Poetry Series

Noel Horlanda

- poems -

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Noel Horlanda (Sep 12,1941)

I am a Filipino by birth. I have a Bachelor in Business Administration degree from the University of the East, Manila,1963 and some post graduate work (Master in Business Administration) from the University of San Carlos, Cebu City,1978. From 1983 to 1991 I worked as a Division Secretary for King Khaled International Airport in Riyadh, KSA. In 1992 to 1997 I worked for British Aerospace, Plc. Riyadh Headquarters, KSA as Administrative Officer. Before this I was a medical representative for a pharmaceutical company, sales specialist for a US based consumer company and as Asst Purchasing Manager of a food processing company. I'm now a retiree, a permanent resident in Cebu City, Philippines, have four siblings. As pass time I love to write fiction and short stories, poems and various articles.

Works:

All my literary works are unpublished

A Child's Dream

Swing here, swing there
To and fro
Hold on tight altogether
We're taking off bro?

Hold here, hold there
To and fro
Here we go again together
Sure we do

Bye bye here, bye bye there
Up up and away we go
Hold your breath deeply dear
Into a sky a blue

Sing here, sing there
All officers and crew
Breakdances on air
Loud and clear do

White tail there, red wings here
Soars me up anew
Strange string adhere
On my chest I knew

Skimble-skamble
A white thread aglow
Angst and invincible
Alone and blue

Someone below
Pulls me down
No bird nor corvine flew
But swift kite at dawn

I smiled satisfied
Wanted I back on air
But mummified
Minatory and dare

Awake, away I go!
Fly high into the sky!
Awake, away I go!
Fly high 'til I die!

Noel Horlanda

A Father's Lamentation

Born are we poor or rich
Humbly dressed but not hungry
Vagrant aren't we, arms outstretched
Can’t afford to be angry

Gives knowledge as power
Inherit this forev’r
Take wisdom to the highest tower
And remain there ev’r

When your mater with speed
Left us forlorn and sad
Pater exigency needs
All support a conscientious dad

Struggle are we in sickness and in health
Yet happy in an open hermitage
Deign in goodness not in wealth
But strong in heritage

Decades pass by
Honor and respect gone
Arrogant n’ greed comes by
Affability forgone

End of dawn has come
Pater worry n’ seek
Dear siblings what had become
Met only in silence and in meek

Agony n’ anxiety overcome
Pater sallow in bed life no more
Recalling good ol’ days nev’r come
In God he trust forev’r more

Noel Horlanda

Afterglow

IImbricated clouds cloaks blasted sunset
Brings memories of yesteryears
Glorious past flashes back on set
Gives my first vision, tears
Kids me, mum’s caring
A sharp man, dad’s tutoring
‘Til college parent’s whoring
Wizard I become you bet

I’d like to see memoirs of my happy but failed marriage,
I’d like to be in a green park pushing my kid’s carriage,
Plangent shout, laughter I’d like to hear,
I’d like to watch dad and mum loving feeling dear,
I’d like to see my friends dancing drinking beer’
I’d like to see my wife’s pinchbeck smiling face,
In her wedding gown in lace

And when the juju sunset comes,
The eccentric afterglow welcomes
These fondly reveries in life is all done
Cannot be redux nor undone

Noel Horlanda

An Expat n' Riyadh

Marhabah!
Where yellow sun rises,
Among warm saffron skies,
Where seconds, minutes, hours,
Makes dome blue cries

Where nightstar an’ daystar meets,
Where sand gold an’ water dries,
Camels new day welcomes,
While anima sweats,
A job thousand miles away,
But dough green eludes
No more…

Psyche white an’ black,
Long loose dresses,
Kaffiyeh white an’ checkered
Gathers among non o’ their kind,
Batha souks of
Gold, silver an’ carpets

Salutes salaimalaikum,
Malaikum salam, replied I,
Loud voice sung n’ air,
Calls worshipers,
Atop minoret tower

Up high bold crescent,
Magnificent mosque,
Salah starts inside,
Faithful soul bows,
Ala Akbar!

Expat takes astroll,
Greets sabah-a’lker,
Sabah a’nur, replied I,
Shwarma n’mornin’,
Aches belly an’ full

Heavy pour soaks I out,
Wonder ‘bout rain,
Wonder flooded streets,
It came from where?

Stone ice wonder I still,
Big as apple, hail is it?
Crown I shook,
Believe can’t I

Rides on top, camel on back,
Cupped hand on brow,
Angoras an’ sheeps far beyond

Bloke walkest afar,
Saud ol’ mud castle saw I,
Centuries yet foregone,
Sturdy n’ strong

Sweet dates aplenty,
N’ wilderness mosey I about,
Nearly starved n’ death,
Clips afew awhile
Oasis n’ the midst,
Arms n’ offering to Alah,
Quenches athirst,

Twas’ Friday mornin’,
Walkest back n’ sanded hills,
Saw I fam’ly gathers round oasis,
Remains there rain after,
Frolicks children ‘bout,
Twas’ picnic all right

Expat leaps ‘n joy,
Gone yesterday,
Home sweet home today,
From Riyadh with love
Shukran sadique!

Noel Horlanda

Arabian Sun

Beyond the vast black horizon
Looks up to the inky dome, wonders,
Teeny brilliant creatures like diamonds,
Smiling, Oh it’s a horrid backdropp before me
Waits for the break of dawn, wishing,
Twinkle, twinkle little stars, go away, said I
The sky brights up, clear, cloudless,
Far away tainted faded blue, a sphere saffron,
Fear I protrudes beyond the edge, rising
Watches the neighborhood starts to light up,
Cool, half the size, sitting on edge,
Show off, with all its glory
Alah Akbar! praises I heard,
Believers kowtows, kisses the earth,
Illumination of power begins in the east,
Spread its rays in glorious joy over arid humus
Believe it or not what beauty I witness,
Something glitters in the golden desert sand, wondering
Shooting stars fell to my feet, forgetting,
The glass stones, the evasive diamond look alike
I search for I pick it up ASAP before
The glowing Arabian sun scorches me to thirst,
Burn I to ashes, mixes my flesh in gritty turf
In a while the temp changes, hurting my anima,
In a while shade covers my sight, wide rimmed sombrero on
Checkered kaffiyeh round about my leathery face
Protects my soul from blazing inferno, raging storm,
Brave I, gathered the precious pebble but,
Only a handful, yet glad, proud despite the deadly heat
When its ruthless swirling heat is on its core
The glitters disappears, got to hurry or else,
The wrath of the daystar would be upon you,
Hail, Arabian sun, victory is mine!

Noel Horlanda

Battle of Mactan 1521

Before the break of dawn each side prepared battle plans
in a bright bonfires burnt til' sunrise,
Strategy drawn on sand not on a piece of paper,
indigenous warriors rallied about the Datu,
loin cloths and colorful headbands as armor,
long blades, bamboo spears, wooden clubs
common weapons of their generation
dependent on brav'ry an' muscle power
ready to die n' defense of their island bastion,
pledges nev'r on bended knees, bowed their heads
before strange monarchs and gods.
Battle of Mactan about to begin

Galleon ridin' bearded enemy, well equipped,
big an' tall, equally brave n' shining armor,
under their watchful eye eager to landfall,
confident to defeat nescience Indios
An hour after sunrise, cannon balls rained on shore,
villagers pother here and there, burnin' flames,
screamin', seekin' safety somewhere,
mingled with laughter, curses comin' from foe
Cloud of arrows, spears, stones showered on deck in reprisal
The Explorer led his army to attack,
aggressors, defenders met midstream
Battle of Mactan had begun!

