

Poetry Series

**villiamor calventas**  
**- poems -**

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# villiamor calventas(january 27,1953)

when i was young an elementary grade child..

One day in my life

Life is not a dream is it real and trials, pains are the name of the game.

Dawn;

The rooster crows. It is 3: 00 am. I had to do my bedroll the mat, rush to the kitchen, hurriedly took a kettle pour water and boil it, Later and sip a mug of coffee then off to the fields..the carabaos are crying they had to go to the pasture and graze some green and brown grasses. It is a new day. These had been a daily routine for me at the age of nine and onward. I had learned to love the smell of the damp earth and the feeling of the sweet breeze at dawn. I had seen the beauty of the stars at the same moment as they slowly fade away for the coming of the sun and took the world with him flooded it with his golden rays and then the dewdrops on leaves of treetops gracefully vanish to thin air.

My day had just begun..

Slowly gradually i command the carabao and we waded on the wet fields till it is ready for planting rice..Hmm i was one of a kind i just sang "Planting rice is a lots of fun" with that note i finished planting parcels and parcels of fields without actually noticing how i made it in daylight till i felt the hotness of the sun on my back clothe only with thin shirt it is time for home with the hope that i could eat well and then take a nap and be back to finish a goal that never ends.

Midday...

The "dulang" was decorated with fried rice the leftover i had in the morning.. I had no business to complain at least i had something to eat and i loved fried rice and i took a jar of salted fish mix it with the rice and some spoonful of sugar and i know i am feds enough no doubt about that. I said it is better this way than just having noting at all. I just thought someday all these will be through that is part of my wildest imagination and dreams. A dream of a lost child in the wilderness of work is what i am made of.

Afternoon escapades...

Thirty minutes past twelve..glance at the scorching sun as if asking him to be a little colder but his majesty just stare at me with blank eye..i slowly retrace my steps a while ago and with head bow down off to filed once again. For a while i thought of playing for a while but the moment i saw my unfinished work i am resigned to the thought well this is also play. Play with rice paddies, jump over them, plant..plant..plant until the job is done. Anyway the birds are chirping nearby and the dragonflies fleets here and there..i loved to watch them sometimes i wanted to catch them and i only manage to catch i few. Whew what a unique way of spending the time that should be foolishness of the young and

the beauty of a childhood lost in the forest of yesteryears.

Dusk...

☞mm sun creeps slowly at the bottom of that majestic mountain..my carabaos are waiting for a ride down to summer's dream..up to the memory lane. Yeah i love the dusk for it is a time for me to share moments with the cattle drive them to the white sparkling water of the river or to the brook depending on where i let them graze on marsh grasslands. I always enjoy the feeling of riding on carabao's back imagining i was a cowboy in search of a lady in distress. Sometimes i fall back and my dreams and imaginations turn to naught i am back to reality that i am a man not a child of nine. The world is never for me a bed of roses but a world of work and jobs. Yet those days turn me to be what i am now a man with the dreams and beauty of a child's thoughts, dreams and emotions. That is why i am just unique and just one here on and on..

Twilight..

☐could not trace the lines on my palm by now. Yet i am still on carabao's back slowly trotting for home. On time i would reach the place under the pomelo trees fixed the cattle on their sheds, talk to them for a while as if they are my friends and i know that we understand each other that even they look at me with eyes that seems not to see i believe they understood the sentiments bottled up within the heart of a little child. Sometimes then i sobbed as i felt the harsh hair on their backs and as i shook their horns pat their backs and say good night sleep well tomorrow is a busy day for all of us.

Night..

☒he thousand eyes above look down on the houses beyond and i could hear shouts of joy as the other children made circles and voted what game they had to play. Will it be patintero? Or better hide and seek, or rather catch me if you can.. I covered my ears with my trembling hands i hate to hear those shouts they only remind me of how weak i am after the day's jobs. The time is too precious for me to spend for child's play i had to sleep to rest for tomorrow is but another busy day. I do not need the twinkle of the stars to wink at me what i wish is the embrace of the mat and the comfort of the pillow and the music from the night owl to lull me to sleep and then i know i will be in dreamland of the day's to come where i am also a child who could spend his days on imagining under trees, stroll on sands not this child of clay wearing tattered shorts and torn shirts having cared not by man but by breeze, and green grasses of the fields. This child of jobs who does not need a play to complete his day, this soul that is being cared by the graces of God above as He had said..Let the child come to me..Or was i a child or a man? Or a man imprisoned on the young

physique of a child?

That i cannot fathom until this day..The day i learned that is another story. For now i had a night to rest and hope for another day..

I am done...God bless you

Jv....10.01.12

this is what transpired when i was in high school

High school life happiest? Not again

" High school life..oh my high school life anong ganda..anong saya..." there goes the song again and every time the students belched out the song i am not happy about it instead there is a feeling of sadness deep within me, from my heart, mind and soul..there are but few memories that would make that stage of my education a memorable one when it comes to pleasures and other forms of relaxation one has to enjoy in a secondary education.

Please do not get me wrong. Do not raise an eyebrow just read my story and try to ponder these ideas i had then laugh if you must or cry if you can. That depends on how you look at the situation.

Let the memories flood my emotions.

