Poetry Series

Ferdinand L Quintos

- 142 poems -

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A Night On Mt. Olympus

As the gods silently slept On imposing Mt. Olympus, So surreptitiously I crept And awakened goddess Venus.

She gave me a big red apple, Then she asked me to have a bite, And, by the gods, did I tremble With a strange torrid delight.

With gentleness I pushed ajar Her wide chamber's rose-colored door, I saw an ark full of nectar And deep within me flowed ardor.

I drew aside the golden veil And sipped the nectar in the ark, All of a sudden I did feel Love's mysteriously sweet spark.

Agony In A Theme Park

I'm oft groping in the dark why you no longer frequent our favorite theme park where you and I have spent moments happy as a lark.

I waited so long for you beside the man-made lagoon where you and I went to row under the light of the moon, you did not come, I don't know.

I combed the place over, I peered at all the faces, many met me with sneer, but I failed to find traces of you hither and thither.

Now I am alone and lost, I don't even seem to hear or feel once more the boost all the funhouses offer, I felt like I was a ghost.

The colorful Ferris wheel, trying to kiss each low cloud, no longer give me the feel to scream and shriek aloud, the pain almost makes me reel.

The roaring roller coaster, with its sharp turn, rise, and dip that used to make me holler now makes me ready to weep, deep pining makes me falter.

The exciting carousel, the fun-filled merry-go-round that, to people, held appeal, now only makes me feel down, wish it takes me right to hell.

The theme park is now all bare, gone are its allure and glow, but I don't as much as care, all this, I want you to know, because you're no longer here.

Afar beckon constellations, daring, egging: Ferdinand, go, hie, inhale juvenescent kingly leisures, moving nicely on peaceful, quieting, rarely seen trails under verdant woody xysts yon Zanzibar.

A balmy calm descends eastern firmament, glowing hues in joyful kaleidoscope limn morning's nativity, overture peacefulness, quieten restless souls, toiling under vassalage, with xenolithic yearning zip.

A bedevilled Cupid dartled every fair girl's heart in jarry kefs, like maniacal, nutty, oafish petty quondam ruler, satiated thirst using vicarious ways x-rated, yodelling zanily.

A budding cook dazzles epicures, finicky gourmets; his incomparable juicy kebabs lure many new outstanding patrons, quickly rated satisfactory, tastefully unique victual with xanthren, yummy, zippy.

Amusing, bright, charming, dear exuberant fair grandchild has inspiring jovial knack livening my night oft plain, quickly releasing stress that usurps vitality, with xenial youngster's zest.

Adolf became commander, dictator, eventually Fuhrer, ghastly holocaust incinerators, Jews killing, luciferic malevolent notion of purified quality race, soon tolled universal vehemence, wild xenophobia yielded zilch.

Adam begat Cain, delighted Eve fondly gave her infant joyous kiss, let maternal nature ooze profusely, quietly rejoiced seeing their unequalled vigorous wee xanthochroid yammering zippily.

Abel's brother Cain, deep envy filling, goading him, ignored justice, kinship, love; murderous notion overpoweringly persisted, quislingly reached sibling's total undoing via wipe-out; xenial youth zapped.

Atomic bomb caused damage extensively, flattened, ground Hiroshima in jumble, killed large masses; no other power quarters ruinous sense than unsatisfiable victors, woozy xyloid yellow zendiks.

Awake, Beloved, celebrate, darkness evacuated, fiery glowing hues, in joyful kaleidoscopic lively movements, now overlay plains. Quietly rise, savor the unspoiled vista, welcome Xanadu's yenful zenith.

Affective blithely countenance, delightfully enticing façades generating happiness incessantly, joviality kindling liveliness making nice oozing personality, qualities readily shown through unfaltering vigorousness weathering xerochoric yen, zeal.

Ahoy, butterfly, come down, efface fears growing hereabout, inciting jumbled, knotted, ludicrous movements not offering pleasant qualities regaling society to unequalled vibrance with xenial, yummy zeal.

Ages before Christ,
David encountered
Fearsome Goliath,
Honored Israel, Judah;
King Lemuel's mother
Nicely outlined proper
Qualities re selecting
Truthful, unwavering
Virtuous woman;
Xerxes yielded
Zoroastrianism

Angelic beautiful charmer descended enchantingly, face glowing honey-like I jubilantly kissed, lighted my negative outlook, pronto quieted restive soul, turned unhappy vacuous world Xanadu-like, youngish, zesty.

Active begotten child delighted eager father, gave harmony, instant joy, kicked, leapt, moved nicely, obeyed papa, quite respectful, sexuality tucked under veil whereas x-chromosomed, yeomanly zestful.

Amiably beaming constantly, dazzlingly efflorescent face generating happy illumination; joyful, kindhearted, loveable manners never outgrown; pleasant qualities retained serenely through unfaltering vigilance with xeniality, yenning, zestfulness.

Astrologers, believing celestine dimensions exude forces governing humans, influencing judgments, kismets, logically made novel oracular predictions quietly reading stellar tracks, unique vectors, wherefore xenially yielded Zodiac.

Astonishing Bedouin chief, desert expert, feeling great happiness, intense jubilation, kneels, limbers, makes nice oasis paradisic quiet refuge, shows truly unique virtuosity, whistles xylophonically, yodels zestfully.

Abominable bee colonist drones, evolves feeling greatly he is justified killer, leads making new order, promptly quashes resistance, silences terrorism, unleashes violence whacking, x-ing, yanking, zapping.

All befuddled, confused, disoriented entirely, focus gone haywire, I jog kinephantomically like moronic nondescript or perplexed, quirky, restless sylph treading unknown venues wearing xanthic yucky zamarra.

Annunciation boded Christianity, divine emissary from God hailed immaculate, joyful, kind loving Mary, nubile, outstandingly pulchritudinous quality, redeemer signified through undefiled virgin's womb, Xtus, Yahweh's zenith.

Avowed beatitudes counsel, duly, every faithful good habits, including justness, kindliness, loving, meekness, neighborliness, openness, peacefulness, quantum religiosity, strict trustworthiness, unwavering veritableness; wherefore, xenially yield zestfully.

Avoid bad companies. don't expect fame, glory, honor in junkies, kookies, loose morals; never obtain passive qualities responding slyly to uncouth vandals with xeric youthfulness, zealousness.

Adorable blithely clown, dazzling entertainer, finished giving highly inimitable jesting, klieg lights muted, now off pirouetting quickly, rightly, skillfully tucking under vivacity weariness, xyster-like, yanking zest.

