Poetry Series

Eloida Capuno

- 88 poems -

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Eloida Capuno

poetry was my constant outlet for my emotions until i outgrew writing when things got somewhat complicated. but i guess when u are passionate about something you never really forget. somehow, the spark is still there. now that the sea is calmer, so to speak, i am back to doing what i really love. its like a homecoming.

A Bucket For Your Tears

i am not perfect, that is a given
i do not cry at funerals
i do not sing praises even when
everyone gushes
i rarely smile at strangers even if
they mean well
i smirk at the sight of teens and their
pdas
i am never patronizing
almost cold as ice
heartless you can call me that
yes i can own up to nearly every
fault, i don't mind

but when it comes to you i
make a 360 degree turn
docile as a child
ready to listen to your endless whimpers
a bucket for your tears

Eloida Capuno

A Handful Of Tears

in the face of despair
and harsh realities
the weary souls have
stopped asking why
they only gaze upon
the vast ocean where
loved ones were lost
in an instant

outstretched arms
no longer feel the
warmth of those who
came by to placate
their sighs
nature's wrath is
upon them and their
world turned upside
down.. nothing is left

but a handful of tears
slipping out of tired
lonely eyes

Eloida Capuno

A Mother's Anguish

she was agonizing
for a child she lost
unexpectedly
i told her i can feel
her pain
but the truth is
i wasn't sure

a mother's pain is
sublime
i believe that more
than words can say
the wound is deeper
more profound
because that child is
from her womb
nurtured through the
years
a part of her she can't
let go

now i think i understand
the grief a mother holds
for a lost child
more than the wailing
and the tears
is emptiness untold

Eloida Capuno

A Tiny Bud is Plucked

a tiny bud is plucked from the garden
and thrust into a watered vase with the others
it struggled to find space in that little vase
competing with the other flowers
more exotic some with deadly thorns

in that crowded vase
it could hardly breath
the tiny bud withered
deprived of the chance
to bloom

Eloida Capuno

An Old Woman By the Window

i see her everyday on my way to work
she was there by the wide window of
an old house near the road where i used
to come and go
silver hair in a neat bun
tired wrinkled hands
and chinky eyes that were always
staring at a distance
as if waiting for something
or someone?

and so it goes day by day
she sits by her window with her lonely gaze
i wonder what thoughts are in her tiny head
was she happy in her younger years
or did she loathe life's miseries

were there dreams she still dream or
was she resigned to her fate
were there questions left that haunt her still
is she waiting for the answers?

i will never know
the last time i looked
the window was empty
she sits there no more.

Eloida Capuno

Ante Mortem

</>before the Grim Reaper
beckons
we live we laugh
we love we cry
we cheat we pray

we go from here
to there
from good to bad
bad to good
bad to worse

we run our life
the way we choose
or choose to let others
run it
until the end is met

Eloida Capuno

Ash Wednesday

'for thou art dust, and unto dust
thou shall return'

you and i
we were molded
from clay
and at the end
our bodies
decay
bones pulverized
and goes back
to earth
so we are told
so we believe

Eloida Capuno

Before The Sun Sets

the world we are in
is a huge box
where everyone
wants to fit in
its a survival race
the greediest on the
upper hand and the
poorest on the
dumping ground

but before the sun sets
there will be a reckoning
a reversal of fortunes
the downfall of the evil
the good triumphs
if only in my dreams
as i sleep tonight

Eloida Capuno

Before We Said Goodbye

i lay next to you in this warm bed where
only moments ago you and i cavorted to
quench an insatiable fire
you filled my needs and so did i, so i thought
because i heard you sigh and saw a glint of
smile in the corner of those lips that devoured
mine a hundred times i almost gasped for breath

in those moments of pure bliss time stood still
and i forgot who i am and who you are
what only mattered is that we were here together
savoring what is left of the final hours
before we said goodbye.