I was eighteen, i should be enjoying the life of a teen, joining escapades about giggling girls, attending picnics or spending nights n serenades of ladies but here i am on nervous feet, a trembling heart and my mind was filled with problems. Reason? It was the first day of school way back 1971 and i am a first year student at eighteen.. What a freshman? That is the truth "mi Amore" the truth is harsh but it is the truth.. Imagine that? ☐

Before attending classes daily from day one till I was never a happy hours for me. It has been routinary that before i ate my breakfast i had to ride on my rickety bike and peddle pandesal to the community that was how I earned my finances for school. Yeah after that i ate breakfast, if not planting rice early then off to school but most of the time i worked on the fields, see that the carabaos are grazing and then off to school i go.

Night I had to go to the sea and catch fish with the other fisherman. Hmm "Mi Amore" how about my lessons I carried my notes with me and if the moments permit i kept on reading theme anywhere. That is one of my favourite moments..Moments of joys for i am lost with my self and engrossed in exploring horizons only me had known. I am doing that until now Mi Amore and because of that i emerge as the best of my class from freshman to seniors. Great heavens at the age of 22 i was the first valedictorian my school ever had. Miracle of all miracles..That was my greatest moments and memory all others I had not known.

Let me tell you why...

One thing so had about that is there are but few old students like me most

belong to the younger generation. I was an outcast. Back then i am a social snob. I do not know how to get along with people. I had spent my days on working odd jobs, talked and friends of bees and birds and my books and magazine. Mi Amore what could i do? If there were no classes i sat down on a corner take my notes and scribbled my ideas. But there is something good about that my BFF until now notice and talked with me. She was with all smiles and we become friends. She gave me pad of papers, ball pens she treated me snacks and almost anything. Until now my BFF Cheryll Rose Calipjo is still there in times of my distress whatever it is financially or emotionally. She was an angel and she was the best thing that ever happened to me in my high school days. Do not get me wrong MI Amore we had that real friend between us. Maybe she regards me as a manong and as a friend. Each admittedly MI Amore i was among the poorest in my class...i had no father and i am a bread winner. That might be the reason Cheryll became a friend of mine she wanted to help me ease the pain of poverty, to have someone to talk to. (Thanks again BFF) . Ouch do not cry for me.. i had enough tears that kissed the earth for that matter. I survived the pains Mi Amore survived with flying colours more colourful that the rainbow in the clear heavens on a rainy day.

☒ We had juniors and Seniors Promenade then sure Mi Amore. Did I enjoy the fun? Nope MI Amore I was afraid to ask for a dance. I do not know how. I can dance with the wind and the breeze during planting and harvesting season but not with beautiful ladies and besides i am ashamed the attires i am wearing were borrowed from someone from somewhere.. What a life Mi Amore.. So what had i done? Seek for a hideaway look toward the sky and count the stars..Search for the Milky Way. I found my enjoyment there not on the sweet and sometimes noisy songs from an old phonograph under the lights coming from an optimus (U know MI Amore those things are now antique today..They do not exist anymore especially the phonograph)

☒ On sports Mi Amore? Well i played basketball, volleyball and softball. I am a little good on batted games then. Reason? I regarded the ball as a symbol of my failures, my madness, my frustrations, my pains, and everything that hurts me and i hit it with gusto. For volleyballs i can swat the ball a little, for basketball i played the three and i became a little good about that. Yet mind you after those games i sat and think about my cattles were they being fed so well? Here i am playing and my field is waiting for my hands to care. So i had to run home and check it out. Then and only then i can have peace of mind.

☒ Less i forget Mi Amore..How about girls and ladies? Hmm so sorry I never courted anyone I had so many jobs to think about lessons to learn to look at them. I never had any crush; they are totally out of my senses. I was so sure of that. It was a dry maybe but a life full of lessons that i had used to follow my dreams and goals on the journey of life

☒ It was that way Mi Amore..Going to sea at night, peddling pandesals at dawn,

planting rice before school read notes on free time i spent my days under the sun and of course the rain and then graduation time came.. It was the happiest day in my high school life. Mi Amore spare me a little time for bragging. Please forgive me for that.

Why? Miracles of all miracles I was the valedictorian? Imagine a poor boy of 22? Valedictorian but the sad part of it MI Amore i am wearing a borrowed suit except my underwear. So when i delivered my speech which i made out of tears everyone cried, weep for my estate but at least Mi Amore I am happy within I was given judgement by God for in my elementary days I was a victim of poverty and of course of people who look at what you are in the community. That was the reason why i was so happy of that. And i sobbed looked at the people and said. Good day. God bless you. Someday I will come back and offer this simple life to this Alma Mater of mine.

That is my high school life Mi Amore.I hope you find it interesting and something to ponder upon in your moments of solitude.

