

## Poetry Series

# ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN - poems -

### Publication Date:

March 2011

### Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN on [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com). For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

## **ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN (Pilipinas)**

I write and sit / Pushing slowly the pen /  
I am a nobody's nothing / but I make you think.....  
.....excerpt from MARCHAN'S " PEN PUSHER POEM "

AB Political Science,  
Masters in Public Administration MPA (Phils.)  
earned some units in Journalism and  
Evangelical Ministry, Diliman, Quezon City

with DIPLOMA  
Academy of Successful Achievement  
Columbia, South Carolina, USA

FOUNDER-Chairman: Polscians League For Solidarity Inc.(PLFS)  
2002-2005, SEC Reg.

Director-elect: Christian Brotherhood International (CBI)                      2003 CEBU  
WEST DISTRICT

special skill:

professional therapist

DUBAI, UAE

Works:

WIND IN MOUNTAIN DUSK (ISBN - under application)  
CATCHING THE DAWN FROM THE ISLAND OF ABANDON (under process)

\*

**SAIL ON.....UNSINKABLE OFW**

@ Dubai - my stop over

like a ship  
docking momentarily  
in the oil-rich wharf

like an empty vessel  
cast-off from the island - lost sea  
smash with economic - recession tide

we're here reloading  
refueling before heading back  
towards our hometown sovereign shore

years of labor, backing up with  
undying patience against  
racial / ethnic discrimination  
culture shock, mental torture  
emotional stress  
nostalgic feelings

however, the dignity of well- motivated skills  
anchored the visa of our indispensable courage

we're voyagers  
in a turbulent seas  
colliding even among peers  
as we propell against the ill-fated  
windows of opportunity

and each day  
countless ships queeing  
here in a wharf of uncertainties

and each day  
more and more hopeful vessels  
ready to depart from our desperate homeland  
and bound to the desert shore  
as acclaimed by many -  
the land of proliferating prosperity

but unknown by them; by their longing kins  
some vessels here are unretrievable  
sunk yet in the gulf of misfortune

though few could return back home -  
if not veiled with debts;  
sealed in the steel casket of heroism

and for " the unsinkable OFW"  
Sail on..... Sail on.....  
for our country's economic upliftment

for our love one's unshuttered dreams

von voyage

written at Greece, International City, UAE  
06 November 2010

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**FOREWORD (DUBAI) 07 june2010, off-day**

FOREWORD

This book of poems  
expresses my life's journey  
in an attempt to  
find myself.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**WINDS COLLECTION**

Though some wind strikes catastrophic end  
some blows concrete chills  
some are ferocious as fire  
gists no gust at all

winds are like self-acclaimed laurel  
crowning an empty head  
who keeps on bragging himself

perhaps the wind pushing my pen  
misread by curious men  
as strayed bullet  
hitting aimless aim

and by now they would know  
the wind I've revealed  
still and motionless  
a breathless wind traps  
on a book pocket -  
a random diaries  
of time with rhythm  
of defeated and triumphant dreams

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**2004 HITS ASIA**

200,000 more human flesh  
freshly eaten by the sea  
swallowed through dribbling throats  
of ravenous waves

then vomitted back into  
delapidated shore  
like slaughtered debris of corpses

now  
think of the loss  
by monstrous mouth  
by the ocean's gluttonous belly

on its lips  
where craving waves  
waiting  
for a fresh flesh menu  
in another grim sea feastivity

unpredictable

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**ACCEPTANCE**

So I write  
an anthology  
in the wind of  
un-publicity  
in an empty pages  
of uncertainties

but what did  
my readers say.....

after mortal poet  
remain immortal critics

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**MATTER OF**



## JOGGING LESSON AT

\*

### **PALILAN SHORELINE**

written at Jumeirah open beach  
facing Persian Gulf, UAE

with nostalgic feelings  
a reminiscing.....

while jogging along Palilan shore  
Philippines  
salted sands get into  
my right rubber shoe

I take the shoe off  
remove what causes discomfort

I've learned:  
when the mind is veiled with injurious thoughts  
and radiates only gloom -  
get rid of the mind's rubbish  
assert mental positive antidotes....

As I jog through graveled shore  
on a way back home

tiny pebble gets into  
my left running shoe

now I take both shoes off

take bare-footed walk

I've learned:  
when the road we've taken  
filled with adversities  
walk on  
traverse all barriers  
even beyond others aid

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**GEOGRAPHY OF HOPE (book**

\*  
**1 title)**

There seems to be  
a peculiar courage  
oozing down  
my veins  
starting today

as I catch the dawn

glowing  
beaming  
shimmering from the dark -

tracing down  
the geography of hope

as I ponder.....

for a brief moment

i understand

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*  
**YOURSELF**

**KEEP YOUR PLAN WITHIN**

Tip from Prof. F. Mina, my masteral mentor UM, whose wisdom inspired many of us

If you have plan  
keep it within yourself

otherwise  
negative intruders steal  
your dreams

If you have goal  
set it within yourself

otherwise  
evil corrupts  
with its narrowminded tilt

Goals and plans  
need not to be bragged

they're yet superficial verbo  
uttered in in the air

and keep this tip within ourselves.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*  
**and Beyond**

**Marky 1979 from Horizon**

A man who was born December 12,1979 and never been lost  
he had only been mislaid

He got into places far-uncharted  
to escape from hometown blues

He got to move through countless attempts  
detach from burden and yet never at ease

As he is reaching up on the neck of time  
he is trapped on fatherhood crown

and he responsibly absorbed:  
it is not criticism, cowardies, fear, timidity  
pushed him self-abandoned  
it is negativism, the self-killer thoughts  
he instinctively weight most

It is not disappointing environment  
unfriendly folks he has encountered  
make him despair, formulate roving habit

It is senseless anxiety  
he unconsciously suffering

It is not ignorance, negligence, insufficient  
of moral aids as he believe is lacking  
make him crank, visionary, slaved by own dreams

It is the knowledge from the wise  
he just ignored

It is not his horrible experiences  
make him firm at last  
it is his courage  
equip with spiritual virtue, emotional maturity  
grace with Godly wisdom in knowing my existence

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

**(finalized at international city, china cluster, dubai 07june10**

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

To my wife  
Argee

To my son  
Sean Leigh Mark

To my mother  
Elvie (Ed.D - 2)

and to every man who still keeps on  
struggling for his own disposition

and to every man who has never find  
himself until he has lost his all

and to all who were my critics  
and still are.....

I DEDICATE

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **MIND AWAKE**

During nap  
my mind  
is thoroughly awaken  
doesn't mean  
in waking moment  
my mind  
is slumbering

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## OFW's WIFE LAMENTATION

for my wife in the Philippines

You are better off dust  
by the road side

Than a wife to an OFW  
in Dubai

The matrimonial pillow  
the wedding bed  
are cold and dumb  
Longing for her husband's  
caressing arm

She often recalls the dawn  
as they tight the luggage  
How she held back tears  
as they parted

He is across miles now  
from the far side of the east

Toiling hope for a better home  
in the desert of full-treasured doom

When will it ever end  
My wife laments and  
my nostalgic feelings?

written at K-05 Greece Cluster, International City  
Dubai, UAE  
10 june 2010

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## POEM HUNTER

Surf cyber net  
Browse up high  
Click mouse face  
Touch Microsoft eye

Back, delete  
Away virus deep  
Forth, scan  
Halt hacker's steep  
Shuddering keypad's pick

Hot web, world wide site  
Hunt eager pen pushers might  
Monitoring creative sights

Down here meet  
Artists from nowhere  
Melting blind minds  
Talking how the sun is dying  
Touching rainbows, painting skies  
Diving beneath figurative seas

Gathering imaginary flowers  
Waking up legendary writers  
dead or alive  
Connecting artistic breath and rhymes  
to the fresh pen pusher's heart  
Transforming patriotic pasts  
Inspiring next fold path

By sowing young millennial poets  
to germinate modern poetic seeds  
Touching passer-by readers  
Spread over cyber net on earth

Trap now inside  
POEMHUNTER'S web

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



\*

**HONGKONG TAKE-OFF 4/25/10**

At window side

clouds broken into pieces  
while iron wings slashing the sky  
while mocking gravitational high

Gliding zest  
above mortal earth  
routing towards desert zone  
the greener seeker home

8 hours skyline contemplation  
before hydroulic round soles  
smoothly kiss the ground  
taxing down  
cuddling all loosened breath

while welcoming Dubai

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## TILL HE LOST HIS LAST BREATH

dedicated to every man who has never found himself until he has lost his all

Circling like squirrel  
chasing his own tail  
Flapping like goldfish  
thrown in the empty bowl

Restless as the wind  
no point to call him firm

That figure out the man  
with pointless aim  
affected by the forces of criticism  
slaved by his own imaginary fears  
engulf with unnecessary worries  
packed by blames and alibis  
and ready excuses

his vision lies on the horizon of doubts  
on his veins run the blood of timidity  
he is riding on the crest of struggling waves  
in the ocean of uncertainties

till he lost his last breath.....

not yet finding himself

@ copyright 2010 manila, phils

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## UNCALLED-FOR CALLING

Evangelical worker  
is a divine calling

academic professor  
is anoble calling

being a poet  
is an uncalled-for calling

calling meager attention  
out of unwieldly rejection

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**Cut too much MATERIALISM**

Cut the root of envy  
and envious root dies

too much materialism  
scary and insane

learn to be contented  
satisfied

you're lacking not  
in everything

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## SEAN FIRST TALK

March 15,2010. Sean is 2 and half month old

Listen Sean  
my son

your first talk  
injected joys

talking like  
a dove coos  
murmuring calf

till you got tired  
went back to sleep

never rush to speak  
take your time sean  
your mommy said

both of you  
caught my breath

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **WELCOME TO THE WORLD**

When my first born child  
popped up from the womb

his attending nurse said

welcome to the world  
baby boy

was he not in the world  
yet in moment of his conception?

or the world his nurse meant  
is a haven of joy and pain?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*  
**THE LOOSE POET**

**APPRECIATING FREE STYLE POETRY, FROM**

for EVO e.i.c and his staff

poetic seeds germinate  
above the 5 poetical quilts:  
mood, imagery, thought  
melody, rhythm

regardless of twigs sprouting -  
matured poet reaps twists and surprises  
immatured one duplicates

poetry is not a sole reflection of man's  
damn imagination thru rhyme and metrical phrases

poetry is not a tone of  
monotonous lines of ala-classical tongues of greatness  
and hackneyed syllables, homonymous end-words

poetry is but a variation of  
mute voices from artistic loose mind  
puzzling emotions spill out in any wad of papers  
in unlyrical odes, or sober sonnets  
in rhyme or wild verses

then what makes my poetry  
when read  
to make my critics weep

they feed to every reader's mind  
as they know -

my poetry has magic  
most of us keep so well hidden  
sometimes narrow  
sometimes deep

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## CLIMATE CHANGE MOURNER

Is man only the mourner  
of climate change because he is  
the blamed destroyer?  
Could he live without  
abusing the earth little by little?  
Could he want progress and development  
without harassment?  
Could he invent without  
exploiting the nature?  
Does he has nothing to accuse  
except himself?

Am I just thrown these queries  
excluding my guilt?  
How about you? Didn't you mourn  
because you're numb and do care at all?  
Or simply act too late to save the earth?  
Or simply dumb because you're now  
suffering the consequences.....

written a day after devastating earthquake  
hitted Chile

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



\*

## **PATIENCE IS VIRTUE**

From a first time DAD and MOM to their first born child SEAN

Patience is a virtue  
I read this line from  
Benjamin Franklin's autobiography  
a decade ago

It was only yesterday  
I had applied the patience applicability  
in a practicable way

Being a first time Dad  
Patience is indeed a virtue  
Patience teaches me  
to hold temper  
when my first born cries  
breaking the silent dawn

Patience draws sacrifices  
when i prepare formula (nan h.w. one) milk  
before waking -up morn

and it is through patience  
my wife was be able to deliver  
our first born via natural birth  
12/22/09 @davao doctor's hospital

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## DAVAO, PHILIPPINES

In Davao, Philippines  
small entrepreneurs grow  
as their lending  
investments  
the condo making  
mall propagating  
construction projects  
development  
agri-business booming  
and tourism industry hits a blow

the davawenos hospitality  
the durian display  
and the infamous ironical imagery  
the fresh dead with riddled bullets  
bath with own blood lying on the streets

summary killings attract peace  
but reject victim's justice

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **Philippine Terrifying Hospitality**

one Swiss national says:  
Pihilippine is a great country  
with an overwhelming hospitality

land of magnificent scenery  
with rich cultural heritage  
growing economy

and the only jarring note  
is the warn sign inside  
bus terminal station

beware of pick pocketers  
enjoy your trip

a terrifying welcome greetings

only in the Philippines

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**another try**

roll back the time  
recapture old enthusiasm  
examine what turned you crank  
flame of passion is gone

but the burning vision remains  
for another attempt

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

### **pacifier argument**

I used the pacifier  
without any knowledge from my wife first  
until she had found it  
accidentally buried in sofa cushions  
one morning

she expectedly nagged at me

do you know that statistically  
90 percent of the babies around the world  
have pouted mouths (with mouth-pouting act)  
and crooked teeth at the age of 5  
because of this germ sucker plastic nipple?

I retorted  
do you think he could reach at such age  
if i won't jam this peace maker stuff  
and seal his mouth from crying?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**WILDHEARTED MARCHANISM 2010**

for my long flight away from home for almost a decade now

He is alone, unhearted  
self-exploring, self-discovering  
self-searching, near to the frontier  
range of aged time

Hi is young by mind  
wildhearted, self-motivating  
near to the farthest  
corner of the city wilderness

He is ' I ', he is ' me '  
he has crossed continent beyond  
edges of ' my ' inner space

He has unlocked the chain  
fettering on his flesh  
being self-prisoned by self-convicted  
guilt of a crime beyond arraignment  
of not knowing oneself

He is refreshing with full humiliation  
from the wildhearted disposition

He is now reconciling with himself  
myself  
for a dramatic flight back home  
soon

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## COMMUNISM LEFTOVER AND MARXIAN LOGIC

### COMMUNISM LEFTOVER AND MARXIAN LOGIC

Communism today  
a mere leftover of  
yesterday's red dead ideology

Maoist red armies were  
designed for revolution

Today's guerillas are mere  
combatant mountaineers,  
a mountain dwellers  
fighting no more for Utopian aims  
struggling for own survivality  
by reaping taxes from fruits  
of free men's sweat and brows

where is now the communal justice movement  
they are fighting for as revolution to the left

where is now the society to where each ones  
works, not to extort, according to his ability  
and gets according to his needs

where is now the Das Kapital logic  
the once movement bible  
to bring about classless society is to wait  
patiently untill capitalists dig their own graves

where is now the faith of materialism forces  
manifsted in Communist manifesto  
a force to let economic revolution do its work  
not to push it

Right, Karl Marx was right  
he had lived long enough not  
a Marxian  
he was impatient  
fulfilled not the classless struggle concepts

yes, yesterday's red fighters absored  
the above logic  
eventually they collapsed by themselves

yet, today's red mountaineers  
ignore those logic  
fanatically fight, revolt, adhere  
the wrong communal ownership concepts  
a leftover of the dead ideology.  
ironically it creates terror  
for livelihood sake

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



\*

## **POLITICOS AND VOTERS GREED**

because politics by  
nature is greedy  
voters conclude  
election must be based  
on greediness

when election is based on  
greediness  
politicos and voters are  
both happy  
becoming more greedy

politicos buy  
voter's suffrage rights

voters sell their rights  
to cast wise votes

when both parties  
the politicians and voters  
are busy in buying and selling  
the sacredness and sanctity of the votes

then Philippine politics is  
ever evil and dirty

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **SET-UP WAR AND PROMOTION**

Old army officers  
command young troops  
to war

young soldiers  
die  
for their commanders  
promotion

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **WEAK NATION AND STRONG WARLORDISM**

Weak nation is  
the sole architect  
of strong warlordism

warlordism becomes  
the leaning wall  
for the weak nation's  
elected pillars

weak nation's pillars  
spoil warlordism tentacles  
to retain the popular's  
political avarice  
position, power and prowess

warlordism remains strong  
and private goons, guns, glory  
proliferates  
crippling state democraacy  
trampling justice system  
by cuddling top politikos  
and politikos protect  
warlordism wickedness

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**baby pacifier - the mouth peace maker**

when my baby sean  
cries,  
he's wet, hungry,  
irritable, humidity

i put his peace maker staff  
the little rubber-plastic nipple  
the germ-friendly pacifier

name other staff on earth  
has the power to control  
and stop the tears of my sean  
temporarily while i am cooling  
his hot-boiled bottle milk

the world needs pacifier too  
to stop tears of violence  
to cool down the hot-tempered  
conflicting dogmatic views

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**HABAGAT WIND @ PATAFCLA BEACH**

Palilan, Jimenez, Misamis Occidental  
circa 1996

here  
sit on this shore  
watch the silver tips  
of the rumbling waves  
pushed by the wind  
who do not hold back  
their wings  
and forever bidding goodbyes  
and forever abandoning my old blues  
and are probably concerned

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## HALF-NAKED DARKNESS

in memory of the lost stolen sandal and eventually swallowed by the sea, on this damn sea @ camotes island, cebu circa 2001

for bro jevee advincula aka aga

Gold coin gliding down  
from the fading sky

eaten by the swigged mouth  
of half-naked darkness

while my childish spectator  
solicit the shameful silver coin

hiding yet at the  
back of half-baked night

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **OPPORTUNITY AND ABILITY**

I was in Osmena Park  
one sharp noon

Two twilight-aged folks  
were talking while playing  
chess board game

one said to his opponent

my son has the ability  
but my son has no opportunity

and the other said

my son has opportunity  
but my son lacks ability

I had learned

luck comes when opportunity and  
ability meet

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**SLIPS FROM PEN**

slips from the lid  
of my pen  
born instinct poems  
without any clothes on  
it frees inexplicable pain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



\*

## **PRESIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT AND POOR VOTERS**

Elites flock to EDSA shrine  
in times of political turmoil  
cursing any incumbent President to quit  
thru unpopular candle lit.

The poor marching down to Malacanang  
via Mendiolla backdoor  
accusing Presidential government  
too weak too slow  
to solve all poor problems  
poor agrarian reforms  
poor economic misdistribution  
poor jobs opportunities.

Presidential government is not intended  
to solve poor poor problems  
Presidential government is an agency  
to where the poor problems of the poor  
are being submitted  
Presidential government oblige to lend  
their dumb ears to the poor outcry  
the majority votes holder

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## WONDERING WANDERER

I wander  
and i wonder

I wonder  
as I wander

and no wonder  
why I wonder  
as I wander

I AM  
A WONDERING WANDERER

repeat?

now wonder  
if why not

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## AMAZING TIME RACE

I'm racing  
toward  
my own  
life's  
tracking line

no one  
I ever  
compete  
except  
unstoppable  
time

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **BULLET PROOF HEAD**

He's wondering  
if he'll ever  
has a dawn

He's been  
locked up  
in a doom

no ray of  
hope leading  
up ahead

but deadly bullet  
pointing on his  
head

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## SCRUTINIZE THE WIND

catch the gust  
scrutinize the wind  
as if the wind  
that hisses change

what direction holds  
in guiding head ahead  
when the wind to lead  
is your mind to mislead

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **vote-buying election aftermath**

the vote-buyer politicos  
once elected  
become the typhoon's eye  
overseeing beyond public welfare  
with whirlpool wind of administrative catastrophe  
in controlling public opinion  
in manipulating public offices of distrust  
thru political storm of avarice

when poor voters sell poor votes  
to the vote-buyer exploiting politicos;  
poor voters are bargaining  
the supreme rights of suffrage  
then voters curtail the rights to stand back  
against vote-buyer politicos' graft practices

when the vote sellers - the poor voters  
stand back against vote-buyer politicos' malpractices  
and wickedness in between terms;  
poor voters simply abridge the buy and sell contract  
thus, it creates chaos, imbalance, disorder

poor voters expect more odd angles  
of corruptions and grafts.  
vote-buying politicos simply pooling back  
the elections costs  
simply eyeing the election ROI and its  
speedy recovery of its damages,  
simply extending the tentacles of power  
for racketeering profits inside  
the Philippine own political dynasty

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **EQUAL EQUALS EQUAL**

Men and women  
are created  
equal

including  
equal rights  
and the right  
of be equal

it's up to the  
created-equalled man  
and created-equalled woman  
to equal  
the equality  
concept of  
creation  
that men and women  
are created  
equal

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **FOUNDERS AND FOUNDATIONS**

Some foundations today  
exist not for the welfare  
of the founded foundation  
but for the welfare  
of the funded founders

Founders should  
collect funds  
for founded foundation's  
programs and beneficiaries  
not to fund  
for the founder's selfish  
interest

no wonder why  
foundations sprouting  
today  
like mushrooms from  
the wet field of calamities  
disasters, emergencies  
and the founders expand  
like a rubberized philanthropists

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



\*

## **SOME PROF AND MOST GRAD**

Academic university professors are  
more in idealism, less in realism  
more in words, less in deeds  
more in suggestions, less in applications  
more in books, read and quotes  
less in acts, applicable talks  
more in banal minds and hackneyed  
classroom phrases;  
for the sake of arguments  
for the academic purposes  
for the art of discussion  
for compliance of teaching

no wonder why  
almost if not all university grads  
full of thoughts, theories and wits  
less in practicability, applicability bits  
more in employment naught  
seem an abandoned nerds  
from once academic secluded nook

want some proof?  
ask your stereotype, typical, favoritism prof

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **POLITICAL PARTIES**

All political parties  
are politician's parties

wise voters vote leaders  
not politicians

wise voters looking  
forward at parties  
organized by leaders  
not by politicians

what wise voters  
want are leaders parties  
not political parties

then modern leaders  
organize a  
leaders parties not political parties

unfortunately  
they lose

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **POLITICAL VS PERSONAL**

Can we detach  
political from personal  
or  
personal from political

what is political  
is personal  
what is not personal  
is not political

to detach from  
political to personal  
and to detach from  
personal to political

is simply campaigning  
without plataporma de gobierno  
nor with political program  
without innovated speakers

simply fooling  
ourselves

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**NOBODY NOBODY TO SOMEBODY**

anybody  
can be somebody

by making  
to be somebody  
and topping down  
everybody  
at all cause  
at all times

that somebody  
is a nobody  
on the eye  
of everybody

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **RADICALS? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?**

Who are the radicals?

" intellectual students ' want to be tagged as  
radicals  
rallyist-for -hire, they don't mind

this is the students mentality.

Who are the radicals?

the idealists? activists? freedom fighters? constituionalists? unionists?  
propagandists? liberalits? catalysts? labor organizers who march on the streets, scream  
to fight freedom, to resurrect democracy from scratch speeches?

this is a leftist and rightist mentality.

Who are the radicals?

the reformists? socialists? personalists? collectivists? communists? extrimists?  
fundamentalists? Maexists? imperialists? revolutionists?

this is an ideologists mentality.

Who are the radicals?

the teargas fearless? the guerilla armless fighters? the terrorists?  
the suicide bombers? BOMB!  
! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **POLITICAL SCIENCE STUDENTS' HALF TRUTH**

Political science students  
connote negative connotations  
Political Science Students  
impress as rude, rough, radicals  
ideologists, theorists  
standing out mind set.  
Political Science students  
have discipline  
but according to Mussolini's word  
Political Science Students  
have social justice thoughts  
but conception from Marx and Proudhon  
Political Science Students  
have sense of nationalism  
but with Mao hammer and sickle  
Political Science Students  
have sound principles  
but if not leftist; extreme rightist  
Political Science Students  
are not studying order out of chaos  
Political Science Students  
are studying chaos out of order

When I was once a  
Political Science student  
I had disproved o the above  
assumptions were all  
HALF-TRUTH  
and I was HALF-TRUTH

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **ANTI-COLONIALISM PHILIPPINE SETTING**

If it weren't for Magellan  
we're all pure Malayan race  
typical Pinoy faces  
no mestizo blood running  
in our veins

and we would oblige  
to understand that Rizal  
is simply a travelling poet  
writing trivial things  
in killing his leisure moments

and we call him  
' He's deep, he's deep, he's so damp deep',  
like an ordinary poet  
longing when will his books  
be published  
even after his death

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**FORBIDDEN TO BE ONE (no inhibition, can't reciprocate)**

His young heart  
captured by tigress purse  
from not so wild green hills land

Her purse seemed to burst  
depleting groaning nerves  
like ferocious fire  
in a closed burning flesh

Personal cage engulfing HIM vanished  
while the world around HER dissolved

Melted kisses then outbursting  
in the sin bed of fragility

HIS unspoken love arising  
throbbing beyond death  
HE used to say her I love you  
but HE shouldn't

SHE refused to reciprocate  
towards HIS withheld arms  
albeit against HER will, though remained uninhibited

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



\*

## **LUST WOUNDS**

The lust wounds  
the flesh kills  
deceit of temptation appeals

what shield hides  
if weakness reveals?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **The LOST ART**

poetry  
the lost  
art

poets  
the lost  
artists

why spend  
time  
in  
the poem hunter web

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**MAYON VOLCANO THRU PLANE WINDOW**

Sitting in a plane window side  
childish curiosity abides  
engulfing my innocent mind

why are you so angry?  
and your mouth keep on bubbling  
a red dragon fire?

are you drunk?  
vomiting earthy blood?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**Father and Son**

for Sean Leigh Mark

I am the author  
you are the words

by my pen  
you are lid

together we connect  
thru bloodline of life

I am the Father  
you are the Son

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**LIQUID MIRROR**

Up to the liquid mirror  
I step

a blank face  
glides over the  
reflected sunset

sinking only  
the superficial dreams

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **SOCIAL NETWORKING AND RACKETEERING PROFIT**

Social networking system  
is a racketeering system  
It is racketeering system  
because it is a  
communication system.  
In communication system  
there is a racketeering profit.  
Nobody, nobody  
wants to be isolated  
all need to be ' touch '

therefore, social networking  
business proliferates.

click the web and  
link the world easily  
as easy as  
social networking system  
pools profits collectively

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **HAITI 01/10 EARTHQUAKE**

If only the earth  
is a single metal ball

he'd lean not to bounce and  
bump and dance  
with collision, with commotions  
with frictions with crashing gravel  
in the cores

If only the inhabitants  
are vigilants ahead  
for the earth catastrophic dribble

Haitian engineers wouldn't build homes  
with only powder cement, sand and stone

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**POOR POET**

Is there anyone  
who could possibly be worse  
than being a poet  
in this high -end world?

a talent that has nothing  
to do but  
to think damn deep  
grow old beggar  
in the streets

with nothing....  
empty....  
only full mind wit

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



\*

**GRIEF NEWS FROM MR. INTRAMS**

to Joney Caudor, Paranaque 2010

I had asked you  
where is Carl  
our batch mate

you sliced your throat  
through finger  
symbolizing death

Carl was already dead  
from a self-inflicted blade  
slashing his pulse, i think

Life is short, we know  
but we're not in position  
to make it more shorter  
even in a justifiable suicide

Life is a candle light  
flaming brief  
and see-  
the melting wax  
won't kill its  
burning flesh  
even groaning  
in heat

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

## **TEARS IN STRATOSPHERE**

It rained all day in his eyes  
beside the plane window shield  
with loads of inevitable pain  
stirred within his jetlag head

It rained all day in his eyes  
beside the emergency exit door  
after accusation stoned before him  
as alleged man of lies, deceit and fraud

It added the flight weight much burden  
pulling down emotional gravity  
causes more drizzle in his eyes  
across thick clouds of regret

but the sting-dew of conscience  
oozing no stratospheric guilt

and he woke up upon arrival  
noticed right he had wiped  
empty dry tears

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **LABORING MOTHER, LABORING WIFE**

at Delivery Room, Davao Doctor Hospital

in the shadow of death  
you are thrown

i am helpless  
but to sympathize your groaning face

yet as I glance at  
nursery room

our new born  
cries  
i hear  
easing our pain  
and sacrifices

thanks to Dr. Salvador

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*

**NOTHING TO THINK**

Turning to the distant  
whirling veil  
unseen particles sprinkling  
revealing beyond  
whirlpool point  
fooling uncontrollable torrent

unfolding such whirling veil  
unseen message revealing  
conveying beyond thoughts  
fooling mind reading

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*           **SYNCRONIZER**

You come to me  
and your coming is more

so gentle so soft

licking good  
in my toes

we dance crazy  
in the floating floor

with sincronizing penetration

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **WIND AND I**

Wind - the hackneyed word  
in my verses

coupled with  
pronoun ' I ' -  
an overused

I 'd like to evade  
those two  
but find  
i am frail  
to do

Wind and I  
always  
trap inside my mind

but nothing  
prevail

vanity

in soaring high  
across stormy Wind  
of life

with head wind  
as my eye

so agile as ' I '

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **POLITICIANS and the Deceiving Voters**

Politicians are greedy  
to all poor votes of the  
poor voters.  
since poor voters are  
not wise voters as elites  
politicians remain loyal to  
the poor  
to exploit poor expectations.  
poor voters can pour  
landslide poor votes  
pouring rich victory  
to the greedy politicians.

politicians greediness  
become richer and richer

the rich politicians make all  
poor voters poorer and poorer

when the poor voters  
become poorer  
poor voters vote more  
to the rich politicians  
with endless rich promises  
to alleviate poor dreams  
poor minds, poor expectations  
of all poor voters

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **DEATH IS BIRTH, written after 1109 unexpected memories**

death  
is  
not  
the end  
itself

it  
is  
just  
the  
beginning  
for  
an  
endless  
settlement  
in  
heaven

death here is to forget  
the unexpected opposite breathing

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



\*           **JOB FAIR AND UNFAIR JOB POOLING**

Job fair is economic  
exposure.  
when there is economic  
exposure  
there is job vacancies  
when there is  
job vacancies  
there is a window of  
opportunities for  
jobless flocks who flock  
to find employment luck.  
Few find flock's luck  
Majority flock's lucks  
are locked up.

Job fair is unfair  
exposing economy is growing  
expanding, hiring  
intended for the few  
selected from the vast  
manpower pooling

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **Artificial Development Seen Thru MRT**

From Shaw to Taft Avenue  
1/13/10. Noon and the interval coaches  
zooming along EDSA spine  
like a remote control serpent  
fetching up waiting preys

Overtaking the phalanx of buses  
above the track, beside the trail  
beneath the torrent passing mobiles  
trill across pedestrian lanes

Thick clouds veiling  
distant aura of magnificent skyscrapers  
like avalanche of smog  
in frozen shade of high-end forests

Down from MMDAurinal posts  
to iron-wield footbridges, prone for passing voyagers  
Promdi commuters rushing in  
catching this loaded train

Employment rate winds up  
still proliferating to bloat capitalist's belly  
thru sweat and brow of this working class populace

Passing thru smooth-brain-washing ADZ  
Political, commercial, personal  
carving fantasy, deceiving consumer's eyes  
a psycho panacea to heal one's craving  
branded item desire

Gigantic billboards with neon lights  
euthanasia for some stricken-deprived mindset  
like sexy adz flirting on the wall  
softly kills minor visions  
a harassment in disguise

Passing thru the booming Makati  
a mere reflection of the artificial development  
a cover up of the nearby homeless  
concave mirror of imbalance economy

Those thoughts draw inside me  
are same in the mind for those in a hurry  
in chasing the damn city wind for survivality  
in catching the trends of artificial modernity  
in toiling more for arrogant capitalist's bloated belly  
in lieu of a meager salary

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **poemhunter.com**

Surf cyber net  
Browse up high  
Click mouse face  
Touch Microsoft eye

Back, delete  
Away virus deep  
Forth, scan  
Halt hacker's steep  
Shuddering keypad's pick

Hot web, world wide site  
Hunt eager pen pushers might  
Monitoring creative sights

Down here meet  
Artists from nowhere  
Melting blind minds  
Talking how the sun is dying  
Touching rainbows, painting skies  
Diving beneath figurative seas

Gathering imaginary flowers  
Waking up legendary writers  
dead or alive  
Connecting artistic breath and rhymes  
to the fresh pen pusher's heart  
Transforming patriotic pasts  
Inspiring next fold path

By sowing young millennial poets  
to germinate modern poetic seeds  
Touching passer-by readers  
Spread over cyber net on earth

Trap now inside  
POEMHUNTER'S web

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **mental inferiority**

I write and sit / Pushing slowly the pen /  
I am a nobody's nothing / but I make you think.....  
.....excerpt from MARCHAN'S " PEN PUSHER POEM "

AB Political Science,  
Masters in Public Administration MPA (Phils.) on going and  
earned some units in Journalism and  
Evangelical Ministry, Diliman, Quezon City

with DIPLOMA  
Academy of Successful Achievement  
Columbia, South Carolina, USA

FOUNDER-Chairman: Polscians League For Solidarity Inc.(PLFS) 2002-2005,  
SEC Reg.

Director-elect: Christian Brotherhood International (CBI) 2003 CEBU WEST  
DISTRICT

Favorite writers: Karl Marx, Adolf Hitler, Fredreich Engels,  
rommel mark marchan a.k.a Jetfellow or Marchanism

P-9 (treasury INC)

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **NOBODY NOBODY IS SOMEBODY**

Anybody  
can be somebody

by aiming to be  
somebody  
who will be on  
the top  
to everybody  
at all cause  
at all times

that somebody  
is a nobody  
on the eye  
of everybody

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **BIRTH CONTROL LOGIC**

Birth control is not anti-self-indulgence  
not even depriving the  
supreme gift of pleasure

Yes God allows people  
to multiply on earth  
Yet same God instructs  
same people to subdue  
and take control the multiplied population

Human needs need controllership  
to take control is not merely  
to control, to rule over populace.  
to take control is taking control  
the ultimate birth-making pleasure  
to subdue perilous ballooning population

Birth control therefore is not  
anti-self-indulgence  
rather a noble submission  
to the Creator who need no more  
creation multiplacation

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\* **life is too short, death is too long**

Life  
is  
too  
short

and

death  
is  
too  
long.....

just  
wait  
patiently

for what?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* Political essay..... DISTRUST OF GOVERNMENT**

Why is distrust of government a serious a problem of public administration?

ans:

It is an indispensable truth that distrust of government is considered as a serious problem for public administration because firstly, in my own point of view, public administrator is duty bound to administer the public, the people. They lead the citizenry with morale, values, honesty and trust. Bearing the hackneyed constitutional line, ' Public office is a public trust '. People individually cannot obtain goals for himself. They created an agency - the government through which their collective will is submitted. Public administration mediates this intuitive atmosphere between the people and the government. Trust must be the SPINE SOUL along this cleavage. Therefore, it is imperative to say that if the people have no trust, lost their trust or never trust anymore the government to whom their will is submitted then eventually the function of public administration is totally futile and inutile.

It is a serious problem, it can cut off the mutual flow and symbiotic relationship between the government that people themselves had created and the people to whom the government existence depends. Distrust could probably clog down administrator's rules.

How about the government itself has distrust to the public administration?

would this be consider as serious problem by the people?

or the government again has distrust to the public because the people themselves want anarchism - a nation without government to rule?

Well, back to the distrust of government, I have one or more particular examples to ponder this topic.

During ' HELLO GARCI' tape expose, no doubt that incumbent President Arroyo's popularity was sinking down rapidly after that bombastic political scandal. People begun to question her legitimacy as president. It was a sign of massive distrust. Rallies, petitions, redress of grievances crowding here and there believing that they were cheated and taking back of what they had believed that Arroyo had taken from them - the clean and honest election.

Another distrustful example is the endless agony of the frustrating and dying house of representatives, the Kamara and the Pres. Macapal, i mean Macapagal Arroyo's allies, the tentacles of congress as i would elaborate, for their untimely endorsing CHACHA, the charter change. How sure are they that it is for economic upliftment without inserting watergate-like conspiracy for power retentions just to sustain their political ambitions and greediness? They should not fool the Filipino anymore. They should not



use that old tricks for the old dogs like us.

That only add more reasons to distrust the government. And no single public administrator, i believe, with sound mind and non-partisan conscience would say that Macapagala-Arroyo administration is needed to be trusted everytime that First Gentleman Padrino Mike Arroyo is being involved again and again in a countless ZTE-DEAL like scandals.

To answer the last question on how to heighten popular confidence in government is tantamount to answer this peculiar question, when can we elect a leader who can gain popular trust tossed by the majority, a leader who is not a politician?

Rebuilding people's trust must synchronize in cleansing massively in and out all anomalies in government. All tentacles of graft and corruptions. All traditional politikos that hamper rapid progress. Gaining back the trust of the people must work simultaneously, the people and the government, pertaining to the authority and administrators.

Because, I for one, believe that I cannot put back my trust to someone whom he is still breaching my expectations from him. Government must change its negative connotation first. Elected leaders must possess a character that is truthfully to be trusted even without pleasing a single citizen to trust them. I don't mean i want them to build a utopian society nor a classless community which is free from exploitation, chaos and power greediness. My point is only for a little bit of change, a nation that people are proud of to say that Philippines is the great country. Leaders are trustworthy. And we, the people will wholeheartedly supports every objectives of our government bearing no single doubt that we are subject only of being corrupted.

I believe that all public administrators, government officials and employees, ordinary citizens would agree with me that to gain back the losing trust and confidence of the people towards the government must begin within ourselves.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*- Husband and Wife**

for Argee Atienza

I am the bow  
you are the arrow

by my arm  
you are the sling

together we aim  
ideal home of life

I am the Husband  
you are the Wife

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* SELF-PHILOSOPHICAL ADVICE (intro-to-read wisdom, for me from me)**

Reading requires time  
Time needs patience  
without reading there is no way  
to acquire knowledge  
Without knowledge  
there is no chance  
to know positively yourself  
your definite goal in life  
your society where you exist

If you are a procrastinate person  
you accomplish nothing  
If you are impulsive  
you are run out of reasons  
as the furios fire of emotions  
blazing up your entire human nature

The times is managed by reasons  
Petty people are those who are  
left behind by the precious time

What benefit will you get  
to live in a mere mediocre life?  
How painful to be captured by  
your own ignorance  
eventually exploited by the external forces  
of opportunistic social classes

Look back the footsteps of the wise  
the pinnacle of fame for those  
who have reached it

Motivate with their endowed wisdom  
Eliminate sll sour-graping reasons  
of unrealistic contentment  
Cultivate your God-given faculty  
Seek knowledge by reading widely  
Detach from inherited ignorance

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* BROKEN AMBITIONS**

Here where I built my name  
My success my failure my pain

In an island where my dreams were built and perished

Pre-law studies    public admin masteral  
Collegiate debates    amateur mountaineering  
Freelance photography    Christian brotherhood  
Constitutional advocates    neutral ideologist  
impulsive emotions and human lust

Painful to look back  
The idealism    the struggle  
The hunger and the lust

The lust that slaved my flesh  
With horrible love  
An erotic love  
From suicidal woman's heart

I can still hear her scream  
Longing to captive my brain  
To capture my name

I escaped empty  
Goodbye beautiful queen city  
Of the south

Goodbye dreams and pride  
Now I keep on swallowing temporary defeats

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* IMPRESSION ON POLITICAL PARTY**

Multi political party Philippine system  
from administration to opposition  
via independent parties  
merging alas to lament  
nation's death

they're better off individual butterfly  
by the flowerside  
all have nothing learned  
but sipping voter's nectars

Fragrant and foul  
are their flapping wings  
nesting here and there  
sighting majority fluids  
sadden most sovereign expectations

overloaded promises  
across term to term  
leap and bound bicameral chairs  
appropriated by bills for  
political motivation and interest

When will it ever end?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* CONTROL DEMON'S FATE**

Be extremely patience  
even to the point of  
" exploding anger"

Be extremely cool  
even to the point of  
" insane temper"

Thereby  
you can be  
a full educated man

a ruler of  
a demon's fate

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## \* **Detach From Ignorance**

Reading requires time  
Time needs patience  
without reading there is no way  
to acquire knowledge  
Without knowledge  
there is no chance  
to know positively yourself  
your definite goal in life  
your society where you exist

If you are a procrastinate person  
you accomplish nothing  
If you are impulsive  
you are run out of reasons  
as the furios fire of emotions  
blazing up your entire human nature

The times is managed by reasons  
Petty people are those who are  
left behind by the precious time

What benefit will you get  
to live in a mere mediocre life?  
How painful to be captured by  
your own ignorance  
eventually exploited by the external forces  
of opportunistic social classes

Look back the footsteps of the wise  
the pinnacle of fame for those  
who have reached it

Motivate with their endowed wisdom  
Eliminate sll sour-graping reasons  
of unrealistic contentment  
Cultivate your God-given faculty  
Seek knowledge by reading widely  
Detach from inherited ignorance

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* Double - thinker reader**

Women expose breasts  
seen in public jeeps  
in wet-dry markets  
not censored pornographic expose'  
for humanitarian milk-feeding child  
2 yrs. old and below...

Curved hips, shadow pelvic bones  
painted butts, brushed by fine artists  
a naked obscene exhibit  
for sale for art sake...

Psychologists discuss erotica  
orgasm and its glory, the sex educ  
private parts hygiene  
technical heterosexual shows  
deem morally upright....

Commercial porno materials  
kamasutra websites, queuing sex hopefuls  
yoga postures lustful desire  
youth surfing fantasy  
dirty scandals, voyeurs cam to cam  
in you-tube stealing romance  
inside PC flat square face  
legal only for 18 yrs. old and beyond  
deem for educational purposes.....

Cable medias flash back  
sex crimes in the city  
gang rapes, incestuous infidelity  
sexual-congress intercourse  
pirated xxx DVD sets, playboy mags  
TV sitcom airing green jokes bits  
viewed 24/7 in public...

Shop at malls, display of sex toys  
vibrators free to handle with care  
flying tarps and billboard adz  
of lewd endorser lass indecently  
proposing clientele attempt  
for product attentions, womanizing genre  
consumer's bait and consumption...

Summer open beaches and in hotel diving pool  
skin-toned, two-piece thin wear  
exposing unshaven sneaky hair  
not drawn to allure eyesight into  
a polygamous instinct desire  
not even censored as porno scene  
even with innocent child at diving site abide....



How about the unintentional rape scenarios  
inside disco club inferno  
the touch by touch with consent or not  
the skin to skin between opposites  
dancing with fire and friction  
commotion hot libido un-border  
tightly close, crawling fingers caress with malice  
strange flesh blushing -  
an indirect sexual harassment  
a crime should be against chastity  
considering they are dancing without sensual-sweet  
music played on air  
sounds here justify felonious circumstances....

How's the kissing scene in conservative public park  
the dating underneath trees, rolling down briefs and panties  
the dilemmas of now surprising increase in number  
of motels and cheap lodging inn in all corners  
seducing short-time happy goers, illicit affairs  
these are public crimes should be conclusively  
it ruins minor innocent wants  
corrupting children childish minds

now it is my turn, rate this porno revelation of mine  
from A to GP to R-18 to x to XXX  
and here it goes-

Lie down in bed darling sweet  
eject transiently my shaft of your ownership  
open literally adjacent femurs  
hung up twin legs  
lubricants sweeping down to gist  
thru micro tube apparatus lens eager to  
explore physiological world of womb  
tracing from fallopian lips  
and dirty stick not your dirty mind and tactics  
injecting now featuring invisible fetus  
through this scheduled ultrasound exam  
fore played by delicate hand of your  
respective OB-gynecologist

don't be scared, you're not under harassed  
your so safe with my convenient arm  
holding clinical result  
preggy exam: negative  
don't be dismayed, better luck next time for  
another X-rating execution lab test

Good luck, sperm less guy who admit cleverly  
that this is not at all the time  
so better delet now your pornographic green mind  
rate me please triple A, so critics circle won't censored

this expose'  
as for adults story

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* Hisssssssssssss**

I

run

fast

chasing

the

wind

searching

of

cherished

dreams!

hisss

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* MENTOR, MOLDER, EDUCATOR**

dedicated to all teachers by profession

as Mentor  
let the mentor give an advice  
full of concern with values likewise  
shows counsel as a noblest teacher  
who design youth's future  
full of love valor and vigor

as Molder  
let the teacher mold children's wit  
making him an instrument in harnessing intellect  
developing the innocent with word of respect  
motivating and molding future's best  
on gaining knowledge kit

as Educator  
an educator, the teacher is  
who heals ignorance which people faced  
in his hands lie great opportunities  
of ambitious youth heading  
towards dreamway

no brilliant lawyer without a patient teacher  
nor comes a great doctor  
without an intelligent educator

let us honor and exalt such effort then  
let us pray God shall bless all of them

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* MODERN TWISTER**

modern poets in  
this modern world  
are free verse  
thinkers  
mysteriously unknowable  
so expressive  
twisting  
trend's  
fate

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* Passage way**

I am awfully sorry  
legendary Shakespeare  
I can't seat beside at your throne

I am so sorry  
famous Edgar Allan Poe  
I can't toss and drink  
the wine of your fame

and to national hero  
Dr. Jose Rizal, an apology  
I can't follow your heroic path  
by your sword - the mighty blade  
of pen and ink  
you freed our countrymen  
you saved the native land  
from Spaniard's octupos hand  
for over 300 years colony

I can't be like the world famous poets  
like Phunter top one from time and beyond  
nor to be an icon writer has ever lived

I am a meager creature  
who express freely anything  
painstaking explosive from my  
narrow mind

I am only patching my idle time  
cultivating my given passion  
settling puzzled emotions  
recording self-bio history  
from secluded nook to the vast open seas  
never expect much getting into publish  
nor getting applausng votes  
cent prizes in return

I am just bridging the exit passage way  
for my instinct humane burdens  
crashing the walls and borders  
for my intuitive earthly sufferings to flee  
and writing for me  
seems an extended pleas for my  
Divine Creator in lieu  
from my religious tongue  
misses to say

please hearken this apology

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* PEN PUSHER.....**

Words attempt me  
Whisper from within  
Softly pushing  
Metallic pen ball ink

Scrolling pages thin  
Scars of letter remain  
Print in open papers  
Criticized by countless men

I write and sit  
Pushing slowly the pen  
I am a nobody's nothing  
But make you think!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* WIND IN MOUNTAIN DUSK**

It couldn't whistle  
as nature's wind  
whirling shadowed dust  
for breathing and disappearing

It couldn't be  
as proverbial evil wind  
straying fickle-minded  
faith believers

It couldn't hiss  
the leaves of the pines;  
pushing oceans waves  
into storms

Confusing, now, but it's not  
to chase the wind  
in mountain dusk  
here in biographical track  
transforming wind into dreams  
dark and lights.....