Eloida Capuno

Broken

i am afraid to touch
the splinters of the
broken glass
my unprotected fingers
would not dare
pick up the
pieces
knowing that
it can never be
whole again

Eloida Capuno

Castles

i always loved castles
they make me imagine
i'm a princess or a queen
with crown jewels and
flowing gowns

i build my own castles
and continue imagining
a kingdom where i am
the queen and i rule
and call the shots

in my world of castles
and imaginings you were
there acting out the part
of my prince charming
the love i cherish

but like the sand castles
swiped off by the raging waves
you disappeared bursting the
bubbles of my make believe
leaving me devastated

Eloida Capuno

Charade

don't wake me up
when you leave
it won't matter now
i have cried all my tears
pleaded like i never had
nothing more can make you stay

so spare whatever is left of my pride
just go, don't say goodbye
i won't mind
but when you're gone
i will cry some more
because i lied

Eloida Capuno

Circles

my life is coming in full circle
like episodes from a movie
from beginning to end
each episode a reflection
of the myriad facets of a
life with little choices

the next episode was better
than the last; i made something
for myself, i have beaten the odds
though happiness is still a
strange word

nearing the last chapter
i know what the end will be
alone till the world
closes in on me

Eloida Capuno

Deception

if i ask you
an honest question
would you give me
an honest answer
or would you be
as evasive
as the lawyer
in a courtroom

lies, they say
oft repeated
pass off as truth,
then deception
never ends

Eloida Capuno

Destination

in the stillness
of the night
with only the
sound of the
fan and my
curtain swayed
by the swirling air
as company
i took my tablet
to write my poetry
suddenly it dawned on me:
'if death is a destination
we all share' as told
by a dead techie
then this life is just
a passage
and getting there is
all up to me
i can be late or
be there early

Eloida Capuno

Detoured

your eyes spoke eloquently
in silence
gaze darting
as if at any moment
you will be devoured by
an unknown force only your
greasy head can fathom

say what secrets can your weary
body hold
are u a victim or a predator
and those hands of grime and dirt
who could have they caressed
or murdered?

aah what thoughts goes with
those far away looks
as you move from corner to corner
in your tattered clothes
do you have regrets
or do not mind at all
completely lost in your own world.

Eloida Capuno

Driftwood

the fledgling bush
grew into a tree
not without
birth pains
twigs outstretched
its leaves spread
with pride
the world watched
for its downfall
from hurricane of woes

the now mighty tree
survived not without
scars; until its golden
hair turned into brown
age caught up
leaves wilted
its body gave in
no longer proud

in the river by the
bank of its childhood
a driftwood floats
to nowhere

Eloida Capuno

Emptiness

i know what it is
how it feels
what it brings
i have been there
many times over
i'm still there
feeling it
the cold gaze
the longings only
the eyes convey
chasing dreams
lost in a makeshift
meaningless
existence

it's all there
in the half smiles
the unsure steps
of the drunken man
bottle still in hand
in the outstretched
arms of those waiting
for dole outs
in a mother's wails
for a lost child
in the unsteady drift
of an aspiring poet
i know what it is...
it is called emptiness

Eloida Capuno

emptiness, just like you said

you said writing
poetry is sometimes
a way to fill the
emptiness within us
you are right
as we put into words
the longings of our
soul we enter into a
world of make believe
the magical place
only possible
in our dreams
stretching our imagination
to as far as our pen can
reach and then
waking up to the realization
that the words we put
into it are nothing but
the musings of a fool

Eloida Capuno

Falling

my body aches all
over after that fall
i was stripped of all
defenses against
that floor where i landed
let me tell you
its not easy losing
your balance
and go tumbling
you will see the world
upside down
while the roof above
your head lets out a
mocking smile

Eloida Capuno

Fixation

i close my eyes
and see images
not as clear when
you are here
right within my grasp
but through the
silhouette formed
by optical tricks
i am now certain
it is you i see

i forego the
images and thoughts
running through my head
i let them go
set them free
then i fall into an
inviting sleep
but the nightmare
sneaks in
and i woke up
screaming your
name again...