Fearless stone liked men assembled on rocky shores,
behind thick soot shouts, hollers one could hear,
geared up to exchange steel for steel, blade for blade,
soldiers from nev'r land they didn't know where,
bloody appendages began to litter on the florid beachwater,
cries of pain, braves nev'r to surrender or retreat
finally both chiefs met, thin n' thick steel glimmers
under the heat of the solarman,
nerves cracked under super strength
sweat, tears poured over twisting faces,
man to man, chieftain to chieftain
'til someone dropped dead like a fly

Native arsenals an' clinched fists quaked in the air,
a victors' loud wail prevailed over the etiolate seashore,
the seemingly endless fray started to capitulate
when miscreant clamber back to where they were,
outnumbered, outfought, outmaneuvered they claimed
a powerful nation on bended knees, bowed in disbelief
ignoble chieftain looked on the fallen Grandee
only to behead Magallanes, the vanquished
while Lapulapu the champ raised up his kampilan in the air,
yelled the historic words, echoed thru valleys an' seas,
"Death to the invaders, I bow to no one only to my people."
At same day foreigners left the bay forlorn,
yet promises to avenge comes glorious mornin'

That day came but the Battle of Mactan is well remembered
APRIL 27,1521

Noel Horlanda

Bohol Tarsiers

An island in blue Pacific
Where green vegetation terrific
Cool, warm climatic
Indigenous natives abound
Inhospitable crowd around
Endangered species account
Tourists, visitors round about
Various attractions in doubt
Tiny primates gadabout
Cling up and down
On branches brown
Owlish eyes crowns
Teeny ears, hairy tops
Give ‘em lollipops
Wavelike feet flops
Nocturnal alive are they
Daybreak goin’ tardy
While hibernate in day
Tarsier are we
Proud, brave and snub away
When exposed whole day.
Leave tarsier alone
Free as a balloon
In due time homo-sapiens condone

Nhorlandi

Note: Tarsier the smallest primate in the world found only in Central Philippines and some parts in Indonesia.

Noel Horlanda

Butterflies, Flowers, Romance

Multicolored monarch fly,
Flower to flower vie,
Tipples nectar,
While I play guitar

Flowers everyday,
For a buxom young lady,
You and I ready,
For a lusty romance

Kisses cheek to cheek,
The dame and I at the peak,
To pick on, pick
Yellow red daisies n’ garden

Flowers I seek,
Roses and candle stick,
Athirst to smooch and flick,
For sweet red lips

Flowers n’ tears, monarch departs,
You and I aren’t apart,
For true love had start,
Promises not to part

Noel Horlanda

Chocolate Hills

A young bird sat on tree branch,
looks here and there,
as if nothing to do
Confused whether to scream
out of woods,
fly somewhere else,
explore someplace else,
where nev’r been too
So rose I,
began to travel
fear within me,
spread my wings,
careful I,
predators hidden somewhere
And as I looked down below,
calm blue seas,
waves moving backward,
as I mov’d forward
empty white horizon beyond,
Few miles more,
green field appeared,
verdure all about,
so cool to sight,
flowers abound,
what earth’s beauty,
cracked aloud I
Few miles more,
cast me down,
sharp an’ clear,
couldn’t believe,
what’s down there.
What makes diff'rent from others?
taste buds perspires,
waters actually,
hills of chocolate, no wonder,
believe it or not,
Hover'd over once more,
twice more,
investigated the more,
then dropped over,
an’wonder’d still
Admires the brown scenery,
the once green grass perhaps,
convinced to golden brown,
by white hot sun,
oh, miracle n’ the making
Mud thrown about by naughty titans,
or formed tear liked,
from young love in despair,
as legend once told, .
Countless dark chocolate hills,
queue in rows,

all in same sizes, shapes,
packed like kisses,
ready for sale to touring men
The long hot summer,
shou'd have meltdown an’ simmer,
but none there is
Comes next wet season,
electric green grass,
resurrected life once more,
chocolate no more,
but insist to remain there,
broccoli liked lookin’ this time,
at this hour sellin’ still to touring few,
Novice I young falcon,
returns the next hot rising,
to witness again,
the turnin’ golden leaf,
of the ten world’s wonders,
the chocolate hills

Noel Horlanda

Companionship

When ol’ man a lonely,
he needs one an' only,
loyal mate a cheerful,
all the way a blissful

When ol’ woman a dyin’,
she needs no cryin’,
always a cravin’,
true a lovin’,

When ol’ couples meet.
they need to commit,
real friendship,
load of companionship

Ol’ lovers walk a mile
Holdin’ hand awhile,
Lovin’ kissin’ all the way,
Embracin’ what comes may

Pledge an’ promises,
Hands a raises
Crosses hearts ludic tale
Companionship in tail

Deign companionship
A badge of friendship,
Forever togetherness,
Ol’ lovers’s mirthfulness

Noel Horlanda

DESTINY

T'was a lad on a hilltop
He placed a hand over his brow
He looked here and there
From right to left, left to right
He focused his sight far away
There… a hot white wall, he saw
Empty, vacant and nothing at all
He wanted to see far more beyond
What would happen to his soul
In the next fifty years?
Nobody could put in the picture
Only God for sure can tell
Life is fore ordained by the Divine

T'was a lad on a mountain top
He insisted to know his future
God wouldn't talk or answer
He searches then for the elusive quest
He found Babalawo and Shamen
Destiny you're looking for?
It is a fixed sequence of events
Inevitable, unchangeable
Like a bullet that has your name on it
We can't foretell, we don't know
But the lad continued his search
He met Moirae and Parcae
When your number comes up, they say

T'was a lad on Mount Everest
A meeting between Tyche, Fortuna and him
Destiny is like the flowering of a romance
That has meant to be, they say
There was Nonus the Norse goddess
He saw her spinning the threads of destinies
Each thread represents individual's fate
Choose then your destiny, she said
And once you're on your path
It's interchangeable! So…
The lad came down to earth, depressed
He'll never know what his fate was

Noel Horlanda

Dream

On bed now, eyes on ceiling
Wondering, caring
What's next?
Darkness comes in, caressing
Heavy eyelids falling
What's up?
Found myself inside car driving
White dusty road before me speeding
What's goin' on?
A reflection on my rear view mirror eyeing
Man on a tricycle overtaking
What then?
Steps on gas accelerating
Gone is he, smiling
What now?
Lovely streets, impressive homes, gardens flowering,
People walking, chatting, laughing
What's goin' on?
Saw a man goin' upstairs frowning,
Seemingly familiar spying
And then?
Yeah I know him, hurrying
Breath gasping, looking
Oh yeah?
People all about, he's nowhere, losing
Suddenly darkness gone, light shinning,
And then?
Seeking, recalling
T'was my papa passing by, longing
Oh really?
Only a dream realizing
What its meaning
Good Lord!

Noel Horlanda

Fire, Fire, Fire!

