

Poetry Series

**Noel Horlanda**  
**- poems -**

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## Noel Horlanda(Sep 12,1941)

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

# A Child's Dream

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# A Father's Lamentation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# A New Nation, A New Land 2010

(A Presidnet's Creed  
Inspired from the Bible)

For, behold You created a new nation, a new land  
And the old shall be forgotten nor  
shall be remembered

I believe the spirit of the Lord is upon me  
To preach this good tidings unto you, my people  
Rejoice for He hath sent me,  
To bind up the broken hearted,  
To vanish oppression and injustice,  
To proclaim liberty to the captive of corruption,  
To comfort all that mourn and all that suffer  
□

For, behold this new nation and new land  
shall be clothed with the garment of praise  
For the spirit of patriotism that they might be called  
Trees of righteousness, there shall be great  
rejoicing for there shall be years of long lasting  
peace, justice and prosperity  
And her people a joy

The voice of weeping shall be heard no more nor  
the voice of the poor crying, they shall not  
labor in vain nor bring forth misery and death,  
for they are the seed of this great land in the East  
and their offsprings with them, and that they shall be known  
among the gentiles of the world and acknowledge them  
all for they are the children of God

This new nation and new land shall greatly rejoice in the Lord  
for He hath clothed his people with vestment of salvation,  
He hath covered them with the robe of righteousness.  
He hath decketh this new nation and new land with  
green ornaments and jewels and shall remain forever  
I believe the spirit of the Lord God is upon us all

Mabuhay, Filipinas!

Noel Horlanda

## Acrostic: Filipino Race

An acrostic (from the late Greek akróstichis, from ákros, 'top', and stíchos, 'verse') is a poem or other form of writing in an alphabetic script, in which the first letter, syllable or word of each line, paragraph or other recurring feature in the text spells out a word or a message.

Far down South China Sea  
Indigenous brave men and women lives  
Loyal, friendly, fearless happy people  
Ingenious and not to be outsmarted  
Pearl of the orient no other else in Asia  
Islands nurtured by Mother Nature and its wonders  
Not to fear surrender its freedom and liberty  
Only to die and ready to struggle to self-determination  
Race to economic prosperity  
Ace of democracy and ingenuity  
Challenges to fight back in defense of its sovereignty  
Echoes people power through out the world

Noel Horlanda

## Acrostic: Summer Memories

Sunshine brightens up my day  
Under the shade of a giant acacia tree  
Memories of childhood flashed back to me  
Mama's girlie voice I heard today  
Echoes deep inside me every now and then  
Recollection of dear love comes a sudden

Moments of happiness cannot be ignored  
Elated to see my long lost wife my lover  
My heart leaps with joy overboard  
Overwhelms my adrenals nearly a goner  
Recounts my blessings with my fingers in accord  
Instead enjoys the Lord's gifts that's in my hold  
Effervescent light struck me once and behold  
Summer memories kept coming back like a broken record

Noel Horlanda

## Acrostic: What Is It?

(Santol tree bears a sweet tropical fruit found abundant in the Philippines and in Thailand)

Spherical granulated floras this month of March  
Angled up high on tangerine leafy branches  
Neither sweet nor sour thing in early stage  
Together comes in cluster this summer of May  
Orange yellow smileys so sweet in later phase  
Large or small I care no less but only to salivate

04/15/2010

Noel Horlanda

# Afterglow

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# An Expat N' Riyadh

Marhabah!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rides on top, camel on back,  
Cupped hand on brow,  
Angoras an' sheeps far beyond  
Bloke walkest afar,  
Saud ol' mud castle saw I,  
Centuries yet foregone,  
Sturdy n' strong