God bless I love you al

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God's love is

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INFINITE

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villiamor calventas

# Am I A Prisoner?

you may imprison me  
in a dim dungeon  
but i will never be yours  
as long as i can see the light  
of a single star above  
i will always think  
someday i will be out  
from the prison cell you put me in  
you can drive me  
inside a cage of hell  
lock with me the bitterness of despair  
but as long as my mind is free  
to think of days beyond  
i will never be your slaves  
for you cannot hold my mind  
i can still weave my poems  
and that is enough  
you can kick me in a corner  
tie me with iron rope  
but i will not be yours  
as long as my heart beats  
i desire to love and hope  
you can never have the beatings of my heart  
it is mine alone  
am i your prisoner?  
never never not

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# Cry Not

hear me  
cry not  
for pretenders they will  
only destroy your dispositions  
believe me  
some wear masks to hide  
their real identity  
think wisely never surrender your right  
to love and to life  
you are just unique  
you are the only you  
cry not for lost dreams  
they are lost anyway  
you can dream again a better dream  
for there will always be moonlight nights  
if not you can dream on a day  
you may build castles in the sand  
only to loss them with the waves  
build castles within the hearts of man  
and you will live forever  
cry not for days gone  
they will never be back in your arms  
you can ony taste the memories  
but memories are no longer real  
live not in desolation and despair  
the leaves still hold the morning dew  
live today the best way you can  
bring out the best in you  
for even this is a crazy world  
it is still the best world for you  
and with all the crazy ideas coming within  
there will always be someone  
much crazier than you.

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# Days Gone

i reminisce  
old days gone  
and excavate their memories  
on the deep abyss of my mind  
to jot down them here  
and make them alive..  
i remember those days  
whose dawn was decorated  
with the sweet tears of heaven  
and i with a scythe  
shaply bladed cuts  
the green green grass of home  
for my carabaos..  
i had found  
old days in my mind  
when my playmates were raindrops  
and the muddy fields my playground  
those were the hard up days  
whose dawn were spent  
riding on old bike  
wailing 'Pandesal kayo jan'  
and there those days left behind  
wasted peddling tickets  
on busy grounds  
where the heart sobs  
'can i survive these trials'  
yes they might be days  
all long gone  
spent on hardships and trials  
yet the were the medium  
that made me  
for what i am now  
I love the good old days  
they were me and mine.  
jvjv12

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# Dead Moments

flat tires? ? ? flat tires? ? ?  
not so nice..not so nice....  
yet for as long as..as long as...  
i have my books, my books...  
am happy..am happy...am glad...  
how long? ? ? hmm how long? ? ?  
we'll be waiting...we'll be waiting  
a minute? ? an hour? ?  
a minute? ? an hour..  
please not for a day...not for a day..  
we have to attend..to attend..  
Cristo Rey..Cristo Rey..

need to worry? ? need to worry? ?  
not so...not so...  
as long as i see..as i see..  
her smiles..her smiles...  
my life is complete..complete..  
i can manage to dream and smile..  
dream and smile  
i am in love..am in love..

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# Dead Prayers

hearts trek  
feet travel to the road  
leading to unknown tombs  
forgotten by the winding clocks  
never remembered by the heart  
and troubled souls  
reach the unpainted walls  
of a moss decorated crypt  
and the dead souls  
shouts dead prayers  
only the dead can understand  
what are halloween prayers anyway?  
for uncaring bones  
became stout by the earth  
addicted by the rain of forgetfulness  
and drugged by dreams gone wild  
of wisdom lost  
in a maze of unknown heavens  
in a hell never found..  
yet it is Halloween  
so hearts still murmur  
souls still recite  
dead prayers for all  
dead souls  
encaged on dead tombs

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# Death

leaves fall  
rot on damp soil  
tears fell  
deep silence  
everything went pop  
somebody cried

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# Down Memory Lane

footprints on the sand of time  
dawn yawning waiting for the sun  
cicadas are mute no wings to fly  
back on yestertimes

rickety bike  
complaining how the worn out shoe  
kicked his butt and kicked his ass  
back on faded yesterdays

rain so cold  
breathlessly pouring down  
ached hearts and wounded souls  
waylaid on damp ground

down down down on memory lane  
nobody cares by now  
that had just begone  
memories out of time

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# Exorcising The Devil

she like a witch  
fly on black nights  
shattering dreams  
cutting lovers' hearts  
she scattered blackworms  
that resides and worn out souls  
she a devil disguise as an angel clad in white

yet i with the moonbeams in my palm  
and with the dawn beyond  
chase her behind black clouds  
and with the love coming from a beautiful soul  
she scampered away  
with her witchbroom  
we have a new day of hope  
a new beginning and..  
flowers begin to bloom

i exorcized the devil  
out of a pure love to life

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# Forever Free

i was imprisoned  
behind bars  
there was no way  
my physique could be out  
i do not mind  
the devils in them  
could not  
let me dwell here  
my mind long ago gone  
and discovered, peace, ecstasy  
behind these brown and stained iron grills  
never can they contain  
my heart that had gone astray  
beyond their naked eyes  
no they can never spoil  
the love from within me  
not with their uncaring soul  
not with their whips of desolation  
my heart will forever be free  
wild and free..  
this soul they cannot tamper  
they could not hold it within a moment  
for it had long gone away  
beyond their wild dreams and imaginations  
for it can freely adore  
and appreciate deeply  
the presence of the omnipotence..  
maybe they thought i am theirs  
but it will never never be  
i am young, wild and free  
my mind is as wild as an eagle  
my soul as ravaging as a bull  
my heart just beats for love..  
behind these bars i am me  
a mind, a heart a soul forever free..