Pyro, Fuego, Fire,
It’s a power, a strength,
A source of light,
Luminescent as solar energy,
Incandescent as moonbeams,
Luminosity of stars
Effulgence of blue heavens
It kindles, ignites vivid minds,
Imaginations, carnival brilliance,
Illuminates the world, the universe,
In the beginning a friend,
It leads, guides your way,
Makes you warm, live, survive, yet
In the end, if abuse, left alone,
Becomes a monster, a destroyer,
Murderer, a spoiler it is,
Instill fear in you, the phobia overrule us,
Soon the cosmos, the macrocosm,
Solar, lunar, mankind to ashes,
Lustrous existence gone,
All in darkness, inky black
Empty space, serenity, tranquility but then,
The essence is nothing without -
Fire! Fire! Fire!

Noel Horlanda

First Love

The first time,
The first look,
The first date,
The first touch,
The first embrace,
The first kiss,
The first sigh,
The first words,
The first love…
It lives forev’r young
Is immortal

Noel Horlanda

Flames of Love

Laconic moon hides behind
strip of gray clouds, unwind
dull brightness combined
ludic shadow n‘ maiden’s mind

foot steps on d’ prowl
knees n’ palms on d’ crawl
twin heads began to howl
eyes like granite bowl

lovers’ laugh n’ d’ dark
together as if singin’ larks
a maiden on grassy park
sweet talkin’ like dog’s bark

tree trunks a warmin’
body’s entwines a comin’
fingers rubbin’ a runnin’
flames of love a burnin’

pinky tits rigid n’ achin’
tremulous lips a lickin’
pantin’ airbags a suckin’
flames of love a cookin’

a maiden yells n’ d night
tommy hurrumps like a knight
restin’ limbs an’ alights
‘til d’ last of flame of love bites…
no more (whisper)

-the end-

Noel Horlanda

FULL MOON

Arises, floats, driven
Across dark heavens
Dances among the stars
Hides behind gray cloud afar
Its spherical face
So fair yet so pale

So dreamy yet evil
So warm yet cool
Supreme yet meek
But loved and feared

It glows without radiance
Over shadow of hill’s ambiance
Its marvelous facet lethal
Garlanded by airborne immortals
Allures weeping wolves
In the silence of night’s evolve

Noel Horlanda

Gone Forever

Black is her color
brave and valor
mixed breed that she is
my constant companion
loyal walking partner

White spot on her breast
mark of a beast
wild as her dad
gentle as her mom
the beauty that she is

Strangers she hates
the taste of dates
makes her fury
beyond control
the blood line in her

Born warrior dog
but sleeps like a log
wakes up in the mornin'
fresh as a mornin' glory
smiles under bright sunrise

Growls as a lion
plays with dandelion
run about chasing cat rat tails
'til her weight gives in
bright pink tongue hangs restlessly

One inky evening
when I was dining
Cookie limped and tardy
those black irises looks sad
as if to say goodbye

Comes the unforgettable dawn
mixed emotions can't be drawn
every heart breaks in two that day
she lay motionless
its breath deepened panted 'til end

Cookie forever gone
nothing can be done
no death wishes for it was so quick
great guardian she was
her memories will remain in my heart

I know not where she is now
but Fluke takes a bow
for she was as great as her
side by side they lay

others before them barks no more

To all dogs I loved before
I salute you!

Noel Horlanda

Happiness

State of mind? Feeling?
Contentment?
Satisfaction?
Pleasure? Fulfilling?
Oh, are you that complex?

Are you the moon
Stars and the sun?
That every one should moaned?
Oh, so elusive and clever.

We know there are two forms
Earthly and heavenly
But both are norms
Oh, what a quintessential

Choose one or both
But we can’t
Neither can we vote
Oh, a caesura of pure awe

Pure mind is your core
Prayers and kindness ours,
And the world needs a score
Oh, how astute you are

Physical we have
Spiritual we ain’t
Nor we have white dove
Oh, what shall we do?

To eliminate suffering, craving
Happiness will follow
Like one’s own shadow, forgiving
Oh, that’s our central concept

Then true happiness
A natural state of the soul
When liberated from all karmas, blessedness
knowledge and perception are ours to own

Noel Horlanda

How Do I Define Love?

A bunch of red roses,
box of dark chocolate,
A jewelry chest,
music box,
An engagement ring perhaps,
or woman's best friend, diamond,
A gold necklace,
locket an image in it,
Or pendant, an emerald,
Oh, tell me what's love then?

An act of worship, caring,
passion, affection,
Attraction, veneration,
kiss, sex, adoration,
A lover's prayer, music
pledge, promises,
Offers the stars, moon,
universe…
even your own soul
Oh, what's this thing called love?

Tell me…

Love just come out from the blues,
Love just happen without you knowing it

Noel Horlanda

I Think ‘Bout You

Looking up the blue sky
Cloudless and bright
It’s time to think ‘bout you
Could see your ev’r smiling face
Effervescent pouting lips
I longed to kiss

Looking up the inky heavens
Shooting stars in tears
Homesickness overwhelms me
It’s time to think ‘bout you
To bring flowers home
To amend my complicity

Looking up the tree’s diadem
So mighty and tall
It’s time to think ‘bout you
Could see your purile eyes
Succor for the evergreens
Miscreant I admit

Looking at the flower garden
Exotic in loveliness
It’s time to think ‘bout you
Your gentle touch, soft
Rosebuds open up in time
For us to embrace

Looking down the river
Long and winding
It’s time to think ’bout you
Could see rising tide
Overflowing my aching heart
To quench the thirst, pain

Looking down the road
Alone and lonely
It’s time to think ‘bout you
For me to go home
To be with you
Make love ‘til mornin’

Looking everywhere
I could see no more
Except you and me
It’s time to stop thinkin’
And to dream we’re together
Now and forever

Noel Horlanda

I Want To…

want to care for you as much as
you care for me
want to be true to you
more than you do
want to love you more
as much as you love me
want to kiss you all day long
'til you say no more
want to embrace you so tight
'til you say enough!
want to make love to you
more than you desire
want to die for you as much as
as you're ready to die for me
want to caress you more
'til you sigh for joy
want to give my life for you
more than you do
want to give everything I own
more than your own
want to be… your man
now and forever.

Again for the last time…
I want to be your man now and forever…
Dammit! ! !

Noel Horlanda

IMAGINATION

Brilliant concepts as clear as white sun
so bright even fiercin' thickest cloud bun
nev'r bounces back but all the way through
format grand idea just in one throw

But when dark minds meet,
evil thoughts in sync seats
perilous places where no one dares,
creates havoc acts everywhere

Imagine if all the people
chooses wrong side pole,
it's much better to be a beagle
rather than to think as an eagle

Imagine then you belong to
the former lines or two...
no way wou'd I fit
into the latter's defeat

Noel Horlanda

Jealousy's Wrath (Envy's Twin Sister)

(1) Is like lightning bolt splits heaven in half
(2) It shakes the earth in moments laugh
(3) Causes onerous rumbling sound
(4) Sways ev’ry thing around
(5) Stirs hibernat’ng doves
(6) Ov’r rainbows above
(7) It swells abyss rivers,
(8) Sweet taste ever
(9) Is like trees aflame uphill
(10) Serenity reigns befell
(11) Fear prevails once more
(12) As rolling rain clouds adores
(13) It drizzles then moves away
(14) Fanned by gales from the bay
(15) Only to return later in a day
(16) A bucket of cold water empti’d
(17) Losses it’s strength accorded
(18) Rekindles when coddl’d
(19) Regains its force befuddl’d
(20) Its potency, its intensity
(21) Hard headed, curiosity
(22) Conqueror of vanity
(23) A difficulty is nothing no matter what
(24) Tears down any thing along its path
(25) Having close mind it doesn’t care
(26) It’s blind, hard of hearing yet dares
(27) Now and then goes berserk
(28) Doesn’t know what to do, it quirks
(29) Unintelligible yet outwits neurons
(30) Looks stupid, inept, moron
(31) Easily explodes, possessive
(32) But tender, submissive
(33) At times it cries,
(34) At times it vies,
(35) At times it yells
(36) It rings the bell
(37) Mad, imbecile
(38) Not o’ for sale
(39) No nonsense,
(40) Nor horse sense