Eloida Capuno

for GIVEN GRACE

what evil beasts
roamed this earth
that crossed your
path so
unfortunate
what right have they
to trample you and
cause immeasurable
grief
is it enough to
lock them up
would it assuage
all the hurt
is it enough
is it enough?

Eloida Capuno

Forgive Me

forgive me i looked past you
pretended i didn't hear
the beckoning of love
i longed for in years

forgive me if these eyes
are both blind to see
and these ears fall deaf
to the harkings of your plea

forgive me that this heart
no longer beats as free
if these lips have dried up
and puckered constantly

forgive me if my songs
have lost its melody
and my poems don't rhyme
the way they used to be

forgive me if those smiles
have ceased and gone awry
and how so cold and jaded
that i have grown to be

forgive me for this life
running on empty
no longer whole no longer me
torn apart and broken
the pieces blown by the wind
of uncertainty

Eloida Capuno

Fortieth

this is supposed to be
my fortieth
but nothing comes out
of my head
at 2: 30 a.m

am i good for just thirty nine
i am smiling now
at my
own folly
well at least i can still smile
then maybe i can write
some more

i want to write some more
i like it here
i like to read the others poems
their thoughts and longings
feelings and sentiments
some too deep for me to absorb
just as there are mediocre

i like the way some writers think
others i don't
and that makes this space interesting
a kaleidoscope
and so i will write some more
even if they border on mediocrity
i guess you will have to bear with me

Eloida Capuno

FORTY

Age is just a number
that we are often told
when we reach a certain
mark no longer called youth
would it really matter then
to count the leaves that fall

can't do much when we are ten
but follow orders and be seen
and tho we are at the receiving end
with pampering we can't complain
still a child to them we seem
a fledgling sans its wings

at twenty comes freedom
but only to some extent
we start to earn our keep
and hold our own purse string
it is a time of reckoning
the future and what it brings

we're on our own at thirty or so
with families and kids in tow
expectations are high and lo
by perforce we can't let go
some may choose to still hang on
and be parasites all along

then, life begins at forty it's been told
wonder how if we are that old
for what it's worth i think its true
to start anew from previous faults
to fix what's wrong in the years past
keep lessons learned while time still last

Eloida Capuno

Ghosts of the Past

twisted thoughts of long ago
reverberates like an echo
haunting scenes
forbidden like the poisoned tree
why do you not leave me?

Eloida Capuno

Grief

Gnawing pain
Ripping each vein
Immeasurable
Etched in the heart
Forever and ever

(for a young girl brutally raped
and murdered and to her loved
ones trying to cope, i join you
in your grief)

Eloida Capuno

Half Awake

in between slumber
and conscious state
eyes half closed
mind still awake
fighting off Morpheus
bidding me to bed
tablet fell off my hand
will write my poems
in dreamland

Eloida Capuno

Hunger

hunger drives a
poor man crazy
a grumbling
empty stomach
can turn him amuck

a rich man turns hungry
on purpose
to make him fit
and be society's toast

Eloida Capuno

Hypocrisy

the man in the pulpit
was preaching of
salvation
i yawned as he
talks of the hard way
to heaven wondering
if its doors i'll get to see

the old woman nearby is
down on her knees for
the longest time i thought
she would faint
still she kept on her knees
veiled head bowed
mumbling, praying
i guess

the teenage girl on her mini is
giggling right in front of me
throwing glances at the
handsome boy she fancies
while the priest still preaches

when it was time for the banquet
they all lined up for the bread
with hands clasped in submission
the choir sing of love and praise

alas soon it was over
and we all go back to
reality
to the old ways of sinning
over and over again
in this damned world
of hypocrisy

Eloida Capuno

I Found Love Once

i found love once
in the midst of a chaotic
and troubled times
i caught his impish smile
mischievous like a child
found dipping into a cookie jar

but it was a love that never was
gone before it began
an explosion like our throbbing hearts
sent him there where our love died.

