Poetry Series

Shelomith Noarbe

- poems -

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Shelomith Noarbe (April 21,1984)

I love writing and reading poems. Recently, I'm a copy center operator and a graphic artist of my own shop in (Visayas) Southern Negros (Occidental) Philippines. I only write poems each time I'm on a long vacation on a strange land. Whenever I am not able to meet friend(s) on that strange land aka 'new place'. I love expressing things I experienced or about to experienced, I'm 23 and is single and love the art of life, I love cooking, too. One day I dreamed to be a chef-journalist or a traveler chef and own my own house and famous poet of course! Where you know my poem will be used in some movie. Read my poem folks and thanks for reading(if you read so) !

Happiness Within

Happiness is not only heard through laughters
But of course...
By the warmth of one' touch
By the calm smile from one's lips
By the graceful move of one's body
By the sense of belonging of a certain being
You too can show that real happiness within you
Show it in the eyes
And any signs will follow afterwards
Eyes will brought out all the happiness within.
See now for yourself...
See now!

Shelomith Noarbe

love

for all things i have known
love is the best thing to be shown!

Shelomith Noarbe

On The Aeroplane

Looking throught the shadowy glass window
An aeroplane above the towering heights I see
Now I remember a few moments
My neighbor so georgeous left
Going to the airport to fly to the love of his life
That woman was not his wife, but just a sweetheart, you see!
I'm not jealous of her or so I believe he would come back.
On the aeroplane, I imagine
He is sitting near the window for him to see me
Waving with the word 'Hi! ' forming my lips.
I saw him wave back and say, 'I'll be back, my dear, I'll be back! '
'Twas an emotional imagination
And I'm hoping that was real
Or if it is not
We still don't know what's...
On the aeroplane.

Shelomith Noarbe

Special Time, No More

Special time it is if...
Love from hate is mended!
Understanding from weeping is heard!
It is no more if...
Curse took love's place
Grudge covers both ears and took understanding's place!
Special time, no more.

Shelomith Noarbe

Will Be

one night the whispers of winds emerged into her ears
hushing her to quit sheading tears
the moment of silence break her heart
the waves of ocean abides
the sand she walked on is shimmery cold
as if all stars above fall
she sob, and look above, seeing crescent that is sad
everything watches her, guides her, but no one...
loves her...she's broken into pieces, she can't be glued again
one night on same site, on same scene
illusions bind the night
a man swept her off her feet and carry her high
she can feel his biceps, she can feel his longing
questions arise, she's not her man
and then he whispers, 'i will be'
dreams end
morning came
she's been dreaming
the phone rings
they talk
she smiled
he became!

Shelomith Noarbe