Noel Horlanda

Louise (Yo’ weren’t born in my time)

I was born,
Yo’ weren’t
And was come
Years pass by
A lad I become
A tyro yo’ are, sadly
Yo’ were born too late

A chap am I.
A beauty are yo’
To watch yo’ in tube
The limelight are yo’
My spirit bops with yo’
Alas Louise,
Yo’ weren’t born in time

I fall for yo’,
You’re so young
And am so old
No match I’d say
Yo’ could have been my love
Louise, Louise!
Yo’ were born too late

Allowed myself
To watch the stutterin’ tube
To see more of yo’
So as not to forget those
dark hairy arms,
Curve eyelashes but,
Yo’ weren’t born in time

D’ eye shadows,
D’ colored lips
Innocent face
Gyrating hips
Those fleshy knees
Is my weakness,
Sadly yo’ were born too late

I shut my eyes,
To think ‘bout you
To hold you in my arms
So tender n’ warm
Louise, Oh Louise
Yo’ could have been mine
But yo’ weren’t born in time

I rubbed my eyes,
To let you disappear
Your magnetic face

Zoomed in instead
Made me clamor
To want you more, but
Yo’ were born too late

Yet you’re there,
And I’m here
Nothing I could do
Nothing you could do
Only to wish
Yo’ n’ I in love, sadly
Yo’ weren’t born in time

You’re a mega star,
So unreachable
An icon I could only
Worship n’ adore
A sigh of defeat
Louise, If an’ if…
I could only go back in time…

Noel Horlanda

MAN OF SORROWS

Come into this world
Oh naked child
Cry not for mater’s love
Innocent you
What wou’d happen?
Your future we know not yet
Worry not for pater prepares
Your way, your world

Old enough tender as me
Oh open child
See the blue planet, tell me
Yeah, dark eyes in tears
Now you know
More tears to come
Wish I was nev’r born

Expect no exaltation
This ruthless earth
Human race who’s against you
No firewall could stand
D’forces of corruption
Oh Man of sorrows
Despised, rejected

Brought as a lamb
Oh poor child
Only to be slaughtered
In this brutal world
A sheep before his shearers
Laid on altar of rock
For mankind’s iniquities
Transgressions

Done no violence
No deceit in his mouth
Yet offered his life
To save his race
Annihilation from sin
Righteous servant is he
Shall be satisfied at the end

Noel Horlanda

Man vs Woman

They say:

In every man’s success,
There is a woman behind,
In every man’s downfall,
There is always a woman involved,
A woman without a man
Is nothing
But a woman, her man,
Is nothing

I will add to that:

In every woman’s love,
Is man’s happiness,
A voluble woman,
Is man’s shame

And I will further said:

A man’s wealth,
Is every woman’s dream,
A man’s generosity,
Is every woman’s extravagance

Therefore:

Man is always in the defensive,
Woman is always in the offensive,
Or, is it the other way round?
Which ever way,
Only he or she knows,
Who’s to capitulate

My advice:

Let man and woman,
Be labile to each other,
Or, let both lionized each other

Noel Horlanda

Mango Tree

On vast field one day a boy walked,
For miles saw nothin',
Another mile saw somethin',
On the midst,
Moves on to lead,
What's yonder,
In laconic motion, neigh,
Lad saw haughty tree

So thick, so verdant,
Her branches twist'd sturdy,
Sallow green leaves lordy,
Yet no flora speak proudly,
Waited countless years dearly,
Much awaited sweetness,
Of her smooth skinn'd heart

Boy slept 'till mornin'
Wakes up adorin' sunrise,
Walks to window surprise,
To see dyin' mango tree,
Needs waterin' to free,
Life once again,
Naïve, florid, a smilin',
Though nescience was he

Grandpa a comin'one day
Started a workin',
Prunin', a sprayin',
Though he was ignoble,
Keeps away trouble,
Needs he no footless,
Yet full of ludic tale,
When mango tree a talkin'

The protégé listened
His latitudinarian Ol' man,
Once a valiant seaman,
By then turned farm hand,
Possesses mango land,
A sellin' the sweetish fruit,
That's Ol' man's dream,
And it's comin' true

Days passed by
Trees a flowerin' all over,
Redolent in fragrance moreover,
Elated they were, boy an' grandpa,
Ol'man enjoyed today's spa,
Once sugary fruit comes in,
Green dough starts a pourin'
Tope! As the French say

Another sunny mornin’
Laddy boy comes rushin’,
Tellin’ Ol’man’s face a washin’,
Heart shaped fruit hangin’,
Hundreds each trees bangin’,
Ready for pickin’,
The saccharin fruit,
Packed in cartons for transport

Hard day’s work finished
Aged, juvenile face creases,
Appearance of happiness,
Without taking sight thereof,
Sallow skinn’d fruits afar off,
There’s endless wealth surely,
If Ol’ man’s aegis,
Wil’ be there to stay

Mango tree live hundred years
Ol’man’s can’t live long,
Protégé took before long
Ignoble he’d become
Nor froward he’d overcome
Son, grandson, great grandson
Heritage will go on
So with the tree and its sugary fruits

Of all the fruits,
Mango the sweetish of them all!

Noel Horlanda

Mila Gay

Rubicund are cherry blossoms,
Wet, fresh and awesome,
Cheerful is my Mila Gay,
Sings like blue jay,

One day, the prettiest,
Next day, the loveliest,
A yellow ribbon on her hair,
Proud as an Arabian mare,

Long eyelashes,
Dark eye flashes,
Easy to fall in love,
As if innocent dove
.
And when she smiles,
Brightens up my day a mile,
Fingers smooth and slick,
Makes my belly ache and click

When we kiss on Sundays,
Ruby lips as sweet as sundaes,
Her skin milky and creamy,
Her fragrance makes me dreamy

An orchid in virgin forest
Having peaceful rest
One moonless night,
Made love with much delight,

A lover’s right,
With all my might,
Launch a thousand ships,
Ready to defend her ladyship

When will I see you again, my love?

Noel Horlanda

My Girl, My Woman, My Lover

I could see her bright eyes,
dark brown irises blends
with her crown flowing through
behind her naked back

Deep dimples when she smiles,
marks her face, gay as bright as day,
teeth as white as ivory keys
brings odd music to my head

The choice of my heart,
right at that moment I saw her,
can’t understand why so drastic,
and I wonder could this be love?