Eloida Capuno

I write because...

there is a voice within
longing to be heard
i need a vent for all that
my heart yearns
like a bird trapped in its cage
wanting to soar and flap its wings

i write in the hope that those who dare
may listen to what i have to say
and they are all free to judge
i will take it good or bad

it matters not if i dont rhyme
as well as those whose words do shine
just let me write my thoughts in here
and let me breath freedom's air

Eloida Capuno

If Thou Shalt Love Me

be generous with praises
i want to be appreciated
every now and then

be as gentle as a breeze
caress me like the morning mist
i long for tenderness

be acerbic with words
when i am stupid
be my strength when i am weak

be not fooled by my nonchalance
i care more than you seem to know
the image is just for show

love me if you dare
put up with my eccentricities
don't try to understand

just love me
like you never meant
for it to end.

Eloida Capuno

Images

we all have the
propensity for
self analysis
what was wrong
what made it right
as if life depended
on the actions we
have taken

the truth is
in love and life
there is no certainty
the images you have now
are good only as the
next meal on your table
you delight yourself while
it lasts because tomorrow
there maybe none or the
next day you will be gone

Eloida Capuno

Inhaled

inhaled in a profound and
consuming fashion
as if it will contain the gnawing pain
and once exhaled they will go away
medicated, never to hurt again.

Eloida Capuno

Insomnia

you came back again
just when i thought
you had enough of me

i was thankful for the
last few months you left
me in peace
me and my pillows

my weary eyes finally took a
break
from endless books and tv shows
you went away
i hoped for good

but now you are back
and so are my eyebags.

Eloida Capuno

Just Another Woman

</>she paints a picture
of someone in
full control
dressed like a
man sometimes
maybe thinking
they are equal
she talks and walks
with braggadocio
and get things done
with a wave of her
manicured nails
shaped like
candles

she is feared but
revered inspite of
the cold facade
who knows what
is there behind
the faint smile
the sad gaze
camouflaged by
thick lashes

i will venture a
guess
she is just
another woman
longing for
love

Eloida Capuno

Labyrinth

there is no way out
of this labyrinth
the convoluted
thoughts his mind
could not extricate
from the quicksand
pulling
him
down
deeper
and
deeper
as he lost
his grip
on the
hanging
rope
of life..

Eloida Capuno

Letting Go

letting go is letting out
the pain and the hurt
stored in a barrel
fermented

letting go is letting fly
the bird of discontent
caged for the longest
time shut tight

letting go is letting die
no more smiles
no more cries
just a sigh yes a sigh

Eloida Capuno

Loneliness Is A Fair Game

the lonely train travels
in midnight darkness
taking its own course
while people sleep and snore

In the cold night
a man wears his parka
unable to brave the wind
it was his own choice

a weary heart stopped
to reconsider and give
pain some reprieve
the rope was his hope

and i am here
where i wanted to be
alone and lonely
blaming no one but me

Eloida Capuno

Loud Whispers

you are talking
but i don't understand
although your voice
is audible enough
your words are
lost like i am in
a trance

people are passing
by and they are
staring at me
some are
whispering
and i can hear
them loud and
clear

maybe because
whispers are
better heard
than the loudest
call when you
refuse to
listen

Eloida Capuno

Mirror

i look at you
nearly everytime
the first one i see
when i'm awake
the last before i
lay at night
i don't think i will
survive without
seeing you even
just for a while
a constant feature
in my purse
because i need
to be assured
i still like what
i am seeing
the reflection
of my being

Eloida Capuno

Musings

today i started writing again
the thoughts kept in the deepest
recesses of my dusty brain
how long ago was it when you were
my dearest friend
we made sweet music together
you guided the fluid of my musings
oh that was when life was a bed of roses
when love was so abounding
but the roses wilted and its thorns pierced
my being
that was when we lost the creative flow
you and i. we became estranged
intoxicated by the cheap thrills in the
process of healing the pain and forgetting
i gave up on you
but like a sudden urge of lust i yearned
for you again
like a child hungry for your nurturing breasts
making me delirious with anticipation
much like a homecoming.