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Arabian Sun

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

Noel Horlanda

# Battle Of Mactan 1521

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

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

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

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

That day came but the Battle of Mactan is well remembered

APRIL 27,1521

Noel Horlanda

# Bohol Tarsiers

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

☒horlandi

Note: Tarsier the smallest primate in the world found only

☒ Central Philippines and some parts in Indonesia.☐

Noel Horlanda

# Butterflies, Flowers, Romance

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Chocolate Hills

A young bird sat on tree branch,  
looks here and there,  
as if nothing to do  
Confused whether to scream  
out of woods,  
fly somewhere else,  
explore someplace else,  
where nev'r been too  
So rose I,  
began to travel  
fear within me,  
spread my wings,  
careful I,  
predators hidden somewhere  
And as I looked down below,  
calm blue seas,  
waves moving backward,  
as I mov'd forward  
empty white horizon beyond,  
Few miles more,  
green field appeared,  
verdure all about,  
so cool to sight,  
flowers abound,  
what earth's beauty,  
cracked aloud I  
Few miles more,  
cast me down,  
sharp an' clear,  
couldn't believe,  
what's down there.  
What makes diff'rent from others?  
faste buds perspires,  
waters actually,  
hills of chocolate, no wonder,  
believe it or not,  
Hover'd over once more,  
twice more,  
investigated the more,

Then dropped over,  
    an'wonder'd still  
Admires the brown scenery,  
The once green grass perhaps,  
Convinced to golden brown,  
By white hot sun,  
Oh, miracle n' the making  
Mud thrown about by naughty titans,  
    or formed tear liked,  
    from young love in despair, □  
    as legend once told, .  
Countless dark chocolate hills,  
Queue in rows,  
    all in same sizes, shapes,  
    packed like kisses,  
    ready for sale to touring men  
The long hot summer,  
Should have meltdown an' simmer,  
But none there is  
Comes next wet season,  
Electric green grass,  
Resurrected life once more,  
Chocolate no more,  
But insist to remain there,  
    broccoli liked lookin' this time,  
At this hour sellin' still to touring few,  
Novice I young falcon,  
Returns the next hot rising,  
To witness again,  
The turnin' golden leaf,  
Of the ten world's wonders,  
The chocolate hills

Noel Horlanda

# Companionship

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Destiny

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

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

T'was a lad on Mount Everest  
A meeting between Tyche, Fortuna and him  
Destiny is like the flowering of a romance  
That has meant to be, they say  
There was Nonus the Norse goddess  
He saw her spinning the threads of destinies  
Each thread represents individual's fate  
Choose then your destiny, she said  
And once you're on your path  
It's interchangeable! So...  
The lad came down to earth, depressed

He'll never know what his fate was

Noel Horlanda

# Dream

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

Noel Horlanda

# Fame, The Flower

A premature bud  
Appeared from nowhere  
Tight, sugary, rubicund  
In fields of green  
Soon blooms d'mornin'  
Into loveliness and  
Her fragrance wafted in air  
Drawing my attention

Fame, my wildflower  
Sings like a bluejay  
A lullaby in my dreams  
Lovely as a monarch  
Swift as summer wind  
Cloth in rainbow colors  
Smiles like a virgin  
Dance like a deity

Wet as morning dew  
Like Venus' teardrops  
What other adjectives  
Could I compare?  
There's no doubt  
Now and forever  
You will be my woman  
My ultimate flower  
Fame

Noel Horlanda

# Fire, Fire, Fire!

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

Noel Horlanda

# First Love

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

Noel Horlanda

# Flames Of Love

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

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

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

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

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

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

-the end-

Noel Horlanda

# Full Moon

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Gone Forever

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

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

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

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

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

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

Comes the unforgettable dawn  
mixed emotions can't be drawn  
every heart breaks in two that day

she lay motionless  
its breath deepened panted 'til end

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

I know not where she is now  
but Fluke takes a bow  
for she was as great as her  
side by side they lay  
others before them barks no more

To all dogs I loved before  
I salute you!

Noel Horlanda

## Haiku: At Night

Round bright eye at dark  
Sat on thing no one could see  
Weird sounds woo O O!

Noel Horlanda

## Haiku: Selene

Circular yellow  
Lady in silk drifts away  
Dances oh oh tune

Noel Horlanda

# Happiness

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then true happiness  
A natural state of the soul  
When liberated from all karmas, blessedness

knowledge and perception are ours to own

Noel Horlanda

## How Do I Define Love?

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

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

Tell me...

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

Noel Horlanda

# I Think 'bout You

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

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

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

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

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

Looking down the road  
Alone and lonely  
It's time to think 'bout you  
For me to go home

To be with you  
Make love `til mornin`

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

Noel Horlanda

# I Want To...

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

Again for the last time...

I want to be your man now and forever...

Dammit! ! !