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# Forever Lost

lost in a maze of emotions  
nowhere to go in that labyrinth of isolation  
eyes turning round and around  
the clock gets tired and the moonbeams drowse  
a soul was destined to go astray  
in a world unknown for love  
..gone were all the moments  
of happiness in heaven gone wild  
and the feet crumbled on blood stained  
winding road that point to nowhewre  
a heart was shattered broken crying for  
another love? but no hands extended..  
there were just moans and wailings from beyond  
coming from dead stars and galaxies that were long ago gone  
to oblivion and unwanted memories of  
a love gone sour..  
there was an  
explosion of muted silence and war began  
between the mind and the heart..  
another man was lost  
and footprints on the sands of time  
were washed away by ravaging waves  
of life..of love  
unknown to an uncaring soul  
lost and will never be found  
in a crazy world of imaginations,  
where hearts never known what love is is all about  
..forever lost..

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# Fragments

days of stress  
even the psyche moans  
of the existence of nightmares  
within the soul  
peace of the mind  
got tired so so tired  
and the soul cried  
but never heard by the ears  
long shut down  
by emotions wailing  
on the sands of times  
and the dove wishes  
not to fly on the wilderness  
so much pains within  
the troubled water  
from the river of no return  
there was a call for retribution  
but the angels would not  
care for anything  
but wings broken  
in the fragments of imagination  
of this trouble man  
and in madness he tried  
to move about in  
this world of unknown dreams.

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# Friends

.they come..

come and go..

go and fade away...

fade away and never look back..

but there are friends..

real friends..

that had gone somewhere..

fade away..im memories

but when they are needed..

they just pop out..

pop out and say..

friend here i am..

i know you needed me..

here are my shoulders cry..

here are my palms..

hold them and i will lead

you to somewhere that you be

happy and contented

here is my heart

that cares for you..

here is my soul that loves you

because you are my friend

i will ease your burden

i will help you carry that load

you are my friend..

God love you and so do i

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come and go..

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# Hidden

your sweetness remains hidden  
through your muted silence  
the warmth of your embrace  
locked in the coldness of your dreams  
when will ever they be  
exposed with the sun?  
your longing for love  
remains locked  
in the unknown dome  
within the frozen sentiments  
of your blinded eyes  
unseen by the uncaring heart  
of an unknown explorer  
of the deep abyss  
of a calous mind  
what a waste of beauty and charm  
only to be hidden within the praise  
of someone's heart  
lost in a maze of  
bottled up emotions  
of an uncaring soul...

EXPOSED DO NOT HIDE..HATE THAT WASTE.....

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# I Am Real

you said  
i am too good to be true  
the things i do  
you cannot comprehend  
the words i utter  
you do not understand  
the ideas i expressed  
were out of this world  
but hear me  
my voice is of the wind  
touch me my flesh  
is there on the sand  
seek me..  
i am with the breeze  
my heart is with the dew  
that sparkle within the kiss  
of the morning sun  
and my mind is there  
with the moonbeams and the starlight  
yes ia am real as you  
i am not magic  
i am a true man  
only that i am different  
for my vein is made of care  
and my mind is a river of love  
i am a man  
morn hard to die  
raised to survive  
wahtever it maybe wherever it will be  
whenever it may come

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# If

if  
i could live for another day  
for your kiss  
would i taste the sweetness of your lips  
beneath the moonless sky  
or with the witness of the stars?  
yet can it be under a shady tree  
while the lark sings a melody  
of the brook nearby  
yet a kiss is but a kiss  
wherever we took the bliss  
as long as the lips tasted that of love  
and the blessings of a caring heart  
if  
i could live just for another day  
along the bay  
would i be picking seashells  
to decorate my dry room  
or rather throw stones at the waves  
and create ripples  
anyway we are like stones creating ripples  
on others' lives  
or would i rather  
run on the shore to create  
footprints that would only be washed  
by the thirsty waves dying  
on the sands of tired times  
or would it be better  
to make sand castles and pretend to be  
a king doing nothing for slaves but drive them  
to insanity and desolation  
or imagine myself to be a princess  
clad in ornaments trying to wait  
for a prince that will never come my way  
if  
i could only live for one more day  
i know i will make it the best  
of my days that it would not be a waste  
of a life worn out for nothing

i had to make it that way  
for it is just the day that i can hold  
because there is no  
yesterday and there will never be tomorrow  
i am just living for a day

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# Joyride

i want to take a ride  
on the long and winding road of life  
travel on his stony path  
never mind the problems  
i do not treat them as stubling blocks  
for me they are he stepping stones  
to become better and so i ride  
on bridges..oh sometimes i think  
why some people create walls instead of bridges  
bridges connect walls separate  
yet on my journey there are so many  
walls more than bridges maybe  
these are some reasons why people sometimes harbor hathred  
yeah i want to take a ride  
to the mountains and hills of life  
even sometimes problems that come  
are not like hills but mountains  
yet mountains and hills can be climb  
if you are patient enough  
let my travel floats me  
on the vast ocean of eternity  
over seas, and drifting continents of experience  
i just want to be there forever free  
to taste the salty water or the swim  
against the currents for it is better  
to go against for a purpose than to just  
follow where the water flows but  
lost your individuality  
or to throw away your dignity  
let me take this joy ride  
let me not gather moss in a hideaway  
let me just be me  
as i travel from here to eternity  
where i will take refuge  
and the terminal awaits me  
and i will rest to begin another journey  
a journey that nevee ends  
where our loving Father caress me

