

Poetry Series

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- poems -**

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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just a simple person who love to write anything and everything that catches the attention...

A Poet's Way Of Cooking Chicken Curry

Before I start with my mouth-watering cookery
Let me first prepare all the things necessary
Mis-en-place, I need to keep that in my memory
Everything is in place and everything should be ready

I will now begin with the important ingredients
Garlic, onion, ginger and pepper are some of the components
Curry powder, butter, salt, sugar for fine enhancement
And of course choice-cut chicken as the primary element

Let me not forget to incorporate some veggies
Eggplant and green beans make curry truly tasty
Adding up coconut milk creates it a little bit sultry
So let me start cooking because I am now ready

In a hot skillet, I am putting an amount of butter
Next is to sauté garlic, onion, and ginger
I stir it constantly until onion is a bit clear
I smell the aroma to let myself feel better

Next to do is to drop in the choice-cut chicken
I put curry powder and black pepper to smoothen
Stir it well so that mixture will be even
Let it simmer in order flavor will be heightened

After few minutes of waiting and simmering
I pour in the coconut milk and veggies to make it more appealing
Then blend it well and let it stand boiling
In few moments, chicken curry will be appetizing

After that, I will check its body and color
Some salt and sugar to enhance the flavour
Finally, cooking it with love is an important factor
Then I am all set to serve it with pleasure

Have you heard of someone who cooks chicken curry
who not only cook with his heart but with artistry?
Well, you do not really have to worry
Because the person I am referring to... is me

Jose Vicente Mikael Regalado

In The Midst Of My Solitude

When there's a time that I am down
I run alone and make no sound
Pitches of darkness to me surround
As dejection and doldrums are around

I glimpse myself imprinted in agony
My humanity runs out of melody
Distressed, ruined, and even in misery
I shed tears to ease out this melancholy

Squeeze of loneliness tears me apart
Thousand of swords pierce this forlorn heart
Tunes of happiness to me depart
Expression of grief is a good start

I come to cry in the pouring rain
I shout to release the feelings of pain
Life seems useless; gloom is all I attain
Desperation of living pricks my brain

My heart aches much and even shatters
Life for me now; it does not matter
It's as if i am in an unsounded water
Death could be easy and even much better

Although in the midst of my solitude
A love so pure and of high magnitude
Could give me even a little fortitude
And unshackle this appalling attitude

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Poem For A Long Lost Brother

I love you my little baby brother
You are my life and there is no other
I'll do or die and promise to be with you
I hope you feel the same way too

I'll love you even through the pain you give to me
'Coz you are loved and so dear to me
My heart will be open for you to see
That even through death I forever will be

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