Narrating my self-alternating pasts.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\* 1 On 1 HAND AND AIR**

My hand is almost  
tired  
in field  
of writing  
seems the case  
of my running table  
where invisible ink  
is striking  
as if  
i am chasing the words  
from space or  
being chased  
by unprinted letters  
from down deep

i can't quit  
i can't retreat  
i can't hold my breath  
yes  
it has reason  
i am obliged  
to follow.....

thy well be done

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

### **\* 1986 PAPER KITE STORY**

I was a grade one boy  
April wind whistling from Palilan river  
when mama was coming home from remote  
elementary school in Sinacaban Barrio as  
proud public teacher  
her hands filled up with chalk powder as she  
tenderly gave me calendar paper for kite making  
a dream for every child in every summer

she folded half and cut twice, pasted two broomsticks  
as vertical brace  
I then made the paper tail  
It was my first kite ever

I ran for a dry run at our own ricefield yard  
with fishing nylon string  
mama pulled the kite, finally  
it flew above Jimenez town  
unshaken against Misamis wind  
until the summer sun hid at Mt. Malindang's back

The paper calendar kite was flying overnight  
till the following day  
the string remained down the hay  
loosen in the ground

jet, my son, nothing is gone  
mama clarrified

just look at the sky, there where  
your dream kite flies.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* 21st CENTURY POETS JUSTICE.....**

To all poets

self-acclaimed    amateur  
famous dead alive  
promising  
frustrated  
trying hard  
name it  
poem hunter web  
has it

we are like pets  
with extrasensory flesh  
sucking artificial earth's face  
mask of mystery  
ordinary folks  
fail to see

we are pets  
we have high sense  
of smell  
taste  
sensitive furs

we can howl  
scream  
bellowing for serious attention  
respect  
understanding, love  
for being an  
extra ordinary human creatures  
neglected by time  
counter interest of  
modern era  
the economic sabotage  
the modern tech enthusiasm

yes we are pets  
feeding foods to nourish  
frustrated materialism intellect

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* 21st CENTURY POETS UNITING GLOBE, COME AND JOIN**

We have met thru minds  
poets among poets  
strangers yet among faces  
sharing modern thoughts  
from free verses out of  
this metaphorical world  
of ours  
incidentally traversing sniper's web  
loading enter twined experiences

Keypads have been our companion  
like a raindropp of words  
poured down from opulent  
vocabulary of the  
inquisitive clouds  
of emotions

Our website provides warmth  
an extension to our unrestrained hand  
We exchange views and critiques  
overwhelming and hurts as expected

Because of the trend of modern tech  
nothing we have to thank  
but to complement more.....  
share our website to our love ones  
spread poemhunter's wings  
like a soft gentle touch  
on Microsoft eye

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* 6 a.m MANILA HARBOR IMPRESSION**

upon entering the harbor mouth

it's not fog  
it's smog  
smoke and fog  
blanketing the capital city  
an artificial canopy  
green house blanket  
warming the globe  
acid rain huge net

salty bay turning murky  
wastes floating to-and-fro  
assorted oil spills  
dilapidated junkyard wall  
dividing the shore  
countless carcass  
too foul to smell

greasy porter  
greasy pier  
naked street children diving  
i throw peso coin for their lunch  
they jump with overwhelmed happiness  
and foolish about it

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

### **\* 7E-337 THOUGHTS IN TRAIN**

I must not mind the blue collar conductor after issuing ticket  
from Calamba to España  
I must keep on standing in last coach door 7E-337 where I could  
see selfishly the railroad lanscape to feed my curiosed mind  
in train ride

I must not mind the left-to-right swing and shaky motions  
minding not too the crowded old town,  
the disposable water containers, the day-old tabloids  
freshed garbage loittering in rusty railroad station

I must not mind the thundering siren of gigantic locomotive  
shocking motorists along cross road intersections  
in Biñan, in San Pablo, in Sta. Mesa, in Pasay  
I keep on catching down motorists hassled faces

I must not mind the over speeding, the wooden fenceless bridges  
above murky rivulets, stock-up canals, the irritating swipes  
of nearby twigs, the innumerable squatter's narrow channel  
a danger zone for a throwing debris thrown by notorious gang war  
fraternity conflicts, I never mind the half -full ice water cellophane  
smashed like stones hitting coach floor to where  
i am standing now and alarming as sipping above  
Pasig river stinking breeze as stinky as the smoky steam  
barge patrolling against the tide of floating garbage

I must not mind this weary train ride story  
this is just a fulfillment of my dream  
then  
I step down in España and look back the railroad again!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\* A CRITICS CHISEL AND HAMMER**

to all Poemhunter's critics circle

More welcome notes  
to the thrilling replies  
As you criticized my  
poems true and defined  
Relate more my sorrows and pain  
as well as breath  
my joy happiness wing

Creative response I read  
artists morale up lift  
inspires circle critics

Let your impartial pen  
undyingly share  
word rhymes  
besets streams like  
prose in metamorphical pin

Like you striking critics  
chasing crystallized air  
reclining in marbled corner  
I am your chisel  
You are my hammer

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\* AH1N1 vs. PHILIPPINE CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY**

Fear not  
the slow-moving foreign virus  
the AH1N1 flu  
they just scare the world  
into panic  
but not enough  
to bury us dead  
down deep

Fear the tricky tactics  
of our elected representatives  
in formulating constituent assembly  
whose virus spreads out near election period  
whose no delicadeza bacteria merely  
to change fundamental law drastically  
whose evil aim is to extend political throne  
to grab more power  
that limbs the true to life drama of democracy

A VIRUS that merely kills people's freedom  
and no vaccine yet can ever save  
the threatening bacterias crawling literally  
in the congress carpet

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\* CHASING THE WIND**

I travel far  
Started not from home

Walking along the frontier  
Shadow of time  
With unexplainable courage  
Triggers inside my veins  
As strength

I often move one place  
To another  
Almost closed enough  
To the roof of the sky  
To gather clouds  
Build up extended home

I've been in every kind of  
Darkness  
Alone

Empty

As a cold wind drumming  
At the trees

Empty as me

Years swift fast  
Bright future is still far

I don't know  
But long I know

I run fast chasing the wind  
Searching of cherished dreams

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\* CRASH SITE MOUNTAINEER**

come climb with me to Mt. Manunggal Phils.  
commemorating the 45th death anniversary of Pres. Ramon Magsaysay in his crash  
site, Balamban, Cebu, March 17,2002

I escaped from the lowland  
and returned to the wilderness  
to the mountains, to the high world,  
brightened by a wind-blown sun,  
excitement replenished  
enthusiasm regained!

Each heavy step offered me  
hollow gasps and a throbbing heart  
each weary track gave me  
pain and strain on a serpentine path  
but I saw through a curtain of  
summer dust  
investment of youthful strength  
is indeed a must!

Soon, the sun hid freely behind  
scattered clouds  
while Mt. Kanlaon poked its jealous  
head from afar  
as darkness submitted itself to the  
clamor night  
leaving my frail hands frozen by  
the wild windy air,  
then the chilly breeze drowned me  
in slumber  
inside the tent where my life  
took a road's bend!

Awakened at dawn by the moist of dew  
relieved of a heavy load, I made ready to go  
I drank the early wafts of mountain air  
communed with the wilderness' soft whisper  
brightened up again by a wind-blown sun,  
this apex of earth which I regained my enthusiasm!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\* Flesh Prisoner**

I am the prisoner of my flesh which I have thoughtlessly  
Inherited from the genes of nowhere  
I am convicted of a mysterious crime  
Nobody wants

I am the prisoner of weaknesses  
Shackles my limbs, shrinks my nerves  
Shrouds my mind to act perfectly in  
The world of mistakes

Flesh is the jail where I am imprisoned  
Wicked strengths are the metal chains fettered me  
Eyes of the folks are the guards of my faults

Their tongues are like guns  
Firing my head un-blood

Justice? I pervert not justice  
Divine Judge  
Justice is within me  
I have no suspicious offender but my flesh

I beg one Divine Judge  
A day of chance to pardon my life-long sentence

I confess

I am waiting now for that miracle

Please hearken my plea!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* FRIENDSHIP IN THE FALLING RAIN**

As i was writing  
you a letter  
there's a heavy downpour  
outside  
and as I listened to  
the drops drenching by  
I remembered you  
and our friendship  
pouring words of thanks  
for me  
in believing in you

your friendship is  
as sustaining  
as refreshing  
and as revivifying  
as the falling rain.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* honest liar**

wow  
what a signature shirt  
advertising himself as liar  
is an honest  
admission of mistake

would it be an abused  
alibi  
for a recidivist?

and to be a liar  
one need to admit that  
he is honest at all times  
and never fails to utter lies

(written at TESDA, Korea - Phils.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* I Need Poem TranslatorS (in another tounge)**

Fellow poets around the world,

It's my pleasure to inform you all that at last I have found a kind-hearted publisher and as part of our project, he suggested me that if possible some of my hits poems should be translated into another foreign languages or tribal dialects.

Would you might to translate one of my original poems preferably of your own choice? With your consent, I truthfully include your respective name and your painstakingly translated poem in my ever-dream book of poetry.

(December this year is our target month for the book launching)

We believe as a poets that not only temperament and a common anguish unite writers but also a PARTICULAR PLACE, A PARTICULAR TOUNGE!

Sincerely yours,

RMD Marchan, Philippines

email me thru: [marchanjet@yahoo.com](mailto:marchanjet@yahoo.com)

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* MONSTERS AT THE CONGRESS CAGE - Phils. setting**

We see roaring monsters  
both in bicameral chamber cage  
of the Philippine congress

they are fighting on cam  
surviving  
setting down, killing hours  
lifting each other crony's thumb  
poisoning intruders

as the ghost like  
medieval magistrates  
as the ancient philosophers  
full of political wisdom, unselfish thoughts  
but they are undisputedly opposite  
except for the exempted few

see them live on cam  
in almost cage's angles  
in every detail scene in their 'aid of legislation' case  
a showdown moment for their vital indie films  
pogi points, FAMAS -OSCAR combo awardees  
in front of cinematic -motion picture -taker cams  
an AVR for their upcoming 2010 theatrical election

Eat your voice!  
all monstrous political figures  
that project too much humility to deceive  
popular poor voters

Back off!  
political - dragon tongues  
that snatch the voice of the youth  
from beneath the unborn uncorrupted yet mind

Wake up!  
all surviving fellow victims  
my colleagues, my co - republican inhabitants  
don't be misled with all  
their politically-inclined puff promises  
that strike like a shrapnelled knives  
penetrating your heart  
paralyzing your conscience  
that would comatose the essence of true democracy  
that propelled by their tricky tentacles  
above a howling powerless  
underneath the still corrupt agency - the government  
that need to be quarantined  
to be freed from the shackles of epidemic graft viruses

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## \* MOTHER-SON UNBROKEN CORD

for my mother

I am clueless how brave you are  
while conceiving me as mysterious infinitesimal cell at first  
floating inside your excruciating underwater womb  
waiting patiently the approaching 12th day of December 1979  
and the upcoming fearful twin of all birth -  
the tragic death

I can't imagine the motherly sacrifice  
the pain upon laboring me  
as your first-born child,  
mixed with excitement and worries  
grasping in your nerves when you're about to wean  
my breathing away from your lungs  
by letting me to breath independently  
striving on my own

Then you hear my baby cry  
with initial innocent tears  
welcoming the dramatic weeping years ahead  
as if a loud scream of cowardice  
as if a pre-visualization the encumbrance of  
well-manifested, approach-avoidance mundane journey  
the unavoidable path of all mortals  
and it all begin in disperate home  
our inherent home  
eventually becomes my self-evaluated penitence home  
where once you lived seemingly alone

Your sacrifices become mine  
as we begin to conjoin the sorrows  
the springboard of our pensive tears  
of sufferings of hardships  
forcibly push me up prematurely to combat  
against hard-to-bear emotional upheavals

I never complain that I should be aborted while  
clinging obliviously in an umbilical cord  
nor aspiring to be a murdered fetus thru  
unintentional justifiable miscarriage

I never grief about my placental fate  
as i regret not that you are my mother

This is my existence  
I believe in creation as pro-life advocate  
no need to question Creator's omnipotent hand  
the oxygen-provider, the life giver  
the wisdom bestower so I can conciously recognize  
the emergence of my peculiar individuality  
to fathom the mother and son, son and mother tandems

the most awesome and inspiring bonds  
of all human lifelong relationships  
firmly links and stands together  
since time immemorial

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* NUCLEAR WAR 3**

The world today  
underthreatened by  
nuclear weaponry

kind of suffocating  
I feel within  
evoking fear  
for the incoming  
gruesome world war 3

North Korea!  
North Korea!

when will you  
dock in the shoreline  
of camaraderie among nations

when will you cease  
your rocketing crave  
for mindless nuclear tests!

childrens love toy missiles  
but never the adult!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* ORGASM PRE-REQUISITE**

She opens herself  
the way her private  
feminine wash absorber  
does

She is slippery  
ready to swallow  
brawny masculine  
dominant personality

throbbing  
pulsing  
stroking  
soaking  
sipping  
rubbing  
hugging  
watering  
feeding  
nourishing  
screwing  
pumping  
in and out  
in the heart of Eden  
the garden of clitoral fruit  
flashing  
blooming  
taking  
splashing

like a wet tounge  
in love with death kisses

like a loose centered finger  
pointing in the arrow of no turning back

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* SEEN FROM AIRPLANE WINDOW**

When I look down  
from the airplane window

I see a map

the biggest map on earth

that i haven't seen before

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* SOMALI PIRATES BEAST AT THE NUMB SEAS**

Beasts in Panama delta strike again  
wrecking slumber blood of sailing vessels  
wild voltrons on their gun's nozzle  
like desert vampires sipping economic fuel

The loaded ships now punching bullets  
riddled with powder of death  
over Somalia choppy waves  
on board trembling anchored knees

They're monsters in an open laizze faire sea  
halting golden streams of economic progress  
UN Navies feed them into the darkness  
in a cursed unbridled salt waters

Mariners crew panic, sharpnels strike on the air  
turning down head, hold as captives  
isolated terror, now globally threatening  
ransom demands of immortality

Modern pirates, the Lucifer at sea  
as evil ogres craving the floating grave  
in the numb field of the ocean  
in the dark center of the world

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* TRIBUTE: MICHAEL JACKSON**

Planet earth hangs thick  
celestial trillion bodies  
bend at gloomy galaxy

airs are wet  
from long tenous flight  
and  
the world  
the racial guests  
mourning

King of Pop is dead!

the king hearts trap forever  
in the lost fog of death

as eagle's flight  
might reach the top on the planet  
but the calling of death  
brings everyone equal  
the poor and the famous  
are all converted into a dust  
a mass incremation as the end of earth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\* WAR IS A FORMALIN BUSINESS**

The war is a business  
and the conflicts are the  
business plan

when they pull the triggers  
bang! bang!  
bullets spoil  
gun powders would be evaporated  
fuels are wasted

how could you find  
on earth that these things are free?

casualties rush up to E.R.  
dead bodies retrieve here and there  
funeral parlors are in great feasts  
for their high talent fees

how could you find  
on earth that formalin is free?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## **\*\* 2009 GLOBAL ECONOMIC MELT DOWN**

Who's afraid of economic melt down?  
In this year's peak global crisis  
the 3rd world prime commodities  
the 1st and 2nd world countries lifestyles'  
costs are as neck price high.  
World traders are just closed  
Redundant employees force to resign  
Supply and demand, inflation rates  
abnormally trembling  
Genius bankers are in state of great depression  
Real estate brokers, companies sinking in debts  
Economists, stock holders. capitalists  
bagging their head desperately  
in stock market bell  
ringing and blaming once-high-caliber intellect  
seem now futile and inutile  
in failing of putting precautionary measures  
for this year economic handicapped

Cause suicides even by many middle classes  
killing siblings, clans due to starvation  
and family famine  
strayed shooters, mental deprivation  
affected by media news economic drought  
nation's beggars, unemployment proliferates

Who's afraid of this tumultuous economic crisis?  
the rich? the middle class citizens?  
the ballooning poor populations?  
You? Me?  
I? I don't think so that I am devastatingly hitted  
I've been living in poverty ever since  
immune enough to hear noise garage  
against wages, LPG, gasoline increases  
fare hike rates, howl of job seekers  
food hunters, appalling scavengers and  
other endless economic protests  
and awful hunger strikers and all real  
scenes of direct bloodless hit casualties  
even before the rise of 2009  
global economic recession

copyright @ rmd marchan

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*\* 3 RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS KIDNAPPED BY ABU SAYAFF TERRORIST**

dedicated to the 3 International Commission on the Red Cross (ICRC) volunteers. Mary Jean Lacaba, a Filipina, the Italian and the Swiss

Switch on TV  
Nothing is fresh  
Rampant cruelty  
News channel hits

3 ICRC volunteers  
with one Filipina, my landlord's sis  
From Toril Davao Philippines hails  
Captived by infamous kidnappers

Arousing repeated horror  
Beheading attempt if demand fails  
for greedy ransom affairs  
Easy millions, freed or spoil

Philippine Marines guns pointing  
Far-flung Jolo, Sulu is threatening  
Same innocent victims  
Civilians, young boys and girls running  
Safety first than school and pen

Red Cross volunteers are neutralists  
Traited not as inhumaned by notorious bandits  
An act provoking Abu Sayaff themselves  
As cruel international terrorists

How do we escape  
from this routine evil threat?  
How do we preserve  
Mindanao's tag - land of promise?

Time now to re-evaluate  
the grass root of all conflicts  
Poverty? Dogmas? Culture?  
Ideology? Political? or Greedy interest?

Wait not for  
another war and victims  
Enough that my landlord's sister  
is kidnapped by them

(may this voluntary poem can humanize the war against terror)

written a week before Mary Jean 'nene' Lacaba was released unharmed by the bandits leaving the two kidnapped foreigners and still promoting a 'no ransom policy' by the government and the Red Cross.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*\* CIGARETTE- SLOW SUICIDE FOR THE 6 FT. GROUND**

Smokers

listen, I am an oral person  
just like you  
but i can create air  
full of stories even without smoke and fire  
unlike you -  
smoke and fire fill up the air

Your hand fingers shackled with killer sticks  
cremate lungs  
incinerate hearts prematurely  
lips form a dark opening hole  
unseen symbolic skull of nicotine-caused death  
swallowing blaze of fury  
sucking slow suicide for the 6 ft. grave

Listen again

I am an oral person  
I haven't seen healthy tips  
from "cool" flavor of cigar -  
even for status symbol  
nor state of belongingness  
but it's a demon bluff with tricky filter  
menthol bait, suave along nostril passage so smooth  
savour as the chain smoker  
fills up the air with cool - high stories  
and speaks fallacies, pre-echoes of last will and testament  
yes he utters it even before releasing passive smoke

Listen again

my friendly smokers

save life, save the air  
save your remaining counted days

a clandestine message from an oral person  
and that's all my concern

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*\* S-C-A-N-D-A-L - makes you double thinker**

FHM influence, thanks to Major Nils Rojo, my friend and life consultant, for sharing with me his treasured magz

Women expose breasts  
seen in public jeeps  
in wet-dry markets  
not censored pornographic expose'  
for humanitarian milk-feeding child  
2 yrs. old and below...

Curved hips, shadow pelvic bones  
painted butts, brushed by fine artists  
a naked obscene exhibit  
for sale for art sake...

Psychologists discuss erotica  
orgasm and its glory, the sex educ  
private parts hygiene  
technical heterosexual shows  
deem morally upright....

Commercial porno materials  
kamasutra websites, queuing sex hopefuls  
yoga postures lustful desire  
youth surfing fantasy  
dirty scandals, voyeurs cam to cam  
in you-tube stealing romance  
inside PC flat square face  
legal only for 18 yrs. old and beyond  
deem for educational purposes.....

Cable medias flash back  
sex crimes in the city  
gang rapes, incestuous infidelity  
sexual-congress intercourse  
pirated xxx DVD sets, playboy mags  
TV sitcom airing green jokes bits  
viewed 24/7 in public...

Shop at malls, display of sex toys  
vibrators free to handle with care  
flying tarps and billboard adz  
of lewd endorser lass indecently  
proposing clientele attempt  
for product attentions, womanizing genre  
consumer's bait and consumption...

Summer open beaches and in hotel diving pool  
skin-toned, two-piece thin wear  
exposing unshaven sneaky hair  
not drawn to allure eyesight into  
a polygamous instinct desire

not even censored as porno scene  
even with innocent child at diving site abide....

How about the unintentional rape scenarios  
inside disco club inferno  
the touch by touch with consent or not  
the skin to skin between opposites  
dancing with fire and friction  
commotion hot libido un-border  
tightly close, crawling fingers caress with malice  
strange flesh blushing -  
an indirect sexual harassment  
a crime should be against chastity  
considering they are dancing without sensual-sweet  
music played on air  
sounds here justify felonious circumstances....

How's the kissing scene in conservative public park  
the dating underneath trees, rolling down briefs and panties  
the dilemmas of now surprising increase in number  
of motels and cheap lodging inn in all corners  
seducing short-time happy goers, illicit affairs  
these are public crimes should be conclusively  
it ruins minor innocent wants  
corrupting children childish minds

now it is my turn, rate this porno revelation of mine  
from A to GP to R-18 to x to XXX  
and here it goes-

Lie down in bed darling sweet  
eject transiently my shaft of your ownership  
open literally adjacent femurs  
hung up twin legs  
lubricants sweeping down to gist  
thru micro tube apparatus lens eager to  
explore physiological world of womb  
tracing from fallopian lips  
and dirty stick not your dirty mind and tactics  
injecting now featuring invisible fetus  
through this scheduled ultrasound exam  
fore played by delicate hand of your  
respective OB-gynecologist

don't be scared, you're not under harassed  
your so safe with my convenient arm  
holding clinical result  
preggy exam: negative  
don't be dismayed, better luck next time for  
another X-rating execution lab test

Good luck, sperm less guy who admit cleverly

that this is not at all the time  
so better delet now your pornographic green mind  
rate me please triple A, so critics circle won't censored  
this expose'  
as for adults story

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

### \*\*\* WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES

I see a woman who accept  
All sides of me  
Longing when will I fulfill  
My commitment first  
Written in the wind

I see into your eyes  
Of what you want  
A home for the future  
A comfort zone when you're down  
A pace to be loved with  
Unselfish heart

Relationships develop so fast  
Push – no time for tomorrow  
Feel each warmth today  
But wait  
Please read my mind  
Slowly  
I can't hold my pen  
It is running .....

I steal your name  
And read this all over again

A R G E E

A – ARG, in you I see  
The strength of my weakness  
R – remember without you  
I would survive but in midst of loneliness  
G - Glad to be a full-grown man  
Wrapped in your arms  
E - Every new day from the start  
Is our pleasant memory  
E – Enough that you bind now  
With love  
What more could I want?

You are ever with me  
I smell your smell  
Touch your touch  
Two hearts have met  
Souls have melted  
Into one

You keep me alive  
And you even change my tears into wine  
A wine of joy  
We both drink for a lifetime

My childish act  
Vanish away

Replace with adulthood  
And responsibility  
I have nothing to worry;  
You're here with me  
To face my shadowy future  
Without fear but a manly heart

Thank you for sharing me  
Ample chances  
(despite of what am I)  
To look into your eyes  
So I can see  
Where I have been  
And where I am going

When I look Into Your Eyes  
Is a poem of acceptance, contentment,  
Patience, decision, fear and love  
For my friend, my lover and  
My wife

my "yours" Argee

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\*\*\*\* GLOBAL WARMING WARNING THE EARTH**

&#9786; &#9786; Cloud - broker  
rain - fixer  
ground - shocker  
wind whirling  
acid water  
salt wind  
humid air  
extreme summer  
scorching la nino  
overflowing la nina  
pandemic swine flu  
swollen limbs  
incurable HIV  
not isolated case

world is in peril  
nobody can escape  
breath sooty smoke  
lungs premature  
resting peace  
universal genocide effects

suspect:  
ferocious earth

principal:  
unconscience dwellers

conspiracy:  
intentional negligence

sentence:  
modern period and one day to catastrophic end

casualties:  
living and non-living things  
present era and the limb future

amnesty:  
don't burn tires, recycle non-bio matters  
massive tree planting  
share this poem to all concerns

it's not too late  
to save our earth domain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*\*\*\* MOTHER WEEPS ON NET CAFE**

My heart feels sorrow  
for all young children and teen-age adults  
losing much time excessively  
in computer games  
snatched from shallow joys  
inside highly -commercial gaining  
internet cafe

I extend pity for their losing future  
as they escape from school laurel activities  
and stolen by things that  
give transient pleasure  
molding brains into warriors  
absorbed from war-like game heroes  
and aggressive immortal foes  
and addicting idolized fancy characters  
far beyond to the real world  
that they are heading to

Then, at no surprise  
a mother with teary eyes  
bringing graduation gifts and  
circuit of flowers and decorative garlands  
knocking at game station  
net cafe's door  
weeping and looking for her son  
who miss the distinctive secondary  
commencement exercise march.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*\*\*\*\* CATCHING THE DAWN FROM THE ISLAND OF ABANDON**

I've been existing in the island beyond my grasp  
either to live more or to abandon.....

and while doing self-search for the " inner - me "  
while finding walls even for an ephemeral happiness  
while seeking for an arm to whom I can caress  
and looking for a pillar to where I can build up self-erected confidence

unmindful, the more I've been longing for something in significance  
I blindly left behind my chief definite aim, my visions, my dreams

I 've learned in the island since birth that every mortal will perish  
the neglected and those with inherited prosperity  
the oppressed and those with promising youthful years ahead  
the deserted and those who dies in prestige

I've confirmed, everybody will go on the same stream  
in the so - called passage way of life  
Birth, Life, Death  
except those aborted fetus, the miscarriage one  
lucky enough to escape the mundane universal struggle

These are all perishable materialism revelations  
the point of this poem is out there  
beyond the earthly scares that eventually vanish forever  
beyond the shattered realms where distress of emptiness  
incites no more in seeking mind  
beyond the silent forest where teary eyes no longer weep  
at the terrible coldness of the night  
beyond the ferocious winds in the jungle of wilderness  
that swift my feet from place to place  
beyond the tragic island of this cursed mankind  
gradually I am about to abandon.....

while catching the immortal life  
from the nearly descending dawn of salvation

Creator, please, secure me more  
security of my soul!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*\*\*\*\* EARTH IN FIGURATIVE ATMOSPHERE**

The earth is a poem  
dust of word from soil  
comma of rustling river  
moving like sentences  
over hills below grains

the earth is a poem  
the endless way of invisible wind  
like writer's ink  
encircling spiral earth  
narrates methaphorical senses

the earth is a poem  
beholding singular strength  
a verb from greeney scene  
all birds fly across simile lane  
above appositive mountains

the earth is a poem  
the haiku tune of nature's keen  
like rhyming notes on ear  
drill sentences of joy and pain  
read by conscious dwellers

the earth is a poem  
and a poem is an earth  
where earthly books sojourn  
sheltered with apostrophe of love  
and hyphen of greatness by God  
the Ultimate Author from above

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*\*\*\*\* FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND**

High tide  
rushes in  
erases my old footprints

leaving nothing  
except fresh fine sand  
for next foot printing

My journey  
is like a shoreline sand

when trials come in  
new high tide  
rushes in

covering up  
all wounded footprints

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

\*\*\*\*\*

**MASBATE- VISIONS OF ME with dondon jimenez now in dubai with me, see  
our visions before how it was gone**

(for my Poiscians League for Solidarity comrades with Dondon Jimenez)

December 2002

I was there

Free ticket free accommodation  
Free to embrace the warmest hospitality  
Of the Jimenez family

Sharing with the vibrations of  
Our dreams  
(Dondon wanted to be a lawyer so he took up law  
And I attended master in public admin.)

We talked goals and visions of our school based organization  
We're braved to be a ruler of nation  
We're greedy to capture power and influence  
To serve the suppressed, the neglected, the poor

But deep inside I was saddened because of tomorrow  
Our prestigious organization will vanish away  
And be replaced with fatherhood responsibility  
It's too bad we'll have to face about  
Corruption and graft

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*\*\*\*\*AKING PAKIKIBAKA (my struggle)**

Once more beneath my struggling feet  
the world turns -  
and doomed atmosphere strikes  
in a blinder flare.....

Hot summer ' 87, my mother created a calendar kite  
for me and it flew above our azure sky  
facing against the furious wind  
and there i had learned how to reach a dream

I knew the pressure of certain eldest son  
as looking down with my four siblings so theatrical  
under a shaky pillar of the basic unit of constitutional society  
beneath a single roof of instability

Often I read books on how to enter the world of achievers  
by following mentally of those steps who have reached it  
but a cancer cells of anxiety drowning in  
the deepest sole of my feet that standing once  
with too much expectations had drown near tumultous catastrophe

To be a Navy, to serve ones country, was my fragile priority  
Influenced by naval cinematic features in encyclopedic photography  
and that ghostly images turned into an attorney-at-law  
a child-like impression when my youthful brain talked loosely  
like a medieval sophies and taking up Journalism course  
was a gamble pre-requisite into that turning-doom unsolicited  
disposition

The smoky mind of curiosity was bloming  
shifting gear to the realm of new fresh desire  
where interest in political theorist, government structural studies  
intertwined like playing games in debates, speeches and the like  
the springboard for my salivary glands of eagerness

Nobody can stop the rapid brain explosions at that time  
even the critics wine of all wisdom bestowers of mine  
until the stupid dreamer started to howl, conceiving the bitter ending  
though in the middle yet of defeating waves  
my visions became blurry and gradually blinding

It was the worsiest fall in my historical existence however  
it was the best pondering moment to recall when spiritual calling  
mingling over my heart, a Divine intervention directly from  
omnipotent hand from above, I felt to be an obedient sheep  
and no single complain while heading inside evangelical ministry

Almost 3 years quarantine-like dormitory experiences  
in preparing of in all aspects for soul-saving upcoming duties  
A great total surrender including my mundane pleasure, my instinct pain

However for a long time of sacrificing for that Godly task

I felt unsayable concrete burden weighting inside my whole being  
without fear nor to express out of sour-graping alibis

In combating my day to day battle expenses  
I had unexpected shortage in figurative fuels aid  
I pressured not the obligation of my underpledged supporters  
greatly ruined by the sudden global economic handicapped

I didn't blame them that they hurtily affect my Godly calling  
and tragically cutting down bit by bit  
until I lost the last full grip, painstakingly carried away  
by an anonymous current that swifted me to nowhere

Forlorn idealist I became momentarily  
deceptive ideological utopia i had learned  
leading back to my struggling feet to where I had been spinning  
in the jungle not to where subversive guerillas sprouting  
but in main city streets, armless, groaning human rights justice  
shouting to revive democracy, marching to resurrect decaying society  
as freedom pro-constitutionalist fighter against  
EDSA 2 elite minority revolutionists in a de facto Phils. government

The aggressive- grown man reminiscing the burning desire  
completely finished AB Political Science  
as a consistent academic scholar while secretively  
organizing the once SEC Polscians League For Solidarity Inc.  
by the founder-prime minister, the self-proclaimed parliamentary  
obsessed, by the self-proposed by-laws, by the 'me',  
the ' I ' with broken puzzled wings forcibly to fly

I had penned down various socio-political commentaries  
in free-verse poetry style and published by local, national  
and worldwide web circulations  
patching up my unmet needs, by stomach and by pocket  
then my aching desirable mind, my burren temperament,  
my critics heart circle, merging at last!

I am no longer a mediocre fellow as many think of  
that once they thought as empty head tiresome talkative

Poverty pushed me to explore the other side of the world  
as I smell the dollar-earning job longing landward  
a time to eject my false-hope idealism dogmas  
Abandon poverty! Abandon hunger! suck the trend western  
aroma economy by winking magical TESDA training skills  
I was armored then with swedish massage and automotive servicing

Hitting abroad, seeking green pastures my top priority  
ignoring my pride my theoretical head capability  
but misfortune whirled against my shifting destiny  
for almost 5 years in waiting, I had been longing already for nothing  
the sweet Hongkong, Japan, Dubai agency, and the last for Europe



yes I had touched them down, no placement fees in global map  
Goodbye future OFW hero to be  
Goodbye wet and dry kisses for the falling snow in the cold country

My newly-wed wife now personally interferes me with disgust  
along my tropical winding road in life  
For the sake of our incoming baby's birth future  
for the every kick response of our fetus inside her womb  
that really reminds me at all, ' Papa, don't wait sudden luck,  
waiting your luck is simply waiting your death.'

Mine eyes are opened wide today  
as the arm institution with collegiate arcades  
welcoming back my transcript of records i keep  
for a Social Arts professor to be - a late bloomer's goal  
disguising indispensably with God's grace definitely  
a gift for me from now on and beyond

O countless hindrances and seems endless hardships  
where shattered dreamer Like me scanning first  
Nothing is to be worried, nothing is in vain  
every step that I take intuitively  
the failed pasts, the lonesome moments  
they're packed now in one voluminous pages of my  
inspiring anthology  
sooner or later, this will be in the public hands  
read by struggling intellectuals and book lovers around

I've learned then that in reaching out chief definite goal in life  
is a lifetime journey  
the doomed atmosphere that strikes along your way is nothing  
as the ordinary living dusts whirling around your corner

Never quit to dream, never cease to struggle  
in achieving your plans that you believe you can.....

Inculcate this line:  
The modern great civilizations today are the mere visions  
of our ancient crank dreamers of yesterdays!

- by rommel mark jefellow dominguez marchan  
copyright 2009 PHILIPPINES

title inspired by ADOLF HITLER, his book THE MEIN KAPHF  
(my struggle)

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*\*\*\*\*SADDAM HUSSEIN IN NEW IRAQ**

He was the dictator  
in the old Iraq  
the once fertile  
the abandoned garden  
of Eden rushed

It was always his  
first word as the final and executory  
handed down from  
holocaust- master the  
Austrian blood Hitler  
in infamous Nazi era

and Saddam tragic death sentence  
provoked his old Iraq was beaten

and democracy is running down  
in new Iraq alas!

million patriots cheer!  
their hearts pound firm  
resurrecting freedom  
in new Iraq at last!

but I am saddened  
with too much grief

children's laughter today  
will turn into blues  
someday somehow as they grow  
they will learn  
their new Iraq acquired freedom  
is under US Marines GI Joes custody

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*\*\*NATION OF SERVANTS? "**

A foreign joke  
bleeds Filipino's heart  
when Chip Tsao H.K. Columnist  
spits out of his own description  
among Filipina maids as servants of  
Hongkong nation  
and the same mail-order brides  
ordered jokingly by American actor Alec Baldwin

in either racist angle or not  
either in bad taste or not  
this are not a mere jokes  
and expect no joking reaction

open your eyes  
and be not the servants  
of undenial by evading the reality  
from me

this is real  
yes, hongkong is our maids OFW masters  
at least our modern heroes not traited as slaves  
and same with our foreign-dollar-grooms Pinay hunters  
as part of cybertech modern trends

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*A MINUTE AFTER SUICIDE BOMBER SWEEPS TWIN TOWERS**

The modern enemies of the state  
is invisible until they explode themselves

While the storm of bomb fume  
sunk down to ground zero

clouds of dust thick and strong

innocent torso damp down in their unexpected graveyard

in the middle of the modern once safety world

swept by the evil radicals, the anti- democracy  
whose blood starving for catastrophe

by mid-hour the shuddering winds were up  
the debris of sorrow swept the entire  
world of mourning

longing for the pieces of justice  
scattered everywhere  
like the multitude of unretrieved yet  
bodies of innocents

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*ABORTED FETUS / UNBORN VOICES I HEAR**

I hear their unborn voices  
echoing in the vocabulary of silence  
blazing beside their premature grave  
from the aborted breath

Glints over the shadow of death  
their souls longing justice  
blazing beside their cold tomb  
from the aborted womb

i mind their voices are alive  
the unborn unsayable cries  
longing for speedy due process  
blazing beside intrinsic law  
in the aborted judgment

I know I am imagining  
this condolence is like an air  
a puff eventually disappear  
into a nook of aborted nothingness

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*ASHES and the RAIN**

Rain is to the widow  
ashes is to the mourners

but yours  
is the utmost joy  
of having the loved one  
of your life breathing yet at your side

hugging with your blood  
loaded with your love  
full of life

make use of that time

yet by tomorrow, second or soon

rain and ashes will be showering on you

i am saddened  
you can hardly move on the pain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*AT THE FOOT OF THE SUN**

At the foot of the sun  
at the edge of the light  
few drops of darkness  
veiling over the just-born night

sprouting over my sight  
like a fragile shadow  
of the fluorescent lamp -

the sole writer's life

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*BANANA -THE FRUIT OF LIFE**

to SUMIFRU M.I.S dept., Agot Bamboa, Edlyn Englis, Rodge Mendoza, Sir Paul and Sir Dave, and the SEGATOKA Fighters, Sir Cobra, Likoy, Bigboy etc..in APOLAN, and Ernesto Depamallo and Bebung.Maam Pepay, Geoffrey and Long -long. The REMEDIOS FARM TRACTOR, Romeo Atienza proprietor and Junryl Atienza chief operator and to my wife Argee who once lived with this fruit of life as MIS Com Engr. / tech.support and the toiling hand of all.....  
I dedicate

While working in a vast banana plantation  
For the first time, I do nothing  
Except watching, seeing, following  
The life story of banana from  
roots, buds, leaves, hands, wild fingers;  
The banana becomes for me  
The mankind rooted on earth.

Its seedlings are the races  
For generation to next,  
its bundles are the clusters of  
families, clans, species.

some offsprings have already fallen  
some are freshly cut  
tortured, buried, swept away  
victims of mindless barbaric act;  
some are exported, wrapped elegantly  
those are the proud, everyone specie's dream, the elites  
lucky enough to reach 1st world  
apple - bearer country.

some trunks bend down under,  
loaded heavily with the burden of fruits  
its childish torso, slender leaves prematurely  
send back to earth

The tortured race catches my attention most  
Those defenselessly slaughtered  
By the nearby mob  
The alleged terminated mob who knows policy  
Prettily but not set in heart;  
The nearby human per se  
Whose starving flesh had been nourished  
since a long long time by their once productive salvaged species.  
How pity are they who know not to show indebtedness!

they become fool thru naked eyes of mine  
As I passed by the countless agonizing youngs,  
they had just cut down, and murdered devastatingly,  
Too fresh yet to be taken to their grave.



Who give them permission to salvage  
The fruit of life  
The literal economic blower of our surviving 3rd world nation?  
The practical means to raze out unemployment rate  
So rampant in this ` land of promise`?

Human conflict – yes undisputedly there is  
The long-time-gap between  
Bourgeois and the proletariat  
The rulers and the workers

but its illogical to gain justice  
thru slaughtering the defenseless species  
the innocent race that I consider now  
belongs to mankind

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*BLOOD SHAKES, HOWLING JUSTICE**

Bloods shake in the wind  
staining the invisibility of the air  
spraying spectator's sight  
of awareness  
not to tolerate  
salvage-convict  
alleged criminals

found hog-tied seen in public  
chop-chop bodies  
with random bullets  
bathe with own red grease

howling justice  
begging conscience

only nightmares appear!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*BOMB THREAT!**

The presence of terrorism in our passageways, the threat of fearful attack, maiming,  
peace damaging, a prediction into the unknown.  
Bomb!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*BULLET MIND**

My mind is  
on parade

marching like  
a rapid bullet

firing back  
my head

my mind now  
is on stage

acting like  
live performer

applauded by  
infant cheerers

waiting for  
trigger-ready

fresh infant bullet

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*BUNCH OF HOPE**

When the sun's shrapnel  
piercing my heart  
a new bunch of hope  
won't ever depart

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*CHICKS BOOBS BUTTS etc... WHAT?**

What would chicks figure  
without her mountain top boobs  
her curving hilly hips  
her blooming sprouting butts  
her blessed seductive thighs  
her secret feminine wash?

What would men do  
without the latter?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*CHOCOLATE HILLS FIRST IMPRESSION**

(summer 2001 Carmen, Bohol)

In a row  
Mushrooms without stems  
Scattered  
Not really mushrooms  
But bells  
Without ropes  
Kissing on a giant sand table

Like a chocolate but not  
Like a green strawberry

I can't describe fully what are they  
It's up to the tourist's eyes  
Either  
For t-shirt souvenir  
Or mailing post card  
And for the blind  
They are breasts of our mother earth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*CONTRARY VARIATIONS**

Trees growing  
seem touching infinite sky

Leaves falling  
kissing the humble ground

Why do they aspire  
differently opposite?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## **\*Existentialism**

Have you ever decided to leave your home for years and followed your wild steps to wander at the remote places for your pen and paper?

Have you ever board in a wooden ship across fury waves and heard nothing except the wail of disaster?

Have you ever trek along mountain ranges without thinking any risk after a false single step?

Have you ever experienced a shaky train ride and passed fenceless bridges?

Have you ever slept even a single night beside the man – made dump site mountain and ignored the foul odor?

Have you ever taken a weary nap under EDSA fly over during political crisis?

Have you ever ran among the rallyist and lost your sandal and knapsack because of the sprayed teargas and police dispersal unit?

Have you ever alarmed and chased by airport fire track while motorbiking along run way and hid beneath sapling trees before silver plane taxi down?

Have you ever visited presidential tomb beyond visiting hour?

Have you ever traveled in a mileage zigzag road and wrapped by fog even in a perfect noon?

Have you ever appreciated God's masterpiece – the landscape of the world because you were at the cloudless sky?

Have you ever met strangers who offered free 4 days accommodation with winsome hospitality because you were once a good conversationalist?

Have you ever asked myself why I am restless and wanderer?

If ever you raised that personal question

I am glad to say

I had been there before and I still go somewhere

I am existed to explore.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*FIND YOUR WAY HOME**

Let the water  
find its easement way

Let the climates  
change as they may

Let the fools  
talk directly to the moon

Let the poets  
write free unrhyme songs

Let the children  
act childishly

even the minute insects  
find their way home

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*FOOTBALL FIELD GEM**

(Grand Evangelical Mission, 10th of May 2009, Agro Football Field, Davao City, commemorating the 123rd birth anniversary of Ka Felix Y. Manalo, God's last messenger)

Throngs of believers and non-believers  
assembled together into one herd  
to cheer not up spectacular soccer game  
but to listen the Church of Christ  
evangelical expose' aim

Caravans of jeeps, boats, buses alike  
faithful followers, marching with streamers  
peace-governing authority with shimmering light  
of overwhelming joy and unifying gratitude  
in celebrating God's last messenger  
123rd birthday

Celebration's highlights unlike pagan feasts  
nor mix with worldly dance, pleasure and flesh  
but by grace of imparting God's messages  
in these last days  
spreading plain biblical doctrines and prophecies  
the gospel of truth for those  
who are willing to be saved

Literal thunderstorms  
and season rains are showering  
but they never defeats nor shakes  
even by little drip of attempt  
for the brethrens with stronghold aim  
rain or shine  
Grand Evangelical Mission begins

As the ball of faith  
starts rolling  
echoing beyond soccer goal team  
innumerable blind-folded souls  
have been awaken

\* around 60,000 people attended this historical GEM  
as reported by the local TV network (ABS-CBN Davao)

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*GLASS OF OPTIMISM**

My plan hangs thick  
and few vision of realism  
flows down the shore of my  
eyeballs

a hope for my little  
business industry  
as window opening  
hanging with curtains of courage  
with glass of optimism

welcoming positive dew  
in every dawn of the day

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*GLINTING MEMORIES OF EARTH**

Great civilizations  
today  
are the mere visions  
of our once crank  
visionary ancient ancestors  
but they never think  
the earth would be ruined  
by modern tech  
the nature would be exploited  
by greedy money makers

they never thought  
that cybertech would kill  
their dreams a dream simply to ease our living  
not to short-cut the span of life

If the ancient visions  
wouldn't be refreshed

we all have been awakened later  
that the earth where we dwell in  
glinting only in golden memories

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*GLOBAL WARMING CONVICTION**

&#9786; &#9786; Cloud - broker  
rain - fixer  
ground - shocker  
wind whirling  
acid water  
salt wind  
humid air  
extreme summer  
scorching la nino  
overflowing la nina  
pandemic swine flu  
swollen limbs  
incurable HIV  
not isolated case

world is in peril  
nobody can escape  
breath sooty smoke  
lungs premature  
resting peace  
universal genocide effects

suspect:  
ferocious earth

principal:  
unconscience dwellers

conspiracy:  
intentional negligence

sentence:  
modern period and one day to catastrophic end

casualties:  
living and non-living things  
present era and the limb future

amnesty:  
don't burn tires, recycle non-bio matters  
massive tree planting  
share this poem to all concerns

it's not too late  
to save our earth domain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*GREAT WALL IN CHINA**

I have seen the brick wall  
face to face  
the ancient hollowblocks sprawled  
against an embankment  
with roof blown open  
for enemies watchful rivalry eye  
for paid spectator's sight seeing

your dynasty dividing the world  
into half literally  
a concrete - walled serpent  
cutting the outer crust margin

wherever I look at your spine  
I see you are wrapped in old centuries  
fashion cloth  
dressed with moss and chinese  
character algae medicines

cunning and boastful  
you shield your grandfather  
warrior's glorious times  
preserving against evil invaders  
with your symbolic incense in your unfold shoulders  
with fun shui ritual in your rooted feet  
your face remains as calendar cover  
with 12 month full pages hanging in the wall  
as great as the entire 2009th year

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

### **\*HOLDING BACK TEARS**

Come all spiritual searchers  
witness the true worshippers  
inside the Iglesia Ni Cristo  
church services

observe the solemnity  
of the faithful brethren inside  
the magnificent churches

the inspiring hymns  
rendered by the choir

the plain gospel  
preached by the ministers

the well-organized  
settings

the satisfactory answers  
feed to all spiritual-truth seekers

the concrete biblical doctrines

the heartwarming sincere prayers

that one could hardly  
hold back tears!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\*IF AIR IS VISIBLE**

for the sake of imagination  
what is earth would be  
if we can see the air flesh to flesh  
as we breath

the atmosphere is veiled with  
whirling dust, a blanket of fog  
a silhouette of ebon smog  
enmeshed in the air per se

the rays of the sun deeply wounded  
to penetrate the earth

if the air is visible thru naked eye  
the beautifully-designed landscape  
would be the art of invisibility

even the salt-sea proof visions  
of all oceanic creatures  
would be totally blinded

a tension that brings  
imaginative impossibility

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*IN DARKNESS I SEE THE LIGHT**

dedicated to Osmond Crisostomo, my supportive friend in Dubai UAE

Thru darkness  
I've seen the light  
the dark shadow of my life  
the weakness  
my black strength  
that slave my sinful flesh  
ever since

Thru darkness  
I've raised my torch  
flaming from the doubts  
from the law of hindrances  
stuck in unfulfilled dreams

Thru darkness  
I've learned where did  
I go wrong  
in making of short-term decisions  
in reaching out  
long-term goals

Thru darkness  
I need to be shone  
to erect out in the dark  
to lit the lighting  
candle  
guiding and sparkling

now in the dark  
I can see the light

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*INSPIRED BY JOURNEY: OPEN ARMS**

for the Filipino vocalist Arnel Penida

I can do nothing  
but sing about it  
and so am I relieved  
from the pain

It is the Journey music  
caressing my burdened shoulders  
as a heavy bomb  
threatening my inner breathing lungs

Lying beside  
the Journey's Open Arms  
exiting now from the dark

Softly whispering  
biting the tongue of happiness  
as total inspiration  
a soul-surrendering  
thru an open song  
touching rugged heart

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*JOSE RIZAL STATUE - BODY BLEACHING**

My hero  
oh my hero

I propose to you a body bleached, a body  
which would be cleansed  
its external surface

You remain standing  
for countless years

seen by intriguing tourist-eyes

all weeds species  
crawling from your feet

and little moss  
sucking your face

rainshower is your  
noon blanket  
scorching sun rays  
drying your lips

circlet of flowers  
banquet of orchids  
flashes of photographers  
PMA guards trait  
you as living VIP

you seem untouchable to me  
then  
how could I bleach your concrete cemented body?