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# Just For Once

i had been living in  
perfect desolation  
in complete misery  
i cannot make my mind  
and my heart  
be at peace with each other  
so long ago now  
and because of that  
i had suffered nights  
not of dreams but of nightmares  
where the angels are opposed by the demons  
and the witch let Harry Potter  
reconsider not to fight  
the man who has no name  
so devastating so glimmerish  
werey moments of doom  
that even hell is just speck  
compared to the vastness  
of my despair  
i died deaths that  
were not sanction by the Pope  
and all prophets said i am  
destined for something worst than hell  
so frightening these emotions are  
i am afraid to inhale this obnoxious air  
dominating the wind and storm of change  
i hate to open my eyes less i see  
the eye of the cyclone staring at me  
driving me to insanity forcing me to accept  
these awful destiny  
so gruesome are these thoughts that  
i am thinking of inviting the pains  
to shut me rom these world and  
lock me in a maze of craziness that  
i could forget who am i..  
but then oh my dearest guardian angel  
of all the angels in heaven if there is  
just let me live for one day  
that i could turn all these chaos of eternity

to a single moment of happiness..  
let me offer a moment of my life to be spent for  
an hour of peace in exchange for a year of wars  
let me be an instrument of love  
even for just a single minute  
that i could experience how it feel  
to be loved and be loved  
just a moment when i can forgive rather be forgiven  
yes let me waste this life  
for a moment in a day  
of peace, happiness and love  
..then let me rest in all  
eternity i laid my life to rest..

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# Learn From The Spider

learn from the spider  
he knows the value of patience  
for even how long he waits for a prey  
he never complain  
not so for humans  
most steal what they need  
robbed banks kill others  
to suit their greed  
others use their beauty their charms  
to become somebody  
then afterall runaway  
breaking hearts without pity  
learn from the spider.  
learn from the spider  
the value of industry  
he never stops to spin and spin  
until he is through  
with its beautiful web  
where he lies down and waits for a prey  
not with humans  
some do not love to work  
they beg from others  
they disguise as binds  
they pretend they have nothig  
and beg for alms  
in front of synagoge  
on hot, busy streets  
learn from the spider  
not from humans  
fr spiders do not pretend  
human does

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# Life

babes cry  
as they greet  
a new dawn  
a new beginning  
new journey  
the end is yet to come

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# Listen

listen not  
the chimes of the coins  
on the palms of the rich  
listen to the whisper  
of the gentle breeze  
singing praises for the Lord...  
Hear not the shouts  
on the hot streets  
but hear the aching voice  
of the doves in the wilderness  
crying for peace..  
yes listen for the beatings of the heart  
crying out for love  
hear the wailing of the souls  
in search for the Kingdom of God..

villiamor calventas

# Love

chocolates and roses  
tears and joys  
whatever it is  
it makes life  
beautiful

villiamor calventas

# Missing Home

there are stars above  
i used to love them  
yet now they seem not bright  
they are not the stars back home  
i can feel the breeze  
ye i cannot taste the sweetness  
there are no feelings  
of tenderness  
it is not the breeze  
i used to smell  
i see faces wearing  
smiles almost every second  
yet i am not delighted  
they are not the smiles coming  
from the lips of my beloved  
i can hear voices coming  
from the hills and vales  
but they lack the melody  
they are not the songs  
of my hills and dales  
of the place i used to roam  
..oh i terribly miss  
my home sweet home

villiamor calventas

# My Alphabet Poem

day is hot  
sitting on my swivel chair  
trying to chase  
wild ideas  
to describe what i feel  
yet i cannot  
fathom what is within  
i stared on the mute keyboard  
that seems to look at me  
with blind eyes  
i saw the W and the I  
and i thought of something wild..  
wild dreams perhaps?  
or weird nights when  
angels chased demons  
floating on black clouds  
my mind set no way so i look at the T  
and the H and i thought  
of thine shall i wrote about her?  
but my memories of her lost charms  
seems to fade into morning disaster  
so it was no deal  
and i looked at the M and the E  
and i thought of Me but then  
what shall i write about myself  
when i do not even know the real me.  
and i gaze at the L and of the O  
and i said maybe i can write  
about love but then my heart is hollow  
deep within my emotions  
were all bottled up  
thrown in deep labyrinth  
there is no way i can do it  
and then there was the P and i had the C  
should i write about peace? but then  
there is a great war brewing  
between my mind and my heart  
it is so hard to make decisions when  
your mind refuse the decisions of the heart

and the heart do not follow  
what the mind says it got to be  
and yes i looked at the? ? ?  
and so will i question God or man?  
the answers are not within  
the hearts minds and souls of  
uncaring man and  
God sees the truth but wait until when?  
when stars never shine  
and flowers never bloom  
and yeah i glance at the....  
and i thought of the end  
of the endless life on crazy  
but beautiful world  
and i said let me end this weird poem  
created by the weird mind  
of a weird poet like me  
less i bored you till the end....

.....

....