Yes I believe so, dying to meet her,
she’s my girl, my woman but
not yet as lover, only as friend,
soon she would be part of me

There was a day under a bright summer sun,
surprised to see her embraces me hard,
yellow ribbon on her beige hair,
soft as gentle breeze turns me on

Astonished of what she did,
she knew by the looks of my eyes,
love is just next door, am the boy,
you’re my girl, my woman and my lover

Ay, am yours forever but look up,
dark clouds hovered over suddenly,
unexpectedly flashes of light, thunder,
and water drains out blood, frail, scarlet

And when I looked at her again,
my girl, my woman and my lover yet
dampness made her slips away,
too late the ecstasy totally gone now

Whimper not, voices in the wind whispers,
for she’s there somewhere, nearby,
I know one day she' d be back,
my girl, my woman and my lover

Noel Horlanda

My Other Luv

Come to me Melinda,
Empty arms waited for long
To feel n’ hold you tight
As nev’r befor’, Oh sweet,
Come to me Melinda,
Want to touch yo’r face,
Sooo cute, sooo adorable,
The smoothness o’ yo’r skin,
Hold yo’r slenda waist,
Now yo’r in my arms, sweetie,
What a feelin’
A luvin’ feelin’
Want some more o’ yo’
Yo’r smiles as sweet as the first
Nev’r mind stay luvel’er than she
Luv to run my fingers ul’ ov’r yo’
Yo’r flowing jet black hair,
Sooo silky n’ sooo soft, oh sweet
Yo’r pouting wet lips,
Long’d to kiss yo’
Slide my arm round yo’
Nev’r to free yo’ again, sweetie,
Come to me Melinda,
Not to fear, but…
Put yo’r head ov’r my chest
Listen to my heart beat
Yo’r ol’ daddy cool, oh sweet,
Come to me Melinda,
Don’t go away yet for…
Second luv sweet’r than first
Didn’t yo’ know that?

Noel Horlanda

My Valentine Date

Today my heart is red
Gentle as bread
Three roses colour red
Fragrant as my Mildred

She’s my dear love
Innocent as dove
The queen of club
Playful like a cub

My true valentine
Entices to dine
Lips as sweet as red wine
Embraces like vine

Box of chocolate
For my valentine date
But what I hate
I’m gonna be late

A bouquet of flowers
Brings forth showers
In my dear heart’s tower
Sprouts like flora grower

Together our hearts
Bound by a dart
Though it didn’t hurt
Court’sy from D’angel of hearts

Her laughter I love to hear
All these years
Yearns to be near
With my lovely dear

Noel Horlanda

Nyctophobia - Afraid of the Dark

It’s normal for humans to fear darkness
we have our own reasons why,
either adult’s or child’s meekness,
I don’t care but doctor try
to speak out the phobic behavior

Adult have fears, more on children too
and when the lights are switched off,
night fear is common to the two,
once candle light is doff,
inky dusk absolutely embraces phobia

A child cries alone in the dark
to let mum dad be in him,
nocturnal wolves began to bark,
the lad’s room started to dim
stealthy shadows moving, creeping behind walls

Undefined imaginations conceived in mind
if this fear will go on in time,
soon fear, gloom and child combined
would lead scary nights worth in dime.
by the thoughts of darkness alone, nyctophobia is here

So no child be left alone to watch
scary shows, movies but story nice
in gloomy environment to match
well lit surroundings denies
nyctophobia’s coming, that’s the remedy

Noel Horlanda

On Growing Old

Wiser now, ready to mount,
Draws sword, charges forward,
Marches in tantrum, nev'r look backward,
Aging cannot daunt

Age syndrome I could feel by n' by
Mirror reflection I could see,
Tiger in me no more nor rumbling sea
Does this mean goodbye?

Surely these are symptoms
Once flawless skin cracks dry, cramble,
Dr Alzheimer starts to come in, mumble
This life doom...

Cognitive ability weakens
Memory lost in oblivion,
Imagery disappears in vision,
It's time to awaken...

Bright heavens faded
Familiar faces, prints illegible,
Eagle's eye disabled,
White opaque blockaded

The flesh weak, spirit strong
To make love unbearable,
Of bearing offsprings insufferable,
Agony prolonged...

Comes inevitable dawn, tender
Life's regrets aren't accepted
Winner, losers not rejected
Retreat or surrender?

Having grey, white hair
Sign of strength, wisdom,
Apostle of judicious kingdom,
Chosen as God's heir

Behold! Like a thief in the night
Darkness comes in, so warm,
Some peace, no alarm
Ol' man's eye oh....closes tight

Noel Horlanda

Our Flag (Philippines)

Red, white an’ blue
Three golden stars an’ a sun
Symbol of sovereignty
Seal of authority
In war n’ peace
Overrides injustice
Prosper’ty booms
As if flower garden blooms

Red, white an’ blue
Three golden stars an’ a sun
Proud and brave
Overcome ocean waves
Against foreign aggression
And eminent invasion
Let all be gone
Exter-internal agon

Red, white an’ blue,
Three golden stars an’ a sun
Icon of mighty n’ power
As tall as d’ highest tower
Sturdy as stone pyramid
Withered d’ storm’s eyelid
Remains eminent mornin’ after
Victors of no banter

Red, white an’ blue,
Three golden stars an’ a sun
Geniuses for heroes,
Dies under bolos an’ arrows
Rebels thru pen an’ paper
Motherland in blooper
Executes nation’s sons
Sacred ground n’ crimson

Red, white an’ blue
Three golden stars an’ a sun
Fathers, mothers,
Sisters an’ brothers,
Looks up to azure sky
Pledges no more to shy
Vowed nev’r to be slaved
Soldiers nev’r to enslave

Red, white an’ blue
Three golden stars an’ a sun
Together we endure an’ cry
Ready to defend an’ die
To fight corruption an’ tyranny
Locates, defeats terrorism’s nanny

At day ends our nation’s free
From all crisis’ spree

Noel Horlanda

ROSEMARIE JOY

Dark eyes captivates men
Wide and brownie, brilliant
Long eyelashes, flamboyant
A divine omen
Of pleasure and romance

Cheeks so tender to touch
Lips as if petals of roses
Whose mouth an oasis
Of love, no man could detach
Then who are you woman?

Give me your hand, oh dearest
Caress this ignoble face
To coddle, to surface
Ov’r your barest
Mounts, oh young lass

What did you say your name was?
There was joy in you instead
White band on your brunette head
The angel in you awash
All evil desires, damsel?

Since you’re a flora in my eye
And joy to my heart
No way cou’d my feelings be hurt
But ready to forgo and die
For Rosemarie Joy…

Noel Horlanda

Sampaguita (Philippine national flower)

Perfumes starry night
wafts the air, florid scent
wraps round svelte neck
of a Lady’s knight

Moonless, moonlight tale
yet reflects its shadow lake
redolent smell spreads ov’r
bites evening mighty spell

Twilight shower bakes
early mornin’ dew atop
tiny white petals
looks like icing on cakes

Sweet scented floras
its caramel fragrance
sticks one’s sallow skin,
creates bright auroras

Teeny weenie fingers
sews mini whites together
soon digital strings on sight
hangs like bell ringers!

Early dawn comes
elate childish smiles,
vie to sell round churchyards
A few, a plenty welcomes

Lovely sampaguita, delightful
Adorable you may be
A lady in laces waiting
Gentlemen swarm undoubtful

Its freshness makes nostril flares
relieves stress for surely,
arrogant minds pacified
then tranquility bares

Infants, old timers, adolescents
round the elliptic bush, plucks
metal petal gathers copiously,
threaded together like fluorescents

Carved in various forms
bracelets, necklaces, lei
worn by a lovely dame
lookin’ out window’s dorm

Sampaguitas, flourish ev’r
immaculate white, eternal

A jewel in her own way,
as nite’s tempest, nev’r!