Ali Baba can't detect enemies, forty goons hiding in jars; knowledgeable lass Morgiana needed oil, pronto, quickly reboiled, scalded thieves; unwary villains withered, x-marked, yes, zapped.

Along beaten Coventry, daringly entered fair Godiva, habilimentless, imploring justness, kindliness, lashing mean, nonsensical, oppressive paradigm, questing repressive, stifling taxation's undoing, voiding, with xenolithic yen, zestfulness.

Ardently beseeching, come, dearest Erato, forthwith give heed, inspire juvenescence, kindly lift my norm of poetry, quicken rhyme search, teach unerring versification without xenophobic yelling, zapping.

Apothecary belatedly concocts drug exclusively for gentlemen: helps induce jubilating kicks, lengthens, motivates nocturnal outstanding performances, quickly resuscitates, strengthens terminally unresponsive virility. Want Xanadu your zenith?

Apollo begged Cassandra, damsel extraordinary foreteller, grant him inspiring joyful kick, lure merited none, outright perdition quietly resented, seeress turned unbelievable, vengeance wrought xystered youthful zestfulness.

Author Burroughs conceptualized delightful entertaining fantasy, Greystoke, hero in jungle kingdom, lived midst nature, over primates quietly ruled, strong Tarzan, undoubtedly very wholesome, xenially yielding zestfulness..

As brumal coldness descends, exuberant feelings grow; humanity, inexorably joyful, knowing Lord Messiah's nativity oncoming, placidly, quietly ready signs that underscore veneration, wholehearted, xenial yearning zooming.

Anointed baby coming down earth, feathered godly herald instructed Joseph keep, lead Mary nurture Omnipotent's progeny, quested Redeemer, Savior to undo venial waywardness xerifying Yahweh's zone.

Ah, but, Charlie, don't ever forget good housewife is joyous, kind, loving mate now onto perpetuity, quite rare spouse to unnerve visibly when x-generations yowl zanily.

Always be contrite, don't ever forsake God, He is just, kind, loving; mutter novel orisons piously, quietly reverently; strive to unceasingly venerate wholeheartedly Xtus yonder Zion.

A blessed child did Eternal Father give, hallelujah, it's Jesus, kenotic, lived mortal, nemesis of Pharisees's quackery, redeemed sinners, taught us verity, whereof Xmas, yearning's zenith.

Angels bearing cithers dance elegantly, flit gaily, huddle intuitionally, jubilantly kneel like mannequins neatly organized, pray, quietly rise, soar, then upbye vocalize words Xmassy, yahwestically zestful.

Abel bred cattle down Eden fields; godly, he imparted justness, kindness, loving mien, prayerful quietude, reverence; shaded them under verdurous, wild, xyloid yews zesty.

Ambling beyond clouds, defying earth's forceful gravitational hold, I jubilate, knowingly, lingering 'midst nebulae of phantasmagorical, quaintly reserves, scan truly unique vales, with xenoglossia, yammer zanily.

Anna (Acrostic Poem)

A tale of mythical creation
__tells of Galatea, with great beauty,
__chiseled from ivory by Pygmalion,
__given breath of life by Aphrodite.
Never did I profess the least notion
__that you can be less beautiful than she,
__you were made by God, not by Pygmalion,
__not from cold ivory but from warm clay.
No offense, but you might have turned stone,
__for you did not evince sympathy
__to my offer of love and devotion,
__and left me to suffer in penury.
And so I asked God in an orison
__to wake you up from taciturnity,
__so with His true infinite compassion,
__He molded you anew with love for me.

ARIADNE (Acrostic Poem)

A name that sounds so very sweet, .in Plato's tongue it means purest, .without a doubt here I will tell .that it fits you so very well. Reflect, it does, right pulchritude, .shown by your thoughts and attitude, .and sure I am that you remain, .live up to it never in vain. I deem myself truly lucky, .your precious you gave to me, writer so insignificant .wallowing in near extreme want. All fears in life I've cast aside .with your love as my constant guide, .whatever woes shall on me call, .your love will sure weather them all. Dearest, your love I do liken, .to thread, in myth that was written, that your namesake to Theseus gave, .led him out labyrinthian cave. Never again will I find one, .when the time comes you will be gone, .with heart and love so pure and true .as the good Lord has given you. Ergo, my love, I hereby pledge your love I will ever cherish, .from here up to Oblivion's edge, until the whole world shall vanish.

Awareness

Wander under the light, ever shining so bright, of the waxing old moon: feel life as it goes on.

Walk under the light rain caressing the dry plain, in the midst of summer: feel vibrant life quiver.

Bliss

Bliss is feeling, sharing, living, every blessing God is giving.

Bliss is feeling, and savoring, all the loving you are sharing.

Bliss is living one life with you, bliss is sharing one love with you.

Bliss is letting me care for you, bliss is loving the Lord with you

Bottle Of Wine

Deep stupor, devil's favor, in wine I find to lull my mind.

But the torpor, wanted succor, is all in vain, against love's pain

Bravado

I saw a lovely flower dancing under light shower, its brilliant petals all gleam with the warm kiss of sunbeam. If only you were that bloom, even at great risk of dire doom, I would have given a peck on your lovely blushing cheek, 'cause, to me, you have given the quietude of heaven.

Breaking Free

It took me a long time to write free-verse poems,

an eerie tale lies behind persisting in my mind,

each time I began a poem I felt some entities behind me,

looking over my shoulders, breathing down my neck,

I had the feeling they were former English lit teachers,

until I finally got fed-up and read about exorcism

when they came I chanted 'egosum pactum dominum nostrum, '

I didn't even know what those Latin words meant,

but an odd feeling ran over me, I heard chains break, I was free.

Butterfly

From your silk cocoon I will let you fly, go and kiss the moon, and soar ever high.

Your right place go find, but please forget not, that you fill my mind and you mean a lot.

Carol (Acrostic poem)

Can I ever hope to conquer And silence the love for you Raging in me with wild power? Oh, maybe when old Sol will no Longer rise and hide forever

Charade

I thought your honeyed lips I will forever kiss, and make you mine for keeps in an unending bliss.

But, alas, wrong I was, for all the things you made, and all that came to pass, were nothing but charade.

Crabbing

We always crab this life is drab, and blame the Lord for all discord.

It shouldn't be for gave us He freedom and will, His Word as well.

Daldal-lot

Daan la'n kaugalian ed kaumaan nagkalalo la ed saray katatkenan, no bilang inaro ed bilay so inatey akisan da na makapaab-abagey.

Daldal-lot no tawagen nalapu ni'd saman, katekep na masyado ya kaermenan tan kabansag na pansalmay da iray lua, say bilay nen inatey utel na istoria.