(LUNETTA PARK SETTING)

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*JOURNEY WITH THOUSAND MILES**

A journey to the thousand miles  
begins in the first single step

step by step  
pace by pace  
inch by inch  
pant by pant

until man loses breath  
and consciousness in the middle  
of the race

why not aiming  
a half-mile journey or even less  
for a fire-sure-goal hits  
before losing distant -running breath

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*K- 9 DOGS**

they are untagged heroes  
inside malls  
open bus stations  
airport lounge  
populated road corners  
check-point zone  
they are heroes in all occasions

They are auxiliary CIAs  
policeman extended arms  
a guerilla counter combatant  
the mortal foes  
of all self-inflicting bombers  
flying in the air  
in the vessel  
in the land among innocents

K-9 cold flat nose  
sensitive tiny sensory  
deciphering terror tactics  
to scumble the white fog of peace

and in the room where one unfamiliar bag  
above alleged drugs  
pillbox-panic crowds  
expect K9 heroes sipping nostril apparatus  
to close the unclosed yet  
bomb mystery

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*LANDSLIDE REVENGE**

Earth is swallowing  
her own soil  
eating her own skin dust  
biting tress  
fence posts  
running cars  
silent houses

Earth is burying  
her own face  
inflicting herself into death  
a suicide threat  
against illegal log cutters

\* for the landslide calamities around the Phil.archipelago  
that curtail many lives and properties and a lot more await

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*LIPS OF THE TENT**

I set up tent  
to shelter the night  
of coldness  
it covers  
like transient home  
cuddling tamed adventurous creatures

mountain storms  
trembling the whole forest night

by early dawn  
only the lips of the tent  
is left dancing

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\*LOAF OF FRIENDSHIP**

I stand in the  
rain headbare

waiting for  
a teary clouds  
cease crying

a friendly passer-by  
shares her solo umbrella

a loaf of unexpected friendship  
born

after the drizzling rain.....

i have forgotten to ask her name

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*MENTAL CHEMISTRY**

Pledging not to witness anylonger  
the street crimes  
convicted rapists  
shackled suspects  
threatening terror  
nerve-shaking disasters

and to drip mine eyes  
not to see anymore  
dejected  
gloomy faces  
sorrowful hearts  
near and far

is unescapable and loosened promises  
beyond my grasp

those tragic scenes around our corner and beyond  
are re-appearing across my bare sight  
vertime i do a proper avoidance

I couldn't oppose  
the timely curse of this wicked world

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*MIRROR OF THE YOUTH**

We are the echo of the future  
on the door of uncertainty

We are striving today  
so we can survive tomorrow

Bury now the past  
and its twin sorrow

Bring back only  
the golden times

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*modern ideology, poetically modified.....COMMUNISM**

It makes one trap  
inside proletariat cell  
adjoining classless table of ownership  
under tight moonlit roof  
of communal primitive - like  
production  
almost a utopia,  
dying alone

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*modern ideology, poetically modified.....DEMOCRACY**

Hear the echo of mountain top  
the cry of a mute chipmunk  
the breeze of the wide-open seas  
the blade of unwanted grasses  
all have rights to breath, born to be free

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*modern ideology, poetically modified.....FEUDALISM**

Tilling master's land  
offering pleasant reaps  
in return  
like tiny ferns hail  
in great canyons  
the solid rocks posted as immovable protectors

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*modern ideology, poetically modified.....IMPERIALISM**

Like hurricane clouds deepen dead silent nights  
like an eagle's eye hooking down the innocent preys  
nobody can escape  
even the furious terrorist fires  
easily swept away blindly  
by the  
might of the known imperialist wings  
striking from the west

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*modern ideology, poetically modified.....LIBERALISM**

Smoothed and mutually-dusted clothe  
of laissy faire atmosphere  
of free trade sillhoutte industry  
nested beneath inter-open countries  
exchanging caravans of camaraderie

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\*modern ideology, poetically modified.....NATIONALISM**

The low sun lulls the bay of sovereignty  
a modern patriots liff back  
the blooded heroic history  
preserving native ground  
for today's pride  
future's integrity

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*modern ideology, poetically modified.....SOCIALISM**

Trace the wind  
of state economy  
in shftless way.....  
the wealth  
is shared thru fair  
rivulets  
in a well-engineered easement of equality

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*Muslim Acquaintance**

For the expectation of the many  
North Cotabato as a whole or a part is isolated  
Civilization is miles back away  
anti-tourism, anti – economic industry  
tribal wars are rampant  
killing here and there, land of conflict  
land of cruelty, injustice etc.....etc.....  
and Christians have no room to roam around  
and see the vast cornfield valley  
the largest corn grower as I've seen  
statistically from mine eyes only -  
very critical in general to conclude

I had swallowed too that old-aged expectation  
until I came to work here for awhile and spent nomadic  
style of living in the upper part of Banisilan, Cotabato  
and learned how to mingle with Iranon  
whom they believe the most brave Muslim's tribe  
and the friendly Maguindanaon who offered roof under  
heavy rain from a long muddy trail after abandoning the troubled  
Ford 6600 farm tractor

I had begun to eliminate that worst expectation  
while eating pastel, Muslim's delicacy  
while taking quick bath and discharging "nature's call" just to comply  
their toilet habit every late evening in Busaon river bank;  
while gazing down Marandugao river, believed by them a crocodile haven,  
while hunting and chasing wild monkeys and took souvenir shots  
with armalite, garan, RPG, and carbin rifles;  
while motoring along limestone road from Banisilan proper, to lokal  
Thailand, to Pantar, to Busaon, to Tinimbacam where I had met in flesh  
for the first time a boy around 12 yrs old carrying garan rifle whom i asked  
with tensed and nervous where the 2 tractors, the Ford and Massey were going  
and surprisingly he threw generous reply

I had realized then after my mild motor crushed experienced with Dr. Koche and had  
1st degree burn in my lower right limb and left scar of remembrance  
that this part of autonomous region is just the same place that I've ever visited  
on earth -  
with the same atmosphere of hospitality (if you're hospitable too and remember I was  
a guest not a host, so I should pay due respect with their culture and vernacular)  
with the same climate of respect for an individual spiritual believer  
though they worship Allah and Mohammad is their Prophet  
and I believe in one God the Father alone and Jesus Christ is a man and redeemer  
the Son of God  
with the same fertile land, bright eastern sun, friendly rain and sky  
sheltering all crops to bear fruits of prosperity  
with the same fog, breeze, dew and wind blowing peace and freedom  
for all mankind rooted on earth -  
a mankind longing for collective democracy and progress

I had known then

the trusting camaraderie  
the love that watered all  
the dreams to unite and fulfill the vision  
of the land of promise – the land of Mindanao  
the appearing clear-cut between Muslims and Christians  
the blooded story of the past  
the yes for peace  
and the no for war  
promoting North Cotabato current rich imagery  
by unanimously twisting historical conflict as nothing as lies.

dedicated to the Moro International and National Liberation Front  
whom they believe are pro war and anti-christianity but not.....  
With Junryl Atienza, Veejay Atienza and uncle Rey, in memory of FORD TRACTOR 6600

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*MY FETUS OH MY CHILD**

(for my 3 weeks fetus inside my wife's womb, thanks for the ultra sound)

I have seen you clinging inside  
I have reminisced the path of our life - one blood line in other time  
I have stood by you as you kicked your haven your expanding womb  
I have heard the beat of your heart, pumping and exciting  
I have brushed your mama's hair of your connectivity  
I have blown your mama's skin of your attachment  
I have scraped your mama's fingernails of your genetics  
I have kissed your mama's lips of your breath  
I have clothed you both to keep us warmth  
I have prayed health embrace thru the little ribs of your body  
I have cleared up the path for your incoming birth  
I have practiced my face for the greatest smile on earth  
I have prepared the church aisle for a Divine bless.

written while your mama under training in TESDA Methodology  
15-May-2009

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*NEWS TOPPINGS**

Good life  
spoiled by  
evild desire

nature  
exploited by  
gain-makers

minor child  
sexualized by  
addict gangsters

these are all  
news toppings

in my late evening TV meal

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*OBAMA FROM WASHINGTON APPLAUSE AND TO ANY POINT IN THE WORLD**

He is the new leader in an old US states  
he eats up new expectations against  
the old war conventions  
the tiresome terror situations  
the economic recession

He talks like a concentrated sunshine  
breaking racism  
fusing into one blood

His exciting gesture  
well-toned voice  
deep thoughts  
and every inch of him  
stirs up dramatic emotions  
pushing promising leap in  
american history

and it is today  
the very day of his speech  
as newly elected President

CNN live as frontal amusement  
with thunderous applause  
tuned with standing ovation  
in the wave of promising new earthly heaven  
welcoming new America drizzling economy

all are tied up with wishes, prayers  
including the tiny Philippines  
embracing the blessed shower of hopes  
with Obama's emphatic visions

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*ORGAN BARGAINING..... A DEATH INSTALLMENT**

Out of reeking poverty cells  
in a 3rd world suffering country  
everything has its price  
in lieu of draining meals  
melting-drought stomach  
and every second of the clock  
is a tick for survival

Let all these pains  
the purest justification  
the measure for their means  
in executing the bargaining ends

O their chop-chop bodies are drained  
little by little from purity  
in exchange of splintered hope  
to meet the needs of the flesh  
unknowing how they have enkindled  
the risk for themselves  
their body-life into an installment death

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\*OUTLET PEN**

When the too-many words  
of my writings become naught  
and the arts  
would be nothing  
when dying economy would be  
its counterpart

when I go facing  
the real world  
breathing alone in  
an empty kitchen

when my home is loneliness  
filled with shattering dreams

slowly I leap back  
into the outlet pen

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*POETRY MYSELF**

I like to write poetry almost every hour of the day  
because I am a poem myself

I cannot restrain my pen  
when the ink falls  
on the right hand and on  
the plain paper or scratch  
and on the chattering keypad

and I cannot hold them back

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*POLITICIAN'S OBSESSIONS 2010 PHILS. SETTING**

He runs for the poor  
his hearts bleeding for the people  
he wants to serve for nation's interests

Election is approaching  
landslide voters  
rushing in nearby precincts

a poor voters  
flying voters  
the sick  
the homeless the jobless  
the streetchildren's weeping mothers  
the grand-sons and grand-daughters of  
all seasons in electon-economic-miracle-change  
hopefuls

then another election periods  
another sample ballots  
another flying voters  
another unfulfilled sweet promises  
another vote buyings and political party butterflies  
another landslide random counting  
another protest for recounts  
another new gain freinds and new fake enemies  
another permanent vested interest  
another propagandas and platforms  
another cheaters and rampant electioneering  
another politician's obsessions

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*SCAN POEMHUNTER**

Come touch web  
Scan poemhunter  
Taste weird minds  
Mate with poet pals

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*SCARS CLEANSING**

I want to rewind back  
my days of yore  
and connect the missing link  
I've missed  
and save all wasted hours  
but the scars of wounded years  
remain

how could I cleanse  
them all?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY UNCHANGE THE WORLD**

The rule on earth science  
is a simple circuit:

the first comers  
are always the oldest of all  
like the new cities were born before  
now known as old great civilizations  
like the new born innocent child before  
now known as our hero, our legend, our icon

New discoveries come and go  
new inventions interlapping  
in the old and the new era arisen

as the past and the future sciences  
undergo same path travelling along  
high-end world

everyday is a modern day  
differs only in numbering calendar days  
and the savour trend of  
style-upgrading technology

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*SEE THE WORLD FREE, COME JOIN WITH ME**

I explored the Pacific Ocean at the age of twenty  
met the bubbling ' ring of fire ' beneath

I visited Spratly Island somewhere in South China sea  
to extend sovereign territorial integrity

A climb to Mt. Everest meant a lot to me  
slept with glacier bears seen in discovery TV

I voyaged to Panama canal encountered Somali pirates  
felt with trembling guns in a dark numb sea

I took camel ride at Sahara desert  
conquered oasis of excitement upon touching down abundant oil spring

I moved to Mexico and fear not the swine virus would revenge back on me  
I loved to eat their siblings, its holy grails and pork barbecue

On the heart of Mandalay Bay, I cheered up as boxing fan  
Manny! Pacman! Bax! Fight for our country's pride

So my youth was spent above my quilt pillow  
I always dreamed to move as I learned to grow

And gazing at the star, sight-seeing with the sky  
My first journey step to explore the world free!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*SLIPPERY MINDSET**

I stumble down  
many times  
along slippery mind

falling many times  
in the pointless view  
of decision making

now  
i am a coward  
thinking again  
and afraid still to fall into  
the endlessness somewhere

I need Omnipotent arms  
occupying me as my Mighty strenghts

i am now a complete human being

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\*STONE THAT LEAPS INTO THE WATER**

A stone that leaps  
into the water

stretching ego-  
boast down fall

aspiring to overlap  
running stream

as human pride leaps  
and bounds

and dissolves into nothing  
as he dies.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*TANZAN MEDALIST**

Tanzan internationally known as bottle cap

bottle cap medal  
not learned in class  
even recognized  
by trillion heroes passed

this valor and pride pendant  
bought not out of fame  
dedicated solely and nothing more  
from my life appointed moral adviser  
(maj. joe neils rojo, title of this poem is  
truly inspired by him)

bottle cap medal  
a rust free iron cast  
engraved by invisible hand of honor  
worn by visible toiling hand

this is not for tossing up flaming name  
nor for prestige status upliftment

the bottle cap medal  
is for everybody  
a man who strive day by day battle  
full of humility  
as humble as the TANZAN

\* tanzan should be treasured too  
as it seals tightly the bottle to prevent early expiration  
just to quench thirsty throat  
same in the battle field of life, the labor hand  
the blue collar jobs, the farmers  
that most of us taken for granted  
nevertheless, they are the true  
backbone of our economy

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*TASTING THE FOG**

Tasting the fog  
in the hazy peak  
between sleep and waking

an adventure of mine  
a cool hobby  
to touch sensitive life

I wake up with the fog  
sweeping the mists  
before going back to bed

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*TERRORISTS RAGE**

Yesterday's suicide bomber attacked reminds us how perilous the world is, how unsafe to mingle with the crowds.  
Terrorism is ever on the rage.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*THE TESTAMENT**

At the end of my road  
where the glory of sun  
shines no more  
on my solitary bending path  
of life  
way back home  
and the wind  
I've chased in mountain dusk  
that carries my dream  
already far beyond  
my grasp  
loosen from my sight  
invisible, and fading

and too weary to walk straight ahead  
to keep on moving

and too hard to stand firmly  
with my feet  
too keep back fighting

too blurry to flash  
mine eyes  
just to retain seeing

but one thing  
is so sure  
in twilight zone of my life

as long as I can think  
I will keep writing poems

God is good indeed for  
He created POET

Glory be to Him  
for being His humble pen

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **\*TIME MURDER, A GUILTY CONFESSION**

Imprisoned me to death  
or a double-life unbailable sentence

I am pleading guilty  
I have murdered the precious times  
eversince

I am a needless slumberer  
an hour waster  
a clock watcher  
a frivolous talker  
employed in irrelevant employments  
a day squanderer  
a false-hope wisher  
a luck seeker for a job abroad  
a jack in few trade collector

I have acquired trial and error skills  
a hit and miss casual careers

I am loitering as self-acclaimed explorer  
and keep writing impossible to publish anthology

I am shifting various courses  
moving one place to place

I am spilling out all crystal fountain of my youth

I am spoiling much of them

Still at this very moment  
I am regretting  
I keep on wishing  
how could I live  
them once again  
without time-wasting?

Those precious moments  
that meant to be spent  
wisely but once -

I am now voicing out my  
guilty feelings within  
under oath!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*WERE WE JUST BORN TOO LATE?**

Who destroy the wilderness  
of the wild?

who mourn the denuding  
wilderness?  
we, the descendants

Do we blame our exploiting ancestors?

Do we start reviving the wilderness?

Were we just born too late?

we, the last of all, should be the wilderness savers!

\*\*\*\*\* wriiten after the tragic flashflood in Tugbok district, Davao City,  
Philipines that curtailed many lives and properties,30 June 2009.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*WHAT CAN MAKE THE MIND THINK?**

Think of skies of beauty  
instead of shanty slam cities

Think how to be cooled  
with someone

Think of something  
postively new

What can make the mind think  
if it is not continuously being utilized?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**\*WHEN MY TEARS CHANGE INTO WINE?**

I once wrote a poem  
in my sinking moment  
of life  
depression filled up all corners  
anxiety stroke as  
scorching sun  
marked permanent emotional scars  
corrupting my youthful heart

bitter, sometimes, pain  
intertwined

I kept on fighting  
within the walls in my mind  
with unwavering faith-

Longing when will the tears  
of mine  
change into wine  
A wine of joy  
I'll drink for a lifetime!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**\*WILD COMPETITIONS CHEERED BY TIME-KILLERS**

Mingling in the wild  
realm  
of human jungleness  
in the ongoing  
competitions  
of human race  
among the daily survivors  
in the urban  
in the rural  
in the remote wilderness

Life is a bet  
a gamble of chances

the world is the sole stage  
we are the performers  
competing each one another

cheered by the idle watchers  
the countless time-killers

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

. **Fresh Dawn Exercise**

A fresh dawn writing  
is an exercise for the brain  
it stretches mind muscles  
in writing awesome poems

A fresh dawn writing  
is the moment to ponder  
refreshing one's goal ahead  
a truly fresh start indeed

A fresh dawn writing  
is the time to listen the nature  
the crow of cocks like clock alarms  
leaving world burden nights unharm

A fresh dawn writing  
like an early morning walk  
like our pledge dedicated prayer  
to our God for His unconditional care

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **. CASKET OF THE FEET**

I want this poem  
to be completed  
and to be read  
base on what i suppose to be projected  
and  
I can watch the throbbing heartbeat  
of the aspiring readers  
who internalize  
the hidden thoughts  
and these wishes we'll be granted  
if i can completely  
gather thoughts and emotions  
to complete this piece

but now literally trap  
in the casket of my feet

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**. CRASHING WAVES AT THE EMPTY SEA**

The sound of the crashing waves  
reminded me  
of my childhood innocence  
returning back my thoughts  
into the broken  
beaches

The waves I heard today  
is the smashing sound  
on my empty oldest sea

and they are moving  
closing to me now.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**. UNTYPED WORD; I am talking with you**

The laptop is overheated  
keypad is burning  
I cannot type you strange ' words'  
I cannot save you anymore  
My mind is in peril  
Later you will be out on the screen  
as a losing memories  
dies in natural death

I have no pencil  
to pen you down either

You are now in danger

delete

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **. WAIT PATIENTLY IN SILENCE**

There's a rainbow  
at the end of the storm

There's a hope for  
every sincere heartfelt prayer

and a purple fruits smiling  
from behind the clinging vines

There's a clear pathway  
for those who patiently wait  
while nimbus clouds  
lazily clog along the skyline

There's a beautiful song  
ready to ease the blues

There's the chatter of birds  
as they leap from tree to tree

There's a beam of love  
a sweet tender heart  
a watchful eye

dwelling within  
your tiring life

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **. WORMS REVOLUTION**

Poverty  
stirs up the nerves  
once  
over the hungry stomach

it leaves no single coin  
for my survival meals

the worms inside  
revolting against me

the tense of boredom  
cuts off the hopeful mind

losing job  
losing opportunity

leaving academic certificates  
the cannot-be-eaten wealth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**... Dust in the dusty world**

beware of the dusts  
whirling around  
they kill the purity  
of your sight

you have no reason  
to be hurt

they are just passer-by  
melted, gone and evaporated

Like you and I  
the rest of us

we are only a living dust  
above this dusty world

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**..... MENSTRUATION PERIOD**

I heard  
it is a cry  
with shedding red  
sticky tears  
of frustrated uterus

it is the depressed fetus  
committed suicide  
cutting himself  
into cellular debris  
inside bleeding jail

which is which

it is the cleansing habit  
of global warming  
affected mother nature  
best preparation  
for upcoming  
planting rice season

however

the menstrual red flag here  
is not  
a pro-war  
but an anti-battle  
enforcing dangerous sign:

no trespassing yet

in a dog fight free zone

period

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

..... **MAKING LOVE**

Lying above the quilt  
after love making  
exhausted  
resting while stretched muscles  
bump along the nerves

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

..... **BANANA SPLIT CONGRESS**

While working in a vast banana plantation  
For the first time, I do nothing  
Except watching, seeing, following  
The life story of banana from  
roots, buds, leaves, hands, wild fingers;  
The banana becomes for me  
The mankind rooted on earth.

Its seedlings are the races  
For generation to next,  
its bundles are the clusters of  
families, clans, species.

some offsprings have already fallen  
some are freshly cut  
tortured, buried, swept away  
victims of mindless barbaric act;  
some are exported, wrapped elegantly  
those are the proud, everyone specie's dream, the elites  
lucky enough to reach 1st world  
apple - bearer country.

some trunks bend down under,  
loaded heavily with the burden of fruits  
its childish torso, slender leaves prematurely  
send back to earth

The tortured race catches my attention most  
Those defenselessly slaughtered  
By the nearby mob  
The alleged terminated mob who knows policy  
Prettily but not set in heart;  
The nearby human per se  
Whose starving flesh had been nourished  
since a long long time by their once productive salvaged species.  
How pity are they who know not to show indebtedness!

they become fool thru naked eyes of mine  
As I passed by the countless agonizing youngs,  
they had just cut down, and murdered devastatingly,  
Too fresh yet to be taken to their grave.

Who give them permission to salvage  
The fruit of life  
The literal economic blower of our surviving 3rd world nation?  
The practical means to raze out unemployment rate  
So rampant in this 'land of promise'?

Human conflict – yes undisputedly there is  
The long-time-gap between  
Bourgeois and the proletariat  
The rulers and the workers

but its illogical to gain justice  
thru slaughtering the defenseless species  
the innocent race that I consider now  
belongs to mankind

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Barber Shop Justice**

Alcohol that mingle on the  
barber's hand  
sharp scissor that trim split ends  
and cut unwanted hairs  
inside a cool-airconed room  
in front of the truth-teller mirror

I return back there  
a month later  
and find out  
my in-demand barber is shot dead

I shave my head  
a hairless head  
a sign of sympathy, begging sooted justice

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Bed 01**

Bed 01 r00m 205 dorm 3  
Milton hills subdivision

My body is aching  
Eyes are tired  
Hands get cold  
Feet are weary  
Need someone to care

Sheltered from the light  
A romantic flame of light  
Embowered with a sweet-pleased song  
Lubricates to my soul  
So soft so smooth  
Stretches my toes  
Urging my unrest back  
To lay down on my bed numbered zero one

My transient home  
Spend all silent sleep  
Above my quilt  
Buried memories of woes and sadness  
Within my pillow  
Absorbed the tears of sorrows  
Replace happiness scent  
A warmth welcome dew  
For a thrilling tomorrow

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.BEM's dormitory**

(bachelor of evangelical ministry student's dormitory)

Here gathered young  
eminent brave men,  
raised from somewhere  
crossed the miles, away from home

How happy they are  
even though far  
from their parent's embrace  
even strangers to the pain of  
struggling years  
and melancholic nights,  
they fix their eyes unto the Lord  
begging for help, kneeling for mercy  
shedding tears.....  
for the triumph only God can give.

But, like the growing seeds  
and climbing vines  
reaching up to towering aims.....  
winds cross their way  
rushing them  
trying to vanish away

What mournful truth gives aching heart  
some offspring here  
no longer living  
they were carried away  
by the evil wind.....

here valiant men only can stay longer  
with brave heart and soul  
will be trained.....  
combating the tempest and obstacles  
to measure-up to well-built aims

Such mighty armors  
worn by these men  
weapons of hope  
chained with faith are their  
main heavenly force.....strenght from above

Then.....time goes on  
soon they will leave  
into the realm they would go  
not to make nation's roads  
but to save souls  
spreading the gospel of Truth!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## **.Beyond Philippine Military Academy**

You bring me up here  
At the top of greensummerville  
Somewhere in bakakeng north hill

Down  
Lights are on parade  
Homes of elegant  
Poverty is not shown

I feel young here  
A place of endless imagination

Never mind  
What lies beyond  
Phil. Military Academy  
Camp John Hay `s horizon  
Somewhere in the dark

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Cavendish Bananas**

Blooming in upland  
Sprouting exporting bunches  
For Japan - apple barter trade

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Crocodile Park Encounter**

It is as if the park  
we walk on,  
this New year day 2009  
is the park of wild beasts  
tranferred from jungle forest  
compress into single jail  
beautifully landscaped and designed

Entrance fees  
not for ransoms nor bails  
for creatures' release  
for not-to-be expected freedom

They are exploited  
like the just-born baby crocs  
couldn't taste yet the  
aroma of wild river  
their supposed grandeur habitat  
away from human touch  
radiation of digital cam  
harmful sights of guests  
teasing their squared limited haven  
so heart breaking  
while their teary eyes  
gaze up the native birds and buzzing bees  
flying freely in infinite sky  
grasping full justice and freedom  
chanting all day long over the  
extra judicial prisoners' animals  
not so lucky enough to be a localized- common  
creatures that unshackles spectator's curiosity  
unfettters commercial animal tours

may this poem unlocks the  
croc's inmates aching fate

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**.Dont be anxious about tomorrow**

Don't be anxious about tomorrow  
live one day at a time  
read gospels writtten in Matthew  
treasure life as golden dew

Each second we breath  
God's truly gift  
best moment to greet  
loved ones we meet

Look not mournfully the future  
nor aspire exist perishable things  
worship God and adore Him  
for soul salvation's gain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Dragon Fruits**

No flaming mouth  
Sprinkling tiny ppeppermint  
Too expensive, can't afford to taste

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Galaxy journey**

shout now in universe  
thru un-carved senses  
touch  
the void  
vacuous space  
for my atomic mind  
about to explode  
ASAP  
beyond untouchable  
milky way beyond galactic horizon  
where deserted sun  
refuses to shine

i want undefined danger  
no deep lung breathing  
no damp still air  
i stretch rocketed arm  
with piloted ink  
continue writing  
cosmic imagination  
all start from pen ball point

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**.Grapes**

Green mestizos  
Planted on native ground  
Like foreign visa from snow land

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**.Hour of silence**

There's no such time  
                                  as silent hour  
seems echoes  
                                  from hills  
sibilant voices  
                                  from deep  
whisper from  
                                  secluded corner  
a private spa  
                                  for weary minds

Imaginary atoms are not colliding  
  even a single strayed ion  
in the mind  
  neither a bubbling nerves  
    tightly bonds in frontalis regions  
but creative ideas  
    smoothly glide  
in the very hour of.....  
.....silence

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## **.Insects Holocaust**

A bearded cockroach suffered  
severe comatose  
cat-size rats paralyzed before  
their last supper  
domestic insects frozen  
inside sewage tunnel  
flushing cancerous  
excrements  
waterproof army of ants  
sneakingly cut out depression  
the timid spider's gossamer

airborne mosquitoes crashed  
after an exhibition took off  
and suffocated inside sooty  
killer bag of smoke

the just widowed sexy fly  
alone left from the 2009  
pandemic household attack

in synchronized of the  
swine flu from mexico  
after my neighbor's death  
on heart cancer

naive worms escaped gracefully  
heading into their pagan like  
vigil festivity

\* thanks to the month-old cobwebs  
and the friendly insects in squatting  
the house nook. It really inspired a lot  
in writing this piece

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Life Is Meant To be Lived but Once**

Don't ever boast of  
material wealth you've got  
just keep in mind  
What man possess  
in this world  
when he leaves  
he can bring them not

Don't ever flaunt of  
academic intellect you've had  
Man leaves everything  
and he is bound to pass away  
including the pain and the trouble  
the deception and the drudgery

Life is meant to be lived but once  
so we need to enhance  
what really God's purpose and plan

We are designed to worship Him  
abide His laws truthfully  
spiritual maturity grows  
day after day

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Lonesome Seas**

might by chance  
Recall all colorful cities  
All up-down hills  
All historical streets  
All placid atmosphere  
Of any local village

I might recall all the  
Clustered challenges  
Of human race  
Really  
As long as I can cross  
Any lonesome seas  
On earth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**.Marang**

Whitening fleshy fruits  
As condensed-evaporated milk  
Sticky, yummy, banned to hotel guests

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**.Marijuana**

Poor man's ecstasy  
Over rushing adrenalin glands  
Like endless windtalker

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Mind is on parade**

When I push my pen  
from left to right margin end  
words are written unfade  
from my mind is on parade

I talk verbally indeed  
uttered heartwarming praises  
I feel what my heart has dictated  
thru my mind is on parade

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Mountain Of Memories**

It has  
been  
a long  
long  
time  
ago

but

still  
lingering  
in  
my  
mind

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Oblivion**

07102K ANNEX BLDG.  
New Era St.

One sharp noon  
Alone  
In the pace of imaginary darkness  
No spirit of light  
No sound of music  
No law of nature  
No slavery of temptation  
No code of rules  
No pain of misery  
No phobia of everything  
No tragedy of life  
No force of gravity  
No survival of species  
No philosophy of man  
No rivalry  
No power mystery  
No question of doubts  
No future history  
spotless  
    empty

                    void  
no memory

delete

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## **.Ocean of imagination**

I stare  
nothing but the sea  
mind of mine  
screaming  
flying  
around ocean aura  
diving beneath  
murmuring propeller  
that pushes the glide

I can't imagine  
how my mind put  
risk  
with this stolen ship  
for selfish  
exploration  
to acquaint  
living ogres  
underneath

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Pineapple Can**

Encircling populated eyes  
Biting tounge tidbits  
Overflowing on juicy tender cans

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Rambutan**

Kid's marble seeds  
Penetrating sweet to the bones  
Like death - row diabetic convict

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Sacrifice**

Too much sacrifice  
marks brain damage  
but  
without single sacrifice  
creates no brain  
at all

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Sea of tranquility**

Sun bidding  
goodbye

hissing wind  
disappearing

I watch them  
evaporating  
among waves

too late to hear  
my whisper  
to far to  
mutter it back  
again

now is another  
wink  
shouting across  
moonless night

caressing the  
tranquil sea  
of meditation

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Sea Yoga**

I  
might  
recall  
all cluster  
of experiences

really

as  
long as  
i can  
cross any  
lonesome seas  
on earth!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Starless Zodiac**

Fingerprints of light-year-distant stars  
fixed and scattered  
hunging a part in the mirrored hole  
in cavernous darkness  
sparkling in hollow dust  
of infinity  
the geography of ancient  
warriors  
the landmark zone of  
old-stoner nomads  
an extended geography  
even before civilization was born  
and created

the gemini, the sagittarius  
the pisces  
and all their siblings  
puzzling human brain  
in modern times

look up overhead and  
match up with your reading tabloid  
your daily zodiac portion  
a life -guide path for stargazing believers  
prophecising hit and miss  
day by day encounters of all beings  
and avid readers the make believe  
become crazy about it  
as if committing suicide  
in counting the starships  
overhead by hitting foolishly  
the universe undefinable dead end

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Tarsier Screams**

He's not from Bohol Philippines  
He's from Mt. Malindang virgin forest  
Misamis Occidental topmost

He's nocturnal  
His pupil is wide-opened at night  
He's screaming to watch the  
upcoming morning sun

It's his last scream  
almost I hear it tonight  
seems  
He's old enough to breath for tomorrow  
still I feel the loud cry around me  
I know what he feels  
being old and aching is not  
but being away from home forest  
being fettered by civilized human  
He feels more than the tensed of a hand-cupped  
criminal sentence to death by tomorrow

He holds his breath  
better to die for himself  
than to scream hopelessly when will  
the morning sun shines directly on him  
radiates impossible rays of freedom

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## **.Twin Virus Face to Face**

PE 4 swimming lesson Amoranto, Cubao

I dive at the pool  
swim freestyle  
underwater  
I open my eyes  
Minute bacteria facing  
face to face

drifting beneath  
in chlorinated pool  
bubbling  
multiplying the germs

I step up  
looking back universal solvent  
I mirror myself  
my face is floating  
facing back to me  
and boomerang single identity  
macro germs contaminate  
floating my unclaimed twin  
since birth  
accidentally we meet  
today spreading viruses  
in this mask-wearing world

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**.Watch out! pen is running**

Watch out!

I can't control  
my mind

I can't stop  
my pen

all are running wild.....

Watch out again!

I can control  
now my mind

I can stop  
now my pen

this is it!

all are well-written

read these lines  
all over again

and conceive  
what I mean!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**.Weakness i smy strength**

I am expected to  
act perfectly

in the world  
full of mistakes

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Wildlife dusk**

at wildlife nature park

delirious imagination  
unmindful  
digging up wild past  
casting away home  
like wild beasts

like wild mind  
loosing the cage  
unblocked freedom

unaware  
in this dusk  
wild creatures  
feel asleep  
they don't know  
i know  
they don't know  
where my wild mind goes  
have pity to them

beware wild readers!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **.Zoo over my body**

There's a lion inside me  
roaring loud within my belly

and the stallion on my feet  
kicking out my tarantula fingernails

There's a Thai elephant over my head  
and the arwana in my eyes  
circling around my forehead bowl

There's a chimpanzee in my phalanges  
gripping like a hatch ostrich  
pasting like a lacoste in chest  
a giraffe in neck  
a shark attacking my heart

There's a serpentine sneakingly my ventral butt  
and obsolete dinosaur freed  
from my jurassic breath

like a ghost of Philippine eagle  
endangering -

almost gone in numbers  
like my my jungle mind fading  
while exploiting wild  
the commercialized species privacy

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/  
GARDEN OF BETHEL**

**JBI BATCH 96 - WE'RE ONCE A SEEDS IN THE**

JBI BATCH ' 96 - Seeds In the Garden of Bethel

(dedicated to Jimenez Bethel Institute, my high school institution as inspired by Sir Dionisio Vale Sr., our principal and garden instructor, 4th yr. narra, batch 95-96)

We were once the seeds nurtured and grew  
In the garden of Bethel where we had sowed  
A sectarian soil anchored our roots  
Firmly hold with dreams and hopes.

Above the said fertile bed  
Living dust covered our head  
Entangled with vines and dirt  
That most thought we won't grow without aid

Learnings were our rains  
Knowledge was our nourishment  
Imparted from the wisdom of our gardeners  
Whose books and lessons were our shelters.

Then the seed grew up with youthful stem  
With buds sprouted to learn  
Availing hope for the rising sun  
With rays of bright morning comes

The seed no more but a sapling tree  
With branches began to sway humbly  
Adoring to our noble gardeners  
Who once nurtured unselfishly

we are praising now our plowmen's hand  
Who worn not in cultivating the plants  
and now bearing fruit of lives  
We offer to GARDENER'S sights.....

- jetfellow marchanism

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/ Maj. JOE NEILS ROJO, PNPA, MY LIFE CONSULTANT**

for a man of integrity  
who greatly influenced me

You thought me once as mediocre fellow  
'cause I talked too much as empty head  
Till you dug up the roots of my inner thoughts  
Buried yet in neglected abandoned moments

You have been amazed with me I guess  
Since you revealed my last hidden ace  
Sparked in your mind beyond disguised

Yes, yesterdays seemed I was a nobody's nothing  
Wearing self-mask for survival mystery  
Too shallow for an egoistic pride, it should be done  
Pending yet as eased my dreams and plans

The best time about being with you  
As my respective client and my life-track consultant  
When you moved my shaken thoughts being corrected  
Bestowing wisdom, pouring knowledge kit, a must indeed

You have shaped me too as masculine macho  
No malice desire as FHM porno  
Inspiring me as a young seeker-father to be  
Aiming for a treasured blessed child, come what may

Physical lab bore positive son at last  
Nils as I will call with consent in stealing your name  
A million rainbows from heaven cheering up  
Our friendship, our blood merging alas!

You frame me back as life-real fighter  
Advocate of love, of moral responsibility  
Molded by time, influenced by integrity  
Like you Sir, I'm now a full-grown man intellectually equip.

5/13/09

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// TORNADO - my license to kill ///**

A roar of tornado  
is coming near  
I can't tell you from where  
whirling back sad refrain  
I hate so well

I hid before in nowhere  
away from golden shore  
living life full of darkness  
missing hopeful sun rise  
every day was storm  
tears were my twin nightmares  
singing sad refrain

until i stuck here forever  
escaping away from that abandoned pier  
playing a new fresh refrain

then now  
roaring tornado  
coming back again  
I can't tell yet from where  
rehearsing my heart-aching song  
a lonesome music  
I hate so well

If ever you get me  
the license to kill  
I'll cock one bullet  
hitting fatal head  
of that unknown stage performer  
who whirls back  
my hated refrain  
so I can tell you now  
from where

\*written while listening, 'leader of the band'  
performed by nobody 05/06/09

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**/// Comb Your Mind**

Comb your mind  
.....every moment  
.....as you brush  
.....your hair  
.....ruined by the wind

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

### **/// CHARGING WITH SUNSHINE IN A SANCTUARY BY THE SEA**

Hiking eastward to the sunrise zone  
Facing slowly the gnawing rays  
for when slight purplish-red arising  
Fresh hope and courage would be awaken

Waiting hushly along wave-breaking bay  
eagerly watch the sun uprising  
Flashing virgin smile at me  
Wondering why I gaze full of curiosity

Crossed-leg now sitting beneath a young bent tree  
newly shielded from glowing morning sun  
Charging new surge of universal energy provider  
as fuel for physical strength and perseverance

Sun-caressed, shine and gleam  
while meditating above powdered sand, I have learned  
In sanctuary margin by the sea  
meet mind calmness, rest and tranquility

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// comic \*\*\*\*\* BREAKING GLASS**

My mother was awakened from her deep sleep when my younger sister sang a distressful song in front of the life-size mirror.

' Aize, would you please shut up your annoying voice! ' Mama scolded her.

My sis explained cleverly, 'I was trying to prove how powerful the voice is if i can break the mirror upon reaching the highest tenor pitch.'

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* AIRPLANE PHLEGM TRAGEDY**

The airline ticket officer asks  
to the lady passenger,  
' what seat are you comfortable to bulk with? '  
The lady replies wiseacrelly, '  
' I have a cough for a couple of weeks,  
bulk me please at the window side  
either at the right or left  
so I can spit out easily the phlegm '  
Then the airline employee replies surprisingly,  
" Oh my God, this is not a Public Utility Vehicle, Maa'm '.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* ART OF WAR**

The book, the Art of War by Sun Zsu, had inspired a lot with my aunt especially when she came acrossed the highlighted points of the book,  
' ferocious as the fire, silent as the forest, immovable as the mountain, fast as the wind.'

She implanted those thoughts on her son for his everyday real battle in life but it went in different direction:

Fire: her son became a hot-tempered fellow

Forest: he loved messy things and untidy

Mountain: yes immovable as the laziest guy on earth

Wind: full of airy thoughts son and with empty head

My aunt was totally disappointed. She thought her son would be like Napoleon Bonaparte, Mao Zedung, Adolf Hitler and others who once treasured the book, the Art of War.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* BOOK LOVER**

A book lover in our town is permanently banned by the local bookstore. Warning (with his photo) : Beware of this guy, don't allow him to enter in any of our bookstore premises, he corrupts all stock knowledge files in a row without buying or purchasing a book '.

It's quite hard to feed the addiction of being a book lover, even a free reading is strictly payable now per minute.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* BORING SPEAKER**

A boring speaker during our graduate school orientation for transferees and freshmen arousing incidentally the collapsing audience eagerness to listen her long chilly speeches until she highlighted much this line, ' In the Philippines, the higher the educational degree, the higher the tuition fees '. Then thunderous ovation applauded.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* CLIMAX**

There is a profound indifference  
between the love for sexual desire  
and the lust for obsession,  
however, they would certainly meet in common;  
the climactic ejection.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* COOL POLITICIAN**

A politician again draws sweet promises in the presence of his multitude voters, ' If I will be elected as your next town mayor I will build bridges '. A concern citizen raises his uncontrollable reaction, ' Honorable, our town geography is plain, no rivers nor mountains! '.

.....' my dear constituent, you don't need to worry I will create first rivers and brooks just to fulfill my promises '.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* FLYING KITE**

My mother created a paper kite for me. It flew overnight. In the following morning, it was gone only the loose string laid down on the ground. Mama said, " Look up in the sky there where your dream kite flies.'

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* GRADE ONE PUPIL**

An elementary teacher asks her grade one pupil, " Juan, who is Jose Rizal? (the Philippine national hero) . Juan hesitantly stands and apologetically replies, ' Maa'm, I am so sorry, I'm a transferee, maybe he is on the other section '.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* GUEST SPEAKER**

A guest speaker from the United States of America appreciates truthfully about the nutritious foods in the Philippines that he misses so much. He says on his speech, ' It's nice to stay here in this country where malunggay, the green leafy vegetable, is freshly eaten unlike in the states, but I 'll still go back there by tomorrow. '

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* HALF TRUTH**

Our guest speaker emphasizes, ' A half truth is a whole lie.' One audience raises his voices unconsciously, ' Mr. Speaker, how about a half lie? '.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* JOURNALIST**

Journalist: What triggers you to run in the office of the district representative?

Politician: Excuse me, I am running for a congressman not a representative...

Journalist: They're just the same, well, anyway, goodluck to your voters!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* JUDGE THE SUSPECT**

A rape victim is being interrogated by the prosecutor, when she details anything about the rapist, all spectators are eyeing suspiciously to the presiding judge.  
Seems all descriptions attribute perfectly tot the jury's physical features, gestures, mole and facial aura.  
Hopefully, this is only a mistaken identity or simply a person's similarity.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* LAW STUDENTS**

It's wondering why freshmen law students are proud of in bringing gigantic voluminous hard bound law books and viewed rampantly in the university public lounge. Senior class are with scrolled notes seem carrying no books at all. While those newly grads heading to the capital city for a month-long bar exam preparations, they impulsively alibis that they have something to settle down there or to seek a greener pasture.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* LOVERS MOON IN A PROHIBITED PARK**

A tardy moon  
rushing down the park  
Pair of lovers  
await

kissing among slight darkness  
above the risks of grass bites  
blushing out flesh to flesh  
under late comer  
moon lit

Lovers moon  
Lovers moon

Quickly ascending now

the farther it goes up  
the deeper.....  
the lover's intimacy

and the roving lady  
guard steps closer  
issuing tickets for their penalties

' this park prohibits  
lewd dating and stealing romances '

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* MARCO POLO**

My brother-in-law invited me to visit him at his executive suite room 801, Marco Polo Davao. It was my first time to roam around this 5 star hotel in the city. Without any question nor asking the receptionist, I went up excitedly through a huge elevator. I had noticed that the push button number was only up to the 4th floor. I realized later I was inside the janitor's entrance-exit elevator, full of mops and brooms.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* MISTAKEN CAROLLING**

One gift for our church member birthday celebrant is to offer him a surprise carolling at the very dawn of his special day.

One morning while chanting religiously with blended voices and rhythmic guitar, a nuisance voice breaking the chorus, ' You're ruining our couple's intimacy, your brother was transferred last night to the frontier door! '. We move sneakingly, repeat the songs eventhough the first ray of the sun is already shining. We only find out then that angry voice whom we had done a mistaken carolling is the landlady's daughter, a newly-wed.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* PANTY NO MORE**

A newly-wed couple having their first night, the wife whispers to her husband, ' honey, i have no underwear'. The husband replies, 'ok don't worry myloves, we will buy a dozen tomorrow.'

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* PHILOSOPHY GRADS**

An A.B. Philosophy graduate applying for a fire fighting job in a Bureau of Fire Protection agency. A fire marshall questions the relevance of his degree course to the job he is aspiring for. The applicant voices out, " In my Philosophy course there is logic subject, the correct thinking and good reasoning, so if I see the fire, I won't touch it of course."

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* PRINCE MAKER**

The happiest moments about being a child for me were being sick or pretending to have illness. My family brought fruits, chocolates, fresh milk that hadn't been a priority when I was in good shape. The sympathizing nurses and doctor's extra cares seemed molding me as little prince in the fantasy books or a celebrity kid with avid fans cheered up around my bed. But aren't all kids allowed to be a prince at least once in their lives? Truthfully yes, expect my upcoming son would do the same, however, I'll be his ward watcher, a tyrant king.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* SOLE FACIAL**

As my Ph. D. grandma posted this health nuggets in the wall, 'The tree starts to dry from its root and a man starts to get old from his feet.' My younger teen-age sister started her sole facial seesion yesterday and she had a planned to do it 3x a week regularly.  
No wonder why.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* SWEET ALARM**

A room mate of mine who slept so soundly that an alarm clock failed to wake him. A boarder next room was irritated, he slammed disgustedly the shanty wall. In the next evening, I intentionally pulled out the clock battery. The once irritated board mate had a sound slept too as expected and in fact he didn't catch up his cruiser ship final job interview that he took a month in preparation.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* TEMPERATURE**

While gurgling a glass of water with my anti-mumps virus infection in a local pharmacy, a naive woman, around 30 yrs. old asks harshly the neophyte pharmacist, ' Can I buy here TEMPERATURE? '. The witty attendant smilingly replies, ' I guess you're looking for a thermometer '.

The lady with loaded embarrassment defending her ego, ' Whatever as long it can detect my swine flu fever '. I laugh childishly until I am burping in front of them. " Excuse me '. Out of shame I walk away and have forgotten to pay my taken medicine.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// humor \*\*\*\*\* WEDDING PERIOD**

Two days before our wedding ceremony,  
my fiancée' and I had a little argument  
whether to move one week our wedding date  
or not  
My wife-to-be had just visited her  
monthly regular period.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* CATTLE RAISER**

When the cattle raiser read the nutritionist book of wisdom, 'The nearer to the bone, the sweeter is the meat.' He raised eventually his cattles in the rocky river bank.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* EARTHQUAKE PREVENTION**

The best way to prevent earthquake isolated cases that occur mostly in a depressed shanty houses is to TURN ON intentionally the light so the living couple would cease temporarily from their shaky carnal execution.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* FACE YOUR PROBLEM**

You don't need to face your problem because the problem is your face.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* GRAFT AND CORRUPT**

The world looks for ideal leaders, but the people vote and elect the corrupt and graft practitioners.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* HONESTY**

To be an honest person, one must admit himself that he lies some other times.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* MEDICAL LAW COMEDY**

Our professor in medical law subject asked one male student to draw on the black board a female organ and its hymen as part of our chastity crime topic. The appointed student refused to do the the task and he justified, ' I couldn't draw its perfect detail yet, unless you give me a live female model '.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* MILLION YEARS NUGGETS**

My nature-concerned mother advised my elementary grade sister not to use anymore any plastic bags when she does shopping or buying in grocery. Mama emphasized to her, ' It takes million years to decompose non-biodegradable matters, please help save our earth'.Her confused daughter reacted childishly, ' Do you think I am still alive up to million years from now? '

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* NARROW-MINDED DRIVER**

Everytime the hot-tempered driver reveals his instinct peculiar attitude, his wisdom - bestower boss always imparts him a temperance and moderation nuggets of advice, ' Take the middle of the road, relax and you won't fall '. The driver takes it literally. In the following long-distant trip, he doesn't fall beside the precipice but he has encountered vehicular accident resulting to multiple injuries and damage of properties. H e blames his boss for his criminal liabilities.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* OCEAN SPECIES**

The marine biologist had confirmed recently in a science magazine that there are approximately 2 million undiscovered species in the vast ocean floor; how did they count the undiscovered yet creatures?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* PASTOR VISIT**

When our church pastor visited the typhoon affected residential area, he concluded, ' This is a severe curse from heaven, people here are no longer obedient to the Lord's commandments.' When he reached the adjacent pastoral house also ruined by super typhoon, he implied, 'my beloved brethrens, this is only a trial, God tests our faith on Him.'