...

i am done with my alphabet poem

villiamor calventas

## No Time F

there is chaos  
deep within the soul  
yet i have no time  
to think about sadness  
i am happy from within  
there are wailings  
of the feet on hot streets  
but i have no time for hearing  
i am busy sharing  
my time for the dying  
there are little wars  
between little minds  
yet i do not care for little wars  
i love my quiet peace  
inside my heart  
there is gloom  
ruling the days  
of disturbed minds  
yet i do not care  
my days are bright  
i have a caring heart  
and a loving soul

villiamor calventas

# Of Hearts Broken

teary, sad ideas  
embedded within thoughts  
of broken hearts  
and troubled minds

weird..crazy moments  
running around drowsing corners  
crying.. wailing souls  
imprisoned in unwanted cells

teardrops sobbing  
kissing dirty dust  
no turning back..  
no looking onward..

no smiles..no laugh  
prohibited happiness  
no joyous songs  
only sad melodies of broken hearts

no days ahead  
no days behind  
just tears falling down  
from shattered dreams and minds

villiamor calventas

# Of Puzzles And Troubled Hearts

if only..  
the problems and pains..  
and trials i am in now  
are math puzzles i ma so sure  
more than sure enough  
i had find the values of  
my variables whatever they might be  
the X or the Y..i should  
had gone through trials and errors  
and nobody will complain  
how many times will i do it  
how many errors will i make  
till i find the solutions  
that could solve my equations and then i  
would be glad..  
i should had done substitution or  
the process of eliminations  
or the comparison and contrast  
whether in differential  
or integral calculus  
i would not mind how many liquid erasers  
i will consume nor  
how many crumpled papers thrown  
on hungry waste bins they had  
no feelings anyway, no emotions to consider  
so i will not hesitates to repeat  
mistakes and and tons of mistakes  
till i know and contended  
the solutions are best  
yet i am dealing with a soul  
endowed with a with  
a heart that bleeds  
a mind that cares  
and whatever my solutions are  
it will touch others lives and might  
change the disposition of souls  
it is too hard to retrace moments bask  
when there will be agonies  
because you had made something not

accepted by society and man  
and that would be bad  
ah,, there is a big difference  
between math problems and life dilemma  
nobody got hurts in Math  
and you can erase mistakes anytime  
but in the game of life  
one mistake you die...  
and that was that  
no ifs no buts..  
so just be careful enough

villiamor calventas

# Questions I Hate To Ask

God created  
not only angels  
but also the demons and the evils  
He let Lucifer and even Satan be  
a resident here on earth  
and even created for them the beauty of hell  
for without them we will never know  
how powerful is He the Father.  
(is He not an egoistic God/)  
God scattered here on earth and beyond  
the problems, the failures and many more  
Someone said to make us stronger  
and we will learn to worship..  
(Is He not a tormentor? Or a sadist)  
God gives even mountains  
no hills of sacrifices  
sometimes one cannot climb  
cannot traverse in a life time  
others said..be patient  
in due time He will answer  
(Is He not a selfish one He gives only if you plead)  
Maybe so maybe not  
but these are necessary evils to glorify God.  
(Is He not a self center Lord)  
These are questions I hate to ask.

villiamor calventas

## Questions? ? ?

whenever one falls  
he looks above and yell  
Why God why?  
but he never try to think  
what had i done?  
when one stumble in the dark  
he asked God why is it  
to be that way..Where are you God?  
Yet he never try to search for the light  
that is flickering in his sight..  
when one is brushed up with the  
merciless currents of distress  
he sobs and wails God why did you left me  
yet he never try to find out  
was there a banca or a saiboat resting on the shore?  
yeah why do one always qusion  
the wisdom of the Almighty  
was this world not enough for hime  
to search for the solutions  
of her agony and worries?  
maybe his fit is but a piece  
of the ant's food  
and he does not know that God  
exist but he needs be a doer  
for he is master of his faith  
and he has the power of the will..  
no questions asked without answers  
they lie in man; s hand  
they rside in man's heart  
that has always been  
eversince the beginning of times

villiamor calventas

# Rainy Songs

'rain rain go away  
come again another day'  
just for children  
who only love fun  
they never think that  
rain is a blessings from above  
'raindrops keep falling on my head  
just like a guy whose feet  
are too big for his bed'  
for someone who does not know  
what to di in times of distrees  
and of troubles  
for one who think  
that trails are also failures in excess  
'i know how to hide  
all my sorrows and pains  
i'll do my crying in the rain'  
a song for someone who pretend  
not to be in sadness  
onw who wants to hide  
bottleds emotions  
among the gaze of men.  
vrc/12-06-12

villiamor calventas

# Reviving The Dead

i wish  
i could let saddam be born again  
i would open up his skull  
take out his genius brain find out  
what made him so so bad..  
i pray Rizal be back  
let us see if he can solve  
the war between muslims and christians  
if he is really that genius of a race  
let Marcos be alive and prove  
he did not craft the death of Ninoy  
and that history will rest for him  
and he be a hero of our times?  
wishing Moses here on earth  
to explain how he really made  
the parting of the sea as we see on movies?  
wish that some of the gone souls  
be back and preach that there is  
really the beauty of heavens  
and the hotness of hell  
any of the dead be here as zombies  
to dance on my lawn  
anyway i have my plants  
to exorcized them all  
so how can we revive the dead tell me  
so that they will shout there is really a life  
after the earthly body be rotten and gone to rust  
surely if that happens we will all  
hurry and fill the temples and church..  
but who will revive the dead  
who will except God  
will he make our Halloweens come to reality  
but if that happens  
where shall we hide?