Noel Horlanda

# Imagination

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Jealousy's Wrath (Envy's Twin Sister)

- (1) Is like lightning bolt splits heaven in half
- (2) It shakes the earth in moments laugh
- (3) Causes onerous rumbling sound
- (4) Sways ev'ry thing around
- (5) Stirs hibernat'ng doves
- (6) Ov'r rainbows above
- (7) It swells abyss rivers,
- (8) Sweet taste ever
- (9) Is like trees aflame uphill
- (10) Serenity reigns befell
- (11) Fear prevails once more
- (12) As rolling rain clouds adores
- (13) It drizzles then moves away
- (14) Fanned by gales from the bay
- (15) Only to return later in a day
- (16) A bucket of cold water empti'd
- (17) Loses it's strength accorded
- (18) Rekindles when coddl'd
- (19) Regains its force befuddl'd
- (20) Its potency, its intensity
- (21) Hard headed, curiosity
- (22) Conqueror of vanity
- (23) A difficulty is nothing no matter what
- (24) Tears down any thing along its path
- (25) Having close mind it doesn't care
- (26) It's blind, hard of hearing yet dares
- (27) Now and then goes berserk
- (28) Doesn't know what to do, it quirks
- (29) Unintelligible yet outwits neurons
- (30) Looks stupid, inept, moron
- (31) Easily explodes, possessive
- (32) But tender, submissive
- (33) At times it cries,
- (34) At times it vies,
- (35) At times it yells
- (36) It rings the bell
- (37) Mad, imbecile
- (38) Not o' for sale
- (39) No nonsense,

(40)  horse sense

Noel Horlanda

# Louise (Yo' Weren't Born In My Time)

I was born,  
Yo' weren't  
And was come  
Years pass by  
And I become  
Attyro yo' are, sadly  
Yo' were born too late

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Love Lost

Heavens so bright early morn'  
Phone rings inside dorm  
Her voice tickles me more  
Makes my eyes' adore  
The long hot summer  
Makes me sweat but somber  
Hot as microwave oven  
She gives me a haven  
But gone is the lust  
After which love lost

New found love  
It would be hard job  
Obeisance to her wishes  
Hate to wash grimy dishes  
Do laundry, cooked for her  
Polished floors down under  
Drive her daily to salon  
Didn't leave me alone  
'Til I'm full and grumble  
Love lost, on the double

Double yester, now triple  
Couldn't afford quadruple  
Got to be careful  
Or I'd be like a waterfall  
Nowhere to go but to despair  
Man needs a perfect pair  
Can't find true love? Get a pet  
Hold her under your armpit  
Treat her good, feed her well  
No love lost, it rings the bell

Noel Horlanda

# Man Of Sorrows

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

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

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

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

Done no violence  
No deceit in his mouth  
Yet offered his life  
To save his race  
Annihilation from sin

Righteous servant is he  
Shall be satisfied at the end

Noel Horlanda

# Man Vs Woman

They say:

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

I will add to that:

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

And I will further said:

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

Therefore:

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

My advice:

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

Noel Horlanda

# Mango Tree

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

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

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

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

The protégé listened  
His latitudinarian Ol' man,  
Once a valiant seaman,  
By then turned farm hand,

Possesses mango land,  
A sellin' the sweetish fruit,  
That's Ol' man's dream,  
And it's comin' true

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

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

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

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

Of all the fruits,

Mango the sweetish of them all!

Noel Horlanda

# Mila Gay

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

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

Long eyelashes,  
Dark eye flashes,  
Easy to fall in love,  
As if innocent dove

.  
And when she smiles,  
Brightens up my day a mile,  
Fingers smooth and slick,  
Makes my belly ache and click

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

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

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

When will I see you again, my love?

Noel Horlanda

# My Girl, My Woman, My Lover

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# My Other Luv

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

Noel Horlanda

# My Valentine Date

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

## Nonet: Flora

A Nonet is a nine line poem, with the first line containing nine syllables, the next eight, so on until the last line has one syllable, rhyming is optional.