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* RUN ERRAND ACCIDENT**

My neighbor, a father, commanded his 4 year old son to buy a bottle of vinegar. Few minutes later, a policeman came and reported him that his son was accidentally hit and ran by unidentified vehicle while he was crossing the intersection road. The father was shocked, 'Oh my God! How's the vinegar bottle, did the car spoil it too? '

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* STAR WITNESS**

The lawyer interrogated the star witness, ' How many meters from where you were discharging your urine to the crime scene? '. The witness replied, ' Attorney, I never bring any tape measure everytime I urinate.'

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* STREET CHILD**

When my aunt said, ' It will make tears in mine eyes when I see children running in the street without clothes'. Coincidentally, a child half-cloth knocking at the car tainted window begging money to buy some food, she refused.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**/// laughter \*\*\*\*\* TOILET OVERFLOW**

One day I complain my neighbor, who rent next door, about the unpleasant odor coming from his apartment room. We go to barangay court for a proper legal complain and confrontation. It just happen that one of the councilors is our landlord whom I don't know yet before, he pays eventually the penalties of his apartment's odorous toilet overflow.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**/// story \*\*\*\*\* HONEYMOON WITH THE VOLCANO**

While holidaying on Mt. Taal in Tagaytay, Philippines, my wife decided she wouldn't go home yet until she could see the huff and puff of the volcano. I said, ' Okay, look around and all you see are the cotton clouds like a dragon puff from the hot crater's mouth but they are not. That volcano is dead million of years ago'.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

RMDMARCHAN aka Jetfellow Marchanism was born in Mindanao, Philippines last December 12,1979. He finished AB Political Science UV-Cebu 2003 as academic scholar.He studied Bachelor of Evangelical Ministry NEU-Diliman 1997-2000 and attended Masters in Public Administration UM 2009-2010. He earned DIPLOMA from the Academy of Successful Achievement Columbia, USA 2008.

He founded Polscians League for Solidarity Inc. PLFS 2001-2003.

He already published various poems here and abroad.

He is married to Argee Atienza to whom with son, Sean Leigh Mark.

He had worked already in various company from an insurance industry to a trucking business, from food court attendant to an academe.Ironically, now he is a professional therapist based in Dubai UAE for economic reason and for this self-published book.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* SILVER FEET IN LUZON AVENUE**

for my former housemates who are now in their chosen fields,  
ka roland barce, michael, gary, ka noel plaza, ka jerry ablon, ka joel salas, ka elmer  
balatayo.ka dongdong falcon, ka reverend romulo villanon, ka jun batto amd bonsing  
(deceased)

Stillness made peculiar in this avenue  
vehicles were frozen  
meters away  
heading to my tenement

I didn't know yet the cause  
I knew the effect - heavy traffic

a couple of minutes

what an unfamiliar objects had been  
chasing before me  
like an emergency 911 ambulance  
from disastrous accident  
and chasing before me  
like a hungry vampire too greedy  
to suck my blood for revenge  
and proliferate in numbers

they worn silver feet  
marching slantwisely  
not by platoons but by companies  
not by companies but by battalions

I ran as a freed cheetah  
catching antelope for heavy dinner  
until I was saved beneath the left  
rusty roof on my rented home  
exhausted as I placed the plastic  
tab pointing the ceiling pipe nozzle

now the silver feet are accumulated inside  
the huge rain container  
ready to wash my muddy shoes  
and stained white shirt

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* COTABATO RUNWAY MOTOBIKING ' 95 A.D.**

Awang airport, Dec.19195, for BJ, Ian, Vna-van, Den-den, Joan, Uncle Vano  
Aunt Bebung Dominguez

We were motorbiking  
across dangerous runway  
driving jubilantly after- before flag carrier  
PAL, Grand Air, Cebu Pacific, Air Phils  
C-130, private baby plane taxi down  
and took off

we were hiding at nearby twigs and  
cogon grasses  
to witness iron birds at near sight  
while prolonged siren of an  
emergency fire track  
clearing off urgently the run way  
It warned us how deadly our  
juvenile trip crossing  
danger line  
however  
we were not shaken by that  
pierced alarm

until the cotton -ball cloudy sky  
sliced into pieces  
after piloted silver bird  
crossed from nowhere  
overtook the giant roars seemed  
flashing ahead of the jet

we're so glad then to witness  
the huge landing gears  
watching too close for the first time  
and we were foolish about it

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* DISCOVERY HILLS MOONGAZING**

(with 33 TV eskwela students, with mentor stage and TV Director Doti Aznar and Freeman Newspaper writer Eleanor Valeros, 2002, Cebu, Philippines)

A quarter past eleven  
on an April 30 evening  
the hills are lightened up  
by the glow of one moon rising  
She ascends on a silver screen  
tears the sky with hands a-burning  
scrapes the sticky tail of clouds  
cheers the earth with her millennial gold  
paints the earth's cheek  
with so much brightness

Clouds crawl and scatter  
drawing up a curtain stars  
Luna is pasted once more  
on a night sky!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* EAGLE'S EYE VIEW**

downtown Davao City seen from upper Toril  
Mt. Talomo's foothills, Tungkalan

Bind your eyes with mine all curious Dabawenyos  
all nature-keen lovers, all city spectators  
Bind your visions with me  
as mine eyes move down from this mountain hills  
where my cold feet anchor to witness spectacular place  
and never mind all jests thrown by some innocent guests

Witness now with me the Asia's most promising city  
See it now at that distant southern most downhill  
like an ancient civilized world touching the  
warm belly of the tragic Davao gulf

So excited as the king eagle gazing down the prey  
flying above the floating verdant Samal garden  
smacked by the erotic kisses of the waves  
fleeing from far-flung Celebes sea

No smoke rises from deadly chimney of industrialization  
No more echoes from aggressive shouts of militants  
seeking justice for extrajudicial killings and etc.....  
No more media showing rampant criminality  
false commercial advertisement, too much showbiz publicity  
No more cry I've witnessed for global recession,  
employment redundancy, endless poverty

I suppose this is a perfect adventure  
however quickly gone  
For the city I'm longing to be an ideal  
as exotic as fruit's durian.

And bind with me for this inescapable fact  
I won't be here for a lifetime  
Later I'll step down hill (my wife is waiting for my 'home coming')  
and look back this hill for another story to share

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* HOURS IN ELLIPTICAL ROAD**

moment to moment  
roaring machines  
there  
bumper to bumper  
no twist  
no swerve  
no U turn  
i look  
i watch  
i listen  
i can't control  
irritating  
friction  
on my sight  
while witnessing  
the noislessness  
of carbon monoxide  
killers  
cause traffic  
in my air breathing  
lungs

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* JANUARY FEET**

2001 January trains my feet  
as wild gypsy rover  
scant vagabond  
vagrant  
wandere  
to be nomad  
without back pack of tent  
homeless in the mind and  
phsycical shield and shelter  
roaming around  
Philippine city capital  
along the highway of nothingness  
it is in great contrast  
blind people think  
that i am roaming around  
like scavenger collecting  
empty cans  
i wander to pick up  
loiterring friends  
retrieving promotional agencies  
for minimum wage  
for summer job survival

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**adventure \*\*\*\*\* LA MESA DAM HIKING**

Escaping from  
city polluted air  
i am here  
hiking  
with back pack  
full of books

hunting stillness air  
above Caloocan  
mountain heights

i see then  
nearby hills  
away from asphalt frozen heat  
too innocent yet  
as the trees  
ready to cut  
by DPWH for road widening

the loud cry of chainsaw  
awakening my presence

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* MANNY PACQUIAO BOXING GROUND**

I'm visiting the best pund-for-pound boxer today in the whole world  
not to square him but to intrigue General Santos dusty- ground-turn-to-wet.

Rain is murmuring on the roof  
to the ground  
seldom happen in this city of sand  
and dust I percept  
Rain is waking the vicinity up  
and the nearby municipalities

Rain is scratching on the walls  
striking pointlessly  
busy writing on the streets  
avenues, up to highways

I can't read its messages  
and no one has desired to conceive

I think the clouds get drunk  
too much  
with hang over  
It has urinating for almost 24 hours  
celebrating  
the boxing icon victory for defeating  
the 3 Mexican legends  
Barrera, Morales, Marquez  
in the ring of death

written prior to Diaz and dela Hoya  
mishap  
now is for east and west battle  
Hatton and the pacman

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* NAIVE EXPLORER**

I am as  
an explorer

compare me not  
to Polo Marco  
and  
Columbus Christopher  
who conquered  
ancient world  
and expanded  
nation's road

I am just  
a naive  
explorer  
my home is  
on my pack

destiny lies  
along the way.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* OPEN YARD REVELATION**

luzon ave., quezon city, phils, asia, earth  
written 5 yrs ago before tenement project constructed on this site  
2005-2000 backward

macopa tree macopa leaves cailito sticks  
cockcrow mossy gravels ruined cement  
single-hand dumb bell dilapidated wall  
assorted hanging garments plastic dustpan  
scattered broonstick lichen flower  
slab bench sludgy canal lair branches  
intrimmed fortune botany rusty-roof tri-cab  
non-bio garbage can public sandals  
frail gate post un-filed sylvan  
zephyr refulgen rays  
dulcet music of vicinity  
wad of scratch paper  
empty rice cooker  
many more  
etc..  
hungry hunger writer  
literal rice shortage  
stomach mindset  
understandable

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* ROLLER COASTER RIDE**

Perhaps boredom  
Pushes me to wander  
Near the sky  
Rolling  
Twisting  
Diving above the earth  
Under the sun  
Breathtaking ride  
Shout!  
Another lap  
Another roll another twist  
Another dive  
Chest in  
Hold breath  
And lol!  
Heaven can't paint  
This temporary excitement  
Zoooooooooooooooooom

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* SAN FRANCISCO LOCALE**

All strangers brethren  
greet me  
here  
and send strange vibration  
with seem round-up question  
in their mind  
i can't read  
what is inside in their head  
but delighted window  
of soul  
i notice  
blinking parental  
cautious and alarm

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**adventure \*\*\*\*\* STANDING ON MACTAN BRIDGE 2**

for uncle nestor and auntie helen marchan-alindajao and family  
Mandaue City 2002

sight touches bountiful scenes  
360 degrees of exquisite modernity  
seen above concrete bar  
connecting Lapu-lapu and Mandaue  
across Mactan channel

dreamy eyes where vision lies  
sailing besides giant ferries  
global containers, importer tankers  
along concrete banks  
mammoth depots  
and the sweet-to-ride supercat  
water jet from tantalizing distant  
dearly pass below

coastguard tugboat bumping  
the walls of cruiser lines  
and then  
the red ghost of sunset  
bidding adieu  
to the silvery foams  
gliding with Cebuano breeze

the entire city turns into alive disco inferno  
dancing lights glittering  
nuisance PUJ crawling up  
by leap and bound  
fetching commuters picking hour  
bound for reclamation government site  
a collection of solid garbage  
extending the isles  
anti-corals and anti-reefs

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **AKO AY ISANG MANGHIHILOT LAMANG BALAK TO NAKO SA DACOVILLE NAMUGNA**

to Chef Arnold Claveria (European cruiser ship) and his wife(Marco Polo staff) , Sir  
Mike Peli (ret. police) and his wife Maa'm Vangie(now in U.S.) , Major Nils  
Rojo(police chief) Ka Nolly Ignacio (VER-ROSE pawnshop Prop.) Ka Allan  
and Cielo Fernandez (INC church ministers) and to all who were my massage  
clients and still are,  
i dedicate this.....

Nothing can substitute the touch of hand  
the panacea of all illness

### **SWEDISH**

Feel the soft touch like heaven  
Soothing to your wants  
Slowly gliding palm penetrates down  
To your ached muscle tissues  
Absorb from daily stressful affairs;  
Effleurage softens the rocking nerves  
Pettrissage kneads nodules of mortality

### **SHIATSU**

The ball-ended weight of finger press  
The crawling, rolling, rain-dropping  
Sequences of finger tips  
Along meridian trigger points  
Striking like a slow-motion bullets  
BANG! BANG! BANG!  
Hitting, targeting, shooting  
All impurities of stressful flesh

### **REFLEXOLOGY**

By the frontier tip of the sole  
Corresponding physiological order  
By the cliff of scientific manipulations  
By the well-matched zoning techniques  
By the channel system of fainted glands  
There  
Anchored the waves of reflex  
Normalizing all fragile, weak  
Vulnerable mortal being

### **STRETCHING**

Lift me up high  
As high as the mind relax as the sky  
Bend down my wearied knees  
Crack all stressed joints  
Gently, please, gently  
And  
The numb soul is dancing now  
With the flow of rhythmic  
Therapeutic elasticity

this poem is strictly for massage therapy only



no extra services  
God is watching us!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* CONTRARY VARIATIONS**

Trees growing  
seem touching infinite sky

Leaves falling  
kissing the humble ground

Why do they aspire  
differently opposite?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* ARTIST'S CONFESSION**

this is written probably  
not to boost wealth of the wealthy  
not to uplift depressed living of the poor  
not to twist promises into sweet reality  
but simply to change your heart  
your thoughts of traditional understanding

It's a shame that  
industrial race  
modern gadgets  
economic competitions  
capitalism sabotage  
narrowly shuddering the  
arts on the naked artists  
paints on the poor painters  
poems on the frustrated poets

we are never lost  
we have only been misled

got to excel on  
got to explore more  
never expect  
material prize  
in return!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* BACKDROP FOR ALL WILD READERS**

Local jaunts I use of  
as avid traveler  
leap and bound  
criss-crossing borders  
extending personal aura  
vividly exotic and  
tantalizingly dangerous  
a journey by one  
a solo flight soothing for  
my prolific mystery feet  
floating in taut atmosphere  
and brilliant whodunit  
end up with complex twists  
or grand dame, very sophisticated  
ingenously weaved by time  
the genre in movable experience  
a collective proctivity  
pop out from my mind shelves  
and readers in thrall  
willing to be sucked into  
the backdropp I recreated

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* CUDDLE OF THE MIND**

I can't build up phrases  
that make children's rhymes

I can't put up notes  
that make stars do sing

I can't write verses  
that sweet lovers cheer

I write simply  
to cuddle your mind

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* DEAD WRITERS ARE DYING**

Some writer spends whole life  
jotting down in journals  
filing up diaries  
expanding self-made library  
getting-old looking for publisher  
some are kept writing notes  
on fastfood napkins  
on scratch of newspapers  
stuck on brown envelopes  
rottened by time  
meals for book worms  
haven for sleepy thunder dust storm

some writers are dying  
some are dead and gone  
not around to enjoy reading  
his own stories  
editing his own mistakes  
reflecting genuinity of his piece  
in unison with the current critics

dead writers are not dead  
they are dying for their royalty rights  
and benefits  
we believe that are intended for them  
instead

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* INSTINCT DAWN OF POET**

And in times  
when tantalizing  
lights  
flashing in  
sight  
and I the writing pad and ink  
wondrous and tight  
closing the sealed dome  
of night  
of undreamed flight  
and craving the first  
cool mists of dawn  
and the abrupt  
glimmer of sudden vision  
absorb reader's  
might as storm

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* KENT PHOTOGRAPHY**

for kent's camera that covered my wedding day

kent clicks cinematic photos  
flicking smooth scheming  
finger licking touch while  
tracking shutter speed  
of longitudinal omnipresence lens

hostaging asset angles  
of magical transitions  
details by details  
no corrupt single moment  
in all dramas and occasions  
in life modernity celebrations

like the momentous peak in  
2 opposite being  
merging into one soul  
the kissing scene  
the wine tossing  
the blessed vows  
arranged on earth  
tied up from heaven  
inside ecclesiastical sacrament

between  
the pre-destined honeymooners  
and filmscripts rolling becomes hired  
witness in this emotional motions

trapping gist the package of 2 in 1 lives  
and the smiles that projects and capture  
the ones in a lifetime series  
for leaping another chapter  
captived now by the serial venomous eyelids  
pasted in highpower lenses under the consent  
of lights immortality  
and soon  
predictably as cannon raptures  
and vanishes by time and trend  
of next level of technology  
but one thing is for sure  
the details of eternity  
lingering viewers picturesque  
memories  
now and forever

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**art \*\*\*\*\* MATURE POET STEAL, OTHERS THOUGHT-BUYING**

in the Sacred Wood of  
T.S. Elliot - immature poets immitate  
mature poet steal -

but they can't ever duplicate my mind  
a nobody's nothing as  
the fools think of  
like a hazy mist  
peering in vain  
as critiques frolicking  
in gaiety rain

they can't ever plagiarized mine  
my thoughts are extremely unfamiliar  
a wispy proclivity  
like gossamer threads  
twisting your mind

blurry are all my manuscript words  
striking subtle private experiences  
against the world, against inner self

then how can they immitate and steal mine  
my deep words of personal encounter

not unless i bargain these for  
narrow-thought-buying

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* MUMMY RETURNS SM CINEMA 5**

then the thirstless curtain  
in theathrical stage  
turns into desert

sandstorms  
waving Egypt hills  
down  
to river Nile

by the sword  
of reincarnated  
scorpio warriors  
bracelet of scorpion king  
spear of osiris  
frightened movie goers  
echoing roun  
digital wall

then the movie  
becomes  
mummy the cartoons

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* NAKED FLESH**

naked truth  
naked lies

naked eye  
naked mind

naked dust  
we come first

naked dust too  
we end up to

naked transitional flesh exposure

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* NOTICE WHAT THIS POEM IS DOING**

Like naked poets, I live  
gathering flowers not yet blooming  
gazing up rainbows  
not yet raining  
counting leaves  
not yet sprouting  
listening how they fall  
on earth  
beating like a lyre

Like them, I draw  
painting invisible landscape  
a practicing surgeon  
diagnosing emotional aches  
through panacea of poetical verses

Like them, I am mortal  
living in denuding society  
where literature spirit is decaying  
in 3rd world face  
where literal foods  
are their main aspiration alone  
neglecting figurative sustenance for  
soul enlightenment  
for fulfilling heart through  
granular scripts of thoughts  
as the staple food supplement for our  
dying spirit  
against all adversities  
political  
social economical  
turmoil

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* PIGMENTED LIFE**

my teen-age poem

Life is colorful  
wonderful  
to see

full of challenges  
everyone needs  
to play  
the entwined  
of mystery  
of joy and  
sweet  
memory

life is  
what we breath  
makes us feel  
on how gorgeous life  
it would be!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* PORTRAIT DEAD CANVASS**

Lifeless trees  
Motionless wind  
captured by the  
stagnant atmosphere  
clouds dried up  
zero ground clinically dead  
lights are in their grave

Critics blame the painter  
his brush, his oil

where is the sparkling sun  
cloudless skies

only the fragile wall questing lights  
need breathable air  
begging heart

o poor  
o dull  
o lifeless painting on the wall  
i mock too  
the luxurious price tagging you  
and your deny-to- death -oaf artist

invisible here  
in this mall tour exhibit

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**art \*\*\*\*\* TABLE TALK**

Table per se is my best company  
we've met everywhere  
everyplace, I swear

I lie down here my hand  
my empty crawling finger  
on top of her hair  
the table cloth

everyone is staring at me  
and my crawling finger  
typing empty word  
above table face

every table is better off  
than any furniture crafts

I know there must be  
one good reason  
for inventing this

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**biography \*\*\*\*\* BOOMERANG FOR NIGHT OWL SNIPER**

I meet sniper canadian poetess  
I meet banglad translator poet  
I meet norwegian, american, arab  
russian, german and from caribbean  
I see the haiku, the free verse  
the rhyme monsters  
I meet the world - a poem waiting to be written  
I meet the poem - a world waiting to be explored

I learn to be humbled with them  
with their stories almost everyday  
no overwhelming pyrotechnics  
no foisting of ecclesiastical truths  
and they do seem good enough to me

I see some of pasted faces  
in high pixel size  
in confidence with national flag  
of their own  
a perfect tandem with posted name  
waving in honest pride  
worth noting for  
down in our almanac of  
magical transition

I read their lines  
as night owl critic  
put comments and votes

to a great surprise  
it is already mine!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## **biography \*\*\*\*\* BUSINESS LETTER TO ALL PUBLISHERS**

this is not poetry outside  
but inside

Good day!

Can I borrow your brain for awhile and take time to ponder this epistle of mine?

I am an author of 3 unpublished yet books of poetry,  
WIND IN MOUNTAIN DUSK  
PEN PUSHER  
A CRISTICS CHISEL AND HAMMER

it's all about socio - political - economical - global issues,  
the positive outlook OF nature,  
the human life adventures of love, grief and happiness  
that most of us keep so well hidden.

I am currently top 7 philippine poem hunter society and  
roughly top 150 in the world poemhunter poet's statistics  
among 25,000 members and million readers and critics  
around the world.

I am looking forward for a kind-hearted publisher to publish  
my most voted poems into books. Including my first 100 published  
pieces in various national and international publication (aside from  
my 300 plus amazing poems) .

Though books industry here in the Philippines is not always  
on top due to economic priority but if this would be given a chance  
and much attention this would be of great help to lift up Filipino substandard of living  
as rice as staple food for the hungry stomachs  
and good books should be for the empty brains.

It could inspire our soul, an eye-opener then to know why Filipinos  
despite of our vast natural resources, brainy leaders and politicians  
we are always left behind by our neighbouring countries.

Our market potentials are unlimited. Aside from launching in various  
colleges and universities essentials for the coed book enthusiasts,  
anthology collectors, professor's reference, we can also market through our leading  
National Bookstore (we are connected with them already provided we can distribute to  
all NBS outlet) , the Rex Bookstore, the Goodwill Bookstore and other nearby school  
supply  
booksales for consignments.

The quotation for the book publication depends upon the publisher choice and this  
would discuss farther.  
The sponsor's name, the publishers, would be included in the book page as part of the  
royalty rights and profit sharing.  
Copyright and ISBN is now on the process.

Therefore, I would consider it an honor to be part of your benevolent heart in  
supporting and giving opportunity

the young seed poet's dreams and visions to germinate...  
May I meet you in person to talk more about for this project, I am available to meet you.

Please email me thru [marchanjet@yahoo.com](mailto:marchanjet@yahoo.com).  
' it won't moves mountains but it changes your mind '

#### RESUME:

##### Chief Definite Aim:

to publish books that would enligten reader's heart'  
to be a socio-political professor

##### Education:

AB Political Science Graduate UV - Cebu, Phils.

##### Personal Data

Age: 29  
Wife: Argee Atienza - Computer Engineer  
Mother: Elvira Marchan - Doctor of Education-2  
Religion: Iglesia ni Cristo  
Country: Davao City, Philippines

##### Leadership / Organizations:

Founder-Prime Minister  
Polscians League for Solidarity Inc 2002-2004  
Director-elect, Christian Brotherhood International 2003  
Cebu South District  
President, Alliance Of leaders Among The Youth 2002  
Pres. Gloria Macapagal -Arroyo non-partisan orgs.  
UV-Cebu

##### Awards / Recognitions:

Best Debater / Best rebutallist  
Intercollegiate debate Cebu City  
runner up Orator of the Year  
Inter -University Open Speech Contest, Cebu 2003

##### Character Reference:

Major Nils Rojo, PNPA  
Police Chief

I confirmed that the above informations are true and correct

·  
RMD MARCHAN

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**biography \*\*\*\*\* EXISTED TO EXPLORE**

Have you ever decided to leave your home for years and followed your wild steps to wander at the remote places for your pen and paper?  
Have you ever board in a wooden ship across fury waves and heard nothing except the wail of disaster?  
Have you ever trek along mountain ranges without thinking any risk after a false single step?  
Have you ever experienced a shaky train ride and passed fenceless bridges?  
Have you ever slept even a single night beside the man – made dump site mountain and ignored the foul odor?  
Have you ever taken a weary nap under EDSA fly over during political crisis?  
Have you ever ran among the rallyist and lost your sandal and knapsack because of the sprayed teargas and police dispersal unit?  
Have you ever alarmed and chased by airport fire track while motorbiking along run way and hid beneath sapling trees before silver plane taxi down?  
Have you ever visited presidential tomb beyond visiting hour?  
Have you ever traveled in a mileage zigzag road and wrapped by fog even in a perfect noon?  
Have you ever appreciated God’s masterpiece – the landscape of the world because you were at the cloudless sky?  
Have you ever met strangers who offered free 4 days accommodation with winsome hospitality because you were once a good conversationalist?  
Have you ever asked myself why I am restless and wanderer?  
If ever you raised that personal question  
I am glad to say  
I had been there before and I still go somewhere  
I am existed to explore.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**biography \*\*\*\*\* EXPERIENCE - THE OXYGEN OF MY LIFE**

I may survive without  
the essence of nature  
I may survive without  
the aid of strange people  
I may survive without  
the presence of civilization  
but I may not survive without  
experiences  
the oxygen of my life

experience is my  
life's breath  
as what somebody knows

gained from mother's womb  
end up to my imaginary tomb

experience is the architect  
of my shadowy future  
it teaches courage  
everytime I fall  
makes me laugh during victorious  
days i have won under the sun  
makes me cry in every  
mistake i have done

treasured most all  
my experiences  
not as an escape goat  
of human sufferings  
but an indebtedness  
being a part of my existence

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**biography \*\*\*\*\* FEAR ME NOT, OH PLEASE, FEAR NOT ME**

I am not the poem  
you read in hunter's web  
i am not the simile  
you read in rhythmic melody  
i am not the methapor  
nor personification nor hyperbole

eventhough my tounge can speak  
literary language's soul  
and my mind can blink  
mystery of endless imagination  
still i am not what you are thinking

yes my hand writes  
romantic tone  
from veins run the  
blood of pen  
to spell in solemn way

I AM A POET

with young strength of joy and pain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**biography \*\*\*\*\* INSIDE SCRAPARIUM**

Everytime I read books  
in secluded nook  
I touch the leaves  
scan treasured thoughts

I skip not the frontal cover  
down to marginal back page  
I sit and refreshall gathered-molded thoughts  
Patiently jotting down in empty note-  
mystery, suspense  
adventures, drama, fictions  
trivias  
humorous  
i pack as food for thoughts thru  
poetical verses digested by gluttonous readers

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**biography \*\*\*\*\* LATE PREFACE**

mostly poems of mine  
written in  
singular form 'I'  
sometimes 'ME' and 'MY'  
entwined

when I speak of 'I'  
I really mean 'YOU'  
whose life story is  
published in an open book  
as mine  
whose struggle to hit  
chief definite aim  
in life  
still track in line  
whose visions  
are still far  
but reachable.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**biography \*\*\*\*\* REPLICA - HIS QUADRUPLETS**

A man's book is his replica  
a connective diary where he prints himself  
out of stigmatic curiosity

A man and his book travel together by fate  
a blue print of his own geography of hope  
a humble story from his passing wild world  
a painting wall where he is able to brush  
his artistic blues himself

His book reveals his unsayable mind cover to cover  
his pages glow a replica of his identical quadruplets  
they are ME, MY, MINE and ' I ' is the eldest offspring

this is who really ' I ' am from birth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **biography \*\*\*\*\* STOLEN BIOGRAPHY**

...i write and sit / pushing slowly the pen /  
i am a nobody's nothing / but make you think...

Excerpt from Marchan's anthology PEN PUSHER titled poem. The author is considered as the promising 21st century poet, he writes with special power of sensory impressions refined with finest imagery that they are carried vividly into the reader's mind. He has thought and tone, perhaps a series of changing mood and style pushing conclusions into a twist end.

He is like a photographer, makes pictures of people, places and awesome sceneries by using pen and words

rather than film and digital cam

Poetry for him can stir up our emotions, gives expressions, inspirations, courage to concerns so many of us feel.

His write ups is the voice of a nature lover, adventurer, religious fellow, and an optimist son

beautifully crafted feelings straight from the heart that most of us keep so well hidden.

He graduated AB POLITICAL SCIENCE, UV-Cebu Phils.

Founder, Polscian League for Solidarity Inc. PLFS

Married with Argee Atienza, ComEng, NC-11

and his mother, Elvira Dominguez, MA, Ed.D-2

He is busy now as Swedish holistic therapy certified instructor.

**ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN**

## **biography \*\*\*\*\* WE ARE BORN AS WRITERS BY BIRTH**

Who exclaim  
writers are profound thinkers  
Rich in vocabulary supplies  
a walking dictionary  
like abundant river  
that never run dry

Like cruiser poetic chef  
European cuisine mastery  
full of seasonings and spices

Like an ironman wordsmith  
engraving metallic language sheaths  
like communication art architects  
building up bridges  
to link caliber conversationalists

Writers are not lexicon  
doctorate degree holders  
not even bona fide  
world class excursionists

not even a tounge-twister  
ideomatic linguists  
can speak thru magic of pen  
the countless vernacular tounes  
and translate effortlessly  
secluded tribal dialects  
like the known noble poet  
the legendary Jose Rizal  
who launched Noli and Fili  
books of patriotism and nationalism  
our idol gifted guest

Writers are just like you  
a simple ordinary fellow  
like me, like us  
like anybody else  
who can portrait old memories  
can express mind emotions  
can divert wholesome nuggets  
thoughts of wisdom into  
golden printed words  
either written in plain  
lay man's term  
so susceptible vividly  
suing across the masses heart

We are born as writers by birth  
we have been writing voluminous pages  
of anything, everything under the sun

written freely by expressions  
habitually by art sake  
naturally by communications  
forcibly by pain

sadly, almost if not all  
taken it just for granted  
only seldom have treasured it

hopefully, we are counted on  
the latter few

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**biography \*\*\*\*\* WORDS PRINTED IN MIND**

At first  
I wrote  
and not getting much  
into publish  
until my crafts  
trapped  
up to the point of  
no turning back  
and became  
captive forever inside:

Malindang's Tribune  
Misamis Weekly  
Freeman Newspaper -Cebu  
the Visayanian  
Polscian's Tribune  
Trailblazer  
Preface - L.A.  
Hudyat - Diliman, Q.C.  
Mindanao Enquirer  
Toyuzo - Davao  
Voicesnet - USA  
POEMHUNTER

and though the paper pages  
will be tear down into pieces  
and rottened by time -  
not  
the distinctive laurels  
crowning in  
every piece of  
my heartbeat  
written in words  
now printed in your mind

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* WOMB TALKER**

Son,  
will you grow up  
to be like me?

I hope not

I want you to be fearless  
in facing of doubts and worries

I want you to be  
an early bloomer

but I won't pressure  
you my fetus child  
as your mama  
patiently wait  
to give you  
birth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* EXPLORING LAPARATOMY and the GUILT**

for sis IC after her appendicitis operation ca.1996

Wasn't it at St. Therese Hospital papa drove you first with our once-owned elf baby truck? then half an hour later, we transferred you in Oroquieta Provincial Hospital for a resident surgeon of yours for unexplored operational surgery

I recalled, you were wailing with undetected yet pain  
you were too young as pre-schooler child innocent yet  
in meeting fearful hospital paraphernalias  
melted with x-ray radiation, CPR, blood letting needles  
too young yet to be pumped by oxygen breathing aid  
you were groaning and untouchable  
mama's kiss turned into grief

what was your Dr. Uy say?  
he will explore your laparatomy

it was a nightmare experience looking for blood donor  
and everything to save your life  
i couldn't hold tears rolled in cheeks while reading your name  
in blue board listed as next patient to be taken inside  
cavernous door in operating room

my heart was too chicken- hearted  
to wait for your thrilling recovery  
since i had aborted my kuya's responsibilities by heading on  
for untimely Cebu vacation

i had feeling of guilt as I escaped that very evening  
and it grown more when i went back home  
i saw how strong you were, gaining childish strength again

i don't want to know every now and then the missing days of my presence during your  
full recovery periods  
it just adds feeling of guilt

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **bloodline \*\*\*\*\* FISHING ON PALILAN TABO-O WHITE SAND TRENCHES**

in memory of the late Carlos carling Caminos, our fisherman, and to my biological Papa Romy  
at Brgy. Palilan and Tabo0o, Jimenez, Misamis Occidental,  
Mindanao, Philippines

Nearly summer  
March night of 1995  
crest of waves took off  
beneath the escaping-out Pacific  
typhoon eye  
hitting upper most Philippine  
archipelago

A perfect night for  
my childish fishing adventure  
at Misamis sea  
after Papa permitted me to  
join Carling in GOODBYE type  
fishing

I threw then a fishing net as we  
had approached the fishing bay  
above coral reefs to trap  
passer-by seasonal school of fish  
locally known as the matam-baka  
carried by low tide current  
along trenches

we had a good 'catch' ever  
until the last thrown and  
the fishing net was trapped  
along reefs

we simply bid goodbye  
same as that fishing type was being called  
goodbye to the nylon net  
goodbye to the just caught fishes

too hard to pull it back  
into our customized pump boat  
the current was so strong  
unpredicted  
only the fisher's kerosene lamp  
was left as we went back  
shore  
I lighted on  
until now flaming in the  
school of my memories

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* KRISTILLE**

You are Kristille  
we call you IC at home  
a name tagging the tragic past  
never mind that story

you are the youngest sis

you seem to grow without me  
Kuya's comfort as your eldest bro  
are the thing intended for you  
but I couldn't ever shared

I've lost many miles behind us  
something that I share with  
the other people

It's unfair  
I am unfair  
I can't grow old with you  
or the rest of our siblings

my fatherhood responsibility  
is coming near

I am saddened that  
my fair for going home  
is not enough even for my wife  
cesarean operation

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* KYSIA**

You are my sister by blood  
we call you Prell-prell

we have no concrete memories  
in the growing stages in life  
only the failing dreams  
I had promised

I trapped before  
in the realm of fantasy

my loaded idealism perished away  
and nothing can lieu  
the real scene in the real world  
where we live in

I am facing now the real truth in adulthood  
a parenthood responsibility  
just like yours

someday  
our kids will meet each other  
somewhere  
it would be wonderful even if the  
encounter is a moment

I want to see the blushing blood  
of connectivity oozing  
along their facial nerves.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* LYRIC TO MY BRO AND HIS GUITAR**

Strum ...  
Strum the strings  
Of your brown guitar  
Brings with me  
To the music star  
Lively as you are

Far in the awful nights  
In the hour of silence  
Plays me a song  
With ease and delight

Plays no more  
A sad song  
Let the people hear  
A refrain  
Of imperial tune

Strum....  
Strum the strings  
Of your brown guitar  
Brings the world  
To the music star  
Lively as you are

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* MARCHAN BEACH**

to papa romeo and to his 8 remaining siblings, uncle berto, ramon, gondino, jun-taks,  
adit, alexander, auntie helen and sergio marchan

here there's tree house  
of course tossed up by the tree  
the talisay tree  
a parola like posting  
over the marchan beach  
well-ventilated  
sorrrounded by native cottages  
overlooking Panguil bay  
embracing Iligan breeze  
slashing Ozamiz waves  
against Maigo charcoaled shores

below are talisay leaves scattered  
everywhere  
like my biological papa's siblings  
living here and there  
as the fallen leaves  
spread out and re -united  
after sweeping sandy ground  
not for burning fire  
but for Marchan grand reunion time

some leaves are fallen too and  
swept down to unite  
like Bungkawel clan hails  
from other nearby -tree branches

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* MARCO POLO HOTEL DAVAO**

Atienza family welcoming 2009

I've taken a home January 02  
at Marco Polo Davao  
spending the night  
into a first family reunion - my wife's side  
tatay remy, nanay remedios, junryl,  
eryl, taling, an-an, nole, ka josue, nicole  
argee my wife

Argee planned this before new year's eve  
and had swiped credit card for a less

Surprised prettily for the  
whole family

lying inside the cold room 401  
bathing hot and cold jakose  
swimming at the outdoor pool  
taking unlimited photos  
and for you-tube videos  
capturing five star hotel in and out  
filled up with love and memories

It seems to welcome the entire  
2009  
the best year for us

Glory be to God!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **bloodline \*\*\*\*\* MERIDIAN KINSHIP RETRIEVAL**

thanks to Robinson Uyamot, Sarita and Titing Marchan and the Marchan clan in Davao to Siquijor via Maigo and Ozamiz

And in the roomful of networkers  
Meridian life, cryptomonadales algae  
hails as the amazing food  
in 21st century  
claimed by experts can heal diabetes  
and dreaded diseases

I was there for registration renewal  
for product repurchasing  
for updating my uplines and downlines  
and a remarkable fellow Robin approached  
me and shared a seat seemed to entertain  
as walk-in client  
ready for an ambush-special-table seminar  
I kept on silence  
we're both stranged, thinking I was new  
and vice versa since I hadn't visited there for a year  
but my aura had spoken already  
within my veins that there was something  
hidden and to be retrieved by chance  
until such I presented my SSS ID  
coincidentally my proud-to-bear-foreign-like  
family name Marchan is also his wife  
middle maiden name

and truly that was a great retrieval  
bridging blood lines of kinship

and the rest was Marchan clan  
reunion invitations  
in Maa in Saypon Toril  
then Mommy Marchan birthday  
New years day and to come.....

and in Davao,  
after 3 and half years  
I conclude  
I'm no longer alone

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* MOTHER FROM SON**

this is the first poem i've written to my mama

she is my mother  
from earth up to next  
she is the one, no other  
to whom my difficulties i share

love is the place in mama's heart  
full of compassionate care  
warm kisses play on tender lips  
with love from motherly embrace

in midst of misfortune and pain  
inspiring words she uses to explain

my pensive life is awoken  
to reach my golden dream

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* MOTHER'S DAY TANDEM**

Whether spinning backward  
circling steadily on time  
moving rapidly into the future  
still there is no other  
most sentimental and  
sensational tandem  
of human life long relationship  
than mother-son bonding

and this awesome epistle  
share on this mother's day attachment  
continuity  
through emotional verses  
though written in different stroke and form  
unlike ordinary letter  
from another tongue  
another shadow  
from darkest moment  
and unstinting sunshine of courage  
still this epistle manifests  
awesome human life long tandem  
the mother and son  
son and mother ties  
beyond compare

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* MOTHER-SON MENTAL CONVERSATION**

I write. You read  
I talk. You listen  
I build up dreams. You teach me how to fulfill  
I have illness. You are my physician  
I am wearied. You give me courage  
I stumble down. You stretch your arms and hold me up  
I merge in a wrong lane. You pull me back to walk straight ahead  
I am in the eye of evil storm. You are my earthly shield  
I feel oftentimes life's burden. You carry my emotional struggle too  
I travel away from home searching my missing disposition. You still wait me even for  
so long  
I have nothing to ask you more. You are my mother

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* MOTHER-SON UNWRAPPED GIFT**

(my childhood poem)

How sweet  
you are  
my mother dear

Your love  
your care  
beyond compare

The breath  
of life  
I gain on earth

The greatest  
gift you've  
shared from birth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* MY BIRTH HOME SINACABAN, MIS.OCC.PHILS.**

assumed written by my mother for her beautiful birthplace, written in an old-style context, by letting her borrowing my brain just for this moment

Oh! beautiful Sinacaban  
Misamis sky shading on me  
cheers from Panguil bay  
reflects from Malindang hills  
awesome breeze I love to inhale

Oh! bountiful Sinacaban  
I am proud to hear your name  
so radiance around shore of ears  
with prime humility remains  
forever springs of strength and blessings

Oh! beloved town of mine  
a birth home of my own  
known by crowning hospitality  
well-embraced by excited guests  
bring back nostalgic feelings

Oh! Sinacaban, my adorable Sinacaban  
let dwellers always be your guide  
through fervent love to have long life  
amidst success and unavoidable defeats  
peace breath at your side

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**bloodline \*\*\*\*\* ORMOC TICKET BOOTH FOR CEBU**

(summer '99 with bro BJ)

I am as the traveler  
My home is own my pack  
I have more pier to cross  
As the captain of life

And just like you young bro  
Sail on!  
In your entire wandering hour  
and  
When clouds envelop your path  
Be a fearless life navigator  
Though our family  
Leads us astray  
Never be dismay  
Cause we are young explorers  
Destiny is on our way

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**critics \*\*\*\*\* WELCOME CRITICISM**

Who provokes  
my english usage  
are thoughtless  
crook  
meaningless

don't worry  
my writing points  
strictly not for genius critics  
universal grammarians

i am penning down poems  
following the lay man's trend  
of my mind  
expecting not  
unexpectedly highly intellectual readers

enough that my low cost fellowmen  
can cuddle my priceless thoughts!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**cybertech \*\*\*\*\* AS I LOOK INTO OUR WEB**

When I look  
into my own  
web site  
I read myself  
struggling  
to be

unaware of the number  
of poems I've written

unaware of how many  
lives in all walks  
in every corner  
I've been touched and inspired

unaware of how much  
joy and happiness  
I've shared among  
the dying hearts

I only realize  
by now

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**cybertech \*\*\*\*\* LIGHTS IN THE CITY**

There are lights  
Glimmering at my sights  
Stilted lights  
Neon lights  
The city life at night

They dance in the building wall  
Gleam beneath heaven's floor  
Break cavernous darkness  
From dusk till dawn space

They cheat juvenile's heart  
Mislead gal's decent living art  
Tempt people's felicity  
But they never deceit me

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**cybertech \*\*\*\*\* MOUSE ATTACK VIRUS CARRIER**

I sit by one  
in high-end world  
considering the artificial  
agility of the mouse  
who leaves arrow feet  
tail-wired trail  
connecting chattering keypads  
extending cat brand CPU  
and his life is  
relying on human click

the other mouse  
tail - less, wireless  
who possesses extra level sensory  
hooking up in a hole of PC drive  
baiting over hacker's curiosity  
oozing USB contamination  
with viral minute flu  
shutting down the bridge  
the net

the mouse positively accused as primer  
virus carrier

now he is in quarantine  
under thermal heat reformat  
or advise for CDR-King replacement

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**cybertech \*\*\*\*\* REHAB THE INTER NET ADDICT**

I am an addict of inter net  
my butt is nailed down, I sit  
in prolong excessive bio-writing  
thru keypad chattering death

I'm surfing as if no tomorrow  
my 'yours' feels now in sorrows  
by wasting much of time  
spending hour, unclear to define

Discipline me, please, self-control  
as fingertips type and crawl  
hypnotized by flat screen face  
inside oozing data base

I'm growing adult and empty  
still writing stories and lonely  
I'm bowing down my head on ground  
seeking labor, sweat I found

I'm retrieving holistic massage skill  
promising Europe, I'll sign big deal  
if that great job will come to happen  
I'll use no vain in web again

As long by now I keep on longing  
Net cafe would yet be my friend  
by upgrading Swedish therapy techniques  
thru yahoo, google, you tube picks

Now I conceive why I am an addict  
in facing of excessive inter net  
Here I patiently learn how to wait  
(for cruiser ship job as prof therapist)  
and send worldwide hidden poems I keep

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**disaster \*\*\*\*\* DANGEROUS CURVED LINE**

motoring Kidapawan city to Kabacan USM, with ate joan for our nearly crashed to death experience. I lose control in driving, I didn't know until.....  
for ate den-den, ivan, ate bebe and uncle vano dominguez

motoring down to Matalam highway  
riding crypto Yamaha  
60 km per hour  
i focused on the  
newly- plowed corn field  
spectacular greenery scene  
so tricky  
corrupted my concentration as neophyte  
rider  
along semi-rough concrete road  
accidentally  
we were down at shouldering lane  
of limestone and fine gravel  
almost lost of control

Life traveler is like that  
we should be aware  
of an awesome scenarios  
at first beautifully landscape  
but a bluff  
lead near to death  
to tragedy

yes they are not connected  
but following one after another

now I must focus more on  
down untravelled road of life  
but i should be aware  
be concious of the tricky views  
travelling besides me  
and connecting my mind  
like a dangerous-curved yellow line

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**disaster \*\*\*\*\* DARKNESS AT OCTOBER NOON**

in loving memory of my neighbor's sudden death  
A6 Anonas St., Diliman, Quezon City ca.1999

buzzing sound  
roars from miles

wind sweeps  
October sky

placidity rushes up

nimbus clouds rim dips

thunder crashes

lightning strikes its blinding flare

violent storm hurls to the ground

last ray of the sun looms no more

throngs unnervingly frighten

sympathizing the agony  
of the sudden death of the noon

may this poem brings her rest in peace

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**disaster \*\*\*\*\* EL NIÑO BEGGING RAIN**

Summer soil  
thirsty no doubt  
craving for some  
laurel moist  
drizzling on erstwhile  
loamy ground

Hungry as  
am I  
of your gentlest visit  
yielding caress  
to save life  
a pro life sensation  
for new hopes  
for fresh- sprouting visions  
to rise up from  
cursed earth

Then a single drop  
drenching by  
sustaining  
refreshing  
revivifying  
only in my summer dreams

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**disaster \*\*\*\*\* M/Y KATRINA IN MIDST OF STORM**

(Cebu to Palompon with my 13 Dominguez relatives after  
Aunt Chat wedding, Dec.1994)

Pwera bisita, pwera bisita  
An hour later

Wang wang wang  
Emergency signal  
Red lights twisting  
Giant ferries went back from origin  
Mactan channel got angry  
Waves smashed high  
Slapping Cebu shipyard zone

M/Y Katrina dancing with fear  
Nearby lights turned to gray  
Captain's alarmed were freezed  
And were waiting  
But braved enough to ignore  
December storm  
And we arrived at palompon pier  
At noon

We saw the angry seas  
For a brief moment  
We understood

The captain must be the captain  
Of Katrina's fate till death

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**disaster \*\*\*\*\* TYPHOON SPIKES THE GROUND**

Cry of pain  
I heard  
from heaven

In the dead  
of the night

Lightning's rod  
crosses infinite  
lane

God's thunder  
is roaring

I heard it all  
over again

then  
moaning  
groaning  
lamenting  
echoing in the dark

suddenly  
squall  
violently  
spikes! ! !