Wala'y daldal-lot ya tua'n makapasibeg, liknaan na saray ondengel natenyeg, wala met so daldal-lot ya makapalpalek, balet diman ed sulinek ka onelek.

Si Tio Dorot kinetket na madita'n oleg, tampol-tampol sikato so nanpasireg insan nauyos so bilay to ya binayes, asawa'n Tia Marin dia'd ermen alemes.

Una'n labi labat na lamay nen Tio Dorot, ginapuan la nen Tia Marin so daldal-lot, wala'y tono ya makapabegas na bago, aro to'd si Tio Dorot intagleey to.

Dorot, inyogaog to, inaro'n asawak, akin et bengat la ya tinaynan mo ak? Karuman labat bilay ta so napno'y logor, bangbalet natan siak la so manbokbokor.

Manag-agos so lua tan linget ed lupa to, dia ed pagew mandal-daluyon so ermen to, say duara'n sali bigla to'n inkansa-kansag, nilakap to so longon, ngalngali ya naplag.

Saray milalamay wala'y manlua, mansinglot, alikna da met so ermen to'n manutot; say boses nen Tia Marin tinmaningting lamet, intuloy to'y litania to'n marandanet.

Karuman, 'kuan to, masaya ka ni, asawa, aso'y pinakan mo, sa'y kuan mo, "toto dia, " sinibuagan mo na ilik ira 'may manok, ya makmaksil mo'n tinawag na, "korrrok."

Saray totoo'n wala'd bintana sinmelek, inmarawi'n ag natepela'y ayek-ek, akikerew ira'y kape'n agay lay pait pian say imis ed lupa da so naaknit.

Denizens Of The Dumpsite

They stand silently on the roadside like tired zombies staring wide, but they are not a frightful sight, they're denizens of the dumpsite.

Like grave soldiers standing ground, they wait for the familiar sound, roar of dump trucks with wastes loaded, garbage from cities collected.

They ran to the place where they knew the creaking trucks would spew, like locusts come from feast of grasses, their now-nauseating heaviness.

With improvised wire hooks and probes, they go about in frenzied moves, bravely rummage hither and thither, bits of metals, tins, and paper.

When, to them, nothing of value is left within their range of view, they sort things out, cram them sacks, haul them down the dump on their backs.

Not resting, they go right to junkyards to reap their dirty works' rewards, few pesos and maybe some cents to bring home with the nauseous scents.

Going home they thank God so Good, now they can buy food for their brood, rest and wait for the next daylight, another trip to the dumpsite.

Is not, to them, thanks is also fit, for, to ponder, weigh all of it, to GNP they contribute although some think it's too minute.

The trash they sell for a pittance go to the plants a little distance, feed recycle mills made to purr by men paid to quell their hunger.

The trash become new goods anew With looks so attractive to view, Give more net to men of business, bring the government more taxes.

Deremen

Malangwer ya ansakket iniguban pian untan ondeket ed apoy na sinigat a kawayan, sinalor ed batya'n dati'n panpepesakan.

Ansakket ya iniguban niluba ed eges na taltagan, pian say butil et dia'd osang nasian ed belat na alo'n mansusublayan.

Aluba'n ansakket ya iniguban inpisok ed lasong pian degasan, binayo'y alo ed kumpas na isa, dua, talo pian anggapo'y napatogan ya bumabayo.

Adegasan ansakket ya iniguban inakir nanlapu ed lasong pian taepan ibantak so tegap, uring tan antokaman natilak la'y deremen ya sankasamitan.

Deremen a kayemkayem inpireg, inigar so niog insan pinespesa'y gata, inpaluag ed talyasi insan minasamitan dereme'y inlaok, inlubi la so nagmaliwan.

Andeket a inlubi, niliwliw, inaon, inpalatas ed bigao'n inapisay bulong, inatado'y pakuadrado, duga-duga'n isubo, inawit nen nanay ed tindaan piano ilako.

Andeket ya inlubi agano'n alako, si nanay agto nasabsabaan so liket to, kuarta'n nanlakuan na inlubi ya andeket, mamaliwawa'y arapen mi'n ambilunget.

Desideratum

O wonderful lotus bloom, the joy of ancient mystics, with your charm undo the doom of partisan politics.

Let your scent silently burst, over this islands hover, to exorcise the deep thirst for an unbridled power.

Diane (Acrostic poem)

Done none in my life In the past but fight Against odds so rife. Now all's past as night, End, you did, all strife.

Discordance

You hummed to me beautiful chords to celebrate our new-born love, so inspired, I wrote fitting words and a romantic song we wove.

Alas, one of the words I wrote went awry and fell out of rhyme lost cadence and struck a note so out of tune, well out of time.

Doom

Reading between Holy Book lines I came upon some eerie finds, allow me, please, to tell them here even as it makes me shudder.

Noah's scions, reaching Shilnar, a name that ends just like in war, began to build a tower high to reach God beyond the sky.

But God, by that, was not amused so He, their language, made confused, each man then went to seek own place that now it's hard to talk of peace.

By Sarai's maid, one called Hagar, a name that ends just like in war, Abram begat son Ismael whose tribe, God's angel said, will swell.

Ismael will a wild man be, also said God's emissary, with his hand against every man, against him that of every man.

Times' signs forebode a future dark but let us pray, ask God to hark, beg Him to take away discord that peace may reign over the world.

Dream

The other night of you I dreamed, from up a light on you streamed.

I heard a song, sung soft and low, life will be long if lived with you.

Ecstasy

As I lay lonesome one night in my bed, Somnus on my wearied eyes descended, but when my eyelids were about to meet toward slumber expectedly sweet, loomed before me your so beautiful sight, your fullness gleaming under the soft light, your fingers moved as if they're magic wands as you sweetly bade me to take your hands.

My body, with your tender touch, quavered, in your eyes fires of desire smoldered, I pressed your supple form and held you tight, Eden's gate opened and we shared the night. A rooster's crow heralded a new day, I moved hoping to touch you as you lay, but my fingers felt nothing, froze with fright, . I turned, but I found you've gone with the night,

Wherever you're now, hearken to this plea: do come every night, share my fantasy, thrill my reveries, waken my desire, and savor my manhood's consuming fire.

Emily (Acrostic poem)

Eastern horizon bursts with colors,
_morning comes to ease all my dolors;
Memories of dreadful dreams last night,
_like startled wild birds, take to flight;
I rise up once more to seize the day,
_or take what God lays on my way;
Life has all been an arduous trek,
_lightened only by the love I seek;
You alone made my life worth living,
_gave it hope for a happy ending.