She’s pure and innocent,
Brilliant, incandescent

Noel Horlanda

Serenity

When air is lost
You and I can’t breathe
Then becomes ghosts
And all is lost

When the wind is gone
You and I can’t feel it
And be a bygone
Then everything is gone

Go up a mountain summit
There you've peace
Flinches sings sonnets
Hear its songs at summit

Dive in seven seas
Hardly hear a thing under
Only perhaps buzzing bees
Tranquility at seas

Here comes death
There is peace indeed
You’re no longer in debt
‘Cause life erased by death

You’re certain to vain
But rest in serenity
Not to disdain
Hence, only in vain

When it comes to all these
You and I achieves
serenity at least
no more wild as beast

Noel Horlanda

Shane

I search the world for yo’
Honestly I do
I found yo’ an’ adore yo’
Yeah, truly I do

I search my heart
I feel pain, it hurts
No wonder there’s a dart
In me an’ my mind blurts

I search my mind
It went blind
Tho’ my heart shine
In matter of time

I survey the universe
Here, there I traverse
I found her well verse
And lost her in reverse

I search for yo’ in trees
Shane’s whispers thru th’ breeze
Easy to fall in a craze
She an’ I are in a daze

She made me feel right as rain
Her alluring smile brighten up my brain
My feelin’ would nev’r drain
A dame whose name is Shane

Shane’s my sunshine
Her polished face sunny and shine
Her auburn hair smooth as wine
Indeed, she’s all mine

Her infectious loveliness
Made me mindless
My heart in readiness
To share her awareness

Shane Oh my Shane!

Noel Horlanda

SMILE

Mona Lisa's smile, the world's famous
feminine world emulates at most,
masculine world worship the more,
even the homos envious
not her but her redolent smile

Her renowned smile is meaningless
the world becomes breathless,
gasping to survive,
if conflicts, war abound
so SMILE even if… there's
nothin' to smile

Smile a silent gesture of Love,
sign of Admiration,
symbol of Elation,
seals of Happiness, Gladness,
showcases of Jubilant, Exultant

Picture of Ecstatic, Exhilarated,
frames of Friendship, Fellowship
emblems of Merriness, Mirthfulness,
marks of Joyfulness, Cheerfulness,
badge of Blissfulness,

But laughter, pinchbeck smile
we do have it all
Listen then it's easy to Smile,
only few muscles to take,
than none at all

Without Smile the world is gloom, sad,
Smile and there will be peace and…
harmony on earth, heavenly bodies forever,
that is the TRUTH and
nothing but the truth!

Noel Horlanda

SOAP BUBBLES

Wakes up to a bright sight
Azure sky lucid n' serene
Heavens so warm yet so cool
By the early breeze at morn' light

Appreciat'd the sunshine's glory
Tiny droplets of spherical form
Began to descend clandestinely
Like rain shower and glary

Looks like soap bubbles,
Lots of them comin' down
Don't know where they come from
Perhaps from some kids dabbles

They come in various sizes,
Small n' grand, filmy
A gallimaufry of colors
Pink, red, yellow or blushes

Some gamboling, careening
Even catwalks n' soundless
And like people their life span
Too short…some lingering

Burst, disintegrated in air
Others reached ground but
didn't last long…
Others still sails away
suddenly by squall but dare

Some go off course, however
lucky others remain steady
given second chance thus
charily took journey 'til end ever

Survivors rose from the earth smiles
Two, three, four about a hundred
Drifts in air back again
Like Christmas balls bopped in miles

Free once more n' wanders
Like newborn babes that hardly cry
That's what lovers are
like soap bubbles delicate, tender

Look! There's more comin'
Hey kids! What's goin' on?
I'm comin' up…

Noel Horlanda

Summertime

Islands of cloud moves away,
Out comes saffron heavens,
Golden ball rises o’er edge way,
From nowhere there’s squadron of ravens

Wet months gone awhile,
On leave somewhere,
Kids out, faces glitter, smile,
Summertime is here

Girl named efanima, a beauty,
Walks her doggie, cookie
On the beach she’s naughty,
Drinks red wine, cocky

Gentle waves caresses,
Roses fragrance whiff,
Summer breeze embraces,
Windy but swift

Colorful sails yonder,
Playful as summer air,
Large crowd wonder,
As if debonair

Saffron skies, sunsets,
Campfire abound,
On white sand beachcomber bets,
Sea crafts plenty aground

Down city streets,
Water fountain spurts,
Children cheers, arms stretch,
While the ball of fire scorch

Romance in the air,
Boy meets girl,
Sweet kisses flair,
Heads swirl

Cloudless blue sky,
Picturesque flying balloons,
Heat waves makes aura fly,
Then daystar stays alone

So bright the mountain,
Coco fronds sway,
River rushes down fallin’,
Salmons flickin’ at bay

Keep rainy days away,
Dry season adhere, .

Drizzle froze by the roadway,
Summertime is here!

Noel Horlanda

The Bird King (Great Philippine Eagle)

Under altostratus clouds
faded blue sky,
a predator swirls, drifts about,
blue gray eye searches for prey,
noises loud, high pitched call, warns
monkeys down below, exudes fear,
screams, swings from tree to tree
away from marauding stare,
so swift, lightning speed, swoops,
in minute hard earned prize

Colugo, civets, snakes, lizards
are its other favorites gourmet
shaggy crest on crown, haughty,
adorned with long brown feathers,
resembles mythical gryphon,
dark face, creamy brown nape,
posterior dark brown, underside,
underwings, white, legs heavy,
yellow, powerful large dark claws,
huge deep bill, high arched bluish gray

Wingspan a couple meters, world’s largest
that ever live on earth today,
a dominant hunter in virgin forest,
specie’s flight fast and agile
echos smaller birds of chase,
a national emblem, national pride
Pearl of the Orient yet
vanishing Haribon refuses to die,
choosing endless escape
down Pacific blue horizon

Noel Horlanda

The Curse of Drugs

Truth is bold
A son is born as foretold
Joy to my world
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice
At last a son of my own

Mom’s care the best
Nothing less but the finest
Gives the greatest
Cheers, cheers, more cheer
Exulted we were

Years to come
What has become
Of my son awesome
Applause, applause, more applause
Wonderful is he

Days pass by
Found him with alibi
Thought he’d say goodbye
Jeers, jeers, more jeer
My son is down, poisoned by drugs

As heavy as a boulder
A burden upon my shoulder
Never to surrender
Gonna fight on they say
Away with you to rehab

To keep alive
Gonna survive
But don’t dive
On your feet my boy
My God, he's dead

Yet in my nest
Thought you’re honest
Yet we need kindness
For God sake tell me
Where have we failed?