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**disaster \*\*\*\*\* WORLD'S CATASTROPHIC END**

At times  
when our dwelling earth  
itself is burdened  
as if the roof of  
the sky is collapsing  
and the weight  
of tumultuous clouds  
are too weighty to bear

and at times  
all unchosen dwellers  
herein-  
can escape no more

and their treasured wealth  
the prestige they all keep  
are in vain,  
the famous and the least  
become equally the same -  
moaning, groaning, lamenting  
in verge of the world's  
catastrophic end!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**dream \*\*\*\*\* THE DREAM WALKER**

I wake up  
i don't know whether  
i am still dreaming  
or with conscious in  
writing

walking dreamer

i seek nothing  
under the full darkness  
of bright noon sun

void spot is  
in my sight  
disappearing before  
this ink dries up

i am afraid  
void spot  
will disappear  
before  
this written ink dries up

i now blame  
the dried-up ink  
for that lose void  
spot

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**dreams \*\*\*\*\* REVERIE OH MY REVERIE**

It's started on my bed

I close my eyes  
begin to dream  
dreaming dreaming  
in wonderland  
i would live  
someday somehow

I meet no one  
but torment wind  
beyond the reach  
of this  
fantastic scene

I soar my wings  
fly up high  
flying flying  
above the moor  
thence i have seen  
the perfect place  
to scratch all pain

i float like sky  
empty azure sky  
weightless  
disburden

I feel like  
blonde new-born child  
unguilt  
innocent of worldly  
things

I have dream  
within this dream  
dreaming dreaming  
but mine eyes is  
slightly open  
wishing that this reverie  
will not end  
but it doesn't  
this dream is just a dream  
a magical dream  
if  
i wake up  
this will pass as fleeing wind

I have realized  
then  
If i open mine eyes  
wide and staring

I could see my dream  
the real dream  
a scene of life  
full of sacrifice

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* DRY TEARS MOURNERS**

Cry me  
not  
tears dropp  
are in vain  
wipe the pain  
weep no more

i have no pity  
you all concerns

look not  
so mournful the past  
it returns  
no more  
bygone is bygone  
tears are in naught  
i lost now pity  
you all concerns

noboy i blame  
if i fall upon  
the thorns of life  
again and again

your tears are in vain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* GOLDEN AGE**

for poem's sniper  
criss-crossing poemhunter's web

your golden age  
you often wait  
a dream  
of yours  
but not too late  
to pursue with  
noble faith

that age where you wear  
crown of golden crown  
in your head  
of fulfillment  
lead not you down

and dwell in  
life  
from grandest part  
i pray  
this poem  
strikes your heart

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* INNOCENT MARCHAN BOY PERCEPTION**

gather ye the flowers  
while still blooming

beneath the sky  
where the birds are flying

over the seas  
hear the sound of the waves

touch invisible wind  
fleeing place to place

songs of nature  
you wanna hear

like falling leaves  
beating like lyres

fresh air, tall trees  
under them I play

oh! how beautiful  
the world it would be

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* LIFE - MY CHILDHOOD CONCEPT**

Life is colorful  
wonderful to see  
full of challenges  
you and I play  
the joy and mystery  
the sweet and misery

Life is  
what we breath  
makes us feel  
how beautiful  
life it would be!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* MAGIC DIMPLE**

and smile  
I see simplicity of smile  
where dimple shows worthwhile

and laugh  
enjoy youthful heart  
with dimple's jest won't apart

and cry  
shed tears affectionate pain  
dimples wipe cheek plain

and be thankful  
dimple can't be bought  
nor to be sold  
adore even by a fool

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* NATIVE AIR**

(my childhood poem)

Native air is mighty  
mightier than the sea  
he contents my breath  
from nature's life  
brings comfort  
in twice delight

I hear murmuring leaves  
from tress, the shade-giver  
fresh fume and scent they offer  
showered by native air

days of life  
will pass away  
even how we use to care  
in ephemeral moments  
live happily  
breath native air

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**early days \*\*\*\*\* PACKAGE OF EVERYTHING**

Some things are invisible  
but we believe they exist  
like the air we breath

some things are untouchable  
but we can see them  
like the rainbow under heaven

some things seem useless  
but they offer scents  
like flowers in wilderness

some places seem lifeless  
but special nook for some species  
like oceans and seas

some days seem worthless  
but well-stored in memories  
like the past gloomy days

some other times life is such  
less of joy; full of pain  
but be moderate young friend

our lives are just the same

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* PRETTY BUTTERFLY**

my childhood poem

there is a pretty butterfly  
merrily waits the sun to shine  
with purple wings she uses to fly  
over the wind, a passer-by

this pretty butterfly  
flying low and high  
beneath cloudless blue sky  
above flowers show un-shy

when i cry, mine eyes would dry  
as I stare the pretty butterfly

If I have wings i use to fly  
she never leave me and says goodbye

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* SEPTEMBER POEM**

My hand is running as magic pen  
when i write, September Poem  
my heart is beating like a lyre  
when I read each poem's line

The grasses are growing green  
when I write, September Poem  
hymn of birds singing with glee  
Humming the written verse at tree

The soothing wind is coming from plain  
when I write, September Poem  
It blows softly 'round my ears  
gives colors of the days

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* THE SNIPER**

Who is your sniper?

she hits my poems secrecy

what sort of secrets?

everything my autobio 's play

what do you feel?

i'm overwhelmed as a reborn poet

how would you pay?

i write more as it may

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* THE TALKING BIRDS AND THE LATE CHILD OF MINE**

why are the birds so noisy  
somewhat they're singing at me?

they're enjoyed in carolling  
perching above guyabano tree

why do the birds chirp lively  
like calling my name with glee?

they wake me up from dreamless night  
chirping, It's another day!

why do they stare sharply at me  
after I wake up and pray?

they want to greet something  
hello and write me poem a day

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\* TRICKY EYES**

An eye beholders can't see  
how expressive their soul window shoul be  
only the naked eyes of others  
conceive about their best

the crystal blue eyes  
a key to open the sky

the calm blue color  
glance everything adorable

the red witchery eyes  
spot of nightmare's sly

the brown-coated one  
a coolest to anyone

the mysterious pigmented yellow  
cleanse all life's blue

the black-charcoaled eyes  
like an Asian secret spy

I can surely distinguish  
their fictional differences  
thru lighted-window of mine  
my tricky poetical eye

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**early days \*\*\*\*\*SECRET ANTHOLOGY**

I have a secret  
my anthology knows  
I keep this with them  
from long long time ago

I will try my best  
the secret to keep  
though i know soon  
world reads what my secret is!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**earth \*\*\*\*\* GLOBAL WARMING CONVICTION**

Cloud - broker  
rain - fixer  
ground - shocker  
wind whirling  
acid rain  
salt wind  
humid air  
extreme summer  
untimely cold  
overflowing la niña  
scorching la niño  
pandemic swine flu  
swollen limbs  
incurable HIV  
not isolated case

world is now in danger  
nobody can escape  
breath sooty air  
lungs prematurely  
resting in peace  
universal genocide effects

suspect:  
killer earth

conspiracy:  
dweller's negligence

casualties:  
living and non-living

sentence:  
one day to endless catastrophic end

lesson learned:  
don't burn tires, recycle non-biodegradable materials  
massive tree planting  
pass this message to all concerns

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**earth \*\*\*\*\* TIME FOR EARTH**

Dear mother earth  
I know you are sad enough  
The brutal ache that nature's told  
Distress and beastly cough

Several years had passed by  
Modern dwellers taken for granted  
The tears, the burden of your eyes  
Seems already forgotten

I first surmise your future's life  
Needs concerned hand to build  
To achieve your dream, I plant trees  
And to live like green yesterdays

I hope you know how to wait  
This will take time mother earth  
I will convince all human races  
To restore evergreen forest

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**earth \*\*\*\*\* WHEN THE EARTH IS BURDENED BY THE WEIGHT OF THE CLOUDS**

However strong the earth is  
It is not strong enough  
When the weight of the clouds gives up

And with every dropp of rain  
Not taken by summer  
Read this poem all over again  
To warn, you're in verged in dead end

Some planet, glinting as powerful as the sun  
Same as few men, think how mighty are their hands  
Seem immortal to exploit other rights and freedom  
They had forgotten, the earth, the clouds, all we'll be gone

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**fantasy \*\*\*\*\* DIAMOND HEART INFATUATION**

Adolescent crushes  
puberty blushes  
I've got it all  
and falling in love for  
the very first time  
with a teen-age crazy cool lass  
and her name couldn't be  
dictated in my loosing memory  
only her cascading charcoaled hair  
an ebony of her virginity  
her tantalizing eyes sparkling  
in my mind  
her red macopa lips  
kissable to kiss  
her well-chiselled nose  
every boy dreams to embrace  
her hackneyed apple cheeks  
her mona lisa's smile  
trace with feminine nerves  
a girl i have been praying for  
wondering where she is

what make us fall apart?  
she is a girl with a diamond heart

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**fantasy \*\*\*\*\* GHOST - HUNTING WHITE LADY**

Descends from wilderness of the stars  
traversing in the dark  
earthly soil

Looking back  
I see that lady in over all white  
loosen like  
human post of the light  
over the wooden turning of  
the weeds in the shadow  
of death  
of fear  
of horror  
of terrible run away  
from weeds jerking

bamboo's hair in  
my flesh rising up  
like a tamed coy percupine

and the white soul  
reverbarating  
untouchable as Diana's face  
as virgin as Mona Lisa's smile  
flows round the night of  
sexualizing modern vampire

ascending back into the  
wilderness of the stars

twisting among mortal minds  
vibrating to believe  
the lucrative story  
of my ghost fantasy

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**fantasy \*\*\*\*\* MERMAID IN BILIRAN SUNSET**

for my cum laude bro Giovanni Amador and family who opened door and let me in in  
the island of Biliran

my adrenaline glands rushing down my feet  
to see in flesh the real mermaid before sunset

it is real  
really an invitation from my bro that fired me  
to stretch naval to almeria shore  
to touch in flesh their little mermaid story  
but the crimson sun  
hiding down with shame  
defeating my selfish intentions  
he is now hypnotizing my weaknesses  
as he gleaming deep down  
inserting red rays in pockets  
from mantling shore  
reflects again dual sunset

the entire horizon now become  
a single molten bay  
sky turning red  
sea now like a flaming fire

seems plagiarizing my real poem  
caught in manila bay double sunset

like low tide coral reef painted as gold

and later i know that quarter moon will  
surely ashamed to appear

for tricking my utmost interest to see  
nature's rather than fooling my mind  
in hunting sexy mermaid fantasy

i hope my bro can relate this poetical apology

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**fantasy \*\*\*\*\* MUNTINLUPA ALAMID MARTIAL ARTS**

Alamid - the silent creature  
Yes, he is  
whose unfeircing spirit spies  
against unlawful aggressor  
like his infernal contender - the venomous snake

He ignores deadly assault  
thru twisting strikes with tremendous  
speed from nowhere  
in instinctable sequences

And see -  
The world where we live  
a haven of infernal beast  
whose murderous hands greedy to harm  
innocents in all unpredictable moments  
Learn how to contemn dangers  
learn the Alamid defensive  
elastic art movements.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**fantasy \*\*\*\*\* NURSING FANTASY**

The lady next door  
is entertaining again  
wearing her white  
nursing uniform  
she is so  
fresh  
as she goes  
to university

I hear her  
feminine voice  
down stair  
asking  
store attendant  
for her appealing  
vices  
cigarette and  
booze

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**fantasy \*\*\*\*\* TEXTMATE FANATICS**

Don't tell anyone we're texting tonight  
softly press keypad  
silent message tone  
while sending  
heart-warming lines  
our perfect countenance  
across distant miles

we're crazy  
mind talking  
tounge is our finger tips  
brings wild pleasure  
veils our private parts  
a lustful disposition  
secretly seduce  
fooling our selves intimacy  
facing LCD screen

send me more romantic phrases  
capture me tonight  
acquire my ownership  
before loads and our cel  
batteries are deleted  
by desire

may the Smart wind carries  
this weird Global affair of love  
sex and fantasy

charging.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**fetuschild \*\*\*\*\* ULTRA SOUND 101**

I've seen you in uterus  
as gestational sac-like  
ciddling within the  
endometrical cavity  
with no visible fetal pole  
nor yolk sac yet

You're breathing with endometrium  
a hyper-echoic  
compatible with secretory like  
phase of menstrual cycle  
and no abnormalities  
as your twind side bed  
in right and left ovary

out of excitement  
I assume now as your attending  
doctor and be considerate with  
my medical technical terms  
considering that your mama  
is my ever first patient  
who suffer early intrauterin pregnancy

recommended for re-scanning after 2 weeks  
to see you more closer -

don't rush baby child to see the world  
grow in the process of your own  
5-2-9 davao doctor's hospital

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**fetuschild \*\*\*\*\* ULTRASOUND 202**

I've seen you more closer  
within of course your mama's uterus  
as regular decidualized fetus  
with gestational sac  
containing a single fetal pole  
with cardiac activity

no subchorionic hemorrhage

yor heart pumping now  
in the rate of 124 B per minute

I believe now in science  
I appreciate high-end technology  
It's God who bleass us all

You are now asingle hearted being  
Alive!

11: 11: 50 am 5-16-9  
OB/GYN dept

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **FOR THE DEATH OF MY INTEGRITY**

Now  
i am demoralized by  
my own irresistible flesh

buy me not  
deep down  
in a revengeful  
conscience

but in a memory  
of acceptance

that i am human

weakness is my strength

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**friendship \*\*\*\*\* GEMS OF FRIENDSHIP**

Oh! Friendship  
what a priceless gem  
both of wear  
a seed  
needs deep soil  
a plant  
needs plenty of water

Oh! Friendship  
what a priceless gem  
both of you take  
a wine of life  
a flavor of soul  
a fruit of life  
a leaf of pain!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**haiku..... Green Jokes**

Green jokes in my mind  
Illustrating arousal  
under parental guidance

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**haiku..... cellphone**

cellphone is ringing  
touching modern affairs  
connected by a sim

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**haiku....5 x 7 x 5; LEVI'S JACKET**

old leathered jacket  
hugging softly to shield me  
so i miss it much

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## HILOT

Nothing can substitute the touch of hand  
the panacea of all illness

## SWEDISH

Feel the soft touch like heaven  
Soothing to your wants  
Slowly gliding palm penetrates down  
To your ached muscle tissues  
Absorb from daily stressful affairs;  
Effleurage softens the rocking nerves  
Pettrissage kneads nodules of mortality

## SHIATSU

The ball-ended weight of finger press  
The crawling, rolling, rain-dropping  
Sequences of finger tips  
Along meridian trigger points  
Striking like a slow-motion bullets  
BANG! BANG! BANG!  
Hitting, targeting, shooting  
All impurities of stressful flesh

## REFLEXOLOGY

By the frontier tip of the sole  
Corresponding physiological order  
By the cliff of scientific manipulations  
By the well-matched zoning techniques  
By the channel system of fainted glands  
There  
Anchored the waves of reflex  
Normalizing all fragile, weak  
Vulnerable mortal being

## STRETCHING

Lift me up high  
As high as the mind relax as the sky  
Bend down my wearied knees  
Crack all stressed joints  
Gently, please, gently  
And  
The numb soul is dancing now  
With the flow of rhythmic  
Therapeutic elasticity

this poem is strictly for massage therapy only  
no extra services  
God is watching us!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**history \*\*\*\*\* SPARTANS**

At your times  
you were honored  
among your gods  
as greatest warriors  
at all ancient centuries

you swept as sparrow winds  
and ferocious as the holocaust fire  
against the multitude  
heartless foes

Bringing always the banner of glory  
and that was all for the GREECE

Death were invisible  
by yours

Now, you are numbered  
among the legendary dusts

the makers of history

The book never miss you all  
You are still the living warriors

fading away

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**humor \*\*\*\*\* GENSAN POET WHO LAUGHED UPON READING panty no more**

I bear your laughter too  
in my ached mindset  
like panacea of  
comatosed thoughts

You deliver and send forth  
wave of untouchable commotion  
with sharp crest of immeasurable joy

You smile at the bay of void freedom  
flight some words of senses  
oozing down the nerves of awareness  
in arousing humorous sexual blood comedy  
as lessoned learn  
when feminine veil drips  
into a maximum unlimited uncover

male the opposite should be alert  
should be in full battle gear positioning  
45 degress salutation  
3 o'clock hottest babe angle  
with a triggered-ready-to - shoot white glue  
explosion

then expect another new blithe fetus is form

God said: go to the world and multiply  
then SUBDUE it  
meaning take control over it

please do pass this pro-population control poem

help save the burdened pregnant earth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**humor \*\*\*\*\* PSYCHO EXAM**

While taking up a long psychological college entrance exam, the bell rang. One examinee shouted desperately, 'Yes, saved by the bell!', that called up all our attention.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**humor \*\*\*\*\* NEARER BONE - SWEETER MEAT**

Ignore grammar rule  
while eating bony flesh  
as nutritionist recommends  
" the nearer the bone -  
the sweeter the meat '  
overheard by  
clever shepherd  
and eventually he pastures the sheeps  
somewhere down  
rocky bank of the brooks

grass abstinence 24/7  
undernourish dieting

then the butcher  
with cash is coming  
as scheduled

the slim slender ribs  
major bones and skinny thighs  
of the sheeps  
greet him as learned evidence

truthfully  
the butcher have acquired  
from witty shepherd thoughts

the nearer the bone  
the sweeter the meat

as he tags in the meat shop  
market site

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**humor \*\*\*\*\* headache**

My mother had a severe toothache, she requested my 6-yr. old sister to buy pain reliever. When she went home from that errand, she brought a paracetamol for a headache. My mother scolded her. My younger sis argued, ' Mama, is your teeth not part of your head? '.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**idealism \*\*\*\*\* ANCIENT WARS ARE CURRENT TERROR**

Old wars were glorious  
had justifiable noble purposed  
necessary, understandable  
tagged with humanitarian  
heroic reasons  
for survival sake  
weapon's hit of curiosity  
discovery and experiments  
no business deals  
territorial identical crisis  
fought for freedom  
vengeance and integrity  
against empire explorations  
with dynasty's cultures, traditions  
religions, art's differences sparked  
frictions among unripened nations  
from ancient Sparta in Greece  
via Genghis Khan attacked  
back to Holy land crusade  
via American civil war  
back to French Revolution  
up to 1st and 2nd world wars

Today's war is unconventional  
diplomatic failures  
business weaponry transactions  
undesirable violence  
imperialistic approach  
self-inflicted-to-death terrorists  
unnatural destructions  
wreaking, terrorizing, slaughtering  
innocent victims  
war enemies are mingling among  
peace loving crowd dwellers  
living transiently as mutual civilians  
but a trick  
affronting ideology, racism, culture  
religion differences permit for cruelty  
covering up real evil threat  
greedy intent  
extortions, ransoms and criminalities

Today's war is not like  
as the ancient wars  
nations against nations  
kingdom versus empires  
but modern war is against suicidal  
threat of terror  
shaking the world into catastrophic  
end

and humanizing the war solely

not the rapid deadly bullets  
million-dollar bombs  
highly -customized war fares  
can top glorious victory

then history after all  
never repeat itself

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **idealism \*\*\*\*\* COLUMBUS vs HISTORIAN vs I and ME**

Christopher Columbus says to the historian  
that outside world is not to be feared but explored

It's a half truth and a half lie

here in life adventure  
an outside world from my barrio address

I have no single shadow of fear while  
exploring, searching, meager peso enough  
for monthly tenement house,  
for spiritual divine obligations,  
for daily allowances  
for jeepney fare transpo  
for cellphone load  
for street food snacks  
for a cool cigar imitation  
for booze moderately  
for anti-stress  
for quarterly haircut budget  
for laundry soap for my rugged old jeans  
for tshirts bargain sale ukay-ukay  
for poor boy tawas hygiene  
for shoe shine and repair  
for medical, NBI, police, barangay clearances  
for CEDULA, XEROX copies  
for resume or biodata  
for 2X2 ID pics and passport size  
for new short brown envelope  
for employment credentials above  
for next casual local employment  
for another outside world job hunting

Historian replies to the explorer Columbus  
and I am listening secretly  
Yes, you fear not the outside world  
because here in Marchan's city life adventure  
the outside world of him has a fear into himself  
fear for being unskilled and incompetent and  
lacking college units credentials  
while exploring outside world of unemployment

HR job interview result: i will call your number  
within a couple of weeks or just wait for my call  
or just wait for any vacancy

an indirect overused approach  
for a fear to embarrass naive applicant like me  
that i am not directly hired.  
reject!

(summer of 2000, Manila. before i took up AB POLSCI, Cebu 2001, Philippines)



ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**idealism \*\*\*\*\* HEADLINE WITNESS**

your Honor

I was there  
for National interfaith prayer  
rally in Manila  
there with phalanx of  
militant aggressive group  
in Quiapo  
there for union protest  
in Philcoa

i was there  
for Alay lakad from  
Commonwealth ave.  
to Luneta  
there when Payatas victims  
shout justice in  
front at QC hall  
after LRT Rizal day bombing  
Makati bombing

I was there for 2nd episode  
of EDSA drama  
to oust Erap  
there again for Edsa 3  
revenge  
for Gloria labandera scheme  
there in Mendiolla  
dispersal where I lost  
my knapsack  
and breathed with tear gas

I was there  
to witness  
how local and international  
photojournalists painstakingly  
captured these  
historical events

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**idealism \*\*\*\*\* OLD BALARA, UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES**

My aunt house  
an extended relative not by blood  
but by province-neighborhood  
kababayan vernacularly known

i use to visit here  
monthly end  
excluding today  
for an emergency

I pace unfamiliar streets again  
with still unfamiliar faces

pure-native dogs  
barking impulsively  
loitering in front of  
master's right-titled yard corner

I walk sneakingly  
along narrow strait  
a single path for slender built  
like me

still i am timid  
to approach  
my kababayan aunt  
because of her undying  
unconditional kindness  
in sharing of  
wholehearted amount  
for my another  
rush research paper  
projects

learn to reject pride  
swallow the ego  
prepare the deadline battle for  
tomorrow

i take a deep breath

Knock! Knock! Knock!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **idealism \*\*\*\*\* SOLILOQUY BY PRE-LAW STUDENT**

seen thru University of the Visayas rm.342 before my 'intro to law' subject  
seeing the oldest street in entire archipelago by world history

If I could recall all busy shoppers  
passing by along gaisano main mall  
in exit-entrance door, recalling grocery items  
they had just bought  
after their window shopping or for amusement  
before waiting jeeps enroute to Inayawan, pardo,  
lahug, ayala, urgelio, talamban, SM route  
near pedestrian intersection corner jakosalem  
beneath rosita bldg.besides rose pharmacy  
wandering people along plaza fair  
to gems lhullier to colonade mall to metro gaisano  
to downtown cebu

if i could remember all there busy faces  
it should be kept and printed thru all the years  
the smile features, fashions style  
the how many times they come and go here and there  
with wine of wandering unconsciously watched and  
observed by freelance spectator here at room 342  
it is me, seen by me  
unknowing how tired the traffic post flashing  
monotonous red yellow green, the silent rhyme stop look and listen  
unknowing of the bolante vendors  
the snatchers, the hold uppers  
fratmen TAU and AKRHO notorious rivalry  
the leftist recruiters sneaking secretively to indoctrinate  
fresh nerd students

If i could recall these crowded scenes all over again  
i probably not here alone idly waiting for nothing  
watching un-program scenario just to cheer up my boring hours  
in waiting to my boring law professor who will  
surely discuss later about latin maxim-  
reviving dead language for law bar benefits

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**idealism \*\*\*\*\* UNSUNG UNTITLED SONG**

in rm.211 dorm 3 as newly transfer, for my new 11 roomates who still remain

here i sudden came  
and sudden fled away  
in this momentary night  
reminiscing solely  
the overwhelmed hospitality  
that made us one  
and well-united  
that my pen feels rejoice  
to write a song of joy  
straight from the heart

let the world knows we are one  
let the earth knows we are rejoicing  
not just coincidence nor for a while  
and dwell in fading minds of memories

we are one through this  
song  
waiting to be sung!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**idealism \*\*\*\*\* UP VANGUARD COMBAT FIELD**

Bass drum calls all ravenous cadets

700 military hours passed  
we were yet at Commonwealth Ave.  
from Central to the barracks of  
nationalism-reservist team corps

double-time, 1st class officer commanded  
a pressured call for NS12 ROTC  
bravo 1st platoon  
privately ran in cadence  
hitting the throbbing distant drum

exhausted  
50x pushed up  
sir, yes, sir!  
tiring squatrass  
5 minutes facing the sun  
mud crawling heading to rifle  
barracks  
wearing threadbare GOA uniform  
with demerits paraphernalias  
faded greenberet I just borrowed  
unshine backle  
worn-out combat shoes  
unprepared trainess like me  
from the night  
of psychosomatic bed of illnesses  
an overused excused  
for anti- ROTC cadet

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY SELF**

Now i am breathless  
swept by the wind of mortality

never dig a hole  
lies on earth

bury me deep down  
in the very core of your heart

where love and memories  
lingering forever.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* BOXING PACMANIA FURY for comatosed-in-a-mins.  
hatton**

let's get ready to ramble

Lightning jabs cock from nowhere  
rapid strikes like explosive 1-2-3 bullets  
deadly upper cut  
like bombshells landed  
on broken face  
killer left hook for funeral  
referee's cut the fight  
from south paw manny pacquiao  
phils hero  
hails from gen san city  
knocking out acclaimed-known  
ring champs  
from mexico to nevada garden  
down to entire world  
blow-by-blow boxing arena

crimes on the streets  
click zero rate  
while cheering  
the battle between  
east and west  
recent and the rest

crowd seemingly united  
chanting pacmania  
victorious historic moments  
and carried out with  
his breathtaking venomous blows  
the pound-for-pound king  
can offer

a poor boy from the beginning  
now a million dollar-  
pay-per-view collector

as he squares on defensive  
canvas  
as he is on top  
for division belt raising  
ceremony

critics again would say  
he is not yet the  
king of gloves again  
unless he could bet another  
deadly line-up champs  
and contenders

what an endless  
tale of tape round



for pacman

obsess fans always  
looking forward  
for infinite rambles  
to end up his life

retire now  
legendary idol  
you have nothing to prove  
more unto yourself

grand salute  
national icon pacman

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* DANGER GIVES ME COURAGE**

Now I'm not bored  
at moving  
step by step  
slow, down the path

each pause

the dangerous curve

brings me courage

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* DAWN BRAND NEW**

dreams of yesterdays  
hopes of today  
futures won't fade away  
starts in glowing dawn each day

at dawn, mysterious dew  
spring out in weathered window  
incessant wind sweeps all blues  
replace with dawn brand new

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* ENOUGH WORLDLY POEMS**

Puff of wind  
passing shadows  
as mundane sorrows

Endless happiness  
awaits after  
today's sacrifices  
Go on!  
perform divine  
tasks religiously and duties

Behold morning sun  
share faith to everyone  
savings souls  
old and young

Grandeur mountains  
Universe infinite end  
Creator's signature pen

Rdiant dawn  
hopeful mist of the morn  
salvation is too closed  
to near not too soon

Sweet voices  
reverently singing  
Glory Be! the Lord's  
Mighty name

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* HUMAN BEING: 2 in 1**

Night time has its own  
darkness  
as the day time  
has its light  
and never been mixed  
nor intertwined

that 2 opposing times  
are possessed by  
individual human being  
and purely mixed in disguise

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* I AM NOT THE MAN OF FAILURE**

Don't say I am undoer  
Don't tell I didn't try  
I have many endeavors  
Success not yet reply

Don't think I'm just a dreamer  
A man who wants to fly  
Across heavenly castle  
Without single step I try

I am not the man of great loss  
I am not the one you think  
But yes I am arisen  
From chaotic world of pain

I am not the man of failure  
Nor the man of success too  
I am in midst of challenges  
Fighting hindrance foe

I am not the man of failure  
'cause I give up not nor quit  
I am in sweat and labor  
Struggling learn to wait

I melt hundred candles  
Spark in countless nights  
With one dedicated heart  
For my course as guiding light

Now my striving years are long  
So quite long of time  
Seems a lifetime journey  
Till success crowns along my way.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* IT'S NOT TOO LATE, SLUMBER**

It's not too late  
to reach the mountain's peak  
the road is still clear  
the day is not yet over

it's not too late  
to climb the success ladder  
stairways still there  
welcome all steps without fear

it's not too late  
the best is yet to come  
the sun still shining  
gives light to everyone

wake up now, weary slumberer  
learn how to cultivate something  
hit your chief definite aim  
it's not too late, to start my friend!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* STIRRING UP EMOTIONS**

A poem expresses,  
with thoughts  
and feelings

A reader  
with stirring up  
emotions  
of love

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* TAKE DOWN THIS BOOK**

Take down this book  
And slowly read

Turn its leaping  
Light –spirited page

Feels the warm of  
Nature-scented leaves

Look softly its verses  
It prints thousand words

It draws colorful pictures  
With great lesson from the past

Hear its living voice  
In silence

Make way its whisper  
To your heart

It multiplies affection  
Adds happiness

As you take down this book  
And slowly read

Till the last page.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**inspiration \*\*\*\*\* WEATHER MAN**

Seasons like this  
I would  
write a letter for myself  
full of rattling rains  
but this is today

Tomorrow will be  
an epistle  
of summer sky  
quietly written  
under smiling sunshine

Let the weather  
climate change  
come along as they may

Seasons after seasons  
as the lonely clouds  
collecting dew into storms  
to typhoon, to hurricane on life  
then comes calmness  
stillness as expected  
in your heart

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **landtrip \*\*\*\*\* ON THE LOOSE**

via Buda, Davao, Bukidnon to Cagayan de oro

(aboard 10-wheeler Forward truck)  
Waves of mountainous ranges  
verdant walls, carpeted valley of death  
We are here moving up-down  
along narrow passage  
breathtaking ride  
glancing down echoing depth  
magnetic force from full blast gravity  
from inner core  
Renovated highway  
sharp blind curve, accident prone  
I keep on praying that  
whistling air break won't loose  
and push beyond death margin

Mayon volcano darkfield Albay  
(aboard Philtranco bus from Pasay to Tacloban)

It's totally dark  
I am now in Albay  
craving to see the world known perfect cone  
hiding in the dark  
I forcibly open mine eyes wide  
wiping tainted glass  
facing the cone, the Cagsawa ruins, the ashes  
imaginarily  
absolutely blind  
and better luck next trip  
I should pass here at perfect noon  
now i keep on glancing Mayon postcard souvenir  
I have bought in National Bookstore

Greetings from coastal highway Cavite  
(commuting from Baclaran church to Bacoor)

I am quiet, no doubt  
silence envelope my veil of excitement  
appreciating the velvet sun traveling  
besides the PUJ open window  
so clear as the pushing waves  
strolling from Manila Bay on way home  
a fount of instinct hospitality as  
Caviteño breeze sends warm greetings  
upon entering their historical territory  
so flattering as I receive imaginary messages  
Welcome on the loose!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## landtrip \*\*\*\*\* ON THE ROAD

Along Pampanga expressway  
(aboard Partas Trans 8338)

Trip to La Union, we're caught by emergency  
shoulder lane - engine trouble  
2 kms. away to Clark starting perimeter  
Angeles boundary  
I just read this at the reflectorizing post  
and while waiting for sister bus to fetch us  
the panoramic view razes out the boring hours  
of waiting  
the un-droop flight of birds from active Pinatubo  
phalanx of Asia's staple food  
oceanic habitat of marine cultured species  
Quite far beyond the eyesore building wall  
in Metro Manila where we escape from

On the road to San Fernando  
(aboard Victory Liner)

Seen through bus window  
the Agoo's 15th century landmark  
the renovated Basilica church  
Modern nominal castle, shrine on humpish hillside  
marked La Union Spanish-influenced past  
the broad-breasted acacias  
the towering pines  
the green-leafy Philippine grapes  
un-bloom tobacco  
herd of cows too young to be butchered  
Just wait patiently

As I pass by Quezon Province  
(Philtranco bus from Cubao to Davao  
2 days and half tracking)

If i could do it all over again  
land trip from Luzon to Mindanao  
or vice versa  
I probably stop here for a day and  
drink coconut wine  
the Lambanog  
yes good for the heart  
drink moderately  
as government warns in TV  
and I probably bring a galloon  
gum flavor, blue or red in color  
for my curiosed kababayan in Mindanao  
I am proud to suck the Quezon sweat and  
blood of specialty  
cheers!  
One for the road!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**laughter \*\*\*\*\* ART OF WAR seduction**

Sun Zsu ' Art of War ' believes indespensably as the greatest influential book patronized by many ancient army generals, warriors, conquerors, like Napoleon Bonaparte, Adolf Hitler etc.. and even in this modern era, still this book is read by many politicians, businessmen, and students.  
I wonder why my wife staring at me so sharply while reading in hand the 'Art of War ', a minute prior to our bed time encounter.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**life \*\*\*\*\* BE BRAVE UNLUCKY SELF**

Look straight to the radiant sky  
greet each lovely morn  
leave doubts behind  
reap peace of mind

Amidst severe drought of sun  
curse not as speaking evil tongue  
learn virtues, humility down  
as blessed fellow, affectionate son

Breath free for joyous tomorrow  
be brave to face uncontrollable sorrow  
be a self-erected a new man  
even luck never knock at once.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**life \*\*\*\*\* BORN NOTHING / REACHING DREAMS**

Great challenge!  
reaching dream  
from nothing

Fail knots  
in tying  
exert guts

Trial days  
nothing wrong  
stand firm

Add efforts  
excel more  
reach shore

Near far  
quit not  
rising star

Success comes  
sweat pumps  
well done

Crown your  
book launch  
author marchan

Born nothing  
reaching dreams  
possible end!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**life \*\*\*\*\* BULLDOG TENACITY**

Life is not a game  
of chance  
the world is not  
a pedestal  
where we stand idly  
like breathless statue  
waiting passers-by  
for taking photos as  
back view

game of life  
is not for a few  
not just for  
smartest fellow

all are actors  
in a huge stage play  
and winners  
are those  
with bulldog tenacity

let us learn how  
medalist olympic runner  
struggle, persist  
and persevere

we too  
have unique individual  
racetrack  
in life  
where we run  
and get winning prize

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**life \*\*\*\*\* CHOOSE RIGHTEOUSNESS!**

Man in nature is weak  
but not an excuse  
to do a mistake  
God bestow us  
wisdom  
above all His creation  
on earth  
to distinguish instinctively  
between right and wrong  
between the good and the evil

a freedom to choose  
moral acts as  
society standard norms  
not to the extend beyond  
border lines  
established by God  
written in biblical verses

Man is not created robot  
controlled by self-remote  
imperfect flesh

Man is not invented as stuff machine  
empowered from above  
to do programmed task  
and well-scripted aim  
without intuitive human consent

Wisdom and knowledge bestowed  
upon us again  
to have a gift of freedom  
a free will to choose  
either ejecting worldly pleasures  
or retaining in vain and be punished  
in 2nd advent  
thru fury lake of endless fire

or to choose righteousness  
and be saved in upcoming judgment day  
upon entering the true Church Of Christ  
in this last days

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**life \*\*\*\*\* CHRONICLE OF TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY**

Life is a chronicle  
of triumph and tragedy

the triumph of exploring oneself  
own field disposition  
and docks victoriously  
in the wharf of  
contentment, fulfillment  
and satisfaction

the tragedy of spending with  
fickle - mind moments in  
searching of inner- self  
until he finds out  
he almost lost everything

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**love \*\*\*\*\* HOSPITAL AGONY BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH**

thanks to Jury Magallanes, Robert and Inday Montanez, Sis Edlyn Villalba for an emergency aid and encouragement

I was weak, paled, hungry  
while queuing at blood bank  
for Argee blood test result for confidential operation  
I was about to collapse since I had sleepless night  
from San Pedro hospital to DMC operating corner  
The time was past 1 pm  
Though my vision flashed no more  
I could still see the head of every patient's watcher  
passing along hospital lobby  
waiting lounge, ICU, and at right lane  
heading to generic pharmacy  
I saw sad circumstances and agony  
I saw confusion, doubt, and love  
I saw the lost, the pain, the bitterness  
I saw the bravery especially in emergency room section  
I could have cried with each dying heart  
My sympathy  
I found it hard to accept this whole truth  
Health, life, loved ones are more precious than  
wealth and power  
I had walked among with them  
among the seeking eyes  
among the agonizing hearts  
with an empty wallet for doctor's prescriptions  
among the charity and social welfare hopefuls  
among the Philhealth and HMO cardholders  
I had smelled their frightened too  
and understood their adrenalized tensions and boredoms  
I had respected their unusual tightness with their God  
I reached carinderia below underpass corner  
and kept eating for physical strength renewal  
I was so sure I would soon be free  
out of this purposeful tragedy  
Free as my fearless heart to marry  
my fiancée patient after her complete  
speedy recovery

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**love \*\*\*\*\* DON'T BE DESPAIR, MY WIFE FOR A LIFETIME**

From your heart  
I make promises  
that I never break

I let your breath  
inhaling within me  
even in the darkest hour  
of our matrimonial company

From your strength  
I make a wall  
where sacred pledge are written  
and reveals beyond your smile  
and our couple's courage intertwine

' Till death do us part'  
a universal couple under oath  
I crown that blessed laurel  
for richer and for poorer

Marriage is not just a pleasure  
far beyond from my singleness perspective view

Today i learn the thorough parenthood responsibility  
coupled with love and indispensable perseverance

Sooner, we will become three  
additional fatherhood responsibility

We have wall whom we can lean on  
spiritually, emotionally and even physical struggleship

Don't be despair my wife for a lifetime  
though I am a neophyte in this new world of ours  
but you're not alone  
I am here  
a full-grown man, your husband  
a parent strongly I can stand!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **love \*\*\*\*\* GUARDIAN ANGEL BY REQUEST**

written with pressure as requested by my friend with amount paid  
and this doesn't exactly affect my religious belief nor this is dedicated directly  
to my special someone connected from my heart

I do believe unknown angel above  
sending you for me to love  
you pick me up among the rest  
because I know you love me best

You always have extended arm  
with you my feet firmly stand  
you give me all, everything you have  
the sweetest joy, the care and love

You make me feel a man of special  
and cheer me up amidst of trials  
your smile I catch seems worthwhile  
you're the woman on earth, to tell no lie

For all these years we're going through  
you're like my dream, seems all come true  
thanks for everything, inside and out  
accept my love, as whole, no doubt

now if I die, I leave you here  
I wait you too in heavenly stairs  
if you're not there on advent day  
am pretty sure you're in another way

Then undeniably, I'll flap back my wings  
sacrifice my harp, and joyous things  
to prove my love for you is true  
I'll go to hell, just to be with you

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**love \*\*\*\*\* MY ADMIRABLE SOMEONE**

She is a woman  
whom I've never  
met before

A woman  
who lights  
up my future

She cares  
a lot of me  
Keeps secret  
about me

She is the strenght  
of my weaknesses

She seems the lamplight  
sparkling in the darkness  
of my loneliness

She is the cream  
of morning sun  
in my struggles

She is meant  
for me

She is  
my wife

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**love \*\*\*\*\* NAME POEM - ARGEE**

A - arg, in you i see  
the strength of my weaknesses  
R- remember without you  
i may live but in midst of loneliness  
G- glad to be a full grown man now  
wrapped in your arms  
E -every new day from the start  
is our pleasant memory  
E- enough that you bind me with love  
what more could i want?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**love \*\*\*\*\* ONCE WE LOVED THE DUST**

for Ka Josue, Nole, Nicole who waited for our arrival from a long rough dusty trip, Tupi highway to INC Cebuano locale, South Cotabato, with Argee, my yours

Once we loved the dust as it blew  
Down from the pineapple plains  
Propelled by the tricycle wheels  
That whirled the dust  
To breath in the air against our sight  
Our nostril but still we loved  
The dust as it blew.

Once we loved the dust in Cebuano  
Almost as tight as the romantic  
Touch of our affairs  
Too tight as our eyes  
Closed against the dust as it blew

Once we loved the smell of the fish  
When its melting-blood-scented ice  
Dropped over our head  
From the cab roof and we loved  
To take the foul odor for granted  
As long as we held breath in  
Midst of life-and-death  
Roller coaster road.

Once we loved all of those things  
A combination of sea creature and sand  
Plains and waves Fear and love  
And we knew there must be something more  
When we often visit our cute Nicole

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**love \*\*\*\*\* PRECIOUS WIFE**

Wealth is power  
Knowledge is influence  
Yes  
They can sweep down mountains  
                  build up highways  
                  civilize the world  
                  generate computers to ease life

But  
They cannot purchase  
affections  
companionship  
of a true wife

Her love is precious  
like the 'calling' from God  
it is given  
not bought

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**love \*\*\*\*\* TILL MY LAST BREATH**

I have a pledge  
to you my dear  
a solemn promises  
I always keep  
with bless in teh vow  
of our marriage

giving you my love  
until my last breath

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**memories \*\*\*\*\* ECHOES NOSTALGIA**

Look back the days of yore  
turn leaves of yesterdays  
scan hidden photos  
of memories  
peel off the scars of pain  
the printed joys  
tears in heaven

Think some snapshots taken  
from somewhere  
look at scrupulously  
inside your voluminous  
pages of yesteryears

Read the experiences

Isn't it a cycling incident  
in life?  
ages and physical maturity  
are obviously changing?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**memories \*\*\*\*\* EXTENDED HOME**

Since I was a child I had vision  
To gather treasured thoughts, unusual experiences and stay to the places  
With an atmosphere that can fill up my emptiness

Waking up once at my lonesome bedroom I felt like a man of curiosity,  
A son given permission to chase the wind that carries my dream from a far

Fired with negative humors full of despondencies I heard  
Stronger than fear and confusion, they were thinking I was a lost fellow  
A crank a dreamer greedy to capture the moon and to pull it down right now

Their thinking were misled by their innocent thoughts

I explore not for childish pleasure but to gather details  
And print into pages

Give readers a private place where they can call their own extended home

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**memories \*\*\*\*\* TWILIGHT OF NOWHERE**

I would  
rather wake up  
in the  
twilight  
of nowhere  
than  
to sleep  
whole night  
in the  
home  
of  
despair!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**memories \*\*\*\*\* WELCOME SAN JUANICO BRIDGE**

(from the photo of mine circa '95  
For my cousin Don-don Dominguez, now a Phil. Navy)

Look at this old photograph?  
Guess who took the shot?  
So artistic  
Like the silver bridge  
At the back

Linking Samar and Leyte  
Across Tacloban channel  
Above homeless islets

It links us  
Though we are apart;  
Make us together

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**memories \*\*\*\*\* YESTERDAYS**

We all  
have yesterdays  
with highlighted  
remembrances  
few are  
just scrapped  
never  
to be  
traced!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**mountain \*\*\*\*\* KITANGLAD BUKIDNON CALLING**

Confidence pushes me here  
to be here  
at Mt Kitanglad ranges  
from Buda with excitement  
immeasurable

too self-assured feelings of mine  
in crossing gigantic shield  
in Mindanao  
from  
whirl-to -death hurricane  
from wings of deadliest typhoon  
spring up from angry Pacific eye

too smooth  
too yielding  
for my nomadic feet  
too seldom to encounter  
as endangered eagle's flight  
no stray  
in yonder forested hills

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**mountain \*\*\*\*\* MARVELLOUS SIERRA MADRE**

You were carved by the Mighty sculptor hand  
an Omnipotent Invisible chisel  
the Chief architect of the Universe  
the CEO on infinite creation

I didn't expect this would be our great countenance  
i am just a humble care taker  
in between on this placid grand Laguna bay  
where your mighty feet rooted by centuries

you are so fertile and marvelous  
you are so mighty like your Engraver's wisdom  
but you are too lenient  
to all corrupt loggers  
greedy protectors from government  
to harvest your soul

I am jealous  
and please moderate your tolerance  
and to all illegal loggers  
emphatically moderate your greed!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**mountain \*\*\*\*\* MOUNT MALINDANG HYMN**

my first published poem  
Malindang Tribune publication, Oroquieta City Phils.1996

I am glad I am a mountain  
Lording over smiling plain  
Watching beyond Panguil Bay  
Keep always peace I pray

I lead my arms where springs flow  
Stream of life where my might shows  
To Misamis Occidental whom my dear  
The peaceful province I love so well

Faraway to my own foothills  
Raise the tune of harvest home  
From Misamisnon heart of thanks  
Through wholesome rice fields come

The orient sun shall bow to me  
His rays reflect from Iligan sea  
When nights come governed by dark  
The solitary sun hides at my back

To my dear bountiful land  
I guard you safe peace and calm  
Until now evilstorms can't overcome  
Because of my great name, Mt. Malindang

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**mountain \*\*\*\*\* MT. APO'S PEAK FROM AFAR**

Mt. Apo the highest mountain in the Phils.

Great as that of the sea  
Is every mountains mystery  
Unfathomable nest  
Where eagles flight for liberty

Flora and fauna firm feet  
On ranges terrain traces  
That which magnify  
The language of calm and quiet

So kingly is that mountain's peak  
Standing out archipelago state  
Inviting writers to ponder on  
Create poetical verses

Adore! Such wondrous display of nature  
Adore! Hallowed phrases on cloudless door  
Adore! Thru that peak climbers perceive justice  
Adore! Mt. Apo invites equality and kindness

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**mountain \*\*\*\*\* MT. MALINDANG'S HYMN**

I am glad I am a mountain  
Lording over the smiling plain  
Watching beyond Panguil bay  
To keep always peace I pray

I lead my arms where springs flow  
Stream of life where my might shows  
To Misamis Occidental whom my dear  
The peaceful province I love so well

Faraway to my own foothills  
Raise the tune of harvest home  
From Misamisnon heart of thanks  
Through wholesome ricefield comes

The orient sun shall bow to me  
His rays reflect from Iligan seas  
When nights come governed by the dark  
This solitary sun hides at my back

To my dear bountiful land  
I guard you safe and calm  
Till now evilstorms can't overcome  
'cause of my name, Mt. Malindang.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**mountain \*\*\*\*\* PINATUBO TRAGIC ASH**

While passing at Capampangan longest bridge  
heading to Tarlac  
while crossing last frontier  
dike  
my mind is stepping down  
rushing up to tragic lahar  
delta point  
staring at remnants of magmas  
pasted into deserted ashes  
where printed feet of rolling rains  
framed well in dying rivulets  
there trapped sticky ashes  
360 degrees scoping  
all venues as far as I can see  
every space is a burried  
civilization turns into a memorial  
lot of white dusts  
too early to be raptured by  
quasi-dormant killer lava  
burning old generaions  
and cleansing old sins

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**mountain \*\*\*\*\* TAAL VOLCANO IN LAKE TAAL**

seen through people's park in the sky - tagaytay highlands

A broken cone-peak floating  
stagnantly above placid lake  
a mirror in sky  
vacuuming tourist's foreign eye  
perching here in hollowed high-  
altitude  
capturing wonderful details  
for email pic genre  
for friendster boasting stuffs  
through a click of cyberspace that  
once in a moment  
we are here hypnotizing  
floating taal  
in realistic approach  
after a flight or fight respond  
against the hard to bear frozen  
breeze

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nature \*\*\*\*\* NOMADIC SHADOW**

shadow floats in river  
climb highest hill  
rest in mountain peak  
take long lazy walk  
beneath trees  
in the yard  
rain forest

shadow hides at temple's side  
crawl in skyscrapers wall  
under canopy  
in ceiling home

shadow chases moving train  
fly ahead with plane  
dive beneath ships

shadow has myriad arms  
elastic palms  
create infinite figures  
trick rational human eye  
even in the dark

your dark reputation is the black shadow itself

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**nature \*\*\*\*\* RUSH TELEGRAM**

Listen  
ther is a  
pleasant song  
so pleasing  
around the  
shore of my ears

I cannot tell  
it from where

listen  
listen

Have you heard it  
here?  
through this  
awakening letter?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nature \*\*\*\*\* SILENT LIGHTNING**

Gaze up above in heaven  
See the flash of the silent lightning  
The flare is over  
Comes the roaring thunder  
His light crosses  
The clouds though  
He will not hit  
Those who knows;  
He looks upon the  
Earth's garden  
A sign to spray  
A purple rain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nature \*\*\*\*\* SNOW MELTING / AVALANCHE**

Unknown snowfall  
from mountain pack of  
avalanche  
diving down  
caught by  
placid lake below  
the mass of broken ice  
laid glintless  
stagnant  
steady  
as the azure floating sky  
reflection like mirror  
among innumerable  
tall arrow Indian trees  
staring quickly at the  
white powdery dust  
of commotion  
as quick as  
I glance  
on this borrowed  
photo album  
snow melting cover  
4/16/01

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nature \*\*\*\*\* THE BURUWISAN CRYSTAL FALLS**

She is the daughter falls of Pagsanjan  
by spectators  
local and foreign tounge  
Pagsanjan is the goddess falls in  
archipelago  
like crystal Buruwisan  
her awesome white water  
lass  
cascading  
flowing down the brooks  
rivulets  
like in an exhibit painting  
in shopping mall  
gallery  
in museum  
but here she is alive  
moving  
talking  
diving  
greetings with pride to all  
picture takers  
and by night  
she is snoring  
breathing  
can be heard up to  
the farthest  
trekker's tent

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nature \*\*\*\*\* WIND ROUND THE SHORE OF MINE EARS**

hissess.....  
.....  
.....the wind

round the shore

of my ears

hissing

hissssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nostalgia \*\*\*\*\* FARE FOR HOME**

Why did i roam  
to somewhere  
find perfect bliss  
sole felicity  
make bridges  
connecting  
infinite seas  
restless as the wind  
flashing as high bright sun  
craving disposition  
from floating self  
above zero ground  
and make me  
think to naught  
except a fare for home

a bill of excitement  
to touch the basement  
of my blood

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nostalgia \*\*\*\*\* MILES AWAY FROM HOME**

Alone  
i travel somewhere  
mile away  
from home

alone  
i roam  
to nowhere  
miles away  
from home

alone  
at sharp Dec. noon  
in far-uncharted lawn  
in huge broad stone  
i sit alone

and write  
nostalgic song  
before i'll go back  
at my mile- distant home

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nostalgia \*\*\*\*\* MYSTERY OF PALILAN RIVER**

my teen-age poem 1996  
jimenez mis. occ. philippine island

i see the mystery of  
palilan river  
i can't write  
even a single word  
to compare

her image sparks  
into my sight  
appears as  
mirror of the night

her crystal bluish face  
glidely flows  
low and high  
to and fro in delta tide

listening innocents  
screams  
diving, swimming  
collecting shells  
boating like in heaven

a river for me  
my mortal witness  
featuring tales and real memories  
connecting childish years  
up to my incoming adulthood  
responsibilities

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**nostalgia \*\*\*\*\* ODE TO MIS. OCC. PHILS**

From margin southern sea  
rise calm waves in gentle free  
with wind of love  
from shore to Malindang above

Lend your ears  
hear this ode  
with rhythm songs to you my dear  
blessed words our minds to cheer

My heart is fulfilled before i rest  
as i share thoughtful poems for readers' wit  
to love own town, respect all guests  
with aid to harness intellect

My poems uttering in silence  
undyingly wait in patience  
to be shared and be published  
despite of world material crisis

From mountain hills to Panguil bay  
this ode is echoing each day  
with praising nuggets i keep and pray  
thanking Mis. Occ. the province of prosperity.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nostalgia \*\*\*\*\* RIVER OF VERSES**

When my pen fails  
to run on pads  
notes and papers  
I run to  
Palilan river  
bank  
feel the breeze  
watch the waves  
collecting memories  
put them back  
into words  
creating  
poems  
and  
verses

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nostalgia \*\*\*\*\* THE RIVER BOY**

When I recall about  
Palilan  
it is not the barangay where I spent  
most my childhood days  
not the sand and beaches  
enticing tourists  
in Jimenez town  
under Mis.Occ. sky  
where Mt. Malindang hills are footed  
with Panguil Bay waves  
slashing partly in Ozamiz City  
quiet far from here  
but they are linked and connected

when I think about Palilan  
I think intuitively the  
river per se  
a river where i first learned how to swim  
to gain peers  
to write poems and make the world  
awaken and changes their minds

and I think about the  
river tranquility  
flowing down to bay-bay delta  
along mangroove shores  
where wind whistling in silence  
with muted notes seldom can hear  
unless you can conceive  
our perfect countenance  
all over again

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nostalgia \*\*\*\*\* TORNADO - my license to kill**

A roar of tornado  
is coming near  
I can't tell you from where  
whirling back sad refrain  
I hate so well

I hid before in nowhere  
away from golden shore  
living life full of darkness  
missing hopeful sun rise  
every day was storm  
tears were my twin nightmares  
singing sad refrain

until i stuck here forever  
escaping away from that abandoned pier  
playing a new fresh refrain

then now  
roaring tornado  
coming back again  
I can't tell yet from where  
rehearsing my heart-aching song  
a lonesome music  
I hate so well

If ever you get me  
the license to kill  
I'll cock one bullet  
hitting fatal head  
of that unknown stage performer  
who whirls back  
my hated refrain  
so I can tell you now  
from where

\*written while listening, 'leader of the band'  
performed by nobody 05/06/09

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**nostalgia \*\*\*\*\* WHEN I GO HOME TO PALILAN**

(written a night before I go back home, Manila to Palilan, Jimenez, Mis.Occ. circa 2000)

When I go home to Palilan I would hurriedly walk on the long road to home.  
I'll throw my warmest smile and look straight thru their eyes who surprise prettily  
about my unpredictable journey from somewhere they never know as I come back  
without crown they expect.