Entreaty

The sun takes refuge behind the mountains, eerie shades deluge the grain-laden plains.

The night keeps vigil 'til dawns a day new, the world lies tranquil, soaked in midnight dew.

Rest, alas, shuns me, a deep searing pain chews up my body, tears even my brain.

Ever-gracious Lord, look down from above, let her hear my word entreating for love.

Essence

Find the real essence and the true quintessence, seek the sane meaning of a person's being.

What seems to be may not and what seems to be not may be, really, what is: deep enigma, this is.

Farewell

I loved you for so long, in my mind you belong, in my heart you dwell, at night I miss you well.

By day you give delight and set my mood alright, wherever I may go think of you's first I do.

My work I can't begin until you I have seen, my brain stops going until you give it zing.

So many friends opine you, for me, aren't fine, I will live more in ease if love for you I'd cease.

A goddess put it right, very few like your sight, but, truth of the matter, I have known you better.

I've known the risks you bring, the hazards you're hiding, so listen to me well:
O, cigarette, farewell!

Farida (Acrostic poem)

Fresh as daisy flower After a light shower, Richly-hued petals gleam In the morning sunbeam. Do, to me, kindly tell: Are you sweet as well?

Feeling Free

I just wrote and posted my first free-verse poem,

I got a fine sensation like a thoroughbred

grudgingly let loose in the airy open field

though the stable's gate is still open and calling.

Freedom

I thought freedom is only for us humans

this is my nth mistake, inanimates enjoy it too,

found this while writing my second free verse,

my monitor went dark and refused to light up,

I was about to poke it but I feared it might call 911.

Glass Tomb

I awoke as darkness gave the night a kiss, a reluctant goodbye to yield the blue sky.

To the hall I did race, to see the red flower you set in a glass vase with a love so tender.

I felt profound sadness when I saw it was all withered and lifeless, petals began to fall.

The bloom is now a mess, leaving only a scent of decaying sweetness, a joyless world's portent.

As I gazed at the vase, it became as a tomb, all ready to embrace my love you only doomed.

Goodnight

Heavy each of my eyelids hangs weighted down by Somnus's hands, gentle wind now blows from Dreamland, time to sleep is well at hand.

Haikus (12)

Stars went hiding, graciously lending the night to thousand fireflies.

2 Soon it will snow, let me winter in your heart, bask in your love's glow.

The moon takes a bow, rakes memories in my mind, my heart's in Davao.

4
Your lips are deep red,
no poinsettias this Christmas,
you took their color.

5
Your eyes and the night,
sharing one beautiful sight:
stars shining bright.

6
The rain continues,
roofs, in unison, complain:
you're monotonous.

7
The rain just stopped,
the flood waters are ebbing
like pains from my heart.

8
The sun up above,
like God, peering down to see
who's naughty or nice.

9
I woke up early
to the reveille of birds,
a beautiful day.

10 Thick clouds, like gesso, daubed impasto on sky like my jumbled mind. As heat of the sun burns like Hell's fiery breath, you are my oasis.

12 Heavy rains persist, flooding here and everywhere, sharp heartaches subsist.

Heart Garden

Look into your heart don't ever let part even a little dream, but let it gleam.

A dream is a seed, and your breast a bed, out of which may grow a new tomorrow.

I Am Phoenix

Like the mythical phoenix I'll arise from my ashes, even death can't ever fix my soul to a grave's coldness.

I will continue to live, my love's warmth you'll always find, in every cryptic missive in verses I'll leave behind.

I Am The River Agno

Under the vast skies, dawn of now-aging time, I sprang from the slope of Mt. Data of the Cordillera mountains, cared of by the dews and mists, my light were stars, moon, and sun.

But it is Mother Nature's law, in my heart written, the height of breast I came from, I can not rise above, but rather I have to move on, seek my own destiny.

I set out, sought my way, I crept through the cracks and crevices of rocks, pushed through the hard earth, went down deep canyons, night and day I did not stop, I had no sleep or rest.

Along the way I met other's like me, big or small they went with me, born of the same nature, raised with the same mission though from distant bosoms, we united, we became me.

I am the River Agno.

Weariness and sadness I did not mind, I went on my own odyssey, up ahead I saw another one like me, Gulf of Lingayen, the wind told me.

I flowed toward it, I dived, and I embraced it. I fathomed its depth, I searched its vastness, its movements and character I observed, I learned much about it, but it doesn't know anything about me.

Although how big it is, it does not know where I came from, though it has the strength, it cannot push back my flow, I can not make it any bigger, but it can not consume me.

Time and the world is getting old but I go on living, because

I still get nourishment from the spring where I came from, along with the blessed love of a powerful God.

I am the River Agno.

(The Agno River is the third largest river in Luzon (next to Cagayan River and Pampanga River) and the fifth largest river in the Philippines. It empties into the Gulf of Lingayen in Pangasinan province.)

I Write As I Write

Writing poetry is fast, like chasing the waters the rain has dropped before they reach the drains.

I think fast, much to fast for my sluggard pen, though i could run fast in high school they called me Jesse Owens.

So what I usually do is encode it in my brain and slowly write it peeking into it every now and then, like copying during school exams.

Ignis Fatuus

A big ball, you are, of fire with heart full of wily ruse, you roused my earthly desire: you're an ignis fatuus.

But middle of ecstasy, your hellish fire you did lose, your fervor blew so icy: you're an ignis fatuus.

I'll Go On Writing Poetry

Should a tree become leafless, a bench gets soaked by coldness still I'll write poetry from here to eternity.

I'll write about leaves fallen, I'll write of a bench forsaken, the world's full of things diverse of which one could write a verse.

Jennifer (Acrostic Poem)

Just as I felt energy
Escaping from my body,
Newer impetus to live
Now you did unto me give.
I thank the good Lord above,
Forever full of great love,
Everyday for making you
Reset my life clock anew.

Kasalanan

Mamegle-pegley nen saman so tiagew, sinmabi ka'n agko aparaanan, awit mo'y aro'n manliob ed pagew, apoy na infierno so abaingan.

Panpilalek ed pusok so dinmalang, aliling ko'y dayami'n asilayutan na apoy mo ya agay la'y langalang, nilakap ko'y baleg a kasalanan.

Katuaan

Ilaloan mo, agko kaermenan no bilang et sika la'y ontaynan, awaten ko'n mabolbolos ed puso no sika'd siak anggapo la'y aro.

Leneg ya panbabawwian ko, amin da ira'y inpanengneng mo pulos manaya'n pankunkunwari, tan siak dita'd pusom so arawi.