Eloida Capuno

My Cross

i carry my cross
like i was born
with it
i never complain
though sometimes
it's a heavy load
i will keep my cross
though how many
times i fall
i will rise
again and
again
because i know
someday
someone will
lift my cross
from my shoulder
and carry it for me
through the rest
of my journey

Eloida Capuno

My Pain

i am in touch
with my pain
i guard it like
a precious gem
because only I
know how to
deal with it

Eloida Capuno

My Prayers

i pray not for myself
i know i have been blessed
i pray not for wealth
but for those who have less
i pray not so much for my health
but more for those who are sick
i pray not that i don't suffer
but that the sufferers be eased

i pray that i may not sin
but that sinners soon repent
and i pray not that my prayers
are heard but that those who
don't, their good wishes be granted

Eloida Capuno

Of Love and Loving

you say i dont
show as much
love as you do
if that's the
verdict
i don't intend
to argue
not if you equate
the feeling with
kisses, smooches
and what have you

but if you care to know
love is deeper than
what your eyes can see
or your lips can feel
nor how your groins
revulse
it is far beyond
mind and soul
transcending
the depths of
all that the
heart can
hold

Eloida Capuno

One Chance

i have endured the pain
of letting you go
but not the pain of
losing that one chance
of finding you again

Eloida Capuno

One True Friend

my one true friend is a canine
squeezed a few thousand pesos
from my tight budget just
to have him around

with pleading big round eyes
at the sight of me he jumps
and licks my feet like i'm a queen
from some kingdom come

he sleeps with me and scratch my bed
rips my pillows, breaks my eyeglasses
and urinates right where i work
on some nights when i slave it off

the sweet little thing eats only
when i feed him by hand
and gets crazy when strangers
comes hovering around

oh but for all the jerk that he was
he is the only true friend i have
he guards as i sleep and will fight
for his master with paws and fangs

Eloida Capuno

Opposite Directions

here
there
east
west
up
down

that is
how things are
have been
will be

Eloida Capuno

Out in the Cold

there where the
wind sends shivers
to the bones
you left with
nothing but
an empty look

as you crossed
the road without
looking back
i watched your
steps on the
pavement
shoulders stooped
with a heavy load

and i
out here
in the cold
allowed the
tears that
rolled from my
eyes to lend
its warmth

Eloida Capuno

Parasites

my dog was scratching
like crazy and biting
his paws endlessly
i felt his discomfort
its maybe the fleas
the vet has something
to take care of and
squeeze my pocket empty

i smiled at the irony
my precious dog
is lucky to have me
the boy who lives next
door scratches his head
daily and bites his
dirty nails
thought its maybe the lice
feeding on his blood
while his drunken father
and gambling mom
are fighting over
who gets the money

Eloida Capuno

Parking Space

someone took my
parking space
and got me pissed
felt violated
because that little
space is sacred to me
and my little car
in there we reign
supreme no one can
touch us
we can stay there for
as long as we want
they will get curious
but will not ask us to
leave it is a niche
i found in this world
of chaos and
contradictions
a space to breath
from a dizzying pace
where evil and not
so evil compete

Eloida Capuno

Post Mortem

at the face of death
we succumb
throws away all cautions
to face the One
we are accountable
for the life
that we chose

Eloida Capuno

Remembering

you were a song from a near forgotten
summer of long ago
echoing the tune of a foreboding storm
but is welcomed nonetheless
with passion

you alone
sweetly awakened that which
i have not known before and together
you let me explore immeasurable joy
though forbidden by societal norm

i remember every lesson
on gratification
bodies soaring to the heights
of ecstatic revulsion
i was a pawn you so deftly maneuvered
in a game i so willingly played.