I'll greet them the way how my strange friends welcomed my rare visits and wrote  
poems on what it's like to fill up the missing link for my extended home.

I'll show them how challenging the world exists beyond our own barangay  
What life I have experienced while climbing legendary mountains, sailing rainstormy  
seas, exploring risky cities.

When I go home to Palilan I'll go to the river then take my time at the back of my  
elementary school yard  
I'll face the water and count the floating clouds  
I'll spread my imagination on its transparent surface and when my imagination ceases  
I'll recall my childhood wounded memories

When I get back to my home I'll never break the family's chain again  
If they ask me where I had been I'll read my touching anthology, open my album of  
memories, my loose life, my past, my everything, my solitary journey with empty  
pocket so perilous I feel

I'll tell my younger bro and sis that there are roads somewhere we haven't crossed  
yet. Highways we shouldn't be afraid to explore as if sailing to the sky a smooth path  
for our unreachable future

When I go home to Palilan, I'll give this narrative piece to my mama's hand and be  
posted in our renovated wall near the wooden stair where I can read easily everytime I  
go back home.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **not poetry.. FASCISM**

Fascism has actually existed for centuries. Fascism as an ideology in a nutshell is the belief that the government is a sort of 'super-corporation' where all other sectors of the economy are its subsidies. The term Fascism itself has become something of an empty word, since its association with Naziism, anti-semitism, and white supremacy (which are not necessarily fascist values, as demonstrated by Imperial Japan) has led to the term 'fascist' becoming a derogatory term used across the political spectrum for various reasons. But a closer inspection reveals that Fascism is actually a patchwork system of many different ideas of Italian, French, German and British ideologies conglomerated into one political movement.

Proto-Fascism began as a splinter faction of the Italian Socialist Party. In 1914, the party was bitterly divided over what to do about World War I. One faction clung to the tenets of Karl Marx, and maintained that the Great war was Capitalist grandstanding. The other group was deeply influenced by Italian nationalism, stemming from the traditional Italian hatred of Austria as well as the Italian Futurists, an art movement that glorified war, industry, and energy.

Benito Mussolini, who then was a young Socialist, was actually one of the Marxists. Prior to 1914 he was known for his violent opposition against war, such as Italy's 1911 war against Turkey and Libya. In his youth Mussolini was well known as one of the most ardent idealists of Marxism in his party. However, with the rising tide of nationalism in Italy, Mussolini was not prepared to loose his popularity, and thus changed sides over to the nationalistic Marxists. Mussolini became instrumental in getting Italy to enter the war through use of French funded propaganda.

Mussolini enjoyed tremendous popularity during WWI, but one unexpected event changed that: The Russian Revolution. The popularity of Communism exploded, and the Communists took control of Italy. Mussolini's socialists dwindled into obscurity until the 1920s. Italian Communism failed spectacularly, Italy was rocked by economic hard times. Mussolini and his socialist party experienced a resurgent popularity. Mussolini wanted to distance himself from the Marxists who had ruined Italy, and thus decided to rename his party. He wanted to tap the powerful nationalism of the Italians, and he chose to do so by associating himself with ancient Rome. He styled his new 'Fascist' party after ancient Roman fasces, which were ancient Roman symbols of the power of the state.

However, Mussolini faced a dilemma. Traditional Marxist socialism had failed spectacularly in Italy, and he was looking to rebuild Italy with a party essentially comprised exclusively of Socialists. Fascist scholars looked to Socialism's past, and salvaged an old form of British socialist utopianism called Guild Socialism. The Italians (again, wanting to distance themselves from their political foes) called it Corporativism, or Corporatism.

Fascism was Socialist in origin, vehemently anti-capitalistic, ultra-nationalistic, and anti-communist. It became explosively popular throughout the world, including Germany, France, Japan and especially in the United States, which traditionally disdained Marxism due to it's history of terrorist tactics (President McKinley had been assassinated by a Marxist anarchist) . Some would even point out that many tenets of FDR's New Deal bear a striking resemblance to many of Mussolini's doctrines.

Fascism also became the de jure political system of the United Socialist German Workers Party, which was headed by the Charismatic Adolf Hitler. Fascism appealed to

Hitler, who saw it as a 'third way' to Anglo-Saxon Capitalism and Russian Communism. The unflinching Ideology of the Russians convinced Hitler to seek partnership with the West, and Hitler began touting Fascism as an evolution of Capitalism to France, Britain, and the United States. However, he also found a partnership with Josef Stalin and the two signed a military alliance. After years of boorish diplomacy, Hitler had decided that Germany was strong enough to defeat his enemies, the Communists and the Capitalists, and it started first with the unprovoked invasion of Poland, then the brilliant military campaign against France, then the insidious backstabbing of Russia as the Communists engaged in their own. Of course, The Axis powers lost the war, and Fascism as an ideology became associated with the more coarse elements of Naziism, the hatred and the racial bigotry, while people mostly forgot about Fascism's actual tenets, which is chillingly causing them to resurface in the west under pseudonyms other than the now thoroughly disgraced term Fascism

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN





## **not poetry... AUTHOCRACY...govt. form**

An autocracy is a form of government in which the political power is held by a single, self-appointed ruler. The term autocrat is derived from the Greek word 'αὐτοκράτης'; 'αὐτός'; 'αὐτός'; 'αὐτός'; 'αὐτός'; 'αὐτός'; 'αὐτός'; 'αὐτός'; (lit. 'self-ruler', or 'one who rules by himself') . Compare with oligarchy ('rule by the few') and democracy ('rule by the people') .

Today it is usually seen as synonymous with despot, tyrant and/or dictator, though each of these terms originally had a separate and distinct meaning.

Autocracy is not synonymous with totalitarianism, as the latter concept was forged in 1923 to distinguish modern regimes from traditional dictatorships. Nor is it synonymous with military dictatorship, as these often take the form of 'collective presidencies' such as the South American juntas. However, an autocracy may be totalitarian or be a military dictatorship.

The term monarchy also differs in that it emphasizes the hereditary characteristic, though some Slavic monarchs, specifically Russian Emperors traditionally included the title 'autocrat' as part of their official styles. This usage originated in the Byzantine Empire, where the term αυτοκράτορ was traditionally employed in Greek to translate the Latin imperator, and was used along with Basileus to mean 'emperor'. This use remains current in the modern Greek language, where the term is used for any emperor (e.g. the Emperor of Japan) , regardless of the actual power of the monarch. Historically, many monarchs ruled autocratically but eventually their power was diminished and dissolved with the introduction of constitutions giving the people the power to make decisions for themselves through elected bodies of government.

The autocrat needs some kind of power structure to rule. Very few rulers were in the position to rule with only their personal charisma and skills, however great these may be, without the help of others. Most historical autocrats depended on their nobles, the military, the priesthood or others, who could turn against the ruler and depose or murder them. As such, it can be difficult to draw a clear line between historical autocracies and oligarchies

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **not poetry... CONSOCIATIONAL govt. form**

Political scientists define a consociational state as a state which has major internal divisions along ethnic, religious, or linguistic lines, with none of the divisions large enough to form a majority group, yet nonetheless manages to remain stable, due to consultation among the elites of each of its major social groups. Consociational states are often contrasted with states with majoritarian electoral systems.

Classical examples of consociational states are Belgium, Switzerland, Lebanon, and the Netherlands (from 1917 until 1967, see pillarisation) . As a result of the Good Friday Agreement (Belfast Agreement) , Northern Ireland has become a consociational region, within the United Kingdom[1].

Consociational polities often have these characteristics:

Coalition cabinets, where executive power is shared between parties, not concentrated in one.

Many of these cabinets are oversized, they include parties not necessary for a parliamentary majority;

Balance of power between executive and legislative;

Decentralized and federal government, where (regional) minorities have considerable independence;

Asymmetric bicameralism, where it is very difficult for one party to gain a majority in both houses. Normally one chamber represents regional interests and the other national interests;

Proportional representation, to allow (small) minorities to gain representation too;

Organized and corporatist interest groups, which represent minorities;

A rigid constitution, which prevents government from changing the constitution without consent of minorities;

Judicial review, which allow minorities to go to the courts to seek redress against laws that they see as unjust;

Elements of direct democracy, which allow minorities to enact or prevent legislation;

Proportional employment in the public sector;

A neutral head of state, either a monarch with only ceremonial duties, or an indirectly elected president, who gives up his party affiliation after his election;

Referendums are only used to allow minorities to block legislation: this means that they must be a citizen's initiative and that there is no compulsory voting.

Equality between ministers in cabinet, the prime minister is only the primus inter pares;

An independent central bank, where experts and not politicians set out monetary policies.

In this view, Switzerland, a country with no clear majority group, is a prime example of such a consensus democracy. Examples of this include: the frequent use of referendums, its confederal structure, and the tradition that all large parties are included in the cabinet, creating oversized coalition governments.

This can be directly linked to the many minorities Switzerland has: its population consists of both Protestants and Roman Catholics; and French-, German-, Italian- and Romansch-speaking groups.

Singapore is another example of a consociational state.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**not poetry...ARISTOCRACY..govt. form**

Aristocracy is a form of government, in which a select few such as the most wise, strong or contributing citizens rule, often starting as a system of co-option where a council of prominent citizens add leading soldiers, merchants, land owners, priests, or lawyers to their number. Aristocracy deforms when it becomes hereditary elite.

Aristocracies have most often been deformed to hereditary plutocratic systems. They sometimes include a monarch who although a member of the aristocracy, rules over it as well as over the rest of society.

The term 'aristocracy' is derived from the Greek language aristokratia, meaning 'the rule of the best'.<sup>[1]</sup> See Aristocracy for the historical roots of the term.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **not poetry...COMMUNIST STATE govt. form**

In political science, a Communist state is a state with a form of government characterized by single-party rule[citation needed] of a Communist party and a professed allegiance to a communist ideology as the guiding principle of the state. Communist states may have several legal political parties, but the Communist party is usually granted a special or dominant role in government, [citation needed] often by statute or under the constitution. Consequently, the institutions of the state and of the Communist party become intimately entwined, such as in the development of parallel institutions.

While almost all claim lineage to Marxist thought, there are many varieties of Communist states, with indigenous adaptations. For Marxist-Leninists, the state and the Communist Party claim to act in accordance with the wishes of the industrial working class; for Maoists, the state and party claim to act in accordance to the peasantry. Under Deng Xiaoping, the People's Republic of China proclaimed a policy of 'socialism with Chinese characteristics.' In most Communist states, governments assert that they represent the democratic dictatorship of the proletariat.

Most Communist states adopted planned economies. However, there are exceptions: The Soviet Union during the 1920s and Yugoslavia after World War II allowed limited markets and a degree of worker self-management, while China and Vietnam have introduced far-reaching market reforms since the 1980s.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **not poetry..AUTORITATIANISM vs TOTALITARIANISM vs DEMOCRACY**

Authoritarianism describes a form of government characterized by an emphasis on the authority of the state in a republic or union. It is a political system controlled by nonelected rulers who usually permit some degree of individual freedom. [1]

'Highly concentrated and centralized power structures, ' in which political power is generated and maintained by a 'repressive system that excludes potential challengers' and uses political parties and mass organizations to 'mobilize people around the goals of the government'; [2]

The following principles:

- 1) rule of men, not rule of law;
- 2) rigged elections;
- 3) all important political decisions made by unelected officials behind closed doors;
- 4) a bureaucracy operated quite independently of rules, the supervision of elected officials, or concerns of the constituencies they purportedly serve;
- 5) the informal and unregulated exercise of political power; [2]

Leadership that is 'self-appointed and even if elected cannot be displaced by citizens' free choice among competitors'

No guarantee of civil liberties or tolerance for meaningful opposition; [2]

Weakening of civil society: 'No freedom to create a broad range of groups, organisms, and political parties to compete for power or question the decisions of rulers, ' with instead an 'attempt to impose controls on virtually all elements of society'; [2] and Political stability maintained by 'control over and support of the military to provide security to the system and control of society; 2) a pervasive bureaucracy staffed by the regime; 3) control of internal opposition and dissent; 4) creation of allegiance through various means of socialization.'

Authoritarian political systems may be weakened through 'inadequate performance to demands of the people.' [2] Vestal writes that the tendency to respond to challenges to authoritarianism through tighter control instead of adaptation is a significant weakness, and that this overly rigid approach fails to 'adapt to changes or to accommodate growing demands on the part of the populace or even groups within the system.' [2]

Because the legitimacy of the state is dependent on performance, authoritarian states that fail to adapt may collapse. [2]

Authoritarianism is marked by 'indefinite political tenure' of the ruler or ruling party (often in a single-party state) or other authority. [2] The transition from an authoritarian system to a democratic one is referred to as democratization. [2]

John Duckitt of the University of the Witwatersrand suggests a link between authoritarianism and collectivism, asserting that both are in opposition to individualism. [3] Duckitt writes that both authoritarianism and collectivism submerge individual rights and goals to group goals, expectations and conformities. [4] Others argue that collectivism, properly defined, is based on consensus decision-making, the opposite of authoritarianism.

### **Authoritarianism and totalitarianism**

Totalitarianism is generally considered to be an extreme version of authoritarianism. Building on the work of Yale political scientist Juan Linz, Paul C. Sondrol of the University of Colorado at Colorado Springs has examined the characteristics of authoritarian and totalitarian dictators and organized them in a chart: [5]

.....	Totalitarianism.....	.....	Authoritarianism
Charisma.....	High.....	.....	Low
Role conception.....	Leader as function.....	.....	Leader as individual
Ends of power.....	Public.....	.....	Private
Corruption.....	Low.....	.....	High
Official ideology.....	Yes.....	.....	No
Limited pluralism.....	No.....	.....	Yes
Legitimacy.....	Yes.....	.....	No

### Authoritarianism and democracy

While normally considered to be in opposition to one another, it is possible for democracies to be authoritarian. An illiberal democracy (or procedural democracy) is distinguished from liberal democracy (or substantive democracy) in that illiberal democracies lack some democratic features, such as the rule of law, an independent judiciary, separation of powers, civilian control of the military, freedom of speech and assembly, and freedom from censorship. The central characteristic of an illiberal democracy is that institutional political processes are skewed in favor of the incumbent regime. Opposition may be dealt with by means of onerous regulations on political organizations in civil society, unfair electoral processes (such as difficult nomination rules, barriers to ballot access or extensive gerrymandering), manipulation of the media (either by ignoring or distorting opposition, or by biased coverage of opposition, often in state-owned press or oligarchical mass media). Illiberal democracy has also been termed 'electoralism' or 'soft authoritarianism'

### Criticism

There are many theories criticizing authoritarianism, most of which at the same time support democracy:

Numerous studies using many different kinds of data, definitions, and statistical analyses have found support for the democratic peace theory. The original finding was that liberal democracies have never made war with one another. More recent research has extended the theory and finds that democracies have few Militarized Interstate Disputes causing less battle deaths with one another, that those MID's that have occurred between democracies have caused few deaths, and that democracies have few civil wars.[6][7]

Poor liberal democracies tend to have better education, longer life expectancy, lower infant mortality, access to drinking water, and better health care than poor dictatorships. This is not due to higher levels of foreign assistance or spending a larger percentage of GDP on health and education. Instead, the available resources are more likely to be managed better.[8]

Studies suggest that several health indicators (life expectancy and infant and maternal mortality) has a stronger and more significant association with liberal democracy than they have with GDP per capita, size of the public sector, or income inequality.[9]

In the post-Communist nations, after an initial decline, those most democratic have achieved the greatest gains in life expectancy. Although it must be noted that most were also the most developed states from the ex USSR before its end.[10]

A prominent economist, Amartya Sen, has theorized that no functioning democracy has ever suffered a large scale famine.[11] This includes democracies that have not been

very prosperous historically, like India, which had its last great famine in 1943 and many other large scale famines before that in the late nineteenth century, all under British rule. However, some others ascribe the Bengal famine of 1943 to the effects of World War II[citation needed]. The government of India had been becoming progressively more democratic for years. Provincial government had been entirely so since the Government of India Act of 1935.

Refugee crises almost always occur in nondemocracies. Looking at the volume of refugee flows for the last twenty years, the first eighty-seven cases occurred in autocracies.[8]

Research shows that the liberal democratic nations have much less democide or murder by government. However it should be noted that those were also moderately developed nations before applying liberal policies.[12] Similarly, they have less genocide and politicide.[13]

Liberal democracies are more often associated with a higher average self-reported happiness in a nation.[14]

Research by the World Bank suggests that political institutions are extremely important in determining the prevalence of corruption: democracy, parliamentary systems, political stability, and freedom of the press are all associated with lower corruption.[15]

Freedom of information legislation is important for accountability and transparency. The Indian Right to Information Act 'has already engendered mass movements in the country that is bringing the lethargic, often corrupt bureaucracy to its knees and changing power equations completely.'[16]

In the last forty-five years, the African countries poor democracies have grown their economies more rapidly than nondemocracies of the same continent.

Of the eighty worst financial catastrophes during the last four decades, only five were in democracies. Similarly, poor democracies are half likely as nondemocracies to experience a 10 percent decline in GDP per capita over the course of a single year.[8]

Several studies have concluded that terrorism is most common in nations with intermediate political freedom. The nations with the least terrorism are the most democratic nations[17].

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **not poetry..CONFEDERATION...govt. form**

A confederation, in modern political terms, is a permanent union of sovereign states for common action in relation to other states.[1] Usually created by treaty but often later adopting a common constitution, confederations tend to be established for dealing with critical issues such as defense, foreign affairs, or a common currency, with the central government being required to provide support for all members.

The nature of the relationship among the states constituting a confederation varies considerably. Likewise, the relationship between the member states and the central government, and the distribution of powers among them, is highly variable. Some looser confederations are similar to international organizations, while tighter confederations may resemble federations.

In a non-political context, confederation is used to describe a type of organization which consolidates authority from other semi-autonomous bodies. Examples include sports confederations or confederations of Pan-European trades unions.

The word 'confederation' refers to the process of (or the event of) confederating; i.e., establishing a confederation (or by extension a federation) . In Canada, Confederation generally refers to the Constitution Act,1867 which initially united three colonies of British North America (Province of Canada, Province of New Brunswick and Province of Nova Scotia) , and to the subsequent incorporation of other colonies and territories; Canada, however, tends to portray itself as being federation along the lines of the United States, but is in reality a British North American confederate defense pact formed against imminent American invasion in 1867. Canada is incorporated under The Crown and the official corporate trademark of Canada is the Canada Wordmark

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## **not poetry..Corporatocracy or Corpocracy...govt. form**

Corporatocracy or Corpocracy is a form of government where a corporation, a group of corporations, or government entities with private components, control the direction and governance of a country.

Many Western governments based on a capitalist system have been accused of being corporatocracies. Many corporations contribute abundantly to political candidates and causes. This creates a dependency of the politician on the corporation - in order to keep his power and wealth (i.e. continue receiving support for re-election bids) , he might be obliged to 'pay back' to the corporation using his political influence.

This belief is reinforced by two factors. First, corporations give to competing political parties and major political party candidates. This is seen as a corporation hedging their bets on the outcome of an election, and trying to get on the good side of whichever candidate is elected into office. Some say this is one of the hallmarks of a corporatocracy. Second, in many cases former corporate executives serve as powerful decision makers within government institutions often charged with the regulation of their former employers. Meanwhile, former government employees often accept high ranking positions within corporations thereby providing their new employers with access to governmental decision makers. This serves to create the appearance of a revolving door between corporations and the institutions established to regulate their behavior.

There are currently no governments designated by any governmental as a corporatocracy. Political progressives, however, have criticized governments for being de facto corporatocracies. Because governments tend to obscure the degree to which corporate interests are entangled in their affairs, an objective standard for declaring a government a corporatocracy is difficult.

Some have argued that corporations exert their influence through the WTO (an international agency) , although this is hotly debated.[1] In this view, governments are in control of their countries at one level, while international corporations rule those governments at a different, more influential level, and so there is in place a sort of 'global corporatocracy'.[2] This global influence in turn has a great deal of power over the national and trans-national (e.g. the EU) governments, who rely and to an extent depend on them.

Some say the term 'corporatocracy' has no real place in the lexicon, adding that corporations are primarily fictional entities possessing no real power. In fact, it is the people behind those corporations that hold the power. In that sense, a corporatocracy is nothing more than a democracy where the class which owns the means for producing wealth is fighting for its best interests.[citation needed] However, corporations have also been ruled to be considered a 'person' legally, so meaning they have the ability to exert power. [3]

It is significant that the richest 1 percent globally own almost 40 percent of the world, and that most of these same people have significant ties to the richest and most influential corporations.[4]

Those who dismiss the idea of a corporatocracy often say the only way it is possible is if it were legal to buy a politician's vote. In such a way, the corporation would, in fact, have a direct vote on major policy matters. However, all true democracies have made vote buying illegal. However, under the terms of at-will employment, corporations can

require their employees to vote a certain way in exchange for (continued) employment. Such a policy is legal, although people intuitively know it probably shouldn't be.[5]

However, those who believe there may be corporatocracies argue that no one individual, and perhaps no other groups of individuals, would have that much power, money or influence. Further, they argue the decisions on what to push for and who to support are made by a relatively few from inside the corporation. Therefore, while thousands of people may make up a corporation, only a few have the power to speak for the corporation and advocate issues on behalf of the corporation. That provides those corporations with a substantial amount of power, leading to a corporatocracy.

Further, they argue that it does not take an overt effort to buy a politician's vote. Making a substantial donation to a certain politician's campaign could be seen as sending a signal to that politician that the money is there if they vote in a way the corporation desires. Conversely, the money could be donated to an opponent if the vote does not go the corporation's way.

U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower himself argued against the strengthening corporatocracy in the form of a military-industrial complex that sets national and international financial, economic, political and military policies due to a permanent war economy.

In his 2004 book *Confessions of an Economic Hit Man*, John Perkins writes; 'corporations, banks, and governments (collectively the corporatocracy) '.

The concept of a government run by corporations or instances where governments are actually weaker (politically, financially, and militarily) than corporations is a theme often used in both political fiction and science fiction. In these instances the dominant corporate entity is usually dubbed a megacorporation.

[edit]

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## Political essay..... Water Gate Scandal

Write a brief critique from an administrative perspective of President Nixon's ' uncontrolled exercise of power.'

answer:

Power itself has infinite power. Once your personality is shrouded by too much craving of power, you are run out of reason. And this line of reason might veiling over Nixon's head down to his allies and ' plumbers'. They were stung by their own powerful venom. They had clouded by their own selfish ambitions and had forgotten their ' mortality' in authority. Their heart solely nailed down fixedly on their fame, prestige, glory but they had forgotten the accountability of being a public figures.

They had forgotten the constitution, their loyalty and integrity. Most of all they had neglected the people, whose trust and confidence longing for them with good services and administration.

They had taken for granted people's liberties instead they had created an avenue of threats against freedom, justice and equality.

They had forgotten or intentionally waived their senses that their authority was a great danger towards the people and the country. Executive branch has great powers legally acquired and has tremendous physical force. Once it is being spoiled and unguarded, Nixon will be become tyrant, dictator, authoritarian horribly dangerous to threat to humanity.

It might be true that President Nixon had no intention to be a modern world imperialistic dictator but his proven misconduct, misdemeanors and high crimes committed with his allies considered enough as a soft-totalitarian approach against people's democracy.

And that all rose up from uncontrollable exercise of his executive power.

Then, Nixon's glorious days floated for awhile eventually it was withered away with a shameful exit.

Thanks for the democratic rules in upholding check and balance principles.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* CHARTER CHANGE BILL**

Constitution -  
the heart of the  
state  
if that will cease pumping  
expect breathless anarchy society

however  
it can never ever  
change citizen's characters

constitutional change  
means  
massive character amendments

help cleanse the Philippines

Lobby this bill to become a law  
and expect no veto!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* DIRTY POLITICIANS - almost if not all**

Their greediness of political power, prestige and influence  
like a hot melting sun brighten in a perfect noon

Their sweet promises, glib talks, convincing gestures  
like a tempting apple blooming at the hill  
If voters pick it up, the bait for a cursed government awaits  
Like abandon Eden's garden sprout wisdom of regret

They can dance, they can sing, they're orators of all seasons  
they forcibly kneel before a cheering crowds  
though against their instinct will

They're showing off as down to earth speakers  
deceiving the heart of poor masses - the majority voters

Their names are hanging in establishments wall  
printed ' thru initiative 'in basketball court  
in the open wide road, in public school even  
in ceiling justice hall - publicly seen for rampant notification

Government taxes seem their effortless vehicle wheels  
use for personal gain publicity machinery  
for vote buying, for mass media electioneering  
and the pork barrels simply for their selfish pocket holes

\*check out all incumbent politicians' lifestyles  
to segregate who's corrupt or not.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* EDSA 1 and 2 and 3 and?**

26 April 2001  
in front of historic shrine  
beyond media cam shadows  
lights satellites  
margined with political banners  
held masses democratic reform  
for pro constitutions  
for pro democracy

it's seem a boring poltical history  
cycling around fishbowl water

i was just a 6 year old boy  
i heard only people power EDSA 1  
i had no idea yet what was that all about  
mine was to see tanks, armies in full-battle  
gear running in main city street not in jungle  
where they should be  
then at age 21, I had witnesed the last day of  
2nd EDSA episode with elites majority  
occupied the shrine  
and still at age 21, that very year still  
when the puwersa ng masa  
formulated the known people power 3  
the so-called EDSA 3 rally  
the poor inhabitants now is the majority

still singing ang BAYAN KUNG PILIPINAS  
shouting out loud MABUHAY the Philippines!

i keep on wondering when will the EDSA 4 and 5 and 6 and so forth and so on will take  
over again and occupy the shrine  
so i just bring my MP5 to play once more  
the hackneyed MABUHAY songs and monotonous expressions  
for pro democracy, for pro rights, for pro freedom

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* EXPLOITED SOVEREIGNTY**

If we are truly free  
and live with utmost sovereignty  
then when shall we breath peace  
without the tentacles of the  
west imperialism?  
when shall we invest economically independent  
without the alienated interventions  
and external control interest  
that limbs greatly our struggling  
local micro businesses?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* EXTRA JUDICIAL SUMMARY KILLINGS**

written before the Commission on Human Rights (CHR) conducted a fact-finding investigation, Davao City, Philippines

I have seen in news  
almost go up in numbers  
alarming killings  
here and there  
salvaging alleged drug dealers  
abducting shabu users  
children publicly viewing  
thru mass media  
from usual crime scene  
so frightening  
their undefined deaths  
neutralize evil attempts  
as protagonist says  
but from stand point  
of human rights activists  
an act for intentional curse

stretching laws out too  
far from arms  
slashing gist of given life  
bleed victims recipient's sigh  
griefing  
questing concerned public  
how much liters of blood  
will flow and pour down the streets  
before reckoning justice?  
or shall we wait that  
all leading witnesses die in vain  
(now hiding in fear and shame)  
and incidentally coincidentally  
accidentally intentionally  
be added to the proliferating  
numbers of extra judicial killings?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**politics \*\*\*\*\* NATIONALISM- THE IDEOLOGY OF ABUSE**

unfold the history  
human killed human  
blood for blood  
for nation's sake  
territorial integrity  
sovereignty  
patriotic pride  
heroic honor  
a legacy down to  
generations to generations  
for country's name  
intuitive freedom  
independent from  
external will  
politically economically  
free from stranger's control

Quietly dangerous  
if nationalism is being abused,  
it creates another  
Hitler racism  
Kamikaze Japanese fighters  
Cambodian Pol pot  
Vietnam War  
Genghis Khan warriors  
outbursting xenophobic state  
excluding Muslim Jihad  
a holy war for Allah's  
name sake

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* PEOPLE POWER RALLY ESCAPE-GOAT OF POVERTY**

Yes people power is pro democracy  
if overuse falls into mobocracy  
ruled by the mob

and their spontaneous freedom of expression  
has no sense at all

subtle crowd occupying the streets  
halting employed hours, resisting economy  
exaggerated banner of protest  
unused jobless sweat and blood spill out  
aimlessly

minor civilians put as human shield  
against anti-riot police

fickle-minded demonstrators  
frontal wing  
of decaying-ideology handlers  
a carrier against capitalism  
eradicating feudalism  
fascism  
imperialism

there they are for indirect livelihood  
by receiving allowances per day of demonstration  
there they are as dictated by their alleged political leaders  
politically-inclined motivation  
there they are in the street thirsty and hungry  
for a meager bread on hand  
i for one had an exposed experience of what i had been  
revealed  
blaming blindly against their once elected  
politicians?

isn't it a ridiculous routine?  
too unwitting  
too immature yet in facing of individual financial crisis  
or are their leaders riped enough to exploit  
poor citizens craving stomach  
to sustain leader's black interest?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* POOR ADVANTAGE, ELECTION EXPLOIT**

Hypocrites to say  
I dream not to possess  
luxurious expedition, BMW  
Honda CRV, Trooper Isuzu  
Crosswind, Toyota Fortuner

Pretentious is am I  
if I love to commute under full  
sun exposure, beneath dizzying  
cough-causing rain, inhaling  
smoke-belching Pub-utility jeeps  
riding improvised motorboat  
way back home

however, if former luxurious stuffs  
would replace my intuitive habit in collecting stories  
truthfully seen directly in an open field contact view  
and too blurry it inside a limousine tinted glass

I would spurn it all  
the status symbol  
the proud model cars  
the fully-airconditioned inside

In commuting with the public  
is the best time to commune with  
the beggars and the scavengers  
the vendors and the carollers  
the pain, the grief, the happiness of jugglers  
the children laughter playing down the streets

I can see their contentment  
I can see my countrymen  
real scene of their everyday life  
I can see the corruption effects  
the graft residues  
the greedy politicians full of promises  
who exploit most the bottom - line poverty

I can see the another campaign  
pyrotechnics banners  
for another election  
another promises  
another bluff and expectations  
another hungry stomachs feed with  
a meager branded noodles, expired sardines  
as alms for indirect vote buying

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* RAP FOR YOUR RIGHTS!**

as inspired by Bob Marley reggy songs

Stand up for your rights!  
either this line is  
a song being sung  
a rap being rapped  
an expression being expressed  
a ballad by ballader  
a verse by preacher  
a slogan by freedom fighter  
a human rights philosophy  
an exhausted disgusting make-believe  
militants subversive fellow's  
exploited rights

whatever connotations  
denotations  
tailed on this intuitive rights  
you are fighting for.....

stand up!  
get up!  
don't sleep on it!

and shame not to vigil with  
winning or losing at the end  
otherwise you are like  
a thirsty frog  
croaking in the middle  
of Sahara desert!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* SOCIALISM - UNRIPED COMMUNISM IDEOLOGY**

Rewind revolutionary period  
Flashback utopianism  
you can scream in dream-like terror  
the fallacy of utopian visionists  
the Karl Marx and Engels  
Lenin and Stalin  
Mao Tsetung and the like  
triggering proletarian masses  
destrucitng burgeois machinery  
overthrowing the exploiting capitalists  
the last resort for their dreams  
through fearless arm struggles  
political power grows out  
on their pointed guns barrel  
and individual becomes independent  
of man's will  
ultimate objective of socialism

But where are they now?  
the utopia and their gods?  
the visionaries for a new society?  
the revisionists?  
their fanatics and recepients?  
their next generations abiders?

Are they exile voluntarily and  
mingled with the beasts  
in fearful jungle of wilderness?  
Are they marching untiringly armless  
as front-left-right-wing activists  
screaming, shouting down main streets  
demanding hackneyed word: JUSTICE?  
struggling for indirect communal ownership  
anti-imperialist?

I'm not inciting any body  
juridical nor natural person per se  
I'm just raising my voice of freedom  
political opinion  
executing democracy  
through poetic expressions

The author myself finished  
AB POLITICAL SCIENCE, UV-Cebu, Phils.  
Founder-Prime Minister  
Polscians League for Solidarity Inc.  
PLFS 2002-2004

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **politics \*\*\*\*\* TEARGAS NOON AT MALACAÑANG PALACE**

for my lose knapsack, wallet, ATM cards, sandal during EDSA 3 political crisis,  
Philippines

We're almost at the Presidential palace gate  
the Malacañang  
when the Presidential Security Group PSG beatus  
they believe we're anti-constititutionalists  
anti-democracy  
Warning shot alarms the armless protesters  
teargas looses again like cotton gas on air  
spread over, against our nostrils  
our breathing is on peril

Panic. retreat.stampede  
I am trapped. leaving my knapsack  
a sacrificial act to crawl freely for life  
below pointed barbwire  
Red cross ambulance snatches casualties  
Blood spills near the gate  
Sniper still in palace rooftop angled corner  
Nervous kills my courage  
Tension boils my adrenalin  
Teargas dries up my throat  
Vacuum lungs, clog to breath

I climb Centro Escolar Univ. wall  
hunting even a single drip of water  
to nurse my wounded eyes, life and death breathing  
Empty fire tracks park diagonally  
cyclone barb wire, prime mover van block the exit way  
Outside San Beda College pedestrian lane  
an army corporal offers me a dropp of alkaline water  
psychologically quench my thirst

Bang! bang! bang! echoing down Mendiola street  
helicopter still capturing photos from the air  
dropping confetti of political reform

I run again as if racing for final lap  
with restless protesters, tabloid photographers  
university belt students, trouble makers  
resistance fighters, recidivist drunkards,  
doble-kara political organizers, left-fight wingers  
CNN cameramen, nearby elites, bleeding hearts  
shabu addicts, long hairs, minority creeps  
rugby funks, cop-haters, humanists, cowards  
Marxists, homosexuals, poets  
'Gloria labandera' banner handlers  
'Erap pa rin' supporters  
pro and anti democracy bare footers

a consequence of a de facto government

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* THE PATRIOT KID**

I march armless  
waving streamers of principles  
banners of democracy  
languages of freedom  
expressing murdered rights  
resurrecting of what i believe  
the burren political rights  
against de facto government  
then a foul teargas  
choke my breath  
blanketing around my black parade  
an expected encounter  
in a very hour of political strife

i nurse my wounded eyes  
with public water  
then the patriotic kid  
revives the courage  
not to resist

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**politics \*\*\*\*\* TOO MUCH POLITICKING, loosen democracy**

Dusk. twilight. morn  
noon sun all protesters  
take no nap  
even single rest  
revolting  
fighting  
expressing well-scripted codego  
political propagandas

i am listening still  
the spontaneous loud speakers  
shouting with raising arms  
and echoes if possible  
can extend their voices  
from entire archipelago  
as wake up call  
how politically immature  
Filipino citizens are

no matter who is she, who is he, who are you  
as elected government officer or not  
or appointed one by virtue of constitutional duty

expect the same  
scrupulous speeches  
dividing government and broken into  
by militant pieces

i don't need to speech as loud  
at stage as hero against all issues  
my pen presence and running notes  
enough to show concern  
uplifting moral rights as a whole  
that in chaos society and loose democracy,  
changes start from ourselves

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**politics \*\*\*\*\* WARNING: DEMOCRACY IS DANGEROUS**

who says democracy  
will turn into mobocracy  
a society by the mob

it is not impossible, it has been existing  
it could be happened again  
after electing popular-based leaders  
abjecting minority intellectual-gifted opponents  
degrading financial stability and influential resources  
succumbed by showbiz  
false campaigned publicity  
by vote buying  
rampant electioneering  
block propaganda  
abusing rights and privileges  
excessive freedom of speech  
exploiting depressed citizens  
the underprivilege  
scorning basic rules laws and ethics  
procrastinating savings and investments  
blaming corruptions and grafts by  
elected and appointed public office holders  
blaming weak government structure, form  
style, constitution, domestic and foreign policies  
fragile bureaucracy  
blaming poor economic management  
blaming country's age and political immaturity  
blaming historical culture influences  
and flawed traditional practices  
blaming un-equal distribution of income  
and wealth  
blaming security order and peace enforcers  
blaming global tumultous economic  
melt down

why now blame himself first  
who acts now as a mob  
in a mobocratic-like state  
abusing too much freedom of speech  
for not making his basic part in  
un-arbitrary nature

not just questioning, accusing, while  
setting down and  
doing nothing or aggressively  
marching with banners  
blaming the entire Philippines of  
what this poor country fails to  
do for his own betterment

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**prayer \*\*\*\*\* IN TIMES OF OBSCURITY**

When life is in obscurity  
as if no chance to win

when days of yours  
are covered by fears

when memories recall  
lingering failure years

when all your colleagues  
are now on top with their dreams

and yours is still clouded by doubts

never be depress nor cease

there's hidden lesson  
you must learn

God sometimes gives us pain  
to make us strong  
and measure-up  
our faith on Him

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**prayer \*\*\*\*\* INTUITIVE PEN**

I thank God

I can write poems

In crowded places

In quiet separate lawn

In gloomy days

Or pleasant noon

I let my hand

To hold the pen

and write and write

and write poems

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**prayer \*\*\*\*\* LIFE'S DILEMMA**

If you are trudging in a long winding road  
It seems endless  
If you are caught in the lane of ambiguity  
Where universal fears lie ahead

If road is all uphill  
Bathe with darkness  
Then you search bright horizon  
But nimbus clouds appear and they're repeating

You seek happiness but arrow points to regret  
And you want rest  
But the more burden's weight

You create decision between dilemma of life  
Quite fickle and weak

You are shrouded by tense of boredom  
Emptiness govern your soul  
You become a captive of negative forces-  
The mortal foe of human mind  
Your freewill thoughts are paralyzed

Be at ease my friend  
You are not alone

Lift your head up high!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**prayer \*\*\*\*\* POWER OF PRAYER**

Up fighting all odds in life  
Needs spiritual strenght awake  
Against emotional physical upheavals  
In daily struggle wide

Depressions anxieties worries fears  
Are life's spices for optimists fellow  
Know how to pray wholeheartedly  
Sole remedy to wipe all tears

Material things are ultimately insufficient  
To cover up all griefs you bear  
Pray to God repent all sins  
He will lift you up from island of nowhere

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**prayer \*\*\*\*\* STUDENT'S PRAYER**

written and published when i was taking up  
AB POLITICAL SCIENCE degree  
in the first university in cebu, UV,  
a university with a heart

grant me o God  
enough knowledge  
to be strong and wise  
guide my daily path with courage  
to cross many difficulties

give to my heart the interest  
the love towards my studies  
fill up my head with wisdom  
to understand lessons we've gone through

bless us more so my parents  
comfort them from pain  
guide their hands to earn decent living  
to support in achieving my dreams

God keep all my noble teachers  
who mold my life  
give them more patience  
to work to teach and to advice

let me follow their footsteps  
not only for my family's happiness  
as ell as for Your Name sake

Glory be to God!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **Public administration... Team Player**

What are the positive and negative points associated with being a good 'team player' with respect to one's agency?

answer:

Positive aspect of being a good team player is working his task for the organization's sake. He thinks not for his own profit and all his actions positively contribute to attain collective team's goal. He avoids crab mentality. He wants everybody to succeed. He neglects procrastination. If deficiencies occur and decision is absolutely needed, a good team player plays fairly by mingling his sound ideas among the group to draw group decision. He is an asset not a catalyst. He respects his superior and wins his subordinate hearts. He never allows insubordination but rather follow bureaucratic rules. He never attempts to outcast any weak members on his organization nor making himself a make-believe, a wiseacre fellow as the vexation to the team spirit. However, too much mingling beyond what is positive objective of an agency is quite dangerous. Being a fanatic member despite of his knowledge about his team's discrepancies and still he goes along the team that connotes negative points. No single agency which is fixed and static from the start. Social, economic, political, environmental factors affect greatly and influence every individual agency to be dynamic.

Nonetheless, behaviour of an employees as team players directly affected with those external frictions and clashes of change. Others absorb it negatively. Some greedily rides with the wave of powers especially in the political realms. They deprive other fellow especially the underprivileged.

Therefore, a good team player should stand firm and never engage of any misconducts, despite of the spirit of belongingness, despite of the reason for pakikisama system, security of tenure and survivality. Even if the pressure from his superior is quite unescapable and forcibly terminates him from his office if he fails to follow order. Still a good team player in ones respective agency firmly stand with dignity and think of always the welfare of the many.

The negative aspects I had mentioned above were blindly neglected by the Nixon's administration from all high and low ranking officers who were accountable in Watergate conspiracy. And it was because of POWER!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**religion \*\*\*\*\* HEAVENLY SAILORS**

dedicated to all INC ministers and church workers

He sails across stormy seas  
impels with tormented oar  
nothing is in his mind  
but reach ocean's shore

he crosses often giant waves  
windy nights sever tides  
he goes sailing without ebb  
surfing to save human's soul

night and day he keeps on sailing  
uncomplaining rejecting personal gain  
just to head Godly duty  
as heavenly sailors in noble ministry

he ruins blockades along the waves  
encountering weariness struggleship as flesh  
but what lead him not astray?  
there is God, his strenght  
who guide him for a safe journey

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**religion \*\*\*\*\* SEEK FIND ASK THE RIGHT WAY MY FRIEND**

Seek the RIGHT way my friend  
Look well who is He  
He is the light  
In tracing of eternal life

Ask where you can find Him my friend  
Raise your voice as craving soul  
quenching thirst for truth  
for salvation's port

Listen to His divine wisdom my friend  
incline your ears to the truth  
beware of false prophets  
that lead your soul astray

Make willing mind to pursue  
Yield strength's for pain's counterpart  
then JESUS will lift you up  
as you seek true CHURCH OF CHRIST

Patiently listen His fundamental doctrines  
Make way His gospel to your heart  
Enter the door through our Lord Jesus Christ  
Be braved and be baptized

Forget not His cryptic commandments my friend  
Whatever persecutions you've expected to come  
Crown His laws around your head  
In judgment day, you'll surely save!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**religion \*\*\*\*\* YOUR SOUL WILL BE SAVED!**

The true Church of Christ  
preaching plain gospel of truth  
no single minister's own interpretation  
and multitude citizens around the world  
embrace for souls promised salvation  
not for wealth acquisition that are perishables

By the last century Christians  
Jesus preached the true one God  
the Father, the Creator in spirit  
and Jesus himself is a man in flesh  
a redeemer, a sinless mediator between  
chosen flock and in God's thrown in heaven

In these last days Iglesia Ni Cristo  
emerged in the far east  
in the islands Philippines  
at the ends of the earth  
upholding biblical prophecies  
spreading original doctrine of the Messiah  
tyhru the last messenger of God  
as mustard seed now multiplies into diverse races  
and day by day, more and more  
people join the flock

For those who are not yet inside.....  
Don't waste time  
Listen attentively to the words of God  
believe faithfully all logical evidence  
from the scriptures  
without addition and subtraction from it

and your mind will be enlightened  
and your soul will be saved  
away from the lake of fire - the immortal punishments  
for non-believers

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**remnants \*\*\*\*\* CARIGARA AT NIGHT BOULEVARD**

(Leyte, May 2000 with Uncle Raul Abarca Darantinao)

I'm here  
At sea-walled bench  
9: 45 pm and the quarter moon  
Gleams below the star-sprinkled sky  
Gazing down Waray-waray longest wharf  
Stretching from wet-dry market to the fishers  
Light tantalizing at the distant

Then uncle Raul approaches me  
Unnoticed from nowhere

Sharing stories about this  
Place where my Mama called  
Once home

It's been a long long time ago  
But he can still remember

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**remnants \*\*\*\*\* EMPTY YESTERDAYS**

How coincidence I was born in  
A home of instability  
Too child yet to handle  
All chaos and trials  
Too innocent yet to  
Familiarize crucial mystery  
Puzzling in human race

Seems a fresh riddle  
Of my entire childish face  
Unbearable to bear  
Causes rain almost in my years

Those are lonesome stories  
That flashes back all over  
Again

I blame nobody  
Till I found out I have  
Empty yesterdays

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**remnants \*\*\*\*\* IN COA BLDG AND THE PRESS**

Sitting here around 9 am  
Watching faces scrupulously  
passing by  
what a rare collections feeding  
in my mind

I don't know their names  
My two comrades were in silence  
I knew they had rare collections too  
in their minds  
Recalling faces, storing strange identity  
for future use, interests, connections,  
what a rare collections in our mind!