Pleasantness irradiates the morn's light  
The glory I always delight  
    Makes the darkness sunshine bright  
Look at my dearest dame  
    Tops white as snowball  
        Down in the hall  
            in my gall  
                bothers  
                    me

Noel Horlanda

## Nonet: Tee Off

Far over slimy ocean of trees  
Beyond orchard of rolling greens  
Soar high round dots twist, turn, stroll  
Bound over pond of stream  
Dark pit falls into  
Where it belongs  
Hole in one!  
Potter's  
Joy

Noel Horlanda

# Nyctophobia - Afraid Of The Dark

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# On Growing Old

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Our Flag (Philippines)

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

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

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

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

Red, white an' blue  
Three golden stars an' a sun

Fathers, mothers,  
Sisters an' brothers,  
Looks up to azure sky  
Pledges no more to shy  
Vowed nev'r to be slaved  
Soldiers nev'r to enslave

Red, white an' blue  
Three golden stars an' a sun  
Together we endure an' cry  
Ready to defend an' die  
To fight corruption an' tyranny  
Locates, defeats terrorism's nanny  
At day ends our nation's free  
From all crisis' spree

Noel Horlanda

# Rosemarie Joy

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Sampaguita (Philippine National Flower)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sampaguitas, flourish ev'r  
immaculate white, eternal  
A jewel in her own way,  
as nite's tempest, nev'r!

She's pure and innocent,  
Brilliant, incandescent

Noel Horlanda

## Senryu: Comic

Senryu (literally 'river willow') is a Japanese form of short poetry similar to haiku in construction: three lines with 17 or fewer. Senryu tend to be about human foibles while haiku tend to be about nature, and senryu are often cynical or darkly humorous while haiku are more serious. Unlike haiku, senryu do not include a kireji (cutting word) , and do not generally include a kigo, or season word.

Songs, romance, kisses,  
Cry, tears, pain, and repentance  
Hugs, smiles, put to rights

Noel Horlanda

## Senryu2: Inebriated

Toast bloody spirits  
Mad Maddona waited, cried  
Home late high moon way

Enters malefic door  
Devours her, day in day out  
Fade out to the core

Noel Horlanda

# Serenity

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Shane

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Shane Oh my Shane!

Noel Horlanda

# Smile

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Soap Bubbles

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Survivors rose from the earth smiles  
Two, three, four about a hundred  
Drifts in air back again

Like Christmas balls bopped in miles

Free once more n' wanders

Like newborn babes that hardly cry

That's what lovers are

like soap bubbles delicate, tender

Look! There's more comin'

Hey kids! What's goin' on?

I'm comin' up...

Noel Horlanda

# Sons Of The Mighty

Under the gathering storm  
Good n' evil brainchild  
Continued in conflict  
One prevailed after brainstorm

White house on hilltop  
Sons labored all day, night  
Circled 'bout round table  
Like Arthur's knights

All gentle, handsome  
Lords and oligarchs  
But altruistic, kind and humble  
The mogul awesome

Caravan for democracy  
Theme of the mighty sons  
For San Marino town  
Land of the brave sun

Love of the masses  
What the sons desired  
To behold n' protect  
The northern oasis

Beloved nearly lost  
Next of kin slaughtered  
By evil thoughts n' belief  
At the end revered

Freedom their battle cry  
The amaranthine demand  
To destroy iniquity and  
Enslavement command

Sons of the Mighty  
Compulsive swivet  
For Ethiopia's reborn  
A blessing from Almighty

Note: This is written in poetry format based on my novel 'Sons of the Mighty' currently published and sold on line at

Noel Horlanda

# Summertime

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Keep rainy days away,  
Dry season adhere, .  
Drizzle froze by the roadway,  
Summertime is here!

Noel Horlanda

# The Bird King (Great Philippine Eagle)

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Curse Of Drugs

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yet in my nest  
Thought you're honest  
Yet we need kindness

For God sake tell me  
Where have we failed?

Noel Horlanda

# The Eleven Angels # 10

(10) Destiny Angel

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Eleven Angels # 11

(11) Guardian Angel

Finally am your Guardian Angel,  
Your truest and best friend  
other than the Lord  
Who knows and loves you best  
Am always at your side,  
Whenever you need me,  
hang on to me  
Least you stumble your foot  
upon a stone

Noel Horlanda

# The Eleven Angels # 5

(5) Good Fortune Angel

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

Noel Horlanda

## The Eleven Angels # 6

(6) Success Angel

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Eleven Angels # 7

(7) Home Angel

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Eleven Angels # 8

(8) Protector Angel

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Eleven Angels # 9

(9) Purpose Angel

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Eleven Angels #1

(1) Life Angel -

Am your Angel of Life

My obligation is...