Noel Horlanda

The Eleven Angels # 10

(10) Destiny Angel

Am your Angel of Destiny,
your future or fate
is my responsibility
My specialty is to point to you
the right direction to meet
the right people so that you
can accomplish all that
you were meant to in life

Noel Horlanda

The Eleven Angels # 11

(11) Guardian Angel

Finally am your Guardian Angel,
 your truest and best friend
other than the Lord
 who knows and loves you best
Am always at your side,
 Whenev’r you need me,
hang on to me
 least you stumble your foot
upon a stone

Noel Horlanda

THE ELEVEN ANGELS # 5

(5) Good Fortune Angel

Am your Good Fortune Angel,
Not your fortune teller,
with crystal ball
All I do is to attract you
to propitious events,
alerts you to bright opportunities
that are within and around
your essence

Noel Horlanda

THE ELEVEN ANGELS # 6

(6) Success Angel

Am your Angel of Success,
My duty is to see to it
you have all the abundance,
affluence and prosperity,
Am with you always to lead you
towards those who appreciate,
acknowledge and reward you

Noel Horlanda

The Eleven Angels # 7

(7) Home Angel

Yes sir, am your Home Angel
My duty is to protect your home,
to keep your family together,
to provide happiness all year round
A Fung Sui non believer that is,
but to keep Positive forces In,
Negative Out

Noel Horlanda

THE ELEVEN ANGELS # 8

(8) Protector Angel

I need to secure you
accord'ng to Our Lord
Am your Protector Angel,
to surround you
with heavenly white light
to shield you from all evil harm
In emergencies, I'll alert others
to come to your aid

Noel Horlanda

The Eleven Angels # 9

(9) Purpose Angel

Am your Purpose Angel,
My job is not considered the less
but to help you find and
express your unique purpose
and special talents in life

Noel Horlanda

THE ELEVEN ANGELS #1

(1) Life Angel -

Am your Angel of Life
My obligation is…
to let you enjoy life,
make you laugh and smile,
to bring forth happiness, new friends
for the rest of your living days

Note: this is the first of the series, be a follower then

Noel Horlanda

THE ELEVEN ANGELS #2

(2) LOVE ANGEL

God is love, love is God
Nev’rtheless,
Am your Angel of Love
to be with you all the way
to guide you whom to love,
to please you, to fill up
your empty soul with romance
and mystery

Noel Horlanda

THE ELEVEN ANGELS #3

(3) Power Angel

Am your Power Angel,
assigned to build up
your inner essentials,
to give you strength,
to keep you away from those
who want you weak

Noel Horlanda

THE ELEVEN ANGELS #4

(4) HEALTH ANGEL

Your personal doctor, yes
your Health Angel,
capable to heal
your body and soul
to make you invulnerable
against malady, physically fit
and in the pink

Noel Horlanda

THE NARRA TREE (Philippine National Tree)

Walking down valley ways
Across meadows, creeks,
Upon lagoons, moonlight bays
Russet twigs breaks
Tall, green n' handsome
Willowy, long legg'd gentle
Hard as rock, wholesome
Defiant although menthol
Rough n' rugged looks
Over brawny arboretum
Its reflection nearby brooks
Where I come, self entombed
Withstood passing centuries
Deep-rooted, steadfast
Against deforester adventurists,
Firestorms, menaces, acid dusts
Despsite global climate change
Remain unchained

Noel Horlanda

The Red Beast

Fall in love with her at first sight,
the color, flaming red so bright,
red as a ripen apple, the blinding light
of the summer sun.

She sat there with all her splendor,
the sexiest thing for a vendor
to own; displaying all her galore,
one could only sigh profoundly.

Opened her, went inside her sanctum but nicely,
cockpit I sat in like an egret, proud but gently,
held her like a falcon's claw, so tightly,
she is forever my darling.

Touched her ebony leathery board softly.
ran my fingers on her smoothly,
and focused my sight slightly,
at her dials as if an eagle's eye.

Reached for her switch, inserted the dagger,
she screamed as if a strumpet, gold digger,
the red beast kicked with anger,
roared as if a lioness in the early dawn.

I stepped on her before I ask her name,
hot as a cooked potato, she played her game,
as always she had me blame,
for her 415 hp engine, $175K worth.

Equipped with 3.6 liter,6 speed manual transmission,
in finale she gave her name and mission,
improved aerodynamics, she belongs to her class division,
911 Porsche GT3,5 star rated.

We go along hand in hand with fond,
an expensive prosti rode in silence we bond,
and together we honed,
the skills we need in the Daytona race.

Noel Horlanda

THE SHADOW OF DEATH (in the cracked mirror)

One day…
the morning glory showed up
In bed quietus, serenely bopped
perfervid, morose reflection o' mine
In cracked mirror, handsomely divine
In there was my epiphany
eerie, execrable but funny
A cancer sufferer did I
Another day…
A supernova passes by
Panoptic she was, all aplomb
Full of hope, faith and boom
Ebullient she was but nugatory
A badger gritty to live in purgatory
Fought I to survive
Discombobulated at end divide
In the cracked mirror once more
vision saw I the more
A cavity inane, dreary
Where non-essence dwells fiery
Behind the reflection, the image
Hypervent, heavy at edge
Waited the shadow of death

On the other side…
A dark warrior held at bay
Cramped in foxhole one day
A mortal wound on chest
burgundy furious in taste
Looked up the intense sky
Saw self ready to die
his lovely wife and child
having yellow flowers ran wild
the soldier was easy to accept
What's got into him except
Somethin' he didn't want to see
Underneath an inky sea
Ugly and hefty dig
For him to lay dead
While empty dark space
A cranium with no face
Moves with no trace
Drags its heavy feet
With iron ball clipped
hidden under fabric edge
In cracked mirror it pledged
My bro, it's the shadow of death

Noel Horlanda

The wind

One can feel the onerous thing
The sonorous sound it brings
It’s music to one’s ear
More than one can bear

The wonderful joy it gives
Enough for any one to forgive
The love and hate we mixed
Made every one vexed

Leviathan gas balloons in the air
Man and woman in basket stirs
Colorama of kites below dances
Shapes of different sizes balances

It propels plane in clear blue sky
Whoops down across valleys to vie
Encourages cliff hangers to dive
With yellow red sails to glide

It ploys sea crafts asea
To sail across the seven seas
Shoves surfboards aswift
Over pulsing waves adrift

Assail or unprovoked
Light, thunders evokes
Rising water rushes thru
Topple down trees in row

Wind power is ours to harness!

Noel Horlanda

THOU HAST BEEN OUR DWELLING PLACE

Note: This is a lesson that we learned from the recent
Metro Manila & Central Luzon flood, Sep.26,2009
The theme is inspired from the Book of Psalms

Earth, thou hast been our dwelling place
For all these years and generations to come
Thou art belongs to the universe, not ours
To own, to abuse thy wealth within thee
Before us, the sea, heavens, mountains,
And everything within, without
Thou art already Earth
Thou turnest man to destroy thee
And never give complaint
In the morning, care thee for us
They are like grass which groweth up
In the morning to come,
Thy servants flourisheth and groweth more
And in the evening without thy knoweth
Thy servants cut thee down and withereth
By thine anger, are we consumed
By thy wrath, are we troubled
Thou hast set our iniquities before thee
Threescore years and ten,
Fourscore years, thy servants carriest
To offend thy goodness, labour and sorrow
We knoweth the power of thy anger
That soon thy servants' death is nigh
We will be cut off, we fly away forever
Oh Earth, give us thy wisdom
To teach us to number our days of fear
To teach us to repent and satisfy us
Early with thy mercy
That we may rejoice and be glad all our days
Oh Earth our only dwelling place
Forgive us, have mercy on us all! .