People wear unsunken cheeks  
some with clean-shaven look  
some look like corrupt  
and alleged graft  
and ready to throw artificial greetings

What for? What for?  
the innermost question I can't hide  
inherent from birth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**remnants \*\*\*\*\* LAST LEAF FALLING AGAIN**

Cascades live @ central bank  
davao city  
with ticket courtesy of maa'm kiss  
30 July 2006

Carry me back  
to an old old time  
and sing all  
Rhythm of the Rain  
that rhyme

Bring me back  
some Shy Girl  
type  
so i can have  
nauiue woman  
watching besides me  
enjoy de javu  
of some great old times

and save me  
the Last Leaf  
of memory  
and other Cascades  
music for lifetime

scratch by now  
alternative  
rap  
metal rock  
irritating and disgusting

carry for awhile  
warm songs  
of the pasts

ignoring cascading hearsay  
about their endless issue

Plane crashed flight

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**remnants \*\*\*\*\* MORTAL SOUVENIR**

aboard m/v george and peter lines from cebu, via tagbilaran via lazi, siquijor to plaridel  
a quick stop over

take me not thru pic cam here  
not because i am scared  
of witchcraft superstitious story  
in Lazi and magical details  
shoot me not  
thru film

fake no more  
backdropp for my upcoming past  
for yesterdays of my futures  
to be filed up  
in voluminous memory album

it is mortal  
mortal viewers focus only  
my fake smiles within  
the glittering jewels of fine  
prints  
the languages of gestures  
as if a perfect combination of  
countenance  
the strange place and the welcoming  
excitement

I am frightened  
of negative-hidden film  
if expose  
captured moments fling  
on air  
rapturing negative memories

let my pen itself  
click and jot down inspiring details

a memories to be read  
reprinted unfade

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**remnants \*\*\*\*\* ONCE UPON A TIME**

Milton Hills  
Q.C.

room 207 dorm 2  
i have clandestine stay  
after i climbed sierra madre portion  
after hiking makiling near hot spring pool  
after i wrote 6 pages  
this was for the number 7 personal anthology  
with me are  
the ceiling fun, concrete grills, locker foam  
file in a row  
2 light tubes, bed no.13, dorm boys  
ex-BEM classmates  
to whom i am thankful enough for letting me  
to stay secretly  
for half-a-week  
for my freelance writing self-career  
for my mind storming  
for my cryptic emotions  
for their requested song-poems

and soon i know  
i will bid goodbye to the rotating fun  
to the grilled window that welcome the sun  
to the lockers in a row  
to the upper deck with a foam of mine  
to their warmth hospitality

no more room 2007 in dorm 2 for men  
no more harold geotina who talks quickly  
and loudly and serving lunch for me  
making me as a king  
no more for the 8th poem  
i will write in this transient home  
no more extended clandestine stay

all their tickets are ready for provincial vacation  
by tomorrow 4/18/01

(in the race of life, I am often trapped in the last lap  
if not being left by anybody else)

but it was once upon a time.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**remnants \*\*\*\*\* PHANTOM OF OPERA**

UP Abellardo hall classical concert

Ends of hustle days  
cohort not tonight  
blazing purple bulb  
twinkling on stage  
giving life  
to break the vocabulary  
of darkness

light is the EMCEE himself  
whose modified voice  
echoes into the air

ceremony comes  
let the concert begins

I'm naive  
with ignorant audible ear  
a first timer spectator  
to hear immortal voices  
waving, bouncing back  
filling up the entire cavernous hall  
bathe with heavenly  
medieval-like grace

tranquility is their breath  
authentic sensational pitches  
unfold the pack of classical  
world concert

I now share excitedly with  
this another revival  
concept of music

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**remnants \*\*\*\*\* REMINISCING THE DAYS OF YORE**

When I looked back in my days of yore  
I thought I was a versatile lad before  
I often interfered questions raised from somebody  
And threw enigmatical answers

When I looked back in my days of yore  
I thought I was a child of everything-  
A young man with grand experience  
'cause I was a nature keen observer  
Solo flight traveler  
Love to talk with strangers I had met everywhere

I traveled more extra miles  
(one highlight of my golden times)  
To gather knowledge lay  
Fill with vigor, hot as fire

When I crossed the open road at last  
Where brilliant books and life-path map I got  
Amazed as I read and found out I was once a wiseacre fellow!

.....to all booksellers, librarians, professors, and friends who help me shaping of my  
life thru their treasured books – my great indebtedness

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**remnants \*\*\*\*\* REMNANTS OF THE STORMY PAST**

Looking back the remnants of the past  
I found more stormy days of life  
Gust of wind fiercely blowing  
Carried me to somewhere unknowing

I began to saunter here and there  
Alone to places far uncharted  
Mercurial wind molded my path  
Aimlessly brought me to nowhere

Dusty clouds clothed at my side  
I forced mine eyes to see open wide  
I saw nothing as conspicuous light  
But whirls of wind violently strike

I faltered and walked uncertainly  
Amidst in dark and stormy days  
But then I saw unexpectedly  
Glowing rainbow too far away

I looked ahead steadily  
Hoping to reach the iridescent ray  
As guide to my wavering pathway  
Minding not whatever clime will be

It gives light in my life's journey  
Lead me to walk in gloomy day  
Even the wings of storm ominously  
Gather and strike again my way

Now I hold my breath even for so long  
In moment when current is strong  
I've learned in stormy days I shouldn't fear  
After dark clouds rainbow will appear.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**roadtrip \*\*\*\*\* LINGAYEN DAGUPAN DELAYED TRIP**

Instantaneous stop  
after several  
dropping -snatching passengers  
heavy traffic crawls up  
chanting engine quits in  
refraining piston songs  
for the road trip

and the excitement  
collapse

i can't relate my  
seatmate distinctive  
vernacular  
i would rather listen  
the tic-tac tic-tac  
of my wrist watch  
the minutes turn into hour  
waiting for nothing

bored as an army of ants  
trap and ponder  
how to push stumbling block  
leading to cavernous colony  
stealthily move out  
from this impeding  
route to nowhere

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**roadtrip \*\*\*\*\* SNAKY EXPLORATION TO BENGUET**

Too far to reach yet the peak of  
Philippine summer capital  
too coy now to vomit while boarding  
victory liner bus along tricky  
winding path seems searching the infinite  
dead end of the lane  
from marcos highway passing thru  
killer kennon road starting point  
along hilly misty ranges  
too long to detail this snaky  
scenario as tortous to explore the  
obscure chrome  
of refusing sun to shine  
hiding permanently at the back  
of nimbus cloudy sky but to shy  
to dropp drizzling tears of heaven  
and tortous as I gaze up the foggy  
valley of death as the  
stirring wheels  
spirally uprising  
ascending up to the final lap

the apex of this exploration

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**roadtrip \*\*\*\*\* SUPER 5 ILIGAN**

for vechay marchan who fetched me up from iligan bus terminal and to uncel henio and marchan family who opened doors and let me in last stranded night

back at Iligan  
the industrial city  
sprouting gigantic factories  
inhaling iron-cast cemented-fume air

I mean I have breathing  
dilemma  
my lung is hard to pump  
while taking a seat  
at super 5 transport deluxe  
at right window side  
i have forgotten my handkerchief  
to filter minute dust residue  
criss-crossing in the air

It's been an hour  
I am suffering hugg and puff  
breathing  
bleeding my nostril  
for this stranded trip  
(from Cagayan for passport application)

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**roadtrip \*\*\*\*\* THE TRAVELLER**

There are places that a traveller  
can ever remember.  
The Luneta Park's crawling grasses  
where I lay down to witness strange faces  
The panoramic sunset of Manila Bay  
with its crimson light  
The breathtaking hills of Tagaytay -  
The people's park in the sky  
that lords over the active Taal  
and where golfer's choppers pass by.  
The Philtranco Bus with its riding lights  
wandering along the Albay's path  
but I missed to see the perfect cone -  
the Mayon volcano; it was an hour of dawn

Over the sea, beside the plains  
all the sights of the hills  
I had viewed when I passed  
through San Juanico channel

While on board Superferry 2  
from city pier, I simply threw  
my transient warm goodbye  
a word of joy because i was going  
to the island of Cebu.

Along the sea, various winds  
crossed our way; the still breeze  
the stormy tide that never ebbs  
like the Romblon waves

After I crossed Magellan's frontier  
I went down to the place again -  
the Land of Promise where I was born  
to live life and to spend my earthly sojourn.

**ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN**



**scare \*\*\*\*\* Deja vu, SHANGRILA MACTAN**

That must be the best place  
to unwind against boredomsome  
hours beset unto me in  
this historic island of heroism  
by the 1st Filipino hero our  
grand-grand-grandpa  
Lapu-lapu

too eager-too weak is my desire  
to step down  
and see the intriguing view  
inside this world class  
luxury hotel  
i have never yet touched this  
landmark of modernity  
even in my uncorrupted sight

you must agree,  
I am magnetized now by the bait  
of fantasy  
floating with the harbor  
of excitement  
slow-moving approach while  
leaving tremendous footprints  
in the tablets path way  
along well-guarded CCTV  
entrance gate  
but what an emotional shock  
a de javu trauma welcoming  
to my face  
a flash back phobia  
of historical events that i need to forget

trembling with catastrophic  
heartbeat  
while featuring the 5 star architectural  
side view seems the Malacañang palace  
where I had just escaped from after  
EDSA 3 political crisis  
tiresome rally, and  
conflict, threat of war in adjacent Mendiolla-  
avenue  
where teargas encountered that nearly forgotten  
events and  
now forcibly refresh and retrieve  
a de javu scenario that almost cut off  
my life  
against de facto government

so disgusting

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**scare \*\*\*\*\* HORROR TRAIN RIDE**

We're frightened  
but we must be brave  
upon entering  
horrible path of  
the living dead  
artificial coffin  
with artifial cob webs  
Indiana jones cart  
carrying nervous  
along artificial darkness

We're amazed  
not to the human zombies  
touching chests  
but to the mama's child  
brave enough to laugh  
and mock this  
comical graveyard

Learn horror drives  
explore city graves  
except with weak heart  
you ride at your own risk

the management is not liable for you  
commercial riders!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**scare \*\*\*\*\* JUNGLE CITY CORRUPTION**

Be wanderer  
from city to jungle

try to compare

Skycraper buildings  
sprouting in customized avenues  
like centennial trees  
rocketing in verdant forest hills

Urbanized drainage systems  
Crawling down artificial rivers  
same as the jungle rains  
spraying taken and absorbing

The civilized crowds  
hectic sked to survive  
commercial industry  
moving here and there  
competing one another

No differences  
from jungle ancient lifestyle  
only the fittest remain and survive

unhealthy competition  
a low esteem existing  
a form of animal instinct

as low as the morale standard  
of some city elected tigers  
assumed deny to death  
against guerilla tactics  
in executing greedy grafts  
and corruption practices

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**scare \*\*\*\*\* MUMPS SELF-SCARE**

jaw extensions  
self-quarantine  
mouth - heavy  
even to spit

i can't talk  
i can't eat

while preparing psychological test

for masteral pub ad

I refuse for ID pictorial

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**scare \*\*\*\*\* MYRIAD CELLS AT VILLA CHIESA LAGUNA**

2 am  
pass the pinnacle hour  
of the night

we're floating out  
of all attribute in life  
weariest body now  
is a lung  
breathing unconsciously  
beneath  
the hot spring resort  
from ardent ground  
of Mt. Makiling  
embracing myriad cells  
formulate tender touch  
strength renewal  
rocking nerves refreshal  
resuscitating tensioned brain  
cuddling outer skin  
like the hot wave  
burning  
and disappearing

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**scare \*\*\*\*\* NIGHTMARE**

To sleep  
is to rest - for the bones  
for the flesh, for the mind

nightmares  
ruin this  
transient peace  
cause even  
for final  
unbothering  
unplanned rest

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**scare \*\*\*\*\* SWINE FLU IMMUNITY**

from Mexico swine to Canada via Phils, down to Laguna  
to Buleran farm  
i am here  
where  
cross-breed hogs squeaking  
swine flu free viruses  
cocks crowing  
irritating to my ears  
shaken my sleepy misty morn  
foul excrement  
cohorts native farm  
breathing air

sound fishy to smell  
carbon dioxide for  
almost 3 consecutive nights  
overstay  
but it wouldn't break yet  
my nostril immunity  
in fuming baleful deadliest  
airt pollution  
injected from capital city  
where I came from

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**seatrip \*\*\*\*\* FLOATING COFFIN IN MEMORIAL SEA**

at 5th storey paradise princess  
partly in nasipit butuan sea philippine archipelago

yellow paint thick as glue  
glossing on iron deck  
uppermost in 5th storey vessel  
2 stairways at opposite ways  
heading up to rooftop a children playground  
by day  
best site too for sea watchers  
sea suicidal diving attempts  
above white ceiling steel plate floor  
near mariners trapdoor quarter room

ferry's crew check color coded ticket  
while sneaking along caravan of goods  
like cigarretes cartoons  
rebisco can biscuits for pasalubong  
as trademark as manila to barrio home excursionists

luggage and suticases  
private belongings watched by private eyes  
a sign of private ownership

vandalism is strictly prohibited  
a warning sign, vandalizing itself  
it is poorly and crackly written

passenger playing cards  
lying down beneath no gambling adz  
listening tiresome jokers  
corny chats with own vernacular  
throwing, exchanging deadly jokes  
i laugh inside my malong blanket  
too shy to laugh at loud  
LOL we are both strangers  
i am out of their place  
so awkward as  
i listen assumingly  
to the flapping lips of trapal tent  
covering sideways on this economy sections  
as the whistle blower detecting  
striking storms  
now beginning to persecute  
again this floating coffin

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**seatrip \*\*\*\*\* HUNDRED ISLANDS SEED EXPIDITION**

How smooth sailing across  
massive channel  
besides banks  
of lucid seaweeds ground  
gigantic corals  
beneath  
high mossy rocks  
beyond glistening  
beaches where luminous waves  
reach countless laps

exploring from sandhills  
sightseeing the  
heart-warming sea mounts  
up rising from south china sea

a perfect seascape  
for poetical seed to germinate  
above sea level

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**seatrip \*\*\*\*\* M/V ASIA CHINA AT LONELY SEA**

I stare  
Nothing but at the sea  
My mind is screaming  
He wants to fly  
Around ocean surface  
To dive beneath the  
Murmuring propeller  
That controls the speed  
I can't understand  
My mind  
The risk of my  
Thinking  
If he gets loose  
I might explore now  
And acquaint  
The living beasts beneath

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**seatrip \*\*\*\*\* MORO GULF**

(from Pagadian, Zamboanga to Cotabato ca. '93)

as young as my 2 siblings  
curious mind expands  
limited borders  
exploring boundaries across  
infinite Muslim seas  
from the jungle clashed  
of our father's no permit policy

as young as idolizing Columbus  
in conquering fear  
from an outside world

we never stop exploring in  
an explored cities from  
a lowly civilized seas

we're late explorer in this  
21st century  
ready to loosen our mind of  
childish impulse  
to capture ordinary journey  
into self-acclaimed rare one  
filling up with wonder and delight  
and mingling with Muslim brothers  
acquainting their Arabic style dialect  
in midst of the rocky historic gulf

aboard antique wooden ferry  
some are bound to Sulu, Basilan  
Zamboanga City  
a challenging route to escape  
momentarily from our own  
home of revolt

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**seatrip \*\*\*\*\* PARADISE PRINCESS**

I want to tell what port is like Nasipit pier  
when my Paradise ferry  
kiss here tonight  
sluggishly propell  
and create whirlpool action  
in salt-melted sea  
blazing into brown  
sea chocolate

the shore turns into yellowish clay  
a reflection from mercury lighted bulb  
guarding oil depot

the Butuanon dew soothing  
night seems bathed with tenderness  
while heading towards east  
facing the late sun  
while shipping parole lights winding too  
in a dark hillside  
like a shameful fireflies  
with on-off lamplights

finally the princess  
kisses concrete wharf  
then sneaking porters  
rapelling down the grills

nervous pulsing my flesh  
guarding my belongings  
against hocus pocus  
laboring

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**seatrip \*\*\*\*\* QUARTER MOON / TRANS ASIA 2 / BOHOL SEA**

Lines of moon  
travelling beside me

low tide  
calm waves

every excursionist  
desires

and i am here  
in the middle  
of nowhere

extending pleasure  
beneath the quarter moon

above floating liquid  
on salty earth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**seatrip \*\*\*\*\* VIA VERDANT ISLE**

Via dumaguete city courtesy of WG and A

verdant isle  
rising from the dawn  
full of hospitality  
keeping WGA ship  
like a home sweet sweet  
away from angry Visayas fury  
though this countenance is  
just momentary  
but draw perfect worthwhile relationship  
between our transient-owned vessel  
and the steady wharf  
waiting the floating coffin safely  
touch memorial shore  
kissing graveyard basin of the trip

the ship can't wait anylonger  
as the craving anchor touches the ground  
as the craving pier selfishly moving closer to me  
then  
caravan of goods  
load and unload  
it is my first touch landed in dumaguete  
seems a giant leap  
for my little hidden anthology

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sex \*\*\*\*\* CAMEL TOE A PRO-FEMININE WASH**

Take closer  
no touch, don't touch  
for your delicate eyes only

Look at what I've seen  
the glory of all women  
attach in their outer pelvic skin  
in their casual fitted slacks or jeans

It's a camel toe  
spice for voyeurism  
oasis for widowed men  
obsessed by honeymoon breakers

It's a cupped-hand size  
a camel - like gigantic toe  
with an inch splitting Nile  
as center river intriguing sheath in mind  
for the firing log of fertility  
of mutuality, of love and deceit affairs  
of harassment, abduction and rapes  
veiled with the weeds of femininity  
and feminine wash solely  
cleases the viral eye infections

so fresh as the nectar  
for the sipping polygamous bess  
cloth with oozing libido  
in a cool lucrative temptations

this erotic poem is  
strictly for hot poetic desire  
reading without malice  
but for sex educ purpose only

below 18 years of age is prohibited  
and parental guidance is highly recommended

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sex \*\*\*\*\* CHESS MONARCHY, SEDUCING THE QUEEN**

Come play with me

My black horse  
ready to abduct the  
caucasian queen  
as I double-tapped with  
the totalitarian king

the unordained bishop  
is cornered  
meditating for a miraculous  
pawn sacramental jihad

I jump thru horse riding  
with my mighty armored knight  
to capture the virgin queen  
in ancient board monarch

out of illicit desire to own  
the queen for my life

my punched clock eats much of my time  
in too much obsession  
polygamous thinking against  
the rival inutile nominal king

i lost the fight

thanks for losing such game  
this poem means my winning prize

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**sex \*\*\*\*\* HAYDEN KHO - THE DOCTOR SCANDAL**

I watched your  
hidden lewd treasure

it was full  
of porno art

waiting to be criticized

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sex \*\*\*\*\* NIGHTLIFE CUBAO**

I go into the merchant corner  
Late evening  
I leave Anonas street  
Abandoning my 8 boardmates  
I see g.r.o women  
12 to 16 yrs old  
Loitering at highway 56  
Where snatching is rampant

I see beyond Aurora corner  
Benches of another young lass  
Filled with heavy make up

I am 21 but my urge seems  
60  
I watch their skin  
Rough  
I feel like a collapsed parachute

I turn right and meet local merchant  
For my small job  
Buy and sell puppet

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sex \*\*\*\*\* SEDUCTIVE NIGHT LASS**

Night goes walk  
in search for night pleasure  
not for tonight

I am here focusing  
the up-side-down  
eye-catching lights  
the lights in Cubao  
dancing in rhythmic harmony  
among the passing cars  
from leisure arousal peak  
of beer and good time lusts  
and the drunk tires tirelessly  
zooms under my footed overpass bridge  
chasing definitely for their  
untimely death waiting ahead

then seductive lass  
around 15 so fresh by night  
full of red lips  
winking alluring eyes  
hunting easy money in lieu  
for a short-time ecstasy  
with her prostituting public flesh  
and burning desire around Aurora-  
Cubao inn

I refuse  
I am ashamed to appear that  
lewd moment on my next  
paper scandalous story

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sex \*\*\*\*\* SEXUAL DESIRE**

Momentous meeting  
High desire  
Mutual ecstasy  
Touching  
Flesh to flesh  
Every skin is hot  
Rushing  
Oozing fluid  
Blushing sweat  
Feel now  
Retreat not  
Lust is to lust  
Open wide  
There is love  
About to enter  
Bone exploding  
Trembling orgasm  
Sensual expression  
Breathing fires  
and  
Collapsing like parachute  
Melting the two  
Opposites  
Into one

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* CHAOS UNITED WORLD**

This is only my collective  
view doesn't affect  
global identity

organizations, associations  
unions, earthly dogmas  
united beliefs, principles  
upholding common interest  
tribal goals  
fraternal aims  
foundation's extended arms  
objective connotations  
country's unification  
united nations  
anti-conflict anti-war  
creating society as one

and general outcome

a more chaotic world

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* CITY LIGHTS**

There are lights  
glimmering at my sight  
stilted lights  
neon lights  
the city life at night

they dance thru the building wall  
they gleam beneath heaven's floom  
they break cavernous darkness  
from dusk till dawn space

they cheat the juvenile's heart  
they mislead gal's decent art  
they deceit vice's felicity  
but they never bluff me

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* EQUALITY AMONG EQUALS AT BUS TERMINAL**

The ritual of land trip  
from one bus to the next  
the usual of cutting trip  
the long interval to wait  
the excitement  
the thrill for the first  
the lingering dream  
to touch down Lanao del Sur

Same as usual  
every new place is strange  
every face is different  
Who can I trust?  
Who do I know?  
To whom do i leave my belongings  
for my quick urinal?

No fair rates in using C.R.  
Every terminal has different rates  
some provides Official Receipt  
some put the cents directly deep down their pocket

so in the bus fare, the van, the PUJ  
the colorum vehicles

it's a matter of unhealthy competition  
an old race for survival  
rooted from our ancestor roots  
a vulgar heritage that only the strongest can survive

where is the intuitive justice for the weak?  
Where is the sovereign rights of equality?  
Yes it's quite obscure  
even the equals among equals  
can't cope up anymore the  
equality system among their co-equals

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* FACE MASK FOR SWINE FLU SCARE**

April 2009 and beyond  
exactly at world hour

time has come  
that the pig, the hog, the piglet  
the boar, the swine  
get back at their obsessed predators  
excluding my muslim brods and  
my Jewish canadian sniper  
but they can't escape the killer flu  
floating in the air  
the airborne virus outbreak  
could grow into fearful pandemic  
like another holocaust of Hitler  
nazis genocidal tragic past  
if W.H.O. can't paralyzed the  
magnified phobia against  
swine vengeance threat

From outbreak's epicenter -  
the country Mexico  
to the panic cold countries  
victims are caught flat-floated  
before handling face mask  
to save lives  
before day-count quarantine  
for their health imprisonment

don't be paranoid  
we can eat yet the holy  
grail of pork  
the slowly roasted pig  
lechon as filipino fixtured dish  
in all celebrations wake  
its golden brown crunchy skin  
juicy white meat

and be aware not to eat  
near coughing and sneezing  
guests

as you wash your hand  
reflect my warn:

let the swines revenge for their rights  
as you butchered and feasted their lives!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**society \*\*\*\*\* Killer Acacia**

A century-year-old acacia  
fell to his death today

she was swept  
by an angry tornado

3 high school students  
found dead  
beneath the falling  
giant branches

rescue volunteers  
retrieved them  
2 hours after the phenomena

\* in memory of the killer acacia and her victims  
College of St. John The Baptist  
Jimenez, Misamis Occidental, Phils. circa 1995

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* LAST 2 GAMBLING RAIDED BY CONSCIENCE**

Won by chance  
won by luck  
in the frozen gambling world

losers count the few winning chances  
winners are only finger count of

illegal activities  
viewed in the center public eye  
winning  
illegal prizes await

patronized by few protective  
cops

additional income  
from a dirty hand

a bitter appetite  
for their family table meals

so shameful truth  
in a bitter unjust society

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* PAYATAS DUMPSITE OVERNIGHT**

(a year after the mournful tragedy)

Down  
On your man-made mountain

Frighten  
Of another collapse  
Of another tragedy  
Deprives the innocent  
The poor the majority  
The hunger

I am blank

As I throw sympathy to all night scavengers  
Digging for endless survival

Your smoke your artificial breath  
I smell too

And I truly understand  
Only poor country  
Loves deadly-poisonous air

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* SANDIGANBAYAN HEAVY TRAFFIC**

Joy riding  
Toyota model  
From commonwealth avenue to Fairview  
5 kph

In front sandiganbayan centennial bldg  
A traffic enforcer  
Is waving red gloves  
Synchronizing the green light  
At the traffic post

In the 3rd lane of 4  
Bumper to bumper  
Traffic now crawls up  
Too slow as slow as the plunder case of erap  
Started to hear for the first time  
Here with banners of  
Maka masa elitista  
Ibalik si erap  
Gloria labandera pasista  
Riot and protest

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* SCAVENGER - FEEDING PHILANTROPIST**

living in city proper, one should not miss the sched truck garbage collector, otherwise, stench cover up all over your home

You don't just burn it  
with invented bon fire  
ignited by crude oil and used tires  
at your open yard like what  
you did at remote barrio field

you can't simply throw it  
all out into the nearby brook  
floating with carcass  
fastfood wrappers, tear down  
grocery plastics, empty cans  
used sachet items

you can't dig 6 ft. hole  
to dump all non-biodegradable  
matters and eco- waste  
and count million of years  
for decomposition processing

no, don't try to put it  
secretly by night on another  
trashcan and dirty sacks  
by another ownership and  
expect dumb war and conflict  
if you break this unwritten rules  
that mostly happen in urban neighborhood  
and end up in band- to- keep- the- peace  
court settlement

yes, believe me that here in  
city proper where square-footed  
forlorn space privacy is quite closer  
so don't ever miss to treasure  
momentarily your rottened waste  
your decomposing personal garbage  
even your hidden human excrements  
and don't ever miss to log on  
on your delay hectic sched ledger notes  
the huge dump truck collection time  
in sweeping all your domestic mess  
that need not be taken for granted

thus occassionally your voluntary  
philanthropic servitude is of great help  
for those stink scavengers with  
gluttonous empty stomach  
waiting patiently all your golden mess  
for their heavy feasted meal  
like voracious worms celebrating

party-feeding session in a  
fertile dump soil

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* URBAN VS. RURAL CHILD**

down in the city  
streets are busy  
traffic jams work delay  
neighbors rise up early  
to earn money

sooty clouds canopy  
trap polluted air heavy  
fetid garbage blocks waterways  
painting river murky

in hot summer seasons  
baleful smoke puff like air stone  
in long rainy days  
flood is up to my knees  
far from my rural home stay

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**society \*\*\*\*\* VANDALISM CANTEEN MENU**

pay as you order

please minimize your voice

self-service

watch out your own belongings

count your change before leaving

pay exact price

fern-c available here, no therapeutic approved

next please

clean as you go

these are all loitering menu

pasted in the wall

as vandalism buffet

extra salad of each day

rambling below as

appetizer

inside a messy

crowded canteen

toothpick please!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**society \*\*\*\*\* VERBAL WRANGLING at LUNETTA PLAZA, INDEPENDENCIA et al**

try to roam here and pose to listen

arguing  
interfering  
rebutall without conviction  
no persuasion  
resolving monkey issues  
nonsense trivias  
to old headlines  
from send avesta to tripitaka  
to koran to biblical to science

insults  
baber's burden of proof  
politics, elections  
philosophy  
ridiculous  
sophies

side-by-side  
higgledy-piggledy chorus  
gobbledygook arguments

self-acclaimed rebirth jesus  
new era confuscious  
lao tse  
modern plato  
a clone from aristotle

but no ever recorded  
even a single fanatic  
insane follower  
proclaimed jargons  
wiseacre debaters

if given light responsibilities

they will refuse

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* BETRAYAL**

high expectations  
bring me down  
into bottom line poverty

with sweet dreams  
build-up promises  
betray me

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* ALIBI OF THE WEAK**

Our failures will not be  
covered up  
by

the alibi  
of the  
weak

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* CEBU ISLAND AND OTHER SORROWS**

Here where I built my name  
My success my failure my pain

In an island where my dreams were built and perished

Pre-law studies    public admin masteral  
Collegiate debates    amateur mountaineering  
Freelance photography    Christian brotherhood  
Constitutional advocates    neutral ideologist  
impulsive emotions and human lust

Painful to look back  
The idealism    the struggle  
The hunger and the lust

The lust that slaved my flesh  
With horrible love  
An erotic love  
From suicidal woman's heart

I can still hear her scream  
Longing to captive my brain  
To capture my name

I escaped empty  
Goodbye beautiful queen city  
Of the south

Goodbye dreams and pride  
Now I keep on swallowing temporary defeats

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* DEPRESSION CANCER CELLS**

Exhausted emotions  
psychosomatic anxiety  
suicidal illness  
death marginal attempts  
psychiatrists constitute  
these are all pack in me

Cursed fate  
sin circumstances  
Hindu sect karma  
pagan insists  
these are within me

religion faith ordeal  
appraisal heavenly tests  
failure implications  
recycle tragedy  
mournful story  
immature worriness  
all by myself

malignant cancer cells  
killing softly my body  
bit by bit

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* E.R. COMMATOSE**

Violent pictures  
disrupting the neatness social order  
affecting mainly my well-made mind  
as if bearing unbearable grief  
traumatic remembering  
depriving my youth  
dimming my vision  
cutting my fortune  
into pieces of tears  
mourning in island grail  
of nightmare  
paralyzing myriad cells  
only brain remained  
crawling in thinking of  
self-massacre inner war limb to limb  
firing black parade to  
curse unconscious self-sabotage  
to flash the history of deprivation  
a doom to live again under hex  
a voodoo spell of conflicting self

back off voyeurism internet addict  
a sign of disgust  
relieve my flesh who imprisoned me  
half-life sentences  
reject my childhood illness  
and mental lost control  
I buried down all negative emotions  
under the hole of the pasts

goodbye helpless victimized self  
now i am strong  
entitled to what  
the  
Divine strength masks  
on me

and at mindful distance  
without any eye purple details  
i look at myself  
with compassionate positive  
contributing curiosity

i see a man of rebirth  
coming from the womb of  
catastrophising and exploding  
commatosed yesterdays

**ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN**

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* FLIGHT FATIGUE**

Rain catches me too often  
this April 2000  
drizzle first but heavy enough  
against my fragile nostril  
expose  
from burning celsius  
causes brain tired and creates  
impurities and nodules on my feet  
and bubbling nerves lies probable  
excuses why I couldn't express  
creative story  
for the 4th day of EDSA 3 RALLY

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* FLIGHT OF DISAPPOINTMENT**

(from Lumbia airport CDO to NAIA)

Lift me up high  
Above a cloudy sky  
Where no cotton balls  
Thick and strong  
Bumping on the silver wings

At right window side  
I am dismayed

Where is the golden sun  
The round ocean  
The verdant mountain  
The landscape of the world  
You've promise to reveal?

Then breathless heartbeat  
Pulsing a nervous twitch  
Engine is shaking  
silver wings are flapping  
Against the lips of murmuring wind  
Tires are shrieking  
Unnotice

You take me down

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* FRUSTRATED POET**

I was angry at my pen  
not it had black-dried ink  
I was incensed at my pen  
it wrote no more inspiring poems

I threw it on the wall  
and rolled into wooden floor  
I kicked it out of the door  
i would't see that pen anymore

I was angry with my notes  
Not it content a tiresome jokes  
I was incensed with my books  
all i wrote here lead to naught

I was bored to glance nature  
all i know was to be reborn as new creature  
I was scared to wipe pointless tears  
just to hold blame of failure years

I was once a frustrated poet  
this hidden speech was aimed to please  
a key to open hopeful gate  
and then new BLITHE POEM i create

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* HUMID BLANKET**

In fact just this evening  
23 Feb.2001  
i feel bone-to-flesh fatigue  
trembling  
crawling  
pulse wave  
among myriad cells  
clusters of  
overflowed veins  
encircling stressed nerves  
sticky cord  
of arteries  
causes living torso  
complicated

i self diagnose  
psychosomatic disease  
too obscure  
beneath this  
humid blanket  
rejecting fresh airs  
to breath

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* ONE LITER OF TEARS**

One liter of tears  
a mixture of  
joy  
and  
bitterness

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* PRISONER OF THE FLESH**

I am the prisoner of my flesh which I have thoughtlessly  
Inherited from the genes of nowhere  
I am convicted of a mysterious crime  
Nobody wants

I am the prisoner of weaknesses  
Shackles my limbs, shrinks my nerves  
Shrouds my mind to act perfectly in  
The world of mistakes

Flesh is the jail where I am imprisoned  
Wicked strengths are the metal chains fettered me  
Eyes of the folks are the guards of my faults

Their tongues are like guns  
Firing my head un-blood

Justice? I pervert not justice  
Divine Judge  
Justice is within me  
I have no suspicious offender but my flesh

I beg one Divine Judge  
A day of chance to pardon my life-long sentence

I confess

I am waiting now for that miracle

Please hearken my plea!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sorrow \*\*\*\*\* SAMAL ISLAND LOST GARDEN**

I lived dying in Kaputian in the island  
Garden city of Samal for almost a year  
The Davao gulf breeze and smashing waves  
Had witnessed all my tears.  
Retailing RTW, consignment local goods  
Dealing pre need plans, educational  
Life insurance, wholesaling facial creams  
And the like

Disappointment drew in my heart  
As I collect unpaid balances  
No interest hike.  
Wondering why I was too lenient to native T  
Or Samalian except for the better few  
I was complete stranger and their  
Establishments were  
Rise and fall as I knew.  
Risk as I ride their colorum  
Habal – habal single motor uphill  
Prone to death with unlicensed  
Drivers no doubt to tell

There was a time I can't remember when  
When the rented house was  
Renovated (rental deduction) for  
Mini grocery's den  
Then the greedy owner prematurely  
Selfishly wanted to grab  
Too inhumane act revealed nothing  
But uncivilized mob

Perhaps next time I'll visit and tour  
I'll spend only on its \innocent crystal shore  
With sleeping bag, north face tent  
Treka sandal, and instant baon  
Digital cam to click new pics  
And delet old wounds

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**spiritual \*\*\*\*\* DON'T BE ANXIOUS ABOUT TOMORROW**

Don't be anxious about tomorrow  
live one day at a time  
read gospels writtten in Matthew  
treasure life as golden dew

Each second we breath  
God's truly gift  
best moment to greet  
loved ones we meet

Look not mournfully the future  
nor aspire exist perishable things  
worship God and adore Him  
for soul salvation's gain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**spiritual \*\*\*\*\* LIFE IS MEANT TO BE LIVED BUT ONCE**

Don't ever boast of  
material wealth you've got  
just keep in mind  
What man possess  
in this world  
when he leaves  
he can bring them not

Don't ever flaunt of  
academic intellect you've had  
Man leaves everything  
and he is bound to pass away  
including the pain and the trouble  
the deception and the drudgery

Life is meant to be lived but once  
so we need to enhance  
what really God's purpose and plan

We are designed to worship Him  
abide His laws truthfully  
spiritual maturiy grows  
day after day

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**spiritual \*\*\*\*\* SING THE SONG OF TRIUMPH!**

Sing the song of triumph  
a joyful hymn from heaven above  
with divine tones and grateful tune  
to fill our lives with love

Sing the song of rejoice  
praising notes for God's presence  
strengthen more our blessed faith  
for salvation's sake, escape the 2nd death

Sing the song of thanks to Thee  
as chosen flock in these last days  
we're God's fulfillment prophecies  
Rejoice once more People of God  
the judgment day, our triumph nearly comes!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**spiritual \*\*\*\*\* THE BEM'S DORM**

(bachelor of evangelical ministry student's dormitory)

Here gathered young  
eminent brave men,  
raised from somewhere  
crossed the miles, away from home

How happy they are  
even though far  
from their parent's embrace  
even strangers to the pain of  
struggling years  
and melancholic nights,  
they fix their eyes unto the Lord  
begging for help, kneeling for mercy  
shedding tears.....  
for the triumph only God can give.

But, like the growing seeds  
and climbing vines  
reaching up to towering aims.....  
winds cross their way  
rushing them  
trying to vanish away

What mournful truth gives aching heart  
some offspring here  
no longer living  
they were carried away  
by the evil wind.....

here valiant men only can stay longer  
with brave heart and soul  
will be trained.....  
combating the tempest and obstacles  
to measure-up to well-built aims

Such mighty armors  
worn by these men  
weapons of hope  
chained with faith are their  
main heavenly force.....strenght from above

Then.....time goes on  
soon they will leave  
into the realm they would go  
not to make nation's roads  
but to save souls  
spreading the gospel of Truth!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**spiritual \*\*\*\*\* TOTAL SURRENDER**

In the wide emptiness  
of my days  
sole mind tracing  
bitter memories

I can't resist  
only to bend down knees  
begging for mercy

may the Lord clears up  
my clouded pathways

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**spiritual \*\*\*\*\* ULTIMATE AUTHOR, final testament**

At the end of my road  
where the glory of sun  
shines no more  
on my solitary bending path  
of life  
way back home  
and the wind  
I've chased in mountain dusk  
that carries my dream  
already far beyond  
my grasp  
loosen from my sight  
invisible, and fading

and too weary to walk straight ahead  
to keep on moving

and too hard to stand firmly  
with my feet  
too keep back fighting

too blurry to flash  
mine eyes  
just to retain seeing

but one thing  
is so sure  
in twilight zone of my life

as long as I can think  
I will keep writing poems

God is good indeed for  
He created POET

Glory be to Him  
for being His humble pen

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**spiritual \*\*\*\*\* ULTIMATE INSPIRATION**

I often sense the presence of Yours  
In defeated times or in way to triumph  
It matters yes, not half truth, You alone  
Knows my weak points and faults

How often I am trapped in the world of tests  
Trials seem endless  
But no single moment I regret  
You're here ready to keep; I wait

Inspire me in times of sorrow  
Embrace me so I can get closer with you  
Give me more strength and hope  
When I am defeated by faults  
Shade with me cheerful positive thoughts  
When doubts clouding my noble purpose.

You're the inspiration, the guide, the lamplight  
Of my shadowy path of life

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**star \*\*\*\*\* JOURNEY IN GALAXY**

shout now in universe  
thru un-carved senses  
touch  
the void  
vacuous space  
for my atomic mind  
about to explode  
ASAP  
beyond untouchable  
milky way beyond galactic horizon  
where deserted sun  
refuses to shine

i want undefined danger  
no deep lung breathing  
no damp still air  
i stretch rocketed arm  
with piloted ink  
continue writing  
cosmic imagination  
all start from pen ball point

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**stars \*\*\*\*\* TASKFORCE COMETS**

Imperfect stars  
moved across the jungle  
of the wilderness in the  
celestial mud just before sunrise

all at once they stroke  
down the vacuum  
of gravity

only their poney tails  
were visible and  
faded away before they had sank  
down into the infinity

comets were the sweeping stars  
the cursed heavenly bodies  
as the dark angel Lucifer  
overthrown down to earth

(based on my immature perception  
ca.1882)

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**struggle \*\*\*\*\* BENEATH HUMID BLANKET**

In fact just thus evening  
of 23rd day February 2001

I have flesh-to-bone fatigue  
pulses are trembling  
sending sticky waves  
barring arteries  
exploding abdomen  
causes torso onto  
psychosomatic comatose

I feel half-sleep  
diagnosing mind inflicting injury  
while half dying

too obscure  
to attempt.....  
beneath humid blanket

my colleague calls up  
for a rescue

911 reponse  
reject dead air

it is a farting time

expose silent whisper

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**struggle \*\*\*\*\* CRAWLING VINES**

Green vines  
crawl in the tenement  
window

clothed with  
twisted cord

some leaves  
collapse like  
earthbrown parachute  
while attempting  
to reach the roof top

for their final lap

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**sun \*\*\*\*\* LIGHTS OF THE LOST SUN**

From my younger years  
sun has been shining  
but it is not meant to me

meager rays are too far  
yet too little warm  
wrapping the coldest moment  
of my life

Sometimes scorching heat  
striking against my sight  
rather it adds burden  
too heavy for me to smile  
up high  
my knees can't resist to kiss  
the ground  
almost crawling enough  
above cursed soil  
bending to hide  
away from radiated sky

I don't know yet how long  
is to wait the shading rainbow  
of hope and  
how far the wind  
that drives my dreams.....

I almost lose half cycle  
of my life

though I fail oftentimes  
and mock as fool  
as a man of thousand defeats  
and born to be defeated  
even by the weakest

still I keep on persevering  
though the sun will project  
winning smile  
to the rest of the world  
excluding mine eyes

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sun \*\*\*\*\* SUN.TRAIN.ESPANYA**

Rays moved closer  
Melting the railroad track  
Beyond the old station  
Locomotive started to drum  
Metal wheels crawled and creaked  
And screeched between urban poor  
Squatters waiting for government  
Relocation project

Thick old windows as concrete shield  
Against thrown garbage, Indian pana,  
Stoned by the gang war conflict.  
Rusty floor was rocking  
Noisily across fenceless bridges

I glanced next passengers  
Who sat cross-legged  
Position while playing "tong-its" card

I pushed them accidentally  
Sorry, 'out of balance'  
And the Bicolano's sheaf of vegetables  
Loosened and scattered

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**sun \*\*\*\*\* WHERE THE SUN REFUSES TO SHINE**

In the high still emptiness  
where the sun refuses  
to shine  
where solar lights' fingers  
play solely  
in the dark  
sparkling darkness  
and  
this hobby of  
collecting rhymes  
transforming verses

Rebirth!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**terrorism \*\*\*\*\* MRT and LRT RIZAL BOMBING**

Zooming  
roaring  
coming  
falling not from sky  
humming like bees  
rushing-hour  
a city train, it's a metro rail transit  
passing  
rail road track  
along EDSA  
goes to and fro  
escaping from traffic jam  
curing headache commuters  
quick halt  
dropping  
snatching token passengers  
then buzzing  
zooming falling not from sky  
it is the city MRT rushing - hour city train  
passing by malls, galleria, shrine  
diving inside tunnel  
hunging like cable cars  
crossing overpass  
crawling above flyover  
joy riding  
minding not her sister train  
LRT Manila  
in comatose  
by December 30 Rizal day bombing!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**terrorism \*\*\*\*\* SADDAM HUSSEIN IN NEW IRAQ**

He was the dictator  
in the old Iraq  
the once fertile  
the abandoned garden  
of Eden rushed

It was always his  
first word as the final and executory  
handed down from  
holocaust- master the  
Austrian blood Hitler  
in infamous Nazi era

and Saddam tragic death sentence  
provoked his old Iraq was beaten

and democracy is running down  
in new Iraq alas!

million patriots cheer!  
their hearts pound firm  
resurrecting freedom  
in new Iraq at last!

but I am saddened  
with too much grief

children's laughter today  
will turn into blues  
someday somehow as they grow  
they will learn  
their new Iraq acquired freedom  
is under US Marines GI Joes custody

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**terrorism \*\*\*\*\* SUMMARY KILLINGS IN THE CITY OF THE PUNISHER**

Body's found hogtied  
every other day  
Massacred with bullets  
riddled knives wounds

Ruthless limbs swollen  
from obsess hired prey  
allegedly hunting gangsters  
drug pushers-users  
against political propagandas  
criminals, libelous journalists

Bloated victims  
floating down the city road  
singly or tied together  
bathed with their own blood

Conscience draws down  
spectator's throat

who shall be blame  
where are the living witnesses  
how long will they hide in securing full security  
where are the crime protection authorities  
are they involve too in these gangster syndicates  
who's the next predators  
how safe now to stroll our main streets full of delightful lights

a series of terrible questions  
thrown by the trembling inhabitants  
mix with the blood of terror  
and in their veins  
the once vibrant, garrulous  
fancy  
turns now into fear  
blown up images of horror  
waiting another riddled bullets  
scything next innocent nerves  
beyond judicial process

note: the name of the city here is being withheld  
due to peculiar narrow reason:  
to protect local tourism industry  
in the Philippines: tourism means job

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* ASKEWED FLOATING RESTAURANT**

Manila breakwall  
concrete warft

there float  
askewed restaurant  
dined by tycoon guests

swallowing rare delicacies  
for my taste bud of imagination  
as cuddled by  
all season motif waves  
of the salt bay

sneakingly at distant i glance  
ashame to touch  
even the entrance exit stair  
feclining upward to  
heavenly 3 storeys  
gigantic kitchennete vessel  
like restaurant

too content to hatch  
my delicacy  
the 24 days balot pinoy  
while settling myself beside  
concrete fence  
dividing the unwritten gap  
between the big timer  
C.O.O  
Child Of Owner  
and the poor poet  
rich in dreams

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* CONSIDER ONCE MORE THE DAVAO AND DURIAN**

Lightning bullets up to Mt. Apo  
and thunder rolling down to Davao City  
cold rain sprays through banana leaves

Eagle's wing spreads once more  
shrouding Davao gulf scene  
with high meter heights of exotic durians  
consider its pointed nails  
the deadly smell  
sweet to taste  
aprodisiac legal ecstasy

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**tourism \*\*\*\*\* DOUBLE SUNSET IN MANILA BAY, and THE MOON PROXY**

While in this known wide  
panoramic sun setting shore  
i see the must awaiting sun  
the crimson lights  
gliding down  
gleaming deeped rays  
too are descending  
from mantling bay  
reflects double blood plates  
in form  
swallowed down the horizon

then the entire bay  
varnish with burning fire

waves turn into gold  
clouds are the mute witness from  
far line sea to where  
the twilgiht moon  
now softly ascending

a proxy for the unclosed sun  
responsibility  
in flaming up the earth  
always but not forever

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* FOGGY SHARP NOON**

It is Baguio  
And I am writing

Fog is falling  
It befell us before and will again  
White air lends its cold  
Freezes the smoky balls from  
Native bonfire down hills

It washes the pines  
Whose pointed leaves lend  
Music for the deaf

The noon gets more smoke  
More cold now on my feet  
Rays of the sun are tortured  
Seem it refuses to shine forever  
What a premature sunset occurs  
Fog falls again  
Like soft rain  
Feeding the hungry earth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* JAPANESE TOMB LANDCAPE**

Narras in all breed  
stand as receptionists  
at the mouth of memorial gate  
lichen-masked pines  
strayed local guavas  
near bridge across  
artificial lagoon  
heading to  
hundred-steps penitential ladder  
approaching highest altitude  
placid peak  
for Lake Caliraya sightseeing  
to wavy Sierra Madre foothills

I haven't seen this before  
even in the eye of my  
expectations  
but oh!  
I am dismayed  
the red burning sun rushly hides  
to rest

spectators are whistling now  
in disgust and leaving  
peace  
for the final resting tomb  
of Japanese

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* JOSE RIZAL BIRTH HOME REVISITED**

Calamba Laguna  
April 2001

I am here  
national hero's home  
I am strolling inside and out  
Spanish  
architectural influence  
the art of our  
hero's immortal foe  
irony but facts

my feet rooted near the lips  
of his wishing well  
near Zoro type  
kalisa garage

i am wishing  
i would be a modern hero  
a hero of my own  
conquering my slave self  
against imperial own weaknesses

it is impossible to be true  
i have no piso bill  
to be thrown in Rizal's  
legendary well

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* JOSE RIZAL STANDING AT DAPITAN**

tribute poem to the  
Philippine national hero  
Dr. Jose P. Rizal as exiled here  
in Dapitan by the Spanish colonizers  
before he was firing- squad- to -death  
in Luneta, Manila 1898

Long before I heard  
this historic place  
even before I took up  
civic and culture elementary  
grade school subject

I visit here not for  
educational tour  
riding bus for hire  
by a whole institutions  
pressured by mentors  
against consent by some parents  
who never value about history

I am here to see  
the ruins of Spanish era  
the national hero's way of life  
art of living  
his bamboo shelter, clinic  
mini- children school  
kitchenette  
and believe me  
there is no single nail attaching  
and connecting the shack  
maybe Chinese hardware  
at that time wasn't accessible yet

It is a self-intriguing tour  
educating oneself  
while matching Rizal's height  
with mine  
ranging 5' to 5' 3"  
thru his life size statue  
a rain or shine relic hero

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* MAGELLAN'S DEADLY SPOT 17 APRIL 1521**

(Lapu-lapu shrine, Mactan Island)

I couldn't imagine how fool  
Portuguese Magellan underestimate  
Lapu-lapu's men

From Victoria and other Spanish battle ship  
Here they stepped down  
Extending colonial territory  
For GOD GOLD and GLORY

Unfortunately, unshielded Lapu-lapu's men  
Smashed attacked clashed fought aggressively  
On this very muddy site  
Where nerves of my feet intertwine  
On that bloody heroic noon

Bamboo spears versus metal swords

And the action goes  
Thru spectator's eye  
At the painting on the wall

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* MAKILING - THE MOUNTAIN OF LEGEND AND VERSES**

for the late Phil. national hero Dr. Jose Rizal

thousands fo feet  
above Laguna de bay level  
my mind is climbing  
beyond the mountain peak

century-old trees  
dark chaparral  
lines of rail guide my mountaineering mind  
loaded with backpack of curiosity

my mind is cramming  
as I scale her legendary breast  
from afar  
her majestic hair  
her lying pregnant woman figure  
mysteriously waiting to give birth

now I know why  
her legendary breasts  
remain un-fade  
and touched by trekkers  
always and forever

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* MC ARTHUR PARK RETURN**

(Palo, Leyte 1995 with Uncle Raul Abarca Darantinao  
my tour guide and guidance adviser)

Why the Pacific waves  
Unceasingly dancing and praising  
At the back of these  
World war 11 figures?