Eloida Capuno

Riddles

you speak to me in riddles
i don't pretend to know
all that you are trying
to let me see inside of you

you write your poems in earnest
i read them through and through
and yet to me their meanings
are lost in grayish hue

so why not keep it simple
that does not make you less
for we know all that glitters
are not of gold to cherish

Eloida Capuno

Ruffled

at dawn
the cocks start
to crow
signalling the
beginning of
a new day

as for me
the night has
just started
and i'm still
writing my poems

but my thoughts
are in shambles
like the ruffled
hair that has not
seen a comb
for days

Eloida Capuno

Same Old

in a few hours it
will be a new year
each one anticipating
hoping for something
better, something new

i am not like the others
i don't anticipate
if i sleep now in a few
hours it will be over
it will be a new year
so what
it's just another year past
another year to go
same old, same old

Eloida Capuno

Second Chances

we believed
in second chances
mistakes are bound to be
we had our falling out
acknowledged our weaknesses
and we forgive
and forgive
until there is no more
and we gave up
on us

now here we are
staring at each other
pleading once more
not once or twice
but for all the chances
to keep our love alive

Eloida Capuno

Shackled

flickers of hope dimmed
for the long oppressed souls
fighting for their longest battle
empty stomachs longing to be free
from the shackles of poverty

nobody cares; the self proclaimed
buster of greed himself
holds the key to the lock and
chains that bind them

Eloida Capuno

Some Place To Be

one day
we'd all be gone
t'is just a matter of
who goes first
or where we'd go
there's a place up there
and down below
and if you believe
a midway too

when our time is up
there's no press button
we've made our choices
long ago
heaven or hell
or in between
they sure are
some place to be.

Eloida Capuno

Stray Dogs

mendicants are no
better than stray dogs
scavenging for food on
mountains of garbage
the spoils of society

the rich in their gilded
carriages are outbidding
each other for the most
expensive puppies so they
can raise them like prince
and princesses

human and beasts
are no different
they are both victims
of inequality

Eloida Capuno

Summer Rain

unexpected
like the sudden rush
of thoughts
into the tired mind
refreshing
giving life to the
blocked vein
when the last drop
of tears is shed
let my rainbow
of hope come
shining

Eloida Capuno

Summer Storms

they come to break
the monotony
pouring its might
to the barren earth
who drank in earnest
to quench the thirst
from the scorching heat

i always welcome
the intrusions
no matter how brief
they bring a refreshing
change from the drudgery
of life itself.

Eloida Capuno

That Day In November

somehow, sometime when
we are old and gray love
will still be there despite
the distance and the years
that have come between

these are the yearnings my
heart has been keeping since
that day in November when
you said you were leaving and
there's not a word i uttered

because i cannot keep you from
the dreams you must pursue in
some far away places where
i have fears of losing you
in the end

but my hopes will remain though
the seasons may keep changing
maybe on some snow filled winter
nights the chill becomes too
much for you to bear and my
warmth you will remember

or maybe on one lovely day in
spring as you touch and smell the
flowers your thoughts may wander
to where i am waiting... old and gray
but loving you still

Eloida Capuno

The Distance Between Us

you found your niche
on the other side of the world
where you said you will never be
because you cannot imagine living
somewhere else; but fate played
its tricks and you went along

i opted to stay where you left me
and carved a stone out of the memories
i had of you then placed it where it
will keep unturned even by the
strongest storm

one day you may find yourself
on your way back home and find
that stone to bridge the distance
between us

Eloida Capuno

The Eagle Broke Its Wings

up in the sky it flew
aiming for the sun
with nothing but courage
and a pair of wings
it soared and soared
challenging its own might

there was no stopping
the mighty bird
as it travelled to distant lands
proud that it was
the little ones cowed

but from the horizon
there comes a brewing storm
to hell it said i will overcome
so it went right into the fury
to find too late
its wings the wind tore down

it went falling falling falling
the mighty eagle with broken wings
mending itself alone
like a wounded soldier
from a battle not won

