliate, in complete giving without expecting to receive, in laying down one`s life so that the beloved may live.

# Love and the Lake (Haiku poem)

I love you, sweetheart! Lotus opens her petals The lake hosts our love.

## **Love Beyond Measure**

Who can fathom its depth when it touches the heart to rejoice and mourn?

Who can conquer its height when it elevates one to the apex of delirium and success?

Who can hoard its fragrance when to hide it murders the beauty of both man and woman?

### **Love in its Purity**

Love is a language of the heart-It is prose and poetry It is in film or comedy And yet nothing can fathom its own depth, height or breadth.

Love is a dream in every heart, an object of conquest and war It mirrors greed, pride and honor And yet love's own purity remains above intrigues and heroic motives.

Love is a gift from above an agape love from the heart of God We humans can abuse it, ignore it, trample on it, burn it but love surfaces out so purely in its inmost beauty to protect, affirm, preserve and uphold life.

## **Love, Acrostics**

L= is for life to be lived, developed and protected.

O= is order in creation of giving, receiving and renewing.

V= is a vine of network for the life to live and survive.

E= is for eternity that measures time in terms of hope and longing in the heart.

## Love, the Heart of Religion

Jesus was insulted, spat at, whipped, mocked and crucified And never did he ask his followers to kill those who insulted him, those who mocked him, those who whipped him and those who crucified him.

Instead he asked them to forgive, to love and give, to love and give-to love and give so in abundance all may live. Let every religion find its own heart, the heart of love, the heart to protect, build up and sustain life.

#### **Married for a Cow**

And her father gave her to marriage to an old man in town, he who owned a piece of land and cows. So one cow was her price to be as bride to a strange man in town.

The man's party came to fetch her And she cried in great fear She was taught to simply behave and keep quiet as obedient wife. The cow had been delivered to her family and she might as well accept her destiny.

### **Megaphones of Injustice**

Here on the busy streets where jeepneys and cars meet blowing their horns as masters that seem cannot wait for the road signs to alternate.

Here on the small alleys where students in uniform, workers and other passers-by clutch on - to their bags from unwanted snatchers as they head their way to mega malls and local stores with their long shopping lists.

I see these dirty men and women with their small naked small kids lying down on the further end of the street, sleeping under the noonday heat and the noise of all this running transport without the purchasing power for their own daily needs.

Here on this street they sleep without a roof of their head Here on the street they rest and feel the empty pangs of their tummy and the violence of a heavy rainfall upon their bodies Here they are on these open streets And I see them as daily megaphones of society's injustice.

(Along the streets in Cebu City, Philippines, holiday visit, July 2011)

# Morning Dew (haiku)

The morning whispers: See fresh dew, fresh beginning! Laugh! Live life again!

#### **Mother Theresa**

Your loving hands mother the sick, the strangers, the homeless and the orphans.

You walk through the streets of Calcutta and Bombay to find these unfortunates; hug and embrace them as God's jewels, give them food, roof and bed for their head.

You are a servant ascended to the heavens to be counted among the real stars.

# Mother to a Child (haiku)

Mother of seasons Mother of life, love and light Dwells in a child's heart.

#### **Mother's Face**

She's the cradle of mankind that sings to me lullabies.

She's the everlasting chord that binds me to my birth and life.

She's a diamond in the nights that reflects prayers to heavens above.

She's an anchor on the seafloor when my life's boat is tossed by storms and cyclones.

She is my mother, our motherour life, anchor and guide.

## Mothers, We Salute You!

The homemakers that build up the house with the robust hammers of joy, hope and faith, The life givers that breast-milk the child with the liquid of trust, patience and confidence, The miracle magicians that turn the dark days into colourful feasts of expectations and openness.

### **My Lonely Guitar**

At a corner my guitar waves her hand inviting me to pick her up, to strum her strings, to find out if all her chords blend in harmony with my fingers.

It is waving her hand before my eyes as in those birthdays, meetings, teaching, and parties where her strings were made busy to play melodies to people around.

Tonight she waves her hand again calling me to play with her our common game of songs which others can sing along. But I just cannot play with my guitar today.

For whatever reason let this lonely night find out; let me sleep and let sweet melody sleep with me in my dreams and let my guitar help me find the right chords for my lonely song.

## My Shepherd on the Road to Emmaus

In the valley of death you come as a Shepherd bearing the lamb away from thorns and wolves.

In the road of darkness you light the star above to shine over us, convincing doubting hearts that the Saviour has watched.

In moments of my lingering pain you offer the balm from your loving hand tending my wounds and scars.

### New Year's Resolution, Take It or Leave It

Less intake of sugar or say no to sweeties
To help starve the cancer cells in the body.
Less meat, coloured and canned goods
Eliminate the body from more toxic wastes
Free the body from invisible toxins by more intake
of water-content foods - fruits and vegetables.
Go to bed earlier this year and never wait
until the body tells you to sleep and retire.

Close your computer and all electric devices and let your eyes rest from their constant rays. Say a prayer each day and night as you open and close your eyes. Remember your loved ones, friends and strangers Bless them and say thanks for their life. Never let anger or bitterness fill and dwell in your heart as you sleep and wake up.

Do not miss your breakfast and other meals
Be attuned to the body's food consumption,
digestion, absorption and elimination
By them, be more conscious of what you eat
and the rhythms of these processes.
Shop and buy only what you can use
And do not flood your space by much un-necessity.
Learn to distribute your goodies
to those who are in dire need.

Try to sort our your garbage between organic and non-organic metals, papers and plastics combustible and non-combustible degradable and non-degradable and know where to dispose them. Try to embrace Mother Nature and resolve to be kind to her bosom.

Think that each year is only a short passing year and welcome it as the only year in your life. There is much to do and remember But let this New Year be long enough To give us the chance to live a healthy life.

December 31,2012 for 2013

## **Nuclear Testing**

Nuclear tests in the Marshall Islands
Nuclear tests in the Soviet`s Kazakhstan
A mushroom of clouds
from the ground and the ocean
leaves a never ending legacy
of disfigured faces,
of mothers with jellyfish babies
of graves from cancerous tumors
in the human bodies,
and the continuing horror
of the rays of atomic tests.

Nuclear test in its horror and legacy will forever dwell in the memory of our fragile humanity.

## Of Saying Goodbye

It`s not the first time
I`m used to it now
The cold span of time and space
is ethereal years of longing
in the heart and mind.