Le Mirage

I saw a flower surreal, it looked to me so real, it struck love in my heart with scented poisoned dart.

When the flower I did take, that, for myself, I may make a fine and handsome corsage, I found out 'twas all mirage.

Let Parnassus Be Yours

You may not, at all, appreciate
Each and every poem I create,
I'll let all your criticisms be
For they don't mean anything to me.
My poems, to you, may not have beauty
But they help me keep my sanity.
Let my verses be the deep darkness
That stresses your poems' fineness,
Mind not if I don't become famous
But go gild your way up Parnassus.

Liberty (Acrostic)

Life's living paragon
Is what, to me, you are,
Beauty and brain you own,
Endowed by the Father,
Right, since your born,
Trust I'll love, forever,
You with deepest passion.

Life and Living

Not just for the nonce do we on earth live, we all live but once, so mind how we live.

Evil, do not mind or keep it in mind, but every deed we will leave behind.

Life Is A Carousel

Like a time-beaten carousel forever tirelessly turning, life is going on in a reel, ever tirelessly spinning.

Farcical, comical people all attired in garish colors, forever jostle and grapple even for just hazy honors.

Life Is A Roller Coaster

The colorful roller coaster runs in circles and ups and downs, its ear-splitting harsh clatter the lovely soft music it drowns.

Life on earth marches on and on, goes in no different patterns, it rambles in blurring motion,

Life's Essence

Find the essence, the quintessence, seek the meaning of one's being.

What is may not, and what is not maybe what is: deep riddle, this.

Lost Song

You gave to me tuneful chords, to celebrate our new-born love, inspired, I wrote fitting words, and a romantic song we wove.

Alas, one of the words I wrote went awry and fell out of rhyme, lost cadence and struck a note out of tune well out of time.

Love Is A Seed

After almost like vast eon, you are here like apparition, hit me, as if with a truncheon, with a somewhat inane question.

You ask if I still love you like I used to say long time ago, for the nth time I will tell you what I am sure you now well know.

Love, I told you, is like a seed, to grow it needs to find a bed, with love and care must be tended, and with soil, sunshine, water fed.

But with a heart hard as stone, you left my love seed all alone, let it not grow, nipped it so soon and bade it off to Oblivion.

Luisa (Acrostic Poem)

Lying deep in my mind, Unknown to the world, I've kept you confined, Soon, tell you, I would All the whys behind.

Lux Falsus

Though faint I shine from place afar, my light is mine for I'm star.

Brighter you glow, but dims so soon, light you borrow for you are moon.

Missing Heart

Tangled in torrid bliss, I held you oh so tight, savored your warm kisses as moon burned so bright.

But I forgot to feel the heart of yours under, on hindsight I can tell that it never was there.

Morning Dew

The dewdrops cling onto crisp grass tips, with light refracting as soft sun's ray drips.

Dew is the clarion of every new day, earth life must go on The Lord seems to say.

My Routine

I rise every morning though my head is reeling,

I take a cold shower to coax back my power,

I sip my black coffee as I gaze around me,

I eat my morning meal to keep my body well,

I get ready for work from which I never shirk,

I face every client with thought to be patient,

I chat with pals I meet so boredom I could beat,

I take the morning nosh to get some added push,

I go back to my work feeling a renewed perk,

I take my noon repast which I down very fast,

I have a little break, to avoid getting weak,

I return to my desk to do things with a brisk,

I call it quits at five, which takes long to arrive,

I plod the road to home and my little kingdom,

I freshen my self up thinking on what to sup,

I take a hot supper of fried chicken liver,

I solve crossword puzzles to ease mind and muscles,

I retire for the night

with heart feeling so light,

I wait for the next day and things it brings my way;

A simple life, it seems, a modest person dreams,

but all the time, no gap, there's no way to stop,

I have you in my mind since your love I did find.

My Star (No Rhyme But With Reason)

Dusk, I face the western horizon to look at the Evening Star, Planet Venus, as serene as you are.

Dawn, I face the eastern horizon, to gaze at the Morning Star, Planet Venus, as lovely as you are.

Love, now, in my own world's horizon, you are the bright-shining star, you lift my spirit from dusk 'til dawn.

New Day

Feel the creeping silence pushing away midnight, feel the looming radiance of another day bright.

Arise, dear loyal friend, and hail the glorious morn, cast aside all the pain and feel like you're reborn.

NINIA (Ngaranlong)

Nen linmalalabas ira ya panaon Ilalok anggapo la'y bili bilay ko, Natan, balet saya tampol nauman la, Inyabuloy na Katawan Manamalsa Akapan-abet nanduman dalan ta.

Nothing Important (No Rhyme, All Reason)

"Nothing important," that's all I can say when I lose courage to say, though its true, the phrase, "I love you."

Why, people may ask, do I heave deep sighs when you pass by me, sit up and watch the night, leave my meal aside?

Perchance, you may ask the same question, too; I will clear my throat, modulate my voice, flash a broad smile.

Then, proudly, I will say, with faked honesty, though I hope someday you will see through me, "Nothing important.."

Panduarua

Wala ni'n siansia so panduarua ya dia'd utel na pusom nan-obong, dia'd siak pasekder mo'y pananisia, arok ed sika lawas matonong.

Lamet, ipanonot ko ed sika, promisak ed sika'n sinambaan, pablien, aroen, tan alwaran ka na maseseg tan andi-anggaan.

Pangasinan (Sakey A Lugay)

Pan-aasinan nen panaon ya inmuna, ..malaem ed yaman-dayat tan arum ni 'ra ..ya makana'n tagano na laman da'y lapag ..ya too'd sakop to tan arum ni ya dapag. Anduyan da'y mabayani'n manangilaban ..na dayew tan kareenan tan kawayangan, ..di Urduja, Malong, Palaris, tan dakel ni, ..kontra ed saray dayo'n malamang, malasi. Natan, sakey la'd saray maaliguas ya luyag ..ed tibukel ya Filipinas tan nibabawag ..ya maong a panayaman, pangiletnegan ..na pamilya, tan lugar ya panpoonanan. Genap la'n mataluna'd dakel ya aspeto, ..obras publicas, educasion, tan turismo, ..industria, agrikultura, tan kadalanan, ..economia, comercio, tan abig-laman. Anggapo la ngali lugar ya ag nasabi, ..manbiahe man anto'n oras, agew o labi, ..dalan aspaltado o sementado lanti, ..bilunget naandi ed silew de kuryente. Say sakit ag la masyado'n pakapagaan, ..tambalan asingger, iner ma'y kawalaan, ..arum ni ed saray regionalal tan provincial, ..wala'y ondarakel ya district hospital. Istoryaen so komersio tan say negosyo, ..wala la'y dakel, maliket la 'ray totoo, ..dinmakel so trabaho, bilay inmasenso, ..kaha'y bahley naaruman para'd servicio. No educasion, ag natalo'y luyag natan, ..dakel la'y universidad tan escuelaan, ..completo so napanpilian ira'n kurso, ..singa medical, comercio, ono tekniko. Agamoran a amin ya ed panamegley ..na apalabas laut la'd peles ya uley, ..kipapasen ed luyag, pinaaliguas da, ..pian napasimbalo'y bilay na totoo dia. Nanengneng, arapen na luyag malinew la, ..masalindak to'n kurang, aga la nabaya, ..balet kaukula'y andi-tunda ya kimey, ..ta sukata'y aliguas lawas manatagey.