Eloida Capuno

The Heart Forgives

you may wonder
why my tears have
all gone dry
and my pain appear
to have subsided

hear me out
the heart despite
the scars knows
forgiveness and in
its deepest recesses
buries the aches

though it may take
sometime to forget

Eloida Capuno

The Last Night of the World

let us camp out
here where no one
can find us
just you and me
and the cicadas
and if it is not
too much to ask
ignite a bonfire
to warm this cold
tormented body
aching to be loved
impress me once
more with the power
of your touch
heal each dying
vein and resuscitate
this frail heart

let tonight be
our resurrection
as we ascend the
heights of our passion
no more hesitation
as we fill the urgency
of our needs
as if there is no
more time left
and this is our last
our only chance
let us give our all
like this is the
last night of the world

Eloida Capuno

The Love That I Know

i loved you once
deeply, like nobody can
and though it might not
have seen the light
that love remained
undeterred by the
hovering clouds

i have not loved again
just as intense
but should we meet once
more in another place
beyond this world
i shall but love you
with equal passion
maybe even more

because the love i know
how to give
is not eclipsed by time
nor distance
undefined by what
is wrong or right
but only what the
heart commands

Eloida Capuno

The Next Time I Fall

i have fallen so many
times before
and each time i rise again
sometimes it takes a while
but mostly i rise too soon

each time i fall a part of
me is ripped by shame
and even if i may have risen
the pain and shame remains
i am never whole again

i hope i fall no more
i shudder at the possibilities
the next time i fall
i might not be that strong
to stand against the current

Eloida Capuno

The Rain Still Wont Stop

</>it is still dripping
and dripping
the raindrops
from up above
like an endless
torrent of
shards
tormenting the
badly wounded
earth
as if it has no
right to complain
and say
'enough is
enough'

but soon
the rain will
have to stop
it can't keep
falling
endlessly
there is only
so much that
it can pour
because the
rain like a
whore
will leave
when the clouds
can give no more.

Eloida Capuno

The Rain Wont Stop

after some days of freedom
from the raging rain that falls
it is back in earnest crying
as its full might unfold
hearts of steel are challenged
to keep all that it can hold

and into the night the drops
still fall
drenching the already
drowning soul
there is no hope of reprieve
for poor prisoners on hold

Eloida Capuno

the thing that makes me smile

the thing that makes me smile
is not the thing itself
but the thoughts
i gather with it

like the cherry fruit
on ice cream top
without it the ice cream
is just that
a cold oozing sticky
mixture you love to lick

but that thing
the cherry on top
gives something else
for the mouth to play with
and it makes me smile

Eloida Capuno

The World Has Lost Its Magic

the carnival lights
are flirting again
beckoning me to
come and indulge
once more

the carousel of
my youth and
the ferris wheel
that witnessed my
joyous shrieks
awaits my return

but not anymore
my world had turned
upside down
lost in a merry go round
and i don't know how
to make it stop

the ferris wheel
is stuck up where
it won't go down
just like my will
to survive

Eloida Capuno

Tiny Flowers

i always look
out for
those sweet
tiny
flowers
more than
the others
in the garden
with their
vibrant
colors
huge
and exotic
maybe
because
the little
ones
like some
innocent
children
are left
to fend for
themselves

Eloida Capuno

To a Benefactor

you were the solid
rock i leaned on
at my weakest
yet you showed me
your own weaknesses
there were no
pretensions in between

you cared like
a father would
providing all
that you could
but you know
what you wanted
a hand to hold
a body to caress
a need to assert
your manhood

now the sun is setting
bidding you goodbye
the last rays slowly
fading into the night
you speak no more
of desire but only
murmurs a sigh

looking at you i am
second guessing
what lies behind
the timid smile
and silently wished
you could stay a
long while