Noel Horlanda

True Love…She

Walk through the boulevard
A bed of roses along the highway
At a distance…a figure I did see
My chest began to beat hard
Hammered as if a thousand drums
Like soldiers marching up and down
Then began to falter
Rubicund fluid rushes up
Organ of intellect unconscious
Darkness all about, conquers in due time

Day star woke up my wits
A steel out of its casing
Pricks up the life's pump
Ready to burst into kingdom come
Appendage reached out emptiness
Unreceived, crestfallen
Not to abandon but to stand up
What's right, the feeling within
A feeling unknowledgeable
A blank wall before me

Strong and robust
Proceeded to where the figure is
Armed with acumen, keen insight
But shrewd and fearless
Dressed to prink, insuperable
As if wearing a diadem on top
Looking like miscreant, puerile
And proselytized the true love I dreamt
Surprise the prize momentarily

Grandee on bended knees
Taciturn, hauteur, querulous
Vituperate did she become
Tremulous am I
Brave only betimes
To defend 'til death
Wrong or right
Ascribed her in my heart
There was animadversion
But finally a cosset

Noel Horlanda

Two Virgins

Burp…buzz… a buzzin’
In the field crisscrossin’
Wild flowers in abundance
Yellow, red, violet in dance
Swayin’, wind whistlin’
Tremulous wings a bustlin’
Yellow black butt in stripes
Long needle strikes
Swive, point too sharp
Trust hard as dart
Virgin to virgin a dockin’
Juicin’ a suckin’
Burp…buzz…buzzin’

Noel Horlanda

Visualization

Looking beyond on a pinnacle,
there appeared an outline, something,
transfigured into structure of concrete posts,
seeing through framed glass windows, massive doors,
beyond imagination in all splendor stood before me,
immaculately white, indescribable, perfect!
one couldn't accept, it's incredible, horrendous,
whispered to myself, could this be all mine? Am I that rich?
I started taking small steps, nearer, sweating cold,
French doors opened wide as I enter,
looking up inside, here, there, magnificent,
that's all I can say...

Life beats deep in me soundless, countless,
as I explore the wonders inside, rooms like isthmus,
I hurried upstairs, steps winding in carpet, draperies,
witnessed once more indeterminable quarters without corners,
slowly now, drifted down, caressing the balusters,
I find myself outside, stared at the massive white edifice,
and declared in me this is where I live from now on, .
I turned my sight, there in another corner,
three powerful machines, black, beige and fire red,
sits on a tombolo and a uniformed chauffer leaning on,
quietly my fingers began to feel the smooth skins of each,
held the wheels, touch the music box, my spirit in the air.

On a switchback road now laughing, loud singing, you hear
the power in my hand roared, sped up to an infinite sunrise,
the vision in me opens up, the never-ending flowing fluid held,
in cupped hands wanting to terminate my euphoria,
What cause all these?

A set of numbers courtesy from a beautiful mind, my dear friend..
Visualize is the magic word, she advised. I won!

Noel Horlanda

Volcano Monologue

Who’s the greatest of all?

Fujiyama the valiant,
in the land of Nihongin,
a holy mountain of cherry blossoms
white cap on top, perfect in every way,
land of the rising sun’s most admired,
frigid, but not courageous enough!

Listen! No one doubts, outwits
three Italian beauties,
Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli

Ah! Those old, feeble and descrepit
Strumpets!

Here’s one! Kilauea, remember?
Hawaiian comely but rabid and
renowned lava spewer!

Silence!

You can’t take off your eyes from her
She’s more perfect than Fuji
down south Pacific way,
poise, gorgeous Mayon! .
Magnificent in the night,
delight of the Pearl of the Orient,
verdant, daring, fearsome,
mountaineers’ favorite!

Oh no! Not her, forget everything, said I

Gosh! Look up, forget her not!
Mount Pinatubo, furious, bold
The greatest of all times this century
ever recorded in history, a celebrity!
Supervolcano? Nyet
When angered, devastates,
neo landmarks revealed,
ash plume shoots up thousand feet,
descends to earth as if snowflakes,
darkness covers half the world, yet
quiet now, dormant once more
but not forever…its greatness
wouldn’t be forgotten ever!

Agreed! ! !

Noel Horlanda

Who's Your True Friend?

A true friend isn’t really your father,
isn’t really your mother,
isn’t even your sister or brother,
not even a son or a daughter,

A true friend isn’t your cousin
isn’t even your closest kin
isn’t even your lover
You can’t even trust your liver

A true friend is one who delivers,
is always a forgiver,
and is a joy giver,

A true friend is one who cares,
is one who bares,
and is one who shares,

A true friend is compassionate,
is loving and passionate
is also a consoler,
and a diligent comforter

A true friend is an advisor,
is a perpetual savior,
is a compromiser, merciful
and most of all is a defender, faithful

Last but not the least…
The Almighty One, the high priest
Has the advocacy
Do you agree?

Noel Horlanda

WISDOM

A remarkable gift
from the Creator
to human beings
is Free Will
self-consciouness,
to love one self
creativity,
to have a beautiful mind
emotions,
to love thy fellowmen
Ability to Reason and
Make Choices is one
reason the world is in
such a Mess
look around thee!
where is thy
WISDOM? Oh yea people!
Greeks and Romans
hear yea!
where art thy wise men gone?
the world's great teachers,
where art thou Aristotle,
where art thou Seneca,
where art thou Marcus Aurelius,
where art thou Plato,
where art thou Socrates,
where art thou Cicero,
where art thou Epictetus?
the seemingly roll call of dead
yeah they're all gone,
but their WISDOM,
remains to be digested.
a few followed, yet not understood,
ergo, the world still a Mess,
Oh WISDOM, tell me
where art thou?

Noel Horlanda

Yellow Badge of Courage

(A tribute to the late Pres. Cory Aquino
1933-2009)

In ev'ry light post on an avenue
instead of an ol' oak tree
as it used to be,
In ev'ry tree along the hi-way
instead of an ol' oak tree
as it used to be,
In ev'ry edifice high or low
instead of an ol' oak tree
as it used to be,
In ev'ry single family home
instead of an ol' oak tree
as it used to be,
In ev'ry private or public vehicle
instead of an ol' oak tree
as it used to be,
And in ev'ry soul rich or poor on the street
instead of an ol' oak tree
as it used to be,
One could see a yellow ribbon
big and small tied around it.
symbol of someone returning
in one piece, in triumph but tragic
Comes latitudinarian woman
moxie to fight against tyranny and oppression

Unite Now! Victory is ours!
The obstreperous people power cry

Twenty six years after ubiquitous yellow ribbons
sprouted once more
only to bid farewell to her chanting people
a lasting adieu never to return
Quietus ol' woman left a legacy
No one could ever forget in every one's occiput
Keep the corvine neighbors away
Let peace and democracy flourish forever

Noel Horlanda

Zanzibar & Merlin

When night comes
Dark, moonless, quite
A kingdom somnolent
Induces somnambulant
The heaviness overcomes
Feathery dreams delights

Wild calls echoed thru
Amidst foggy blue
Footsteps reverberates
Ignored by vertebrates
Onerous breath could be heard
No one dared

Bizarre shadow skull capped
Liderć flies at night
Appears as fiery light
Satanic lover drinks in cup
Lay by her ladyship's side
Slumbers by the bedside

Zanzibar the incubus
At times succubus
One same demon
Works alone minus the moon
Sat beside her loveliness
To prove his sexiness

Unknown by his presence
Countless sexual pleasures
Progresses in silence
Belly grows, conceives for sure
Poor damsel bewilders, wonders
Only to banter loud as thunder

One gloomy day
Such union turns into explosion
Half human offspring lay
Unwanted by nations
Feared by Arthurian nonetheless
The cambion Merlin wizard that he's

Noel Horlanda