When to meet again when to speak in person when to reach out to hold each one's hand?

The going, the saying of goodbye eats up our voice in the quibbling lips and releases our hearts by tears flowing by.

Yes, I am used to it now. Distance and space though bridged by human inventions are still there between our own seas.

(Departure from the Philippines to Denmark)

#### Of Stars and Servants

The stars shine in the nights and on the stage, they sparkle with much elegance and might. They are idolized, iconized, and spectators get infected by this great fever as the stars sparkle and shine.

While from below the ground the servants lay their lives in the remotest mountains, slums, villages and valleys where human needs are attended, love and compassion, extendednot seeking the grandeur to sparkle and shine on the great stage but willing to lose themselves-excluded, secluded, persecuted.

The stars shine in elegance for themselves The servants lose themselves to serve.

## Oh, Wake Me Up To A New Day Of Love

Oh, wake me up, wake me up to a new day, to a new day when a husband tells his wife "Darling, I love you."

Oh, wake me up, wake me up to this new day, to this new day when parents hug their child and say, "Dear child, we love you."

Oh, wake me up, wake me up to this new day, this new day when a neighbour drops by and says, "How can I help you?"

Oh, wake me up, wake me up to this new day, to this new day when a stranger finds a door with a sign, "Welcome here."

Oh, wake me up, wake me up to this new day, this new day when the world sings the tune, "Let us fill the world with love".

### **Our Need for Light**

It is light that drives away darkness It is light that opens our eyes to the new day It is light that gives food to our body.

Think if we lived in total darkness
Think if we could not wake up to a new morning
Think if there was no light to make food?

Oh, Light of Power, shine over us and dispel darkness of gloom and doom!

Oh, Light of Wisdom, guide our minds and hearts to a new vision and wonderful insights!

Oh, Light of Life, supply us with the food for renewal in the eternal cycle of our lives!

#### **Pain and Feasts**

The pain in my body Is pulsating - Screaming! Alarming!

And yet I have to go out and feast I must shallow the palliatives from songs, art, prayer and dance I must lock my pain In the box of oblivion Until the day is done.

Let me beautify all around me With my smiles and laughter Let me fully feast and celebrate With friends and loved ones Till the day is done.

And when the day is done, Let me listen to the murmurs And tortures of my bodily pain And let me swing my cradle With the wings of joy Gleaned from the life of merry field feasts.

## Pain, Sign of Human Mortality

Pain pulsates as the clock tick tocks Should pain be dependent on medicines? And what if medicines cannot appease the pulsating pain? When can every one be freed from the malady of pain? Why is pain made the sign of the coming end? Why is there pain to announce our mortal human frame?

#### **Peace and Enemies**

Peace, peace, peace! We cry for peace And we think that by killing our enemies peace can be achieved.

But peace can never dwell in our midst by killing our enemies.

For as many are killed as many are the thousands of the silent ones who will rise up to avenge these deaths!

There is never peace in the cycle of revenge and hate.

#### **Peace Award to Barack Obama**

Awarded to one head of nation Who thinks he doesn't deserve But feels honoured to be in the company of those who in centuries have worked for peace.

Awarded to one head of a nation with his shared vision on peace in political campaigns, dialogues and speeches, a shared aspiration of all the international communities...

An award to one head of states, worthy to be shared with those who actively and silently have worked for peace and upheld the dignity of all persons irrespective of their colour, sex and ages.

A Nobel Peace Prize of Peace to Obama, a common award worthy to be shared with soldiers and mothers, common citizens and philanthropists, students, teachers, scientists and activists and all those who fight that the world we live in maybe a safe habitat for all.

Yes, let this shared peace award to one head of state be a continuous call to common action against the grave economic crises in treasuries, the climate change in the globe of earth, the escalation of military weapons and the wage against the tentacles of terror.

## **Powerful Hurricane Sandy**

Sandy gathered strength from rivers and seas flooding homes, fields, markets and subways.

Sandy made a pact with the strongest winds knocking down trees, buildings and other man-made creations.

Sandy declared her power over technological inventions sending houses and streets into days and nights of darkness and cold.

Powerful Sandy has just declared her invincible power over powerful humans!

October 30,2012

### **Prayer**

Prayer is a cry in the wilderness when the water jug is emptied.

It is scream in the dark when fear seeks to put out the last ray of light.

It is dance in the morning when hope is found even in the darkest hours.

Prayer is oneness in fellowship It is hope in despair It is trembling in the awesomeness before a holy and loving Presence, and dwelling under God's wings.

### **Precious Moments of Mothering**

Here inside this church We sat on the same pew. While others focused their eyes at the front aisle and towards the pulpit, here beside me, I found this woman cuddling her own baby.

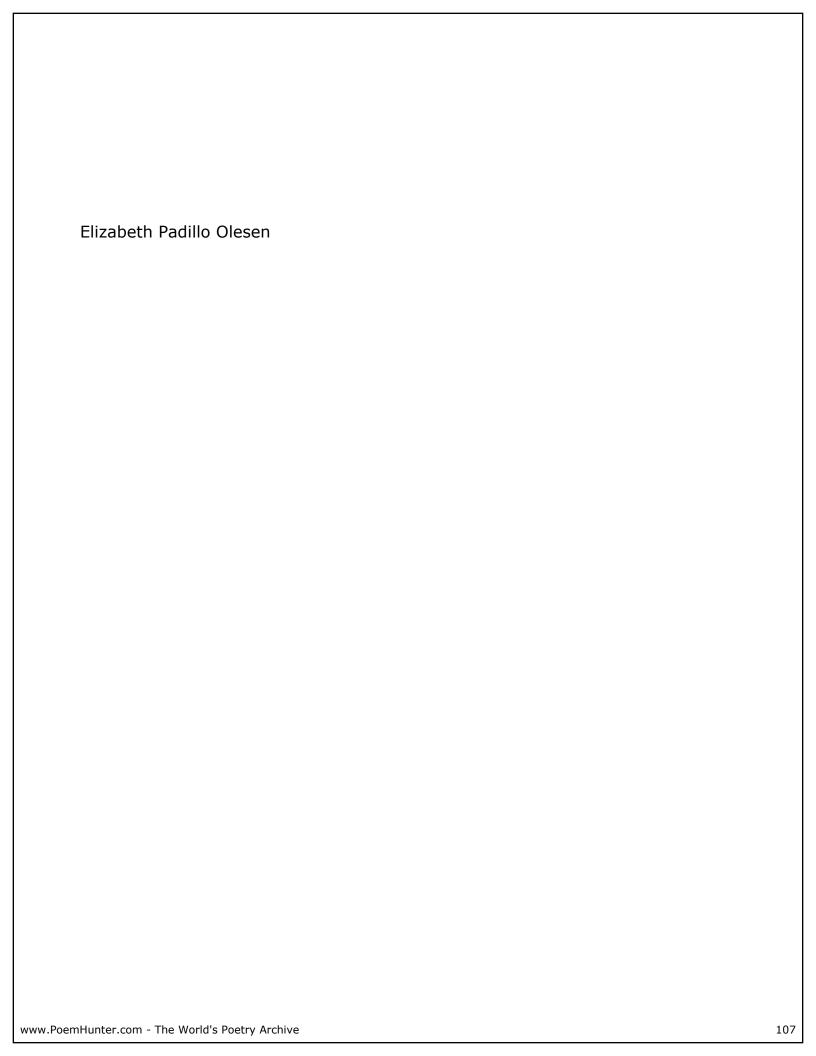
She held her child close to her bosom, hugged her with all her warmth, whispered words to her ears and drowned her child with her loving smiles.