to let you enjoy life,

make you laugh and smile,

to bring forth happiness, new friends

for the rest of your living days

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

Noel Horlanda

## The Eleven Angels #2

(2) LOVE ANGEL

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Eleven Angels #3

(3) Power Angel

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Eleven Angels #4

## (4) HEALTH ANGEL

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Narra Tree (Philippine National Tree)

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Red Beast

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# The Shadow Of Death (In The Cracked Mirror)

One day...

the morning glory showed up  
In bed quietus, serenely bopped  
perfervid, morose reflection o' mine  
In cracked mirror, handsomely divine  
In there was my epiphany  
eerie, execrable but funny  
A cancer sufferer did I

Another day...

A supernova passes by  
Panoptic she was, all aplomb  
Full of hope, faith and boom  
Ebullient she was but nugatory  
A badger gritty to live in purgatory  
Fought I to survive  
Discombobulated at end divide  
In the cracked mirror once more  
vision saw I the more  
A cavity inane, dreary  
Where non-essence dwells fiery  
Behind the reflection, the image  
Hypervent, heavy at edge  
Waited the shadow of death

On the other side...

A dark warrior held at bay  
Cramped in foxhole one day  
A mortal wound on chest  
burgundy furious in taste  
Looked up the intense sky  
Saw self ready to die  
his lovely wife and child  
having yellow flowers ran wild  
the soldier was easy to accept  
What's got into him except  
Somethin' he didn't want to see  
Underneath an inky sea  
Ugly and hefty dig  
For him to lay dead

While empty dark space  
A cranium with no face  
Moves with no trace  
Drags its heavy feet  
With iron ball clipped  
hidden under fabric edge  
In cracked mirror it pledged  
My bro, it's the shadow of death

Noel Horlanda

# The Wind

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wind power is ours to harness!

Noel Horlanda

# Thou Hast Been Our Dwelling Place

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# True Love...She

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

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

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

Grandee on bended knees  
Taciturn, hauteur, querulous  
Vituperate did she become  
Tremulous am I  
Brave only betimes  
To defend 'til death  
Wrong or right

Ascribed her in my heart  
There was animadversion  
But finally a cosset

Noel Horlanda

## Two Virgins

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

Noel Horlanda

# Unto Us A Nation Is Born

(Inspired from the Bible)

In the East, a black horizon  
Where no living sun arises  
A mist, cloud gathering zone  
Look within, hundred islands terraces  
In the beginning inhabitants in darkness  
Walks continuously to seek light, blinded  
They dwell in the shadow of death, nest  
In the valley of the dead, knights divided  
They walked with other gods  
They stumbled upon their corpses  
Garments rolled in blood  
Cities burnt as if flaming torches  
Demon warriors battles, plunders  
No joy in time to harvest  
The search for light put asunder  
Fuel of fire leads the bravest  
'Til unto us a nation is born  
A true leader is given,  
Emotions, heart's burnt  
The kingdom's burden,  
Shall be upon his shoulder  
As if a heavy boulder  
And his name shall be called peace, justice, prosperity

Noel Horlanda

# Visualization

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Volcano Monologue

Who's the greatest of all?

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

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

Ah! Those old, feeble and decrepit  
Strumpets!

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

Silence!

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

Oh no! Not her, forget everything, said I

Gosh! Look up, forget her not!  
Mount Pinatubo, furious, bold  
The greatest of all times this century  
ever recorded in history, a celebrity!  
Supervolcano? Nyet  
When angered, devastates,

neo landmarks revealed,  
ash plume shoots up thousand feet,  
descends to earth as if snowflakes,  
darkness covers half the world, yet  
quiet now, dormant once more  
but not forever...its greatness  
wouldn't be forgotten ever!

Agreed! ! !

Noel Horlanda

# Who's Your True Friend?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Wisdom

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

Noel Horlanda

# Yellow Badge Of Courage

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

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

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

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

Noel Horlanda

# Zanzibar & Merlin

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

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

Bizarre shadow skull capped  
Lider&#263; flies at night  
Appears as fiery light  
Satanic lover drinks in cup  
Lay by her ladyship's side  
Slumbers by the bedside

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

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

One gloomy day  
Such union turns into explosion  
Half human offspring lay  
Unwanted by nations

Feared by Arthurian nonetheless  
The cambion Merlin wizard that he's

Noel Horlanda