Eloida Capuno

Tonight, As I Look Down Your Grave

lying there six feet
under the ground
i remember the
person
you were once
and while i refer to you
in past tense
you will always remain
here present

i thought of you and
the days when you
are part of this
material world you
deride and
the greed you so
despised

you argue a lot
about inequity
the callousness
that abound
and how you tried to
fight them
until the Reaper had
you silenced

watching you tonight
with only the waning moon
shyly peeking from afar
and the breeze softly
humming around
i envy the peace that
you found

Eloida Capuno

Trapped

trap
sounds
like
crap
like
being
married
to a gay
and you
knew
not

dart
sounds
like
fart
the feeling
you get
when you
get
trapped

Eloida Capuno

Walls

in this place i called
sanctuary i have put
up walls to protect me

beyond those walls
evil lurks and i wanna be
free from its claws

but i did not foresee
the walls i built were
not strong enough

they were not infallible
unable to shield me in
fighting my own demons

Eloida Capuno

Wasted

they sent you off
today to your
final resting place
everyone is grieving
you will surely be
missed
you have done
so well
young, bright, so
full of promise
but an unexpected
lunatic rage
turned your life into
unacceptable waste

Eloida Capuno

What Made you Stop Dreaming?

i saw you as a child
full of hopes
aiming for the stars
felt your hunger
for change
as you spoke of the
life you planned
gave you a thumbs up
a pat of approval
saw myself in you
eager to fly high

i came back and found you
so different than the last
an emaciated figure
bloodshot eyes
breath stinking
a broken man
you gave me a faint
smile of recognition
then strode away in
avoidance

i wanted to know
who took the glow in
your eyes
who stole your
childlike faith
what made you
stop dreaming
but you were gone

i could have told you
i am still dreaming
my dreams of old

Eloida Capuno

What Might Have Been

we agreed it was time to go
even if the mere thought of not
having you around sends shiver
to my spine
you and i knew we don't stand
a chance
we could never be
but we stubbornly defied convention

because we believed
love is not defined by morality
or that dictated by society
yet the heart's yearnings are second only
to what is best under the circumstance
we had to give in
and surrender the possibilities
all of what might have been.

Eloida Capuno

Yes, I Write Poems Too

not as polished
and good as you
do my poems
are just the musings
of a lonely fool
they lack symmetry
and rhythm
only those born of
words can do

but i dared write them
the mirror of
myself
it may not be read
or wanted to be kept
but they are my thoughts
my soul's breath

Eloida Capuno

You are Not Invincible

i looked at you and i can
only feel sadness
the pain kept beneath
your smile
the miseries behind
your eyes
And i cry secretly
in silence
wanting to reach out
to you
and let you know
i understood
but you were too proud
to share the anguish
that you are going through
And that makes me even sadder
I wish for once you forego
that cloak of invincibility
and be like anyone else
learning to accept that
we are all weak
and that it is not so much of
a crime to cry

Eloida Capuno

You Can't Go Home

the house becomes
a stranger when
you have not seen
it for long
everything else is
changed
the old road you used
to walk on
even the trees that
lined along
seem unwelcoming
and the smiles from
folks you once knew
have faded in
oblivion
nothing's the same
i am home
but not quite
only the suitcases
fit in my room

Eloida Capuno

Your Eyes

</>your eyes
are like
two deep
wells
where i
quench
my thirst
they speak
to me in
volumes
without a word
uttered
and when you
smile
with just a glint
all joys foretold

Eloida Capuno

Zee

he left a legacy of unpaid bills
from a long lingering illness
those left behind will have to accept

but they were relieved of his passing
as if a heavy burden was lifted
he will no longer be a baggage

some were guilt stricken for years
of make believe he do not exist
was there anyone sincerely crying at his wake?

was there ever a good deed he can be honored
with or like Caesar, will it be interred with
his bones?

if death is life's summation, did he ever made the grade
not if he was to be accountable
for the many offsprings he could not raise

and their lives that were a mess.

Eloida Capuno