The child giggled, closed her eyes and slept, secured and contented in her mother's robust arms cuddled and assured of a peaceful world.

Here beside this woman I remembered my three girls who now have moved out to manage their own life. Here on a Sunday in this church I journeyed to the past days.

This woman's hugging her own child
This mother's enfolding her child by her two strong arms
This mother's peace while holding her child touched deeply my heart.

Silently tears ran through my cheeks as silent whispers of such a great wave of emotions of missing my own children while recalling the precious moments of mothering a child.



## **Remembering Haiti**

Imagine waking up from sleep and be imprisoned by the heap of rubbles and other falling debris!

Imagine waking up from sleep and seeing your own home swallowed by the open mouth of earth!

Imagine waking up from sleep and knowing that your loved ones cannot wake up from death!

Haiti, we lament with you! We share your tears as you try to rub your eyes from the deep sleep of loss, pain and sorrow!

(January 14,2010)

#### Renewal

Renewed from hatred that strangulates the flow of love.

Renewed from anger that bulldozes a mountain of understanding.

Renewed from pain that shatters the windows of tomorrows.

Renewed from fear that makes all days to dark nights.

Renewed from despair that drowns the promise of hope.

Renew us, O Lord, from the malady of hatred, anger, pain, fear and despair.
And restore us to the bountiful promise of strength, joy, faith and service from the heart of Jesus.

### Rescued Chile Miners, A Miracle of Faith

From August 5 to October 13 in the year of our Lord 2010 69 days you were held in prison down deep in earth's dungeon.

69 days of stolen rays of the sun and stolen valleys of rest 33 miners you were buried alive in earth's seven hundred meters-deep.

Who could have imagined finding you alive and still with your spirits up high?

Who could have imagined that the tears of your loved ones and those of your countrymen could be changed to the cymbals of dancing and rejoicing?

But yes, on the ground where you were buried alive, you raised your eyes to your Mighty Creator And in the camping sites of your loved ones, persistent prayers were raised to the heavenly door.

And among your politicians and engineered men and women a solidarity plan to rescue you were conceived in sleepless days and nights.

Here is your story, Chileans, a miracle of faith in our time! And the world claps her hands because the weeping is changed into an overflow of tears of rejoicing on this great mountain of joy.

#### **Rewind the Clock**

Rewind the clock back to the memoirs of youth, and back to the memoirs of childhood.

See this fragile babe wanting to live sucking mother's breast.

Behold the day as she managed to walk and explored her world.

Rewind the clock to see her bike with her first schoolbag.

Gather the candles being burned in the nights in her choice of education.

See her rise up each joyous morning to take care of her job.

Smell the aroma of her presence as she smiled and laughed.

Taste the courage of her daily struggles as young mother and wife.

Follow her to the dungeon of disease and fear of the unknown.

Share the hope in her heart as she winked at the world Goodbye.

## **Right to Weapons**

From age to age men discover Their tools and weapons to survive Men draw and execute their plans And produce weapons or tools to make life easier for survival.

These simple tools and weapons Are developed, improved, perfected Even extended to kill by the hundreds In wars, alliances and betrayals Sealed by creeds and vows of allegiance.

And the right to weapons is taken As a human right to defend and protect life Guarded by the law of the land Mouthed and quoted by those who Ever want to hold on to this right.

But enemies are defined by weapons Weapons corrupt the corrupt power And by weapons we can never be secure.

December 28,2012

Following the debate on the right to weapons after the shooting of 20 small children and 7 adults in Connecticut, USA.

#### **Road to Damascus**

You were once a meeting place of human goodness - of the Good Samaritan, saving the fallen victim of the hiding thieves, a road to friendship against the bridge of enemies, the road to humility with the ability to forgive.

You were once a meeting point of human newness - of Saul, the intolerant, persecutor of Christians, blinded by light, and yet rode back to this road as Paul with renewed eyesight.

Damascus, a meeting road of human goodness and newness met by the Lord of Light, and yet today has turned to be an open graveyard guarded by violence and blood.

#### **Sacred Election**

Sacred right, the right to vote.

Sacred sacred right to be elected.

The people's votes are tallied The best choice is declared.

Let no one manipulate the result Let no one tamper the votes Let no one buy people's votes and strip the voters their sacred right to choose.

Let this election truly reflect people's sacred rights.

November 6,2012

### **Shadows of Despair**

When colours are all grey and black When shining lights turn gloomy and dark When hope for now and the future Is switched off by the violence of the past Then the focal point on life's meaning Grows dim to the eye of the beholder.

How necessary it is to rise up from despair To see the blinding, dazzling colours and lights To face the future with courage and not fear To wrestle with pain and accept it is there To see meaning in all that's happening To lift up the face of despair as part of life.

### **Sheer Egoism at Ramasola**

Who else would not love his own image? Even the crude Narcissius loved himself in a pool of water.

We feed and worship our image from the crude shadows in the still waters to the bright reflections of the silver mirrors and to the wise manipulations over the lenses of the camera men.