(Insulat nen 2011, koma-432 na inkiletneg na Pangasinan bilang sakey a luyag na Pilipinas.)

Poems

The poems tell, each and or all, a tale so well, fiction and all.

We may believe, we can't believe, we don't believe, or won't believe.

Prayer To The Lady

Loving mother of our Redeemer Lord, A virgin ever so pulchritudinous, Do not, we beseech you please, from us withhold Your deep maternal love so very precious.

Oh, through your intercession, we beg a world Free from every earthly strife and discord.

Mother pure, look down from heaven and behold All of us, your children, as each continues, No resting, to strive hard for all that's good, And relieve them all of their worldly sorrows. Oh clement and chosen Handmaid of the Lord, Assist them in asking our dear gracious God to keep them when their times end in this world.

Rain

Raining, pouring outside, blaming the depression: tropic'd motion.

Raining, pouring in me, blaming the depression: my emotion.

Romarie (Acrostic Poem)

Can I ever hope to conquer And silence the love for you Raging in me with wild power? Oh, maybe when old Sol will no Longer rise and hide forever

Salome (Acrostic Poem)

She fills the air with a scent As sweet as lavender, Lifts me in dreamy moment, Overcomes every fear, Melts my heart in heaven-sent Ecstasy 'round the year.

Say Panangaro

Say panangaro anggapo'y kabaliksan to no dia'd utel na puso labat ipangaw mo, manepeg met ya ibesngaw dia ed salita, pian dia'd too'n aaroen et nipaamta.

Sa panangaro anggapo ya'y kakanaan, no dia'd palabras labat so pakaamtaan, no anggapo'y kiwas ira'n pakaliknaan na ampetang a seseg to ono katuaan

September In My Hometown

Welcome, September, ninth month of the year, end of the lean season, season of the monsoon.

The first month with 'ber, ' cold weather's harbinger, though fickle is the season and may yet bring a typhoon.

Your advent is welcomed well, greeted with an early noel, for lurking just in the corner is, again, happy December.

Blame us not for starting early preparing for Christ's nativity, for our dear little country is a cradle of Christianity.

Sheena (Acrostic poem)

She touches my soul with the lightness of dew that caresses the roses, Her smiles lend brilliance to the dawn that ushers in yet another morn, Echoes of her sweet-sounding laughter are my day's fair-weather harbinger, Enchantment in her dark eyes nestling sends me, my whole being, quivering, Night-colored and long tresses enthrall me like the murmuring waterfall, Ah, but these things are fantasies, clear, for, to her heart, I am nowhere near.

Sheryl (Acrostic poem)

Stars trim their light, Hurriedly beat a flee, Early sunrays bright Race with fervid glee, Yearn that they might Look at your rare sight.

Siak So Ilog Agno

Diad silong na maawang a tawen, palbango'y panaon la'n ontatatken, sinmobol ak ed diking na Mt. Data, ed kapalandeya'y Cordillera, inampopo'y linaew tan kelpa, silew ko'y bitewen, bulan, tan banwa.

Ganggan balet na Ina Natura, ya dia'd pusok akakurit la, katagey na pagew a nanlapuan so agko nayari'n lampasan, ingen kanepegan ko'y onkurang, anapen so dili'n kapalaran.

Siak so binmuat, dalan inanap ko, sinurob ko'y sengat da 'ray bato, anawet ya dalin so kinuykoy, aralem ira'n kelas tinaboy, agew tan labi anggapoy tunda anggapo'y ogip o painawa.

Dia'd dalan nabet ko 'ray kaparak, baleg o melag akila ira'd siak, nanpapara'y getma tan gagala, pare-pareho so inkapalsa tampol nanlakapan, nansayaksak, nankasakey, nagmaliw kami'n siak.

Siak so Ilog Agno.

Kesaw tan ermen agko alikna, intuloy ko'y dili'k ya odesia, atamdagan ko so singa say siak, Gulfo'y Lingayen, 'kua'y dagem ed siak, kurang ko'y dia'd sikato inmarap, tinmiblong ak, sikato'y linakap.

Tinukor ko so kaaralem to, sinukisok ko'y kalaparan to, inaral ko'y inlesa to'd mundo, galaw tan kiwas to inimano, dakel a naamtaan ko'd sikato agto balet kabat so bilay ko.

Anggaman anto so kabaleg to, agto amta no iner ak nanlapu, anggan sikato'y walaa'y kasil, agos ko so agto napapawil, agko naaruma'y kabaleg to, ag balet naupot so laman ko.

Matatken la'y panaon tan mundo

balet tuloy ni'y panbibilay ko, ta siak ni'y papawita'y tagano na sobol no iner ak nanlapu tekep so masantos ya panangaro na makapanyari ya Dios tayo.

Siak so Ilog Agno.

English translation:

I Am The River Agno

Under the vast skies, at dawn of now-aging time, I sprang from the slope of Mt. Data of the Cordillera mountains, cared by the dews and mists, my light were the stars, moon, and sun.

But it is Mother Nature's law, in my heart written, the height of breast I came from, I can not rise above, but rather I have to move on, seek my own destiny.

I set out, sought my way,
I crept through cracks and crevices of rocks,
pushed through the hard earth,
went down deep canyons,
night and day I did not stop,
I had no sleep or rest.

Along the way I met other's like me, big or small they went with me, born for the same purpose and of the same nature we united, we became me.

I am the River Agno.

Weariness and sadness I did not mind, I went on my own odyssey, I saw one like me, Gulf of Lingayen, the wind told me., my flow turned toward it, I dived in, and I embraced it.

I fathomed its depth,
I searched its vastness,
its movements and character I observed,
I tried to learn how it came into being,
I learned much about it,

but it doesn't know anything about me.