Why historian's cameras  
Undyingly shot photographs  
In front of their  
Militarian-grayed  
Sculptured uniform?

Why they appeared heroes  
Above this murky pool?

I shall return here  
Sometimes in October  
So I may know  
The answers

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



## **tourism \*\*\*\*\* MILF/MNLF PERSONAL ENCOUNTER**

dedicated to the Moro International and National Liberation Front  
whom they believe are pro war and anti-christianity but not.....  
With Junryl Atienza, Veejay Atienza and uncle Rey, in memory of FORD TRACTOR 6600

For the expectation of the many  
North Cotabato as a whole or a part is isolated  
Civilization is miles back away  
anti-tourism, anti - economic industry  
tribal wars are rampant  
killing here and there, land of conflict  
land of cruelty, injustice etc.....etc.....  
and Christians have no room to roam around  
and see the vast cornfield valley  
the largest corn grower as I've seen  
statistically from mine eyes only -  
very critical in general to conclude

I had swallowed too that old-aged expectation  
until I came to work here for awhile and spent nomadic  
style of living in the upper part of Banisilan, Cotabato  
and learned how to mingle with Iranon  
whom they believe the most brave Muslim's tribe  
and the friendly Maguindanaon who offered roof under  
heavy rain from a long muddy trail after abandoning the troubled  
Ford 6600 farm tractor

I had begun to eliminate that worst expectation  
while eating pastel, Muslim's delicacy  
while taking quick bath and discharging "nature's call" just to comply  
their toilet habit every late evening in Busaon river bank;  
while gazing down Marandugao river, believed by them a crocodile haven,  
while hunting and chasing wild monkeys and took souvenir shots  
with armalite, garan, RPG, and carbin rifles;  
while motoring along limestone road from Banisilan proper, to lokal  
Thailand, to Pantar, to Busaon, to Tinimbacam where I had met in flesh  
for the first time a boy around 12 yrs old carrying garan rifle whom i asked  
with tensed and nervous where the 2 tractors, the Ford and Massey were going  
and surprisingly he threw generous reply

I had realized then after my mild motor crushed experienced with Dr. Koche and had  
1st degree burn in my lower right limb and left scar of remembrance  
that this part of autonomous region is just the same place that I've ever visited  
on earth -  
with the same atmosphere of hospitality (if you're hospitable too and remember I was  
a guest not a host, so I should pay due respect with their culture and vernacular)  
with the same climate of respect for an individual spiritual believer  
though they worship Allah and Mohammad is their Prophet  
and I believe in one God the Father alone and Jesus Christ is a man and redeemer  
the Son of God  
with the same fertile land, bright eastern sun, friendly rain and sky  
sheltering all crops to bear fruits of prosperity  
with the same fog, breeze, dew and wind blowing peace and freedom

for all mankind rooted on earth -  
a mankind longing for collective democracy and progress

I had known then  
the trusting camaraderie  
the love that watered all  
the dreams to unite and fulfill the vision  
of the land of promise – the land of Mindanao  
the appearing clear-cut between Muslims and Christians  
the blooded story of the past  
the yes for peace  
and the no for war  
promoting North Cotabato current rich imagery  
by unanimously twisting historical conflict as nothing as lies.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* NAKED 100 ISLANDS**

at 100 literal islands, alaminos, pangasinan,  
philippine archipelago with 7,207 islands and islets  
high tide or low tide

Marvel I have witnessed  
the magnificent naked beauty of  
floating-like-moss algae  
like pieces of heartbeat  
turns into an impressive  
sea mounts  
bestowing eloquent languages  
literall adjectives  
above this far-eastern-known-  
archipelagic republic

Childlike impulse  
mixed up with exotic enthusiasm  
heaving me from tantalizing  
space of this peculiar day  
self- exploration

splendor!  
o  
splendor!  
as the south China waves  
smite  
splash  
spray  
splatter  
against hundred verdant isles

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* NEW YORK**

Guess where am I

I can't imagine  
i've gone through  
this far  
without approved visa in hand  
coincidentally  
i am here  
hunting local employment  
in New York St.  
Cubao  
QC Phls.

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* OBELISK STANDING TREK**

Back trackers trek  
in Mt. Makiling sole  
tasting Laguna bay  
fleeing breeze  
sipping arduous steep  
to unfold tent near  
intriguing obelisk  
a tall pillar object  
standing approximately  
3 storeys commercial  
condo unit  
aggressively inviting  
trekker's feet  
traversing slope cliff  
seducing handy cameras  
to click pics  
something enticing  
expanding souvenir items

as we get closer

and set up camp

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* QUEZON MEMORIAL CIRCLE**

While reading the book entitled  
The Long Man Anthology of Contemporary  
American Poetry, 1950-1980

lyre-beating leaves  
falling  
interfering  
dust whirling  
from restless oval  
where young and adult jog  
ice candy sellers  
blind date lovers  
trespassing Kia taxi  
street child begging alms  
local photographers  
the imbecile fellow  
talking to himself  
pin pointing the 66m pylon  
the Quezon shrine  
the museum  
the presidential marble tomb  
inside

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* RED PLANET CAMOTES ISLAND**

(while gazing Tres Marias peak partly in Leyte  
for my bro Jevve AGA Advincula, my tour guide  
and my extended brother, Camotes to Cambaro  
Mandaue City)

A pair of kingfishers  
Floating overhead  
Interrupting my vision directly to the peak

Their wings are pumping with silent  
Glidingly praising their creator  
Begging mercy to capture unpredictable prey

They're unaware  
We live same planet  
Same prey we eat

Without notice  
I feel I am alone  
As the planet is wheeling  
The sun hides and bid goodbye  
The preys are invisible  
The peak turns into red  
Never the island on my feet

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* SOCIALIZING AT BURNHAM PARK**

And here i am again  
above soft blades of bermuda crawling grasses  
watching tourists wool clothing  
assorted coats taken from bargain sales  
ukay-ukay boutiques, or imported duty free  
or from relief goods orphanage donations  
or think more  
burnham park has it all  
and that depend upon the clothe handlers  
how suitable their branded shirts they are wearing  
either for social symbol  
or given by chance by force against chilling atmosphere  
i've seen the north face brand, columbia, umbro, pico, nike,  
adidas, fila, leather jacket the lacoste, levi's, guess, puma et al

i have seen too the needle-like pines hissing against  
frozen wind  
the chirping birds perching indian trees  
strawberry in a raw near boating lagoon where  
attractive boats for hire  
and puddle left-right canoe  
roaming around man-made lake  
a merry-go-round children's rhyme  
until fogs occupy my space  
clouding my face to end this staring sessions  
sniping natures and branded shirts

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**tourism \*\*\*\*\* TAGAYTAY TRAIL - PEOPLE'S PARK IN THE SKY**

Chilly wind moving closer to me  
Wrapping now my feet  
Touching my weary limbs

Until I reach the final trail  
Thousands of feet above  
The smallest volcano  
On earth I've ever known

I wonder why I'm above  
Mt. taal  
And see no fire  
Even the huffs and puffs  
In the eye of my mind

only here I apply  
The true essence of acceptance

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\* TASTELESS LAKE CALIRAYA**

Curiosity pushes feet to halt  
from distant long walk  
and touch the last crest  
of tasteless waves  
combed by the wind  
before bumping against  
road line wall

I have many attempts  
to catch the crest  
but I failed as double times

curiosity still exhorts  
my throbbing throat  
to taste the crest psyche  
the essence of lake  
away to the sea

i have executed for final lap  
suicidal steps  
against pull of rapid gravity  
just to burn the flaming buds  
of throats

the lake now seems untouchable

then splash stretches into my sensitive  
hand upon quiting against my well  
waiting too long to taste  
the tasteless soul

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tourism \*\*\*\*\*PEACE FOR FAR-FLUNG JOLO BASILAN MINDANAO PHILS.**

the trusting camaraderie  
the love that waters all  
the yes for today's peace  
the no for future's war  
promoting far-flung mindanao  
shameful conflict  
current and the past  
brothers killing brothers  
abducting foreigners  
kidnapping neutral volunteers  
hostage crisis drama  
by twisting historical conflict  
cutting clear the dividing wall  
between muslims and so called christians

making blooded gap  
nothing as lies

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tribute \*\*\*\*\* HOLE IN YOUR HEART**

to all who were my critics  
and still are

When I vanish  
in flesh  
in soul  
in spirit  
in touch of yours  
and in your sight

don't dig a hole  
lies on earth  
but a hole  
deep down in your heart

with memories  
pumping as your heartbeat  
with thoughts  
beating as your pulse

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tribute \*\*\*\*\* SEED IN THE GARDEN OF BETHEL**

(dedicated to Jimenez Bethel Institute, my high school institution as inspired by Sir Dionisio Vale Sr., our principal and garden instructor, 4th yr. narra, batch 95-96)

Once I was a seed that slowly grew  
In the garden of Bethel where I sowed  
A sectarian soil anchored my roots  
Firmly hold with dreams and hopes.

Above the said fertile bed  
Living dust covered my head  
I was entangled with vines and dirt  
That most thought I won't grow without aid

Learnings were my rain  
Knowledge was my nourishment  
Imparted from the wisdom of my gardeners  
Whose books and lessons were my shelters.

Then the seed grew with youthful stem  
With buds sprouted to learn  
Availing hope for the rising sun  
With rays of bright morning comes

The seed no more but a sapling tree  
With branches began to sway humbly  
Adoring to my noble gardener  
Who once nurtured unselfishly

I praise now my plowmen's hand  
Who works not in cultivating the plant  
Till I bear the sweetest fruits  
A fruitful life..i can offer to their sights

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**tribute \*\*\*\*\* TRIBUTE TO THE YOUTH**

Youth keep all your glorious age  
For length of years in this world you live  
Learn not in midst of wicked  
Retain God's promises unfade

Your life spends more open wide  
Your strengths still breath at your side  
Make much of that time  
Till last to rest is fine

Be not scared whatever be tide  
Nor to appall when storms abide  
Patiently face the transient test  
And you gain wondrous grace

Wind of temptation and urge today  
Besets unto you day by day  
From an earthly pleasure vainly play  
This joy grows dim its fame fade away

Enjoy not all lustful happiness  
Neglect the wings the desire of evil things  
Be courteous to walk in heaven appointed ways  
And yes! You'll live God's righteousness

Show off the strength of your youth  
Be brave to follow the path of truth  
Gratefully seeking to serve His name  
The name of God with Holiness remain

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**vision \*\*\*\*\* STILL HAVE FAR TO GO**

My life's path map is in my heart  
It guides me to where I go  
To wonder land where dreams and plan are melted  
For those who know

Sometimes the road is all uphill  
It seems I blow my last breath drill  
Sometimes the rail is plain and clear  
No sweat in cheeks I feel.  
It matters not what road it is  
How vast the blocking test -  
I must go on!  
Since I knew winners never quit.

My life's path map is in my mind  
Mandated from above  
A journey to the promised land  
The place of dreams and eternal love.  
The path is long too long to journ  
By night by day I blow  
It matters not how far it is  
I'll keep not back I know  
I still have far to go

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

## **vision \*\*\*\*\* THRU MIRROR FOR A TWIN 'ME'- SHAMEFUL REVELATION**

I want to reveal something about  
what i had realized to be valid for me  
though it is not yet valid for everyone

it concerns about my disposition  
either establishing own business  
or going abroad as therapist

both of which I abandoned  
when college teaching application  
and writing book career  
became my retrieved passion

something deeply hidden  
withing myself and I must be acquainted  
again with this hidden activity  
and this should be ponder in my heart

writing career for me is a mere  
reflections of my past and future  
and my desire to teach Political Science  
seems a long lost ability waiting  
to be refined

so why should i gamble these lifetime treasures  
for becoming an OFW hero or being a local  
enterpreneur in which they are not in line  
of my noble calling.....

I can look straight at the mirror at last  
with pride and firm decision  
as I can see myself no longer  
a young fellow striving to be  
nor an innocent one full of curiosity  
but I see a man of my dreams  
a man of my visions  
a man of humility  
learn how to accept things that are really  
meant for me....

(but a half-year later, this self-image mirror  
had been broken into pieces when global recession  
affecting local economy pushing me to swallow  
my pride and shame by grabbing great opportunity's  
abroad for the sake of greener pasture)

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**vision \*\*\*\*\* WEEDS WILL WIN IN THE END**

Wounded childhood may be gone  
but its birthed premature manhood  
is now

3 decades are aware of myself  
my evaluation is that  
I was not existed into the  
supposed age of my race

I look at the past -  
yes, I did my best

I look at the foot-printed path  
yes, my best wasn't good enough

I look at my previous strength  
yes, I was striking too hot; full blast

I look at the targetted aim  
yes, it seemed ambiguous and blurry

I look ahead steadily  
yes, I see another chance, another race

I look at down my feet  
yes, I notice, full of weeds

the weeds will win for the next fight in the end

I insist

\* out of my sour feelings of disappointment  
after the pending result of my massage job interview  
for Europe -  
just wait patiently

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**vocation \*\*\*\*\* TIENS - THE SKYLION**

Tian as the sky  
as the indefinite door of  
opportunity  
a vast window  
to lengthens life  
to vitalize the mortal body

Shi as the lion  
with mighty strength  
a symbol of immovable  
force of product quality  
for holistic health approach  
for unlimited wealth resources

by Davao Phils., Tiens freelance agent  
top 9 Phils Poet society member  
aspiring to learn chinese modern acupressure therapy  
email me at marchanjet@yahoo.com

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**vocation \*\*\*\*\* BOMBAY 5-6**

The small businesses are keen  
against Philippine's shaking economy  
about to recess  
except for the chinese dwellers  
and the rest-

but for the few numb wheel of fortune  
is the Bombay sneaking opportunity  
for their 5-6 lending money capital  
for tiny vendors in all nearby  
main streets and provinces

despite the high risk  
not to be paid back daily  
the serial hold-ups  
the threatening crimes for money

they are still untiringly feed peso - peso  
capitals as their daily routine  
by these fearless migrant from India  
who believe that when you die  
you lose your name -

with their rhythmic collections styles  
tax free, full of spirits in selling mats  
plastic chairs, blankets etc  
for their avid lenders

an Indian tactics that the native  
Pinoy Malayan race can't ever  
perfectly duplicate  
my neighbors emitate it and  
now they quit, their little capital  
and 5-6 alike investments  
are melting bit by bit  
by their own kinship risks

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**vocation \*\*\*\*\* FIRST EMPLOYMENT**

At Glori Mart  
del monte ave corner  
araneta  
punching DTR in-out  
employee card  
as fruits and vegetables  
sales personnel  
a first job ever

freezing mall  
chilling california  
seedless red globes  
grapes  
fuji washington apples  
sweet pears  
ponkan taiwan  
assorted lokal fruits  
in terrace  
like an exhibit of festivity  
offer to pagan's god  
and goddesses  
with celery red green pepper  
sugarbits  
and a chinese lady customer  
pushing loaded cart  
winking an eye

time now to close  
no O.T.  
It's the last day of 1999

and this is my last  
millenium story

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**vocation \*\*\*\*\* REMEDIOS FORD OVERTIME JOB**

for tatay remy, nanay remedios, junryl atienza, erning, eric, ensoy, bebeng depamallo  
and to the APOLAND, TAI-DC area, SUMIFRU COMPANY  
and to the ford tractor 1124 754

We hereby demand more activities  
we hereby demand more haulings  
we hereby expect more chicken dung  
more banana seedlings  
organic fertilizers  
labor haul  
watering

we grease now tractor gears  
base on company standard  
we replace now break plates  
we upgrade now differential lock  
we grease now transmission gears  
we hereby wait balloon type goodyear tires  
we are all under pressure  
our veins our sweats  
seem sticky crude  
fueling onto our tensioned toil

we are exhausted like shrieking chain block  
awaken the deafening silence  
of our round-the-clock overtime nights

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**vocation \*\*\*\*\* SM MOP - THE LOSE THREAD COURAGE**

My second employment  
here in SM North Edsa  
as CR attendant busboy garbage  
collector

it was long time

in working hour  
mop was bread and butter  
food court seemed a haven  
for my battled day to survive

i mind not all  
rat mallers  
degrading this  
decent job

the mop  
and its thread  
i had attentioned most  
for not giving up  
till their last breath!

i pay now tribute  
to the lose mop threads  
for sacrifices  
and courage

i may gain today

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**vocation \*\*\*\*\* THERAPEUTIC SPA home service written**

to Chef Arnold Claveria (European cruiser ship) and his wife(Marco Polo staff) , Sir  
Mike Peli (ret. police) and his wife Maa'm Vangie(now in U.S.) , Major Nils  
Rojo(police chief) Ka Nolly Ignacio (VER-ROSE pawnshop Prop.) Ka Allan and  
Cielo Fernandez (INC church ministers) and to all who were my massage clients  
and still are,  
i dedicate this.....

Nothing can substitute the touch of hand  
the panacea of all illness

**SWEDISH**

Feel the soft touch like heaven  
Soothing to your wants  
Slowly gliding palm penetrates down  
To your ached muscle tissues  
Absorb from daily stressful affairs;  
Effleurage softens the rocking nerves  
Pettrissage kneads nodules of mortality

**SHIATSU**

The ball-ended weight of finger press  
The crawling, rolling, rain-dropping  
Sequences of finger tips  
Along meridian trigger points  
Striking like a slow-motion bullets  
BANG! BANG! BANG!  
Hitting, targeting, shooting  
All impurities of stressful flesh

**REFLEXOLOGY**

By the frontier tip of the sole  
Corresponding physiological order  
By the cliff of scientific manipulations  
By the well-matched zoning techniques  
By the channel system of fainted glands  
There  
Anchored the waves of reflex  
Normalizing all fragile, weak  
Vulnerable mortal being

**STRETCHING**

Lift me up high  
As high as the mind relax as the sky  
Bend down my wearied knees  
Crack all stressed joints  
Gently, please, gently  
And  
The numb soul is dancing now  
With the flow of rhythmic  
Therapeutic elasticity

this poem is strictly for massage therapy only

no extra services  
God is watching us!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**vocation \*\*\*\*\* TOYOZU - AUTOMOTIVE MECHANIC**

Welcome to the most challenging job  
on earth - the automotive repair mechanic

Trouble- shoot uncertainty  
Sipping fume of gasoline, diesel alike  
Resurrecting oil dipstick, checking leak

marching pistons, drumming valves  
Loose compressions complaining alternately  
aggressive as the coup' d etat army  
hot as the bomb shell inside  
the black-blooded engine womb,  
ready to explode

I can hear all their complains  
The sucking and sobbing  
I am here beneath rotten under chassis  
and in my veins, in my bones, i feel it!

The grumbling alternator  
The murmuring crankshaft  
Leaking oil seeping down to my face  
Under tight volts are shaking  
Irking to my box wrench  
seems demanding to quit

My feet flashing half with sunlight  
Few white dusts all rushing inside  
Still I lie down like death  
Clinging handy mechanical tools as if the  
Busiest on-the-job mechanic on earth

And nobody's questioning  
this hidden technique  
Even my expert boss  
who feels self-pity  
as I rise up and bathed in grease

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**waves \*\*\*\*\* NOSTALGIC PIERS IN WAVES OF LIFE**

pier 14 manila 06/07/01

it's quite 20 hrs passed the day  
release now my metallic cruise  
loose now the twisted cord  
pull up then the gigantic anchor  
while propeller ready to whirlpool  
against the tide current

push us into the jungle sea

then engine chants  
in cadence with my mental bid  
farewelling pier 14

At Ozamiz port

while m/v our lady of mt carmel  
porting at ozamiz port

you are here with me again  
to take me away from home  
bring me later to the city queen  
of south - cebu

i miss your swing while swaying  
in rough seas of life  
safe and sound lullabying  
creating tender sleeps against tide

i am now excited of your cuddle  
though it hurts  
mama and bj will leave me exactly  
7 pm in pier  
i need to be strong  
so mighty as your propeller shaft  
carries me from stormy home

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**waves \*\*\*\*\* SHORELINE KISSING SCENE**

Iloilo shore  
Superferry 9  
sailing  
dancing  
swaying  
above waves  
recalling  
Titanic movie  
floating  
in wide screen  
15 knots  
speed  
slicing waves  
breaking bubbles  
though lack  
steady balance  
but fixing  
noble goal  
then  
anchor touching  
ground  
crystal shore  
now a  
choco brown  
shaking  
approaching pier  
after  
vessel's belly  
had been kissing  
beneath  
under low tide  
pressure

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**waves \*\*\*\*\* WAVES ON MANILA BAY**

(courtesy of Superferry 9 from CDO)

Your smooth arms on this  
Calm summer noon  
Narrate unfathomable  
Stories  
I conceive the majesty of  
Your lectures  
Unclipped by your crest

I read  
I witness  
How you cuddle my mortal voyage  
The floating casket  
Against evil storm  
Sea ogres  
Killer monsters  
Untimely death  
Beneath your white foams  
Freshed bubbles  
You spray

You are now my virgin path  
So safe so smooth to cross  
for my undefined shore

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wind \*\*\*\*\* CHASING THE WIND - EXTENDED**

Even my pen will park  
A page before my unpublished book

And my passion of reading  
No longer spark  
On my brain

And my curiosity to  
Explore remote shorelines  
Lonesome mountains

And the caress of the dew  
Cuff of the fog  
Incites no more in my soul

And my chance to cross  
On a road not yet  
Taken is over -

Still the wind I've chased  
Come across for life travelers  
Searching of cherished dreams

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wind \*\*\*\*\* WHICHEVER WAY THE WIND BLOWS**

Whichever way the wind blows  
never be dismayed  
reject all life blues

Either the north wind  
swirling hurricane  
the eastern blows  
pacific tornadoes

either west typhoons  
melting glacier's lawn  
southern hemisphere  
as catastrophic edge shaker

whichever way the wind blows  
never would be weak  
the earth, your neighbors, myself  
all in bitter tests

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wind \*\*\*\*\* WIND CHASER**

I

run

fast

chasing

the

wind

searching

of

cherished

dreams!

hiss

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wind \*\*\*\*\* WIND COMBS MY HAIR**

(written in Palilan river, Palilan Jimenez, Mis. Occ.'Philippines  
just a 10 m.. away from my home.A river is located at the back my  
elem. grade school and to where i spent my concised childhood  
moments, leisure times, chanting with friends, swimming, collecting shells, diving,  
and escaping from 'undefined responsibilities'.....

A sentimental wind  
follows down river;  
bands of finger  
brush the long column  
of nipa leaves

whispering among  
long-legged roots  
of mangrove trees

Combing out my hair  
in thrilling touch  
Pulling out all wrinkles  
of fears  
in facing of my shadowy  
future

and the wind dries up  
all my tears

and the sole river remains  
the mute witness forever

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**wind \*\*\*\*\* WIND IN MANILA BAY**

The wind hisses  
Whistling thru the shore of my ears  
Like sea serenades  
Lulls from restless waves

The light wind with oriental cares  
Softly comes to me  
She combs my hair  
Razing out wrinkles and tears

This breezy air pure and cold  
Is a breath of a majestic sunset  
A scent of manila bay  
Waited by exotic guests

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wind \*\*\*\*\* WIND OF THE PINES**

Wind is coming here  
Oh! she is dancing  
Wet  
Caressing the pines

She hugs me  
Invisible  
She washes my grief  
Heals my fatigue bones

Oh! she is screaming  
Quietly

We both feel each touch  
Mostly when I get hunged clothes outside  
This bachelor pad

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* ALCOHOLIC ALIBIS**

Don't insist  
you are too chicken-hearted  
and alcohol savour fires  
you for Dutch courage

don't say  
for peers belongingness  
to be 'in'  
and toss  
bottoms up  
to uplift egoism

don't blame  
wine is for mind wandering  
to be a super being  
sparks brain of extra ordinary  
creativity

this vice is  
not hereditary  
not panacea  
for all stress and worriness  
so don't blame  
family  
personal misery

this is anti-health  
as government warning  
moderately drinks

never mind  
this piece is written under influence  
of the last wine drip

good for the heart  
bad to the bones

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* CATCHING THE DAWN FROM THE ISLAND OF ABANDON**

I've been living in the island beyond my grasp  
a home for me to live more..... or to abandon  
the "in-between" decision that was truly mine  
no influence nor coercion; no regrets nor intimidation

I've been seeking of being me  
searching something of significance  
finding walls of happiness even for a fleeting day  
looking for an arm to caress and build up confidence

unmindful as I was longing for something  
I blindly left behind my chief definite aim in life

for mental chemistry, survival, and salvation's sake  
i had concluded, everyone will perish  
and goes thru same stream  
the neglected and with prosperity since birth  
the oppressed and with promising youthful years  
the abandon and those who die with prestige  
i had confirmed  
everyone goes thru same stream  
birth, life and death  
except the aborted fetus  
lucky enough to scape worldly struggle

These are all human things, perishable materialism  
the point of this poem is out there  
pointing beyond the mournful nights of the mortals  
where afterward earthly sufferings vanish forever  
distress of being empty incites no more in seeking mind  
where teary eyes, cry no more  
while abandoning the tragic island of cursed mankind  
while catching the immortal life of the  
new upcoming dawn of salvation

Creator secure me more security of my soul

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* DOORS ARE CLOSING NEAR, FOR ME AND FROM ME**

as inspired by Ka Allan Fernandez, my former BEM tagapagturo ca. '97, who asked about my pseudonym for not using it again

and here goes the message for myself

Give break young blood Marchan  
leave your pseudonym, Jetfellow, as amateur poet  
even it was published before  
be proud of to use given real name  
since birth it had been you  
in stretching out your fame

I want you to be remembered  
somewhere else  
until the eyes of the world sees  
your feet to where it have been nailed

It's my face, the shadowed twin of your face  
staring at your pen  
starting from your wounded childhood years  
wrinkled and old  
stuck and frozen in a hole of ice  
melting before recognition rites

push ahead again  
carry out your dreams  
to be a poet of your style  
breaking the face of soundproof crowds  
full of cheers and boos  
as they emote your touching lines of verses  
shallow and deep

Today I see, you seem a newborn infant  
rebirth from refreshing womb of art  
with promising twin of wisdom  
awaken reader's fate

I am begging you my own self  
quit not again as you'd been done before  
as you move closer  
to the nearly-opened door  
of success

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* FAILURE! ? ! ?**

Failure!

Word of burren undoers  
Language of all quitters  
Vision of fearful dreamers  
Destiny of pessimistic thinkers.

Failure?

First hopeful stepping pace  
Life long achiever's challenges  
Temporary defeat great man says  
Truest essential opposite of success!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* FLYING KITE**

let us play flying kite  
till the sun  
hides at night  
let us know  
where the wind  
is blowing  
while holding the string

hold tightly  
use fullest strength  
never let the kite  
goes with the wind

life is such a flying kite  
as we soar higher  
the more winds confront  
the more strength to hold.....

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* GEOGRAPHY OF HOPE**

There seems to be  
fresh courage  
enlighting down  
blood streams  
of my veins  
starting  
today

I catch the dawn  
the landmark  
of the geography  
of hope

Glowing  
Hypnotizing

And for a brief  
moment

I understood

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* HERO FOR TODAY**

You need not be  
a combatant soldier  
shedding blood  
as dying patriot  
written in history books  
seen in war movies  
full of medals  
of valor and of vigor

you need not  
be an elected politicians  
with authority vested  
in extending arms  
livelihood program  
for those who are in need

You need not be  
a tycoon businessman  
a publisher  
a known philanthropies  
in promoting foundation's interest  
for the benefits of the few

You just need to be YOU  
of what you are  
of whoever you are  
of wherever you are  
and simply be a law abiding one  
respect other rights  
a God-fearing  
a country-loving  
as hero for everyday life

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* HOW LONG IS TO WAIT?**

How long is to wait?

it depends upon

as long as you are waiting for nothing

as long as you are here to keep on waiting

as long as your short - term goal is to kill the time  
to spend leisure moments, to smoke with firing cigar

as long as you are not bored enough  
to keep on waiting for my concrete answer

as long as you know  
that I raise this question to bet you how to wait

How long is to wait?

I will wait for your reply  
send me thru marchanjet@yahoo.com  
but i cannot wait any rhetoric  
boomerang answers

wait

I'm not through yet

.....  
.....see?

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* LETTER**

Letter  
flies  
across  
horizon

touches distant  
love  
sealed  
with  
a  
kiss

letter  
flies  
away  
too  
far

touches  
someone  
who  
cares

makes  
too  
near

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* LISTEN TO THE WARMTH**

Listen to the warmth  
the tick of the clock  
the earth spinning round  
the innocent laughters  
the nuggets of wisdom  
running inside book pages  
the keen interest about  
social issues

the no for terrorism  
and the yes for peace

make world nothing  
but a romantic place

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS DANGEROUS**

Knowledge is power  
little knowledge is more powerful  
more dangerous  
anytime anywhere it explodes  
like a loosened bombshells explosions  
without warning while approaching  
into a mile-away  
dog fight enemy zone  
like a world war land mines  
scattered everywhere  
causes friendly fires and  
extensive comrades damages

Little knowledge is venomous  
perhaps the most poisoned human air ever  
it could overthrow the thrown of  
any nominal king  
and when his knowledge speaks out  
it's like a genius of nothing  
too loud and too aggressive  
a vexations to the spirit

Go quietly amidst  
the random noisy toungees of the crowd

let your constituents acknowledge  
your intuitive wisdom  
as your shield and secret weaponry

reserve it  
as the sniper bullet  
one strike, one sure hit

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* NO MATTER HOW LONG IT MAYBE**

No matter how long the years you've been waiting  
Think always of your dreams  
Work for it  
Live with it  
As you walk in a green meadow  
While you rest in midnight bed –  
Bear dreams in heart  
For tomorrow's grace indeed

No matter how long  
As you go through journey's end  
Run on! never would to quit  
Someday, you'll finally finish the race

Dreams of life and wonderful visions  
You can't grasp them all at once ...  
There's allotted time for each  
You need to struggle for  
But never be dismay  
Whatever be tide  
Persevere until you succeed  
No matter how long it maybe!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* RAILROAD OF LIFE**

The railroad of life  
is heading into  
2 ultimate destinations

the failure and  
the success

and along the journey  
of time

I know my wife  
is waiting for  
my success  
full of hopes  
and searching happiness

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* START WHERE YOU ARE PLANTED**

Don't blame your  
parents poverty  
for not inheriting you  
wealth from birth

Don't finger point  
randomly anybody  
nor compare with  
other achievements

and implies narrowly

if you are like this  
you become like that

Don't question  
the magnificent hand  
of your Creator  
for your totality  
of your being you

success and failure  
is up to us  
either we strive hard  
and start where  
we are planted

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* TEMPTATION! ! !**

How strong you are!  
You can slave  
A majestic king  
You can rule  
Perhaps every wicked thing

Lust is but the principle of yours  
Enigmatically to conceive

Temptation! ! !  
O temptation! ! !  
Slave me not  
I am weak  
Like a captive  
Of the flesh

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* THE CLOCKWATCHERS**

Time will come  
All clock watchers can realize  
The value of time

A time when they are left behind  
A time when they come across  
This message of mine

"never waste time  
Time waits for a no one as it runs"

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* TO BE HONEST I'M A LIAR**

(words printed in chest worn by TESDA trainee)

wow  
what a signature shirt  
advertizing himself as liar  
is an honest  
admission of mistake

would it be an abused  
alibi  
for a recidivist?

and to be a liar  
one need to admit that  
he is honest at all times  
and never fails to utter lies

(written at TESDA, Korea - Phils.  
Vocational Training Center 5/19/09)

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**wisdom \*\*\*\*\* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE et al**

I am awfully sorry  
legendary Shakespeare  
I can't seat beside at your throne

I am so sorry  
famous Edgar Allan Poe  
I can't toss and drink  
the wine of your fame

and to national hero  
Dr. Jose Rizal, an apology  
I can't follow your heroic path  
by your sword - the mighty blade  
of pen and ink  
you freed our countrymen  
you saved the native land  
from Spaniard's octupos hand  
for over 300 years colony

I can't be like the world famous poets  
like Phunter top one from time and beyond  
nor to be an icon writer has ever lived

I am a meager creature  
who express freely anything  
painstaking explosive from my  
narrow mind

I am only patching my idle time  
cultivating my given passion  
settling puzzled emotions  
recording self-bio history  
from secluded nook to the vast open seas  
never expect much getting into publish  
nor getting applausng votes  
cent prizes in return

I am just bridging the exit passage way  
for my instinct humane burdens  
crashing the walls and borders  
for my intuitive earthly sufferings to flee  
and writing for me  
seems an extended pleas for my  
Divine Creator in lieu  
from my religious tongue  
misses to say

please hearken this apology

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**x - haiku - x /// DAVAO DURIAN**

Exotic genre  
Crowning inverted nails  
Like weird aroma for aphrodisiac mind spa

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**x - haiku - x /// NATIVE MARIJUANA**

Poor man's ecstasy  
Over rushing adrenalin glands  
Like endless windtalker

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**x - haiku - x /// BAGUIO STRAWBERRY**

Red lips  
Mixing sugar - salt pulps  
Like car freshener gum

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**x - haiku - x /// BUKIDNON PINEAPPLE**

Encircling populated eyes  
Biting tounge tidbits  
Overflowing on juicy tender cans

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**x - haiku - x /// CARABAO MANGOES**

Golden mangoes  
Mushrooming leafy branches  
Bearing nationalistic pride

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**x - haiku - x /// CAVENDISH BANANAS**

Blooming in upland  
Sprouting exporting bunches  
For Japan - apple barter trade

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**x - haiku - x /// EDEN DRAGON FRUITS**

No flaming mouth  
Sprinkling tiny ppeppermint  
Too expensive, can't afford to taste

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**x - haiku - x /// EXOTIC MARANG**

Whitening fleshy fruits  
As condensed-evaporated milk  
Sticky, yummy, banned to hotel guests

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**x - haiku - x /// PHILS. GREEN GRAPES**

Green mestizos  
Planted on native ground  
Like foreign visa from snow land

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**x - haiku - x /// RAMBUTAN FRUITS**

Kid's marble seeds  
Penetrating sweet to the bones  
Like death - row diabetic convict

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* BEYOND PHILIPPINE MILITARY ACADEMY**

You bring me up here  
At the top of greensummerville  
Somewhere in bakakeng north hill

Down  
Lights are on parade  
Homes of elegant  
Poverty is not shown

I feel young here  
A place of endless imagination

Never mind  
What lies beyond  
Phil. Military Academy  
Camp John Hay `s horizon  
Somewhere in the dark

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* EXERCISE FRESH DAWN WRITING**

A fresh dawn writing  
is an exercise for the brain  
it stretches mind muscles  
in writing awesome poems

A fresh dawn writing  
is the moment to ponder  
refreshing one's goal ahead  
a truly fresh start indeed

A fresh dawn writing  
is the time to listen the nature  
the crow of cocks like clock alarms  
leaving world burden nights unharm

A fresh dawn writing  
like an early morning walk  
like our pledge dedicated prayer  
to our God for His unconditional care

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**yoga \*\*\*\*\* LONESOME SEAS**

(written along Jintotolon channel between Panay island and Masbate)

I might by chance  
Recall all colorful cities  
All up-down hills  
All historical streets  
All placid atmosphere  
Of any local village

I might recall all the  
Clustered challenges  
Of human race  
Really  
As long as I can cross  
Any lonesome seas  
On earth

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* MOUNTAIN OF MEMORIES**

It has  
been  
a long  
long  
time  
ago

but

still  
lingering  
in  
my  
mind!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* MY MIND IS ON PARADE**

When I push my pen  
from left to right margin end  
words are written unfade  
from my mind is on parade

I talk verbally indeed  
uttered heartwarming praises  
I feel what my heart has dictated  
thru my mind is on parade

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* OBLIVION**

07102K ANNEX BLDG.  
New Era St.

One sharp noon  
Alone  
In the pace of imaginary darkness  
No spirit of light  
No sound of music  
No law of nature  
No slavery of temptation  
No code of rules  
No pain of misery  
No phobia of everything  
No tragedy of life  
No force of gravity  
No survival of species  
No philosophy of man  
No rivalry  
No power mystery  
No question of doubts  
No future history  
spotless  
    empty

                    void  
no memory

delete

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* OCEANIC IMAGINATION**

I stare  
nothing but the sea  
mind of mine  
screaming  
flying  
around ocean aura  
diving beneath  
murmuring propeller  
that pushes the glide

I can't imagine  
how my mind put  
risk  
with this stolen ship  
for selfish  
exploration  
to acquiant  
living ogres  
underneath

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* SACRIFICE**

Too much sacrifice  
marks brain damage  
but  
without single sacrifice  
creates no brain  
at all

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**yoga \*\*\*\*\* THE SEA OF TRANQUILITY**

Sun bidding  
goodbye

hissing wind  
disappearing

I watch them  
evaporating  
among waves

too late to hear  
my whisper  
to far to  
mutter it back  
again

now is another  
wink  
shouting across  
moonless night

caressing the  
tranquil sea  
of meditation

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**yoga \*\*\*\*\* THRILLING TOMORROW**

Bed 01 r00m 205 dorm 3  
Milton hills subdivision

My body is aching  
Eyes are tired  
Hands get cold  
Feet are weary  
Need someone to care

Sheltered from the light  
A romantic flame of light  
Embowered with a sweet-pleased song  
Lubricates to my soul  
So soft so smooth  
Stretches my toes  
Urging my unrest back  
To lay down on my bed numbered zero one

My transient home  
Spend all silent sleep  
Above my quilt  
Buried memories of woes and sadness  
Within my pillow  
Absorbed the tears of sorrows  
Replace happiness scent  
A warmth welcome dew  
For a thrilling tomorrow

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* WATCH OUT, PEN IS RUNNING!**

Watch out!

I can't control  
my mind

I can't stop  
my pen

all are running wild.....

Watch out again!

I can control  
now my mind

I can stop  
now my pen

this is it!

all are well-written

read these lines  
all over again

and conceive  
what I mean!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* WEAKNESS IS MY STRENGTH**

I am expected to  
act perfectly

in the world  
full of mistakes

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* YOGA AT SEA**

I  
might  
recall  
all cluster  
of experiences

really

as  
long as  
i can  
cross any  
lonesome seas  
on earth!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**yoga \*\*\*\*\* ZODIAC IN STARLESS SKY**

Fingerprints of light-year-distant stars  
fixed and scattered  
hunging a part in the mirrored hole  
in cavernous darkness  
sparkling in hollow dust  
of infinity  
the geography of ancient  
warriors  
the landmark zone of  
old-stoner nomads  
an extended geography  
even before civilization was born  
and created

the gemini, the sagittarius  
the pisces  
and all their siblings  
puzzling human brain  
in modern times

look up overhead and  
match up with your reading tabloid  
your daily zodiac portion  
a life -guide path for stargazing believers  
prophecising hit and miss  
day by day encounters of all beings  
and avid readers the make believe  
become crazy about it  
as if committing suicide  
in counting the starships  
overhead by hitting foolishly  
the universe undefinable dead end

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**z. creature \*\*\*\*\* TARSIER SCREAMING FOR MORNING SUN**

He's not from Bohol Philippines  
He's from Mt. Malindang virgin forest  
Misamis Occidental topmost

He's nocturnal  
His pupil is wide-opened at night  
He's screaming to watch the  
upcoming morning sun

It's his last scream  
almost I hear it tonight  
seems  
He's old enough to breath for tomorrow  
still I feel the loud cry around me  
I know what he feels  
being old and aching is not  
but being away from home forest  
being fettered by civilized human  
He feels more than the tensed of a hand-cupped  
criminal sentence to death by tomorrow

He holds his breath  
better to die for himself  
than to scream hopelessly when will  
the morning sun shines directly on him  
radiates impossible rays of freedom

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**z. creature \*\*\*\*\* TIGER OSTRICH ORANGUTAN ETC.. AT CROCS PARK**

It is as if the park  
we walk on,  
this New year day 2009  
is the park of wild beasts  
tranferred from jungle forest  
compress into single jail  
beautifully landscaped and designed

Entrance fees  
not for ransoms nor bails  
for creatures' release  
for not-to-be expected freedom

They are exploited  
like the just-born baby crocs  
couldn't taste yet the  
aroma of wild river  
their supposed grandeur habitat  
away from human touch  
radiation of digital cam  
harmful sights of guests  
teasing their squared limited haven  
so heart breaking  
while their teary eyes  
gaze up the native birds and buzzing bees  
flying freely in infinite sky  
grasping full justice and freedom  
chanting all day long over the  
extra judicial prisoners' animals  
not so lucky enough to be a localized- common  
creatures that unshackles spectator's curiosity  
unfettters commercial animal tours

may this poem unlocks the  
croc's inmates aching fate

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**z. creature \*\*\*\*\* TWIN BACTERIA FACE TO FACE**

PE 4 swimming lesson Amoranto, Cubao

I dive at the pool  
swim freestyle  
underwater  
I open my eyes  
Minute bacteria facing  
face to face

drifting beneath  
in chlorinated pool  
bubbling  
multiplying the germs

I step up  
looking back universal solvent  
I mirror myself  
my face is floating  
facing back to me  
and boomerang single identity  
macro germs contaminate  
floating my unclaimed twin  
since birth  
accidentally we meet  
today spreading viruses  
in this mask-wearing world

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN



**z. creature \*\*\*\*\* ZOO THAT TAKES PLACE MY BODY**

There's a lion inside me  
roaring loud within my belly

and the stallion on my feet  
kicking out my tarantula fingernails

There's a Thai elephant over my head  
and the arwana in my eyes  
circling around my forehead bowl

There's a chimpanzee in my phalanges  
gripping like a hatch ostrich  
pasting like a lacoste in chest  
a giraffe in neck  
a shark attacking my heart

There's a serpentine sneakingly my ventral butt  
and obsolete dinosaur freed  
from my jurassic breath

like a ghost of Philippine eagle  
endangering -

almost gone in numbers  
like my my jungle mind fading  
while exploiting wild  
the commercialized species privacy

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**z. creatures \*\*\*\*\* INSECTS HOLOCAUST**

A bearded cockroach suffered  
severe comatose  
cat-size rats paralyzed before  
their last supper  
domestic insects frozen  
inside sewage tunnel  
flushing cancerous  
excrements  
waterproof army of ants  
sneakingly cut out depression  
the timid spider's gossamer

airborne mosquitoes crashed  
after an exhibition took off  
and suffocated inside sooty  
killer bag of smoke

the just widowed sexy fly  
alone left from the 2009  
pandemic household attack

in synchronized of the  
swine flu from mexico  
after my neighbor's death  
on heart cancer

naive worms escaped gracefully  
heading into their pagan like  
vigil festivity

\* thanks to the month-old cobwebs  
and the friendly insects in squatting  
the house nook. It really inspired a lot  
in writing this piece

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**z. creatures \*\*\*\*\* WILDLIFE DUSK**

at wildlife nature park

delirious imagination  
unmindful  
digging up wild past  
casting away home  
like wild beasts

like wild mind  
loosing the cage  
unblocked freedom

unaware  
in this dusk  
wild creatures  
feel asleep  
they don't know  
i know  
they don't know  
where my wild mind goes  
have pity to them

beware wild readers!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN

**z.....page600..... FEET FIRST MASSAGE POEM**

written at FF7 Dubai Mall  
as inspired by my co-staffs and the clients as well

Nothing can substitute the touch of hand  
the panacea of your muscle ache-ness

**DEEP TISSUE, DE-STRESS**

Feel the soft touch like heaven  
Soothing to your twisted knots  
Slowly gliding palm penetrates down  
To your ached muscle tissues  
Absorb from daily stressful affairs;  
Effleurage softens the rocking nerves  
Petrissage kneads nodules of mortality

**SHIATSU**

The ball-ended weight of dry finger press  
The crawling, rolling, rain-dropping  
Sequences of finger tips  
Along meridian trigger points  
Striking like a slow-mo bullets  
BANG! BANG! BANG!  
Hitting, targeting, shooting  
All impurities of stressful flesh

**FEET REFLEX**

By the frontier tip of the sole  
Corresponding physiological order  
By the cliff of scientific manipulations  
By the well-matched zoning techniques  
By the channel system of fainted glands  
There  
Anchored the waves of reflex  
Normalizing all fragile, weak  
Vulnerable mortal being

**JETLAG MASSAGE**

Lift me up high  
As high as the mind relax as the sky  
Bend down my wearied knees  
Glide stressed thighs  
Gently, please, gently  
And  
The numb soul is dancing now  
With the flow of rhythmic  
Therapeutic elasticity

this poem is strictly for massage therapy only  
no extra services  
God is watching us!

ROMMEL MARK DOMINGUEZ MARCHAN