We pose and change suits giggle at the transfer of life into the shiny papers and borrowed colors, tailor our dead sizes, enlarge these still-pictures in frames and hang them on walls.

We pay the high cost of joy of our tailored image stamped on papers and tucked on wood, kissed by glasses and adhesives.

And never will the price alter the rising and ebbing tide of the ego's worship to our own human form.

## **Sleep and Close Your Eyes**

Sleep when the dogs begin to bark When cicadas start to sing their songs-Sleep when the moon shines no more When the radio and TV are turned off And what remains is silence in the night.

Sleep, my dear, and close your eyes Forget your troubles which sadden your heart Sleep and dream sweet dreams of hope To bring you to the new day of delight Sleep, my dear, and close your eyes.

#### **Small Children in Prison**

'I only steal from the rich Not from the poor, I steal because I am hungry', said the nine year old boy as he was interviewed in jail.

Imprisoned for crimes like stealing food to appease hunger in the tummy, Etsoy and others are caged like animals sharing a pot of rice among 11 or 15 in-mates three times a day.

Mixed with adult criminals charged with heinous crimes, here they are in jail without pencil, books, crayons and oil lamp, Here they dread going to sleep, scared of being raped.

And they look at the high fences of concrete walls, invincible by their bare hands Here are fences that blind their eyes from seeing the meeting point between earth and sky.

Here are walls that deny them to gaze at the sea, the boats, the jeepneys, the ships and passers-by, the birds perching on trees and the rice fields at harvest time. Yes, Etsoy and many more Etsoys are in this jail imprisoned, imprisoned behind these high impenetrable walls.

Yes, the small children like Etsoy behind these concrete walls. are only called by numbers or nicknames for who dare to know their precious names?

Behind these high concrete walls they are forgotten, denied of their childhood and life. And this prison is their own university of life.

# **Snowy Morning**

It's bright. It's cold! The morning is glistening! The snow insists to make her presence seen, pulsating.

Traffic is halted! Workmen increase their speed! The fallen snow is driven out to sideways, given time to melt.

Snow keeps on falling unmindful of halted traffic or work men on alert! Snow insists to make her generous visit.

December 5,2012

# **Squabbles in the Courtrooms**

Shoes fly in the courtroom hitting the judge, the lawyers and the other spectators. The verdict seems intolerable.

These moral men cannot hold their temper and therefore display violence as the last measure.

### **SQUATTERS (Slum-Dwellers)**

We cleaned the Dorm this morning and found the dead rat
The Matron said it stank and must be thrown out.
I suggested a good grave but she said,
"Throw it into the garbage."

I pity the innocent rat helpless at the dreadful claws of the cat.

So we argued.
She said, "Rats are dreadful!
and cats are the protectors! "
She complained about her loss
Mentioned about the her torn,
Tattered rags and cartoons.
She said, "Rats must be exterminated
That the City of man gets rid
Of the ugly and grotesque! "

But I said,
"They need their right home and if dead, they need the right grave."

I see no longer the native rats because of the wild cats
No more torn, tattered rags, papers and cartoons.
And the wild cats rejoice over the order and new wonders for which the Matron - the recipient of congratulations.

"Rats must not contaminate the City of Man, " the Matron said. And she added, "They are eyesores They smell and stink so throw them into the garbage."

#### **Stars Above**

Look at the stars abovegrand destiny to the eyes They are there to behold as one struggles for freedom and peace in mind.

Look at the stars aboveheavenly abode of silence and light. Beautifully they shine over us moving before your eyes and letting us dream of beautiful life.

#### Teacher, Teacher

Teacher, teacher, teacher, teach me now Teacher, teacher, teacher, guide me now Teacher, teacher, teacher, show the way You are my light You are my guide.

Teacher, teacher, teacher, comfort me Give your listening ears when I cry Help me find the strength in what I can You are my help You are my guide.

Teacher, teacher, teacher, build me up When I do wrong, show me what is right Teacher, teacher, teacher, let us laugh You are my friend You are my guide.

#### **Tears and the Lillies**

Tears in the valleys water the lillies.
They are salty.
They are not so sweet to taste.
But they are there as we swim down deep into the waters where the lillies live.
Let the beauty of the lillies transform the bad taste of tears to sweet nectar of courage.

### **Tears of Pain Over Massacred Angels**

It was cold cold December when a human heart ceased to love but filled it with hate and evil, when lovely innocent angels at 6 to 7 years old shamed his own aimless, cold and mad life.

These 20 children in classrooms confronted him with the truth of his aimless wandering and the only way he could accept himself was to hide himself in his version of power, his deadly guns.

He marched into 2 classrooms like a wicked soldier of war, aiming only to get rid of those who are heavenly to his sight in contrast to the hellish state of his own life.

With his deadly weapons, he massacred the sweet angels and their guardians and shattered the hearts of parents, friends, grandparents and communities and all around the globe, wherever this news of the massacre has been known, people continue to shed their tears of pain.

### The Battered Woman

It is not the first time that you land in a hospital Here silently you lie down with the blue marks on your face, your arms and legs. This time you are staying for some more days and weeks You have broken your feet.

It is not the first time
That you come here
And you call for help
from the monster you live with
who when drunk, beats you
like a horrible beast.

You have called for police He has been put in prison for a number of days to pay for the price of your awful bruises

But after a short while You invite him again to a toast of glasses of wine in your memorial nights only to batter you again and again without limit.

But you continue to be with him in spite of the many torments you have received.

#### The Beast in Humans

It hisses inside like a serpent spitting its venom of hate, giving birth to vengeance spattered by blood and death.

The serpent of hate, the birth and rebirth of vengeance, gives no room for peace, no room for forgiveness.

And the kingdom of the beast is recoiled by the serpent that hisses without rest. And the venom spreads darkness.

#### **The Bell Tolls**

The bell tolls not to alarm us about a break of war
The bell tolls not to announce the funeral of a great magician
The bell tolls not for classes to start the school-year calendar.

But it is ringing for you and me to bend our knees,
To intercede for our land and for ourselves
The bell tolls to say a prayer that opens up avenues to God's love and mercy.

### The Boxing Match

Two contenders on the ring jumping, hitting and smashing each other with gloves on, they fight like the modern jaguars with the target of money and the grand title the ring can offer.

As they punch each other with the sole goal of winning, they cease to look at each other in the eye as friends in the lonely jungle but as enemies in the fight over who is weaker and who has more the power.