villiamor calventas

# Sad Moments

lovers hide deep within the maze  
of indecisios..disturbed by the silence  
of mute emotions..troubled by the feelings  
from adulterated dreams..rivalled by  
the agony of nightmares  
there was nothing left in between..  
the cripple walked down the lane  
of the stony road while on  
the pavement there are black holes  
filled with murky tears from  
blind eyes but able to see what is  
within the hearts of a hollow soul  
these are sad moments guarded  
by crosses enshrined on tombs  
of unknown souls that even  
in imaginations they fail  
to exist and rule what the  
earth can offer  
there is a tremor that leave the ears  
deaf for the prayers of the anointed soul  
dreams peris into oblivion  
hope vanish in heaven's gate  
and hell awaits for the knocking  
of a doomed love affair  
gone to perish on  
enchanted minds where  
wisdom goes astray  
never to be chased again  
by the doves of happiness  
painful sadness  
is now evrbody's game...

villiamor calventas

# She Is But A Dream

she walks barefooted  
fluttered her soles  
on the shellscattered shore  
heart from within  
soul scampering above the clouds  
she was lost  
in her adulterated dreams

she wander beyond  
her wild imaginations  
soul within  
mind behind  
drifting among faded stars  
and her palm face down  
trying to hold  
murky waters from tired eyes

she was never destined  
to happiness  
she is all alone  
hiding on faded jeans  
she never existed  
from the heart mind and soul  
she was just a weird nightmare  
of a weird imaginations  
of a weird poet trying..  
to find a place under  
the scorching sun

villiamor calventas

# Silence

the sound of silence  
is muted by the crackling laughter  
of the brook that flows  
to the stinking sea  
down the unwinding maze  
of lost memories  
within unforgiving hearts  
of unwanted souls  
silence is of the dove  
whose feathers were broken  
by the wings of times  
tired of searching  
for peace for nations and mankind  
silence is that  
trembling lips  
of the crippled man  
kneeling inside temples  
where paints cracked dry..  
there is too much  
deafening silence  
surrounding myself  
and i fainted  
then fall  
and died in silence  
leaving this weird world  
my soul floated in silence  
in search in search  
of a Silent God.

villiamor calventas

# Someday

someday..

the robins will sing again

my lovesong long gone when you..

disappeared on the hills

and mountains beyond

and rode a caribou without feet

you had taken and shown the devils in you

long been there before you destroy my life

took away the lights of the stars

with your dubious charms and devilish smiles

i do not want to chase you..i just wanted to let you

by now and be with your devil lovers hiding in..

the blackmoon riding on chariots squeaking

of twisted wheels..

someday...

the flowers will bloom even in winter

flowers that wilted when you

scampered away and shattered my dreams..

you left my heart broken when you shouted

over hills and dales that you had found another devil

that gives you the power to buy

the gems that will never be found..

you had shown the real you..

a black angel that sings not of melody but of elegy

not of dreams but nightmares you excel

i do not even dreamt of following you..

i do not need to waste again my moments for..

a prankster as you..

someday...

i will sing my song again..

with the robins while building a nest on the..

bosom of the oak tree deeply rooted on..

a fertile ground of my beloved home

someday..

my flowers will bloom again even

there is there is fall

for with a learnt heart..

and mind of wisdom..i know

i will be in love

to someone much much better than you...

villiamor calventas

# Still?

... night last night  
stars looked dim  
there was a lump on the heart  
tears flowed and kissed the dust  
the mobile phone complained  
messages were sad and muted silence  
kept still and the moon cried  
yet still even the mind refused  
to think and love  
the heart with all its lovesicked beats  
refused to surrender  
still the beats was for his love..  
and the morning comes  
and the dew sparkled and say hello  
still the love is there  
waiting for a caring heart  
and the breeze sings  
a melody for sweethearts  
who had just survived  
a test a trial for their love  
and it becomes more depth  
and there springs another vow  
till the do us part  
jvfvjvfvjvfv12

villiamor calventas

# Teach Me Not Because

teach me not  
of heart  
cries for love true and pure  
teach, me not of wars  
my mind had not come across  
what is meant of prison cells  
i do not wish to chase white doves  
and put them in a cage  
die of hunger  
i want them to live peacefully  
freely...dance with the wind  
rest on white clouds  
for they are the keeper of peace  
not just on earth but also in heaven.  
teach me not  
of isolation and despair  
i want to live among men  
care for their plight  
sing for them the songs of the lark  
and their dreams be of a place  
where sadness is but a dream  
and not a stark reality..  
teach me not to hate silence  
for it is a virtue and a medium  
to know better the beats from within  
for i know that noisines drives  
away the goodnesss of the heart  
and the beauty of the soul..  
teach me not to hate  
teach me not of wars  
teach me not of despair  
teach me not of isolation  
but..  
teach me how to appreciate peace  
teach me how to love  
teach me how to care  
teach me how to share  
because i only wanted  
to be an instrument of peace

of love  
of care  
of compassion  
of serenity  
because  
i am  
a man  
a loving creature  
of....  
God