No matter how big it is, it knows not where I came from, though it has the strength, it can not push back my flow, P can not make it bigger, but it can not consume me.

Time, like the world, is getting old but I go on existing because I still get nourishment from the spring I came from along with the blessed love of the powerful God.

I am the River Agno.

(Agno is one of the principal rivers of the Philippines. It is found in Luzon, one of the country's three main island groups.)

So Near Yet So Far

The night is so calm and the stars gleam, Oh, my love do come, fill my every dream.

You lie very near yet seem far away, as if you're out there beyond Milky Way

Stormy Issue

Televised weather bulletins say that the typhoon has moved out today of my land's area of responsibility, but at the aftermath of the calamity a big questioned is asked by many: Who is it to be held responsible for all the regrettable great trouble? 'Jurisprudence, written with clarity, typhoon and each natural calamity is no less an act of the Almighty, I flatly refuse, on this, to converse, thinking of it alone gives me shivers.

Sunshine Becomes You

I woke up early this morning
To the sound of the rain pouring,
Thick clouds hiding the sun from view
But the moment I thought of you
Deep in my heart there came sunshine
And everything to me turned fine.

Tagleey Na Puso

Maawang a petek ko'n tawen bengat-bengat la'n linmiwawa, baybay angga ed abalaten, nen saray bitewen linmesa.

Say kirlap da so manlangalang, abainga'y briliante'n mabli, pamagit ed saray segsegang, mangiter na liket ed labi.

Balet siak dia ed saya'n bekta binalkot na erme'y isip ko, say puso'k nilener ed paga, na sakey falso'n panangaro.

Onsabi ni dakel ya labi kaulop da ira'y bitewen, wala met ni kasi kabuasan ya say arom siak so abeten?

The Drink

Deep stupor, I tried to find in wine bottle to lull my mind but the torpor was all in vain against love's excruciating pain.

Eerie swirling smoke flume engulfs the gloomy bar room, frightening figures, all tall, sway, menacing, on the wall.

I see, disfigured, your face, In my mind I felt unease, I see you slowly shrink, I said it must be the drink.

The Ending

When I turned to look at you again, You were like a watercolor painting Someone has left under the heavy rain, Your colors bled and started dripping.

I fled the shed to go and embrace you But the wind blew and hid you from my view, I scooped up the mud the colors stained But through my fingers by rain they were drained.

From the distance a thunder deeply boomed The rain abated and came to and end, I knew then that my love for you was doomed, All that's left is think of you as a friend.

The Foundling

By Shakespeare, I recall it, a rose by any other name, The Bard said, smells just as sweet, a metaphor that has gained fame.

The thought flew me back to Davao, to an acquaintance named Ciloy, many many years before now, who found a barely walking boy.

He held him hoping one would come, one who it was that took him there, within many hours and some 'til time no more he could spare.

The boy not knowing who he was, either the place where he came from, Ciloy had no option, alas, pitied the boy and brought him home.

Three days, same time, the boy he brought back to the place where him he found, no one came, the boy none sought, Ciloy to home then turned around.

Ciloy then felt himself behooved to rear the boy, make him his own, with his dear wife likewise moved, had him baptized with his name soon.

The boy grew up hale and strong, Ciloy felt pride in his young man, taught him all his trade before long, well-known and trusted handyman.

One night the son up did not show from an errand he went to run, caused fear in Ciloy's heart to grow, as nation was martial law-run.

On the third night, some men fishing noticed something that looked like buoy in the bay up and down bobbing, Ciloy went and found 'twas his boy.

With broken heart, Ciloy buried his dear son in a fitting gave, the foundling on whom he doted to whom his name with love he gave.

Ere living the grave, Ciloy said, tears falling, "Rest in God's place, son, "

struggled to remain staid and with courage he moved on.

The boy is sure now with the Lord, for any boy by any name is to Him more precious than gold, kept under His Love's lasting flame.

The Tiger And My Song

The roaring tiger sprang As I stepped to go near, To the love song I sang It refused to lend an ear.

Its pearly but fearful fangs Shone with death under the sun, Inside me spiteful pangs So suddenly have begun.

This Thing Called Cellphone

Cellphone makers have gone beyond texting, users can now go internet surfing; I, myself too, have gone beyond texting, now I use a cellphone for verse-writing.

On a cellphone screen, a wee window, Exciting views open, sceneries grow; one can see the world or gaze at stars, one can watch a tree or Saturn or Mars.

You can live through again each day of yore, the cruel pangs of pain, the love you swore; you can idle once more, with new sadness, on forgotten seashores with one faithless.

You can say again so deep is your love, or stop to coo to a lonely dove, or how you conquered the power of pain, or walk under a sudden summer rain.

But there will be day, soon you will find, when your muse will play and stop your mind, just keep going on and fill your screen, confront the unknown and grasp the unseen.

Receive rewards, don't hope you ever will, feel joy flow inward, your soul it will fill, you will hardly notice time has passed by, you'll be glad you saved your self from ennui.

Thoughts At 11: 59PM

My life's ship's now moored in the bay, I'm done sailing through the day, think I could use a good sleep but I'm trapped in a thought so deep.

I will sail again tomorrow, how I will fare, I do not know for the oceans are vast and deep, unknown are the perils they keep.

In today's long voyage abroad, I've filled the hold with lots of load I found as I ventured far ashore with people of various color.

Distant still is my home port, do I have, them all, to transport? My pact is coming to a close so I have no recourse but choose.

I'd leave those that burden my sail, bring with me those of good avail, so when I reach the Good Lord's Port there I will find lasting comfort.

(1259H is a minute before midnight on a 24-hour format clock. I used it here in a figurative sense. It could mean for other people the moment before they retire at night to wait for a new day.)

Tiger Lady

Tiger sprang as I went near, ballads I sang, it lent no ear.

Its pearly fangs shone in the sun, spiteful pangs all have begun.

To A Brother Who Went To War (An Acrostic Poem)

Gone you have been for many many years, but in my heart's eyes still burn the tears, in war, on the line your life you did lay, felled not by bullet but by malady, you lost your dear life at an early age but it can not be considered wastage, you fought hard with uncommon gallantry all for your love for freedom and country.

I saw you in life only twice, brother, first time at your house one summer, standing under the bamboo door frame of your house, with father, you asked my name, your head did not touch the top of the wall but then I reckoned you were ten-feet tall, next you were already in a coffin lying pale and lifeless, but so serene.

Leaves, one by one, fall from a tree mighty, 'neath its shade they are eaten by decay but not wasted, humus they turn into to nourish the big tree's other leaves too, we lost you, but you drew God's compassion and greatly assuaged our affliction, He showered father with many blessings, a big boon to us all, your half-siblings.

(My brother's name is spelled by the first letter of the first line of each stanza.)

To A Loving Woman

Maiden fair from the countryside, Your were a widower's young bride;

Made your home the best way you can, Only served your brood and your man; Toiled so hard from morning 'til night, Home you gave its true shining light; Each child of yours you loved always, Reared one and all in godly ways;

Death snatched your husband away, Ended not your so faithful ways; All to your children you've given, Rest you now in dear God's heaven.

To An Art Icon (Acrostic Poem)

Vivid images lifting the soul,
_exhilarating the wearied sight,
Irises blooming so beautiful,
_low clouds swirling in graceful delight,
Nights serenely enveloped by the cool
_gleams of distant stars burning bright,
Captured by your masterly vision
_with hues that can only tint the dawn,
Eternized with your profound passion
_to satiate your restless emotion,
Nature lived through your brushes' motion,
_evoked the world's deep admiration,
Tragic was the portrait of your life, though,
_that you highlighted with your blood's glow.

To The Lady of Manaoag (An acrostic prayer poem)

Loving mother of our Redeemer Lord, A virgin ever so pulchritudinous, Do not, we beseech you please, from us withhold Your deep maternal love so very precious.

Oh, through your intercession, we beg a world Free from every earthly strife and discord.

Mother pure, look down from heaven and behold All of us, your children, as each continues, No resting, to strive hard for all that's good, And relieve them all of their worldly sorrows. Oh clement and chosen Handmaid of the Lord, Assist them in asking our dear gracious God to keep them when their times end in this world.

Train Ride To Nowhere

The train rolls out slowly from the old terminal bay, rusty wheels reluctantly roll on rails all rickety, just like my mind grudgingly decided to go away.

The train picks up speed, forcefully pushes ahead, outside the scenes turn blurry, things and all become fuzzy, just like the uncertainty of all this inane journey.

The train now, as if a scythe, cuts through the countryside like the sharp pangs of sadness cut through the dark recesses, and reopens all the hurt, deep in my tormented heart.

The train at last slows down, up ahead there looms a town; the train stops, doors open, all file out, men and women, but I beheld nothing new, all things remind me of you.

Triolet: I'll Meet You Again Next Summer

I'll meet you again next summer when air hums with cicadas' trills, when butterflies gaily flutter, I'll meet you again next summer, I'll beg the chance, to God ever, to quench the longing in my heart, I'll meet you again next summer when air hums with cicadas' trills.

Triolet: Let The True Spirit of Peace

Let the spirit of true peace soar from your heart and touch mankind, bring all discords lasting surcease. Let the spirit of true peace, sans wars all men will live at ease and harmony they'll truly find, Let the spirit of true peace soar from your heart and touch mankind.

Triolet: My Personal Psalm

Lord, into Your hands my life I lay, Your loving heart is my fortress from it I will never stray.
Lord, into Your hands my life I lay, Your word drives my troubles away, keeps me free from every stress.
Lord, into Your hands my life I lay, Your loving heart is my fortress.

Triolet: You Walk Into My Gloomy World

You walk into my gloomy world with magical glow of sunshine turning gray shadows gleaming gold, you walk into my gloomy world driving away every discord, I pray 'til end of my life's line you walk into my gloomy world with magical glow of sunshine.

Triolet: Your Name, My Mantra

Your sweet name will be my mantra that, to Nirvana, will lead me, energy that feeds my chakra. Your sweet name will be my mantra, my wisdom-source Sahasrara, ever kept in my heart you'll be. Your sweet name will be my mantra, that, to Nirvana, will lead me.

Truth Passed By

Close your window, be calm and lie, no one's to know: the truth passed by.

Put on your mask, truth, do not tell, tell all who ask: they go to hell.

Tunnel's End and Rope's End

At tunnel's end, do comprehend, your hope is there: God gets you there.

End of your rope, do lose no hope: God is on guard, pulls you up.

Two Flowers

I kissed a newly-bloomed flower Shimmering, by dew all wet; Soft petals made me shiver, Gave bliss I can't forget.

I kissed a fully-bloomed flower as Sol was about to set, cold petals made me shudder, a sign that I should forget.

Untitled

For unknown reason I always look for rhyme, in every season I always look for time, when I see diversity I always look for unity.

Vividness

Like the fragrant blooms of roses Braving the rampaging storms, your love's sweet reminiscences race to my mind in vivid forms.

Your face, bright like a star, Still lights up my darkest nights, your kisses, as sweet as nectar, still lift me to blissful heights

When I Am Dead (With Apologies To Shakespeare)

When I am dead, of this I am sure, I will lie in peace though people talk of the evils I did.

When I am dead, of this I am sure, I will lie in peace for I go loving you, the only good I did.

Why (Look Not For The Rhyme, Look for the Reason)

Why do you frown, look away, every time I gaze at you, why do you have to turn back when we are about to meet, why did you return the ring I gave you last Valentine's?

Is it something that I did, something that I did not do, is it something that I said, one thing that I did not say? Do tell me and do not leave me hanging in uncertainty.

If you do not need my love, I will rip with my own hand my poor heart where it exists; if you say I forget you, I'll promptly cut off my brain where I dearly enshrined you.

Why, Father Time?

Father Time, did you break your hour glass? Each season now's no longer as it was, a typhoon packing strong winds now rages in places you've been unknown for ages, pelting rains and rampaging flood waters sink a place that year-round in heat swelters.

The rains come when farmers need them not but give not a drop when they need a lot, the waters drag the trash to clog city drains but abandon and leave barren the plains, and wreak havoc widespread and dreadful that helps render people's lives pitiful.

I don't think old age has caught up with you for God has made you his alter ego to keep track and mark the passage of time in this His beloved earth's every clime. Or, pray tell, is it through earthlings' folly to whom He gives His graces aplenty?

Wind

The wind singing, hither, thither, music wafting, people sober.

The wind singing, not here, ever, music missing, me, I'm somber.

Work

We work to live, to live for what, too few believe is dim somewhat.

We love to live, and live for love, many believe, puts one above.

Work, Life, and Love

We work to live, to live for what, too few believe is dim somewhat.

We love to live, and live for love, many believe, puts one above.

Your Reminiscences

Like the fragrant blooms of roses braving the rampaging storms, your love's sweet reminiscences race to my mind in vivid forms.

Your face, as bright as yon star, still lights up my darkest nights, your kisses, as sweet as nectar, still lift me to blissful heights.