Never mind the blood that spills over! Never mind the fall of the other contender!

The watching crowd shares the nature of the tigers, they, too, growl and cheer when the other is knocked down.

Hurrah to the more powerful!

The boxing match becomes the jungle of humans caring only for the strong and condemning the weak.

# The Crowing of the Roosters

Come to the village and listen to the crowing roosters up the branches of the trees announcing the breaking of a bright new day.

Come to the village
Walk the miles of the road
Have a pause from the roaring buses,
The dazzles on the streets
And the endless list of activities.

Come to the village
And learn from the roosters
Resting on the silent trees
Communing with nature
And speaking to man and woman
The great early morning of peace.

# The Dance in the Green (haiku)

Let the bamboos swing Let the seasons change colours Let the green seeds bloom.

### The Day After The Hurricane

And they return home after the quick evacuation home to their homelessness, home to the loss of their properties built up for years and decades now pounded and crumpled by waves.

And they return home, home to their parks and businesses bulldozed by giant monsters in the night. And they return home home to their ports and shores finding houses of their neighbors uprooted and thrown into deep seas.

And they return home, home to their childhood and memories recorded in albums and documents videos, CDs and files in computers now drowned by waters and covered by piles of dirt and mud.

And they return home, home to their own town or city which once was lighted with much glee. And here they now return to this gloom of darkness with live wires that may soon explode into big flames of fires.

Such a tragic home coming from the fury of the Super Power Sandy! Have mercy, O Lord, on the victims of this merciless hurricane.

# The Earth's Call for Responsible Stewards

It is calling for compassion
It is calling for responsible hands
It is calling for stewards,
stewards to see and listen,
stewards to learn and act,
stewards to protect and love.

The earth is crying, crying over destruction in her hills and mountains, fields, valleys and air, seas, lakes and rivers, plants, animals and humans.

The earth is calling men, women, youth and children to do their share as stewards: responsible stewards of what has been entrusted from the beginning of time.

#### The Game of Mistrust

I am tired of your childish wars, Israel and Palestine!
I am tired of your violent politics in the pretext of self-defense!
Nothing is won in your wars except the loss of innocents!
Nothing is gained by your wars except the rising hatred from both your sides!
Nothing is won by your game of mistrust except the stain of screaming blood in both your hands!

# The Healing Touch of Music

It is difficult sitting here alone, feeling the cold from the windows, the sound of the running cars, the confusion in my thoughts.

Music sings to my soul, soothes the pain in my heart, lulls me to hope, to dream and to walk again on this pathway of confusion in our own time.

#### The Human Will

The human will cannot be imprisoned by despair, ruins and rubbles It seeks to crawl and find its way out of gloom Human will insists to try even the impossible.

#### The Icelandic Volcano

Such a beauty to the eye Of immense height That blends in the sky!

Like a sleeping princess, She dances with mankind In their waking and sleeping.

But in a shining April 2010 in a budding spring time she vomits her lava and smoke.

Strangely enough, her beauty Ejects fire and black smoke that suffocate the sky

Thousands of flights are halted Passengers are stranded. Flight companies lose their assets.

Who can tell that Such an immense beauty Can prick us all to fear the fury of mother nature?

# The Lonely and the Sky (haiku)

Forsaken, lonely Humming a song, swinging high, He looks up to reach the sky.

#### The Miracle of Pain

The start of labour, a gasp of pain like a terror from nowhere then an interruption of relief the same cycle that goes on for hours or even for days.

Pain at every contraction of the mother`s womb airs out a groan, a biting of lips or a screaming for God`s rescue or mama`s help.

Then at the last push when the water bag is finally broken, and when the new life descends from the birth canal, when the baby is finally pulled out into the new world of life from the great womb of peace, giving out the innocent cries of fear, the woman, she, a mother, rejoices over the blessing of pain.

Pain with its beginning has its reason, end and fruit Pain is both a gift and a miracle to the human will.

# The Missing Link

I play my guitar I sing from my heart and people clap.

There is this short moment, a moment of being heard, a moment of being valued on the scene.

At the end of the show people say thanks, words of appreciation, words that warm the heart and elevate the mind.

It is only a brief moment, a brief moment of feeling different, as someone special among the crowd.

And after this moment, comes the monotone moments of feeling alone, of being lost in the dark.

### The Nightmare of Man

Man works throughout life from childhood to adulthood. He builds his place in heaven sitting leap years in classrooms harvesting diplomas for his career, saying the best words of himself as investment for job applications.

He daily climbs up the ladder as goal He is obsessed of success and ambition. From a house to land, bank savings or loans, he continues to strive on. But at a wink of an eye, all that he has struggled for, all that he collects to own, are lost and gone irrepairable.

For sure enough, the flames of fire eat up all what he has acquired within his years and decades in life. Typhoon, tsunami, flood and cyclone drown all what he has long labored. Earthquake, disease and transient thieves swallow up even his last bank loan.

#### **The Power of Words**

They can be written spoken, whispered, hidden, forbidden, remembered, forgotten.

They have their power to be listened to, to be read, to be reflected, accepted or rejected.

They can build, and rebuild They can destroy They can comfort and heal.

#### The Promised Land for Both Jews and Palestinians

Jews and Palestinians
Share the common story of exile
Of wandering in the desert, uprooted
Slaughtered, silenced, driven out!

They both share the common hope To dwell in the Promised Land, Flowing with milk and honey Living in peace and prosperity!

Not by the Mandate of Partition by Balfour Not by agreements of manipulative coercion Not by the Intifida of hate and destruction Not by the tentacles of fear and terror Nor by the summons of super powers Around negotiating tables Can bring Jews and Palestinians closer To the portal of their longed Promised Home.

But it is in seeing themselves as one people with their equal rights in their journey to their own liberation. It is in ceasing to mark their stones Of generations by much waste of blood. It is in marching together To the Holy Mountain of their Promised Land Where they can lay down their weapons.

## The Shepherd and Abundant Life

Let me breathe the fragrance of the flowers Let me taste the sweetness of the new day Let me see the freedom of the oppressed Ushered in by people who live in liberty.

Let us hear the Voice of the Shepherd Calling His flock away from devouring wolves Let us join in our common destiny to share Life with others much more abundantly.

# The Singing Dolphins in Taiji

Their songs turn into weeping as harpoons pierce through their lungs. Their songs of trust and friendship with mankind is silenced by cruel hands.

Blood flows and fills the blue lagoon now made -the stage of the great slaughterof one of the greatest friends to manthe dolphins.

And let their songs now which turn into weeping and silent tones torture our conscience.

# The Sky, Our Blanket

The sky, our blanket, puts us to sleep, drowns our eyes with darkness and assigns the stars and moon to ligthen our nights.

The sky, our blanket, greets us with smiles, opens our eyes to the new day and bids the sun to bathe us with her loving warmth.

#### The Tears of Masho

She gave her child away She had AIDS, they say Her children should have Parents to care of them when she by death should say goodbye to life.

And her dear own child was sent to adoption to a far away land, to a land she had never been before-A strange paradise for her child and which She as mother could not reach by her bare feet or sandals.

She did not get the address of the new parents She could not write them in her own tongue She was not even allowed to see the last glimpse of her dear own child, to give her last embrace and words of goodbye.

And this child, Masho, who used to be cuddled by her own dear mother, cried day and night in the new land thought to be a new paradise. She watered her pillow with her own tears and longing.

And she could not understand why she had to leave her own mother and playmates in her own village far away just because her mother is condemned to die by AIDS, they say.

Response to the debate of adoption of children in Denmark, to a particular case of the

Ethiopian child, Masho. November 27,2012
Elizabeth Padillo Olesen
www.PoemHunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

### The Wind

Who has seen the wind?
Not me, not you, not them
can see the wind even
those with eyes as big as balls.
The wind passes by without
traffic control and sets her pace
to directions, without our invitation.
The wind touches our skin with
her soft fingers or rages like
fire that eats up the standing embers.

# The Woman, Stoned to Death

She's put on trial convicted of a crime for having betrayed her husband.

For violating the moral code of the land, she stands in front of the crowd while men throw stones at her until she falls down.

Hurrah to the law of the land as the woman is carried out of the arena of shame to her own grave of rest without a name.

And she is stoned to death for her crime because she is a woman under the Sharia land.

# The World Cup, A Common Stage

The World Cup is a common stage It is an arena for winners and an arena for losers Without the losers, there is no proclamation of winners.

The winners may rejoice to have scored more But their victory only happens because there are those who have scored less.

As a common arena in life's test of strength and wits, the winners can rejoice but still without forgetting that they win because others lose.

Those who lose do no lose their great value in that common stage.

## Three Kings and the Star of Hope

Three wise men of nowhere Without medals and kingdoms to claim From the East they marched forward To find the child beneath the shining star.

Three wise men in their glorious attire Journeyed long to find the shining star Stopped by the soldiers of Herod's iron hand Ordered to tell where the child could be found.

Three wise men of hope without certain ground Only guided by the shining star in their mind Continued to journey to find the child And met the shepherds who in their search came by.

Three wise men led by the shining star Reached the stable to find the child They offered their gifts- gold, frankincense and myrrh to a child, cradled by voices of angels.

Three wise men in our time
Only with their names and gifts from their hands
Filled with hope from the shining star
Met Jesus, the child, the end of the
long journey so worthwhile to try.

#### To Be Alive

It is to hear rhythmic melodies in the breathing of your own lungs. It is to marvel at the vast space between earth and sky It is finding yourself as simple dot in the vastness of space and yet with great importance as the fingers of stars and moon wink at your sleepy eyes, as the generous sun bathes your whole body with pleasure and warmth. It is watching the flowers opening their petals of smiles. It is listening to the laughing trees beside you, purifying the toxic air which enters into your lungs.

#### To The Lord Of Creation

Fires in Greece and Indonesia tidal waves in Papua New Guine bombs in Tanzania and Kenya bombs of revenge for Sudan and Afghanistan bombs for freedom in Ireland, Israel and Palestine floods in the Gangtze rivers of China and Korea nuclear boasts of Pakistan and India nuclear tests unleashed in your lands and seas.

Here we stand again before the ugly monsters that eat up our shelters, farms and other means to live on.

Here we come again face to face with monsters that gooble up lives of people by the hundreds, by the thousands and by millons and billions of lost currencies.

Here we are again face to face with the monsters of greed, hate, pride and power.

Save us, Lord, from greed that makes us harvest the fury of nature.

Save us, Lord, from hatred that makes us bury your gift of love and service.

Save us, Lord, from pride that seeks to elevate ourselves the center of power.

Pour upon us your spirit in these last days to protect your creation to sow seeds of love among peoples to affirm you as the Lord of Creation, the center of our life and universe.

Save us, Lord, from the ugly monsters in our time.

## To the Lord on Parenting

You give way for love to grow in the hearts of both man and woman.

Thank you, Lord, for being the source and fountain of love.

You give them a vow to seal into a covenant in marriage to seek to build a home.

Thank you, Lord, for being the carpenter of our families.

You give the gift of life in a womb, a seed to nurture, a life that can withstand the strong winds of the time.

Thank you, Lord, for being the sower and the sustainer.

You give us the joy to parent a life to be nurtured in love and to give out love again.

Thank, Lord, for your being a servant and a true parent of us all.

### **Touch of Autumn**

It is blowing, it is getting cold Birds are chirping, birds are resting! The long sunny day is gone replaced by the sudden onset of night!

Leaves from trees, fruits like apples, peaches, berries and grapes fall down. My beans and squash seem ready to sleep and abort the budding of flowers.

The green colours turn golden and cover the living soil and ground. September, October and November, the golden long autumn months of fallen leaves from windy heights.

### **Transcendence**

Once in our lifetime we celebrate life in laughter and in joy, at another time, the celebration comes like a weeping over a bitter cup Then again, we yearn for wholeness that which we call, the original state.

What is it beyond our bodies we want to migrate from?
What is it beyond our minds we want to grasp?
What is it within us that is so restless?
What is beyond our time and space?

Is it that makes life mortal, immortal? Is it that makes finitude, an infinity? Is it an eternity that calls us beyond rubles or bitter cups? Is it God within and beyond us?

# **Trees Within Us (Haiku)**

Trees under the sun, trees, hosting man and woman Trees, our own clean lungs!

## **Tsunami and The Angel Of Death**

You spread your wings and cover the earth with the claws of your fingers
You touch the bottom of the Indian Ocean and unleash your fury to many lands.

The waters, the source of life, become the bosom of death The fishes miss their homes Children, men and women, tourists and local inhabitants lose their names and like garbage they are dumped into mud and mass graves.

Your strange visit at Christmas time sends a revolting shock that gives birth to unbearable anguish and pain and those who remain cannot hide from the shadows of your wings.

And yet the waves of destruction you create resonate waves of compassion that enable each one to shed a tear and offer a helping hand.

## **Typhoon Belt**

It is the belt you wear on your waist Every time storms begin to play their games It is the belt of strength as waves rise up To pound your gates and fences and wash out All the standing small huts along shores,

It is the belt of fury and madness As you drag out and drown the small boats and ships from the pillars of their anchor. It is the belt of death, fiercely lashing Victims by your whips and leaving Them buried in mud, landslides and flood.

And you continue to wear this belt day in and day out! My beloved, Philippines, When can this belt Be untied from your waist?

### **Under a Cobalt Machine**

Under a cobalt machine
I lie down and count your grace
Under the cobalt machine
I see myself a small microcosm
In your wide and deep universe.

Under a cobalt machine
I see how fragile life is
Much dependent on the rays
Of your mercy and grace.
Let me lie down here
Believing that the cobalt rays
Are your fingers that touch me.

#### **US Presidential Race**

Hear ye all in the North, the South, The East and the West, hear ye, hear!

Hear the great event in the annals of USA, the Giant Power in century! After the dark Halloween and the real horror of the Great Hurricane, the American people will cast their ballots for a president of their best choice.

Barack Obama and Mitt Romney dominate attention on the stage and on the screens; small children get tired of their mumblings and hope that their noise will soon end.

Rallies are held in many states to harvest more electoral votes Both candidates boast of their great power and calibre with their subtle way of mud slaying each other.

Hear ye, hear ye, the election of USA for a president!
Between Obama and Romney Who is the fortunate to win?
Between the Democrats
And the Republicans
Who will hold the victory feast in the night of November 6?

May the best win for the Next heavy four years.

Eve of the US presidential election, November 5,2012

# **USA's Victory Dance**

Ring the bells!
Play the drums!
Turn on all the lights!
And let the music sound!
Let all tears and laughter
blend as sweet honey
to taste and drink!

Dance around the fire, the fire of freedom the fire of hope the fire of dreams as one nation in our one world! Let this fire of joy brighten the way to the future!

Congratulations Obama! Congratulations USA! November 7,2012

### **Violent Silence**

We seal our mouths with herbs of bitterness and drown the words which communicate.

We let our cold silence creep in our midst and let the days nurture the hurts that have been long kept in the cupboards of our own memories.

# War, War, War!

War, war, war!
Who gives birth to war?
Is it greed for power
that craves for more and more?
Is it the I in you and me
dreaming to be the crowning glory?

War, war, war! You are often born around the table of arrogance and power, wanting only to win the childish game over and against the screaming innocents.

## We Cry for Food and They Give Us Bullets

Food! Food! Food! It is all that we need It is all that we need to calm down our spirits!

It is food that fills that fills the empty pangs of our stomachs, pangs that make us yawn but cannot sleep that make us gulp but cannot vomit, that make our saliva taste sour and acidic!

We cry for food like the helpless little children with the art to attract attention by our street demonstrations. Yes, we cry for food like little children to calm down our spirits, that the cry cannot at all be neglected for it is food, it is food that soothes our spirits.

But you give us bullets on the streets where we stage our cry for food You give us bullets instead of food.

But even bullets cannot silence our cry for food for as long as we`re hungry we shall be like little children that will ever cry for food.

## We Have Danced Tango

We have danced tango in exploiting the earth We stamp our feet as we move to explore the whole dancing space on the stage We only look into the gaiety in our own eyes as we seek to declare ourselves the winner in our mastery of the magical move of our body We explore the mother earth, making believe that the whole stage is ours to exploit without limit.

With the rhythm of our tango dance we create atom bombs and other weapons for the countless crowd
We choke the trees, plants and animals with our inventions and chemicals
We stuff our water and air
with poison and carbon from our own hands.
We continue to dance our tango dance claiming that the whole stage is ours.

And we dance and dance our tango dance until music ceases to be replayed for the mother earth announces that our own clever dance and music choke her to death and our tango on the great stage cannot at all continue.

## What Makes your Birthday so Special?

Sing a birthday song
Pick a flower from the garden
Or let your florist deliver your roses.
Wrap a present from a shop
Send sms, a letter or an e-mail,
a telegram, ring or on Skype simply chat.

There is something special when one is a birthday celebrant He or she becomes the focus of great concern- of greetings and best wishes far and wide on Face book and Twitter or in blogs a hundred posts say a special word.

'Why is this day so special? " Asks the celebrant. So the poet answers: "Birthing a child from a mother's womb only happened once."

#### When A Child Is Lost

When a child is lost, lost to unknown circumstances, lost to suspicion of persons with evil intentions, then to the eyes of the parents the lights of sun, moon and stars have ceased to shine, the blooming flowers in October lose their fragrance, and food doesn't taste in the tongue.

When a child is lost, then parents who plea for their child's return move us to tears because children are not goods to be stolen but priceless treasure to be cared for.

When the child is lost, we share the universal pain of losing our beloved. Let us pray that the human goodness in the heart of the person who stole the child prevail and that the lost child be found.

## When a Friend Is Dying

When a friend is dying, then we begin to think of life's injustice when the one we love has to be taken away from us.

When a friend is dying, then we begin to see how fragile life is that at a wink of an eye it disappears and dies.

When a friend is dying, then we begin to collect memories of the time we've shared and in our hearts we treasure.

When a friend is dying, then we begin to fetch strength and hope from the scriptures of our own religion.

When a friend is dying, we shed tears and find comfort in the embrace and presence of all those who with us also mourn.

### **When Friends Are There**

When friends are there, the sorrows in life are easier to bear. When friends are there, giggles and laughter sound much louder.

## When Mr. Snow Plays with Humans

When snow plays with humans, the roads are blocked for the game of Mr. Snow should not be stopped. Schools are closed because children should only play Snow Man in their own backyards.

When snow plays with humans, churches and markets are far-away targets to walk to or drive. The homeless shiver in cold dreaming for generous homes to open their gates and closed doors.

When Mr. Snow plays with humans, his power takes the upper hand! We rejoice over his presence but we hide in cold and hope that the game he plays with us should soon end and simply stop.

#### 'When Two Hearts Beat as One'

When two hearts beat as one, the bells ring out tunes of great melody. The angels bow down and offer their hands to bring these two hearts to the mountain where joy and beauty reign in ecstasy.

When two hearts beat as one, the burden ceases to be a yoke to carry. New roads are found in the common journey. The empty ground bursts out with trees and the river speaks to birds and flowers.

When two hearts beat as one, eyes are born to see the needs around. Hands are lifted up, given, extended, serving others beyond their own habitat and the new song of love forever lasts.

# When We Sing Together

When we sing together We hear our voices as one We move our bodies In freedom and freely smile.

When we sing together We sing our chorus in one voice A blessed community of melodies Towards a celestial door of great joy.

## Why Death, Lord?

When my own father died of heart attack,
And died before reaching the hospital
I asked the Lord why?
When my auntie died of bone cancer,
And saw her body crumpled in pain each day
I asked the Lord why?
When my own brother died of high blood pressure,
and lost his ability to speak and move his body,
I asked the Lord why.

When twenty innocent kids at 6-7 years old plus 6 adults among their teachers and principal had their bodies riddled by bullets of a gunman, I asked the Lord why? Where is God? Where is He as Creator and Protector? Where is He when men are gripped by the power of evil? Where is He when precious blood is spilled off and wasted? Where is He when violence takes control over humanity?

But I hear the silent whisper at Christmas time The whisper of angels of the birth of Jesus, the little baby wrapped up by dwadling clothes by Mary, wrapping life's own fragility, holding and protecting the child from the grip of death in Herod's intent to kill Jesus, the child.

At Christmas time, I see the star above pointing to the stable where Jesus was born Not in a palace or castle where everything was secure But here in the lowly stable the fragile child Jesus was born, subject to threats of disease and death, subject to violence by those who had power in their hands to eradicate the child.

At Christmas time, I see the angels pointing to the star above, to the lights of hope even if our hearts weep in pain The child Jesus is born and God is Emmanuel, here with us in our fragility and our mortality. Emmanuel is God with us even if we wrestle with the death of those we dearly love.

# Winter Is Calling

Winter is moving, coming to claim her space in open fields, roof tops and traffic jams.

She comes winking, proclaiming her time and calling people to feel her cold hands and chilly warmth.

Now is time to open the old wardrobes. Take out the hats, gloves, and other winter clothes.

Prepare them as winter spreads her cape to wherever she passes by And smile as winter winks at you with her generous hand.

# Wish for an Angel Tonight

Tonight let us sleep and feel the angelic touch Tonight let us rest and let worries subside.

Let this evening be an evening of peace Let this night be a night of angels' watch.

## **Wolves Are Roaming Around Our Schools**

Why do schools of our innocent kids are made the playground of insane jackals who ran amok in classrooms with their guns and think that they are in the forest to kill birds perching on trees' branches?

Why should schools, the sacred ground for training our innocent kids, turn to be the favourite targets of desperate wolves who plunge their deadly claws into the innocents and devour all those who try to stop their beastly plan to eradicate whom ever they meet?

Why, why, why, why? Why do insane jackals and desperate and hungry wolves get the chance to enter into the schools of our dear kids?

#### Woman and Shame of Men

A woman of beauty, guarded by morality, now stands fallen after the gang rape by men who see her as mere commodity.

She, a young girl of tender age, is attacked by beastly men to feed their eros and egos...

And they leave her alone on the open road like a trampled and rotten flower and left her behind to die in shame before a dark future in the land that exalts sexual purity of these women.

The law of the land that is more patriarchal refused to see the crime of these beastly men and covered the case by closing its ears and eyes.

Now the public is fed up: people come marching on the streets to demand that this beastly attack should stop and must not happen again to any woman.

Let their march shame the men who look at women as objects of lust to attack, trample and pluck.

#### Woman!

Are you the Eve that tempts Adam or the snake that hisses around to spit its venom on its prey, the man?

Or are you the woman in the Garden of Eden born out of the womb of your mother, clothed in the wings of your freedom and passion?

Are you the woman proud of your culture and origin who cannot be damned to hell by the forefathers' heaven of long-waged patriarchy?

# Woman, Made a Punching Bag of Man

A woman, beaten by the cruel hands of her man Beaten as she raises her voice to challenge his words Beaten as she goes out to celebrate her freedom Beaten as she refuses to do what he orders and wants.

And the battered woman accepts her tragic lot Bearing the marks of violence on her own body Longing for golden days of love and romance Lamenting on her destiny as punching bag of man.

### **Woman's Defeat**

Riding on a lonely sea Of being not wanted Of being not asked Of being not listened to Of being not loved, She cries and laughs.

The lonely journey
Is cold and stormy
Far away from the Tower Light,
She then plunges herself
Into the arms of the waves
Accepting her lonely fate.

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# Women in Beijing in one September

Women by the thousands come marching by to mark history among nations.

Never again should women be sold, battered and raped.

Never again should girl fetuses in the mother`s womb be doomed to death.

Never again should the women's spirit be extinquished.

Can a gathering of women among nations make up a change?

The marching of women prompts attention - a human bomb to announce that women's issues are crucial to our world's survival.

# **Women Trafficking**

Sold as cheap goods abducted, aborted, deceived, treated as slaves.

Like robots they move, told what to eat and wear how to react and sell.

Raped, maltreated, they earn some pennies with the greater share for the wallets of their masters.

Women, women, women from many corners in the globe trafficked as cheap commodities, a living witness to our society of lust and greed.

# **Write, Write Your Story**

It is delving into the ocean of childhood days It is giving words and life to great memories It is mapping the mind with rich fantasies It is wrestling between fiction and realities.

Write and get your pen, write, write and swim As you paddle your boat on the ocean of creativity. Write, write and raise your pen, as you unfold your wings to fly to doors and worlds far and near.

## Your Birthday Party, Dingding

How can you gather 50 men and women in your own home to eat the food you cook to find their place in all the nook and corners of your home without complaining for a space!

How can you manage to let them share their talents to sing and dance over melodies stemming from karaoke and microphone, with the movement and rhythm in their body!

Such a great party you manage to run every time you hold your birthday and the birthdays of your loved ones. Think how many times we have come!

You're such a great woman with your charm to gather friends and loved ones with your great hospitality in the fellowship of celebrating life over food, music and personal stories.