villiamor calventas

# That Is A Lot Of Nonsense

you kept on saying  
i do not need you anymore  
but deep within your heart  
you still feel the same beating  
equal fantasies  
and you feel the love was not  
gone but grew deeper  
each moment he is out of your sight  
that is a lot of nonsense  
you shouted  
over hills over dales  
down to the deep blue sea  
even wispered to the falling rain  
i dp not need you anymore  
you are no longe a part  
of my solitary life  
you make me sick  
when the moment he walks away from your life  
your world crumbled  
your heart torn into fragment  
and like glass scattered on sands  
your soul cried and ached  
longs for his touch  
and you looked above  
and prayed with remorse  
God what had i done  
That is a lot of nonsense

villiamor calventas

# Then

i wish to be a river  
river that runs wild and free  
free as the lark that sings  
sings a melody  
melody from my heart  
heart that love truly  
truly i wish i am the eagle  
eagle flying above the sky  
sky of blue and of wisdom  
wisdom i sought for life  
life must be shared to others  
others share it too  
too much vexation in life  
life becomes a burden  
burden can become lighter  
lighter than what we want it to be  
be in the loving care of God  
God is the answer for all  
for all are better with Him  
Him who knows you and me

villiamor calventas

# Too Much Ado About Birthdays? ? ?

.i had experience bdays...

on a hospital corridor...

doing nothing but..

battling bottled up emotions..

what had made me survive

some greetings from texters

here there and everywhere

i had too that birthday

inside a bus

nothing to sit on

i cling on a rail

and my feet ache

yet my heart is contented

for i am doing such..

for the benefit of many..

i had my birthday on..

a hospital bed..

surviving the pains

of an operation on my feet

whew what a heck i slept

and when i woke up  
it was no longer my natal day  
then i had a birthday  
inside a church..and  
the church goers sang  
happy birthday to you...  
and my soul leaps with joy  
..then i had another one  
a mass dedicated to my birthday..  
and that makes me full  
of God's graces..  
now i am in a dream  
where will my next birthday be?  
in a comfort room?  
in a beach?  
in a hotel?  
in a ship? or in heaven?  
that only God knows.  
JV 11.10.12  
villiamor calventas

# Too Much Pains

there are too much pains...

pains within the heart..

the heart that beats not

for love but wars..

there are too much pains

pains within the soul

the soul that doesn't know God

there are too much pains

pains within the troubled minds

minds who not care for ideas..

villiamor calventas

# Tried But In Vain

i tried and tried  
to deceive the beatings of my heart  
only to find out  
i really cannot...  
for thine heart lovws so true  
and nver never will lie...

villiamor calventas

# Truth Are Lies.. Lies Are Truth..

Speak your truth from your quivering lips  
but also your lies comes through them..  
your half lies are also your half truths  
yet your half truths are also your half lies  
what shall you talk about them if your truth are your lies  
and your lies are your truths  
then this world would be filled of noise  
being lies and being the truth  
until all of us will be lost  
what to believe and follow  
will it be the half lies  
or the half truths?  
which one is to choice  
the truth is yours but also are the lies..  
so let us all live with the truths and the lies  
within our hearts within our minds  
till we are lost in a maze of half lies and half truths

villiamor calventas

# Weird Nights

..weird nights  
...no stars..  
no heaven  
...just black clouds..  
where the devils hide  
..their emotions..  
even their masks  
...need to retrace back  
love gine wild..  
..on weird nights  
when seagulls scamper  
...for a ride on blue boats  
salining on the skies  
..wher lovers hide  
their emotions  
...clothed with stained hankies  
another weird night  
..and i am jotting a weird poem  
only weird mind understood

villiamor calventas

# When You Love

when you love someone  
you should also care  
for it is not love  
if you do not care  
love with all your heart  
love with all your feelings  
love with your mind  
love with your soul  
for in doing so  
your love will last  
not just for a day  
but forever...and ever

villiamor calventas

# Whisper

i heard  
the whisper of the thunder  
and in silenced my dreams  
shouted a deafening murmur  
of a love gone wild  
at the river of no return.  
there was the brook  
where the moss cling  
and watch the beating of the heart  
float to the hideaway of forgotten melodies  
of a love gone astray  
in the wilderness of lost emotions  
i heard the silent protests  
of souls gone weird  
frozen on the valley of death  
where the bloodshed eyes let bitter tears  
be the nourishment of the dry sand  
blown by the winds of constant change  
i was left unmoved  
my feet got numbed so i just looked  
for stars in an starless nights  
where the clouds hide the aspirations of a heart  
forgotten how to be cared and loved  
there was again  
the whisper of the thunder  
that deafened my heart  
and the souls cried  
for a love lost in the maze of the stars  
in solitude i heard the whisper  
of the thunder that shattered the dreams  
within my heart  
i was laid in a coffin  
where distant whispers of lives gone  
cried and murmur  
once there was this love  
borne out of mute whispers  
lost in the roar  
of deafening silence.

villiamor calventas

# Who Cares?

who cries for a lost love  
and shattered dreams?

if the black angel who took them away  
is not worth dying for....

who cares for memories and souvenirs?  
if the lady who just walk away  
cares for the devil in her soul...

who cares for a love gone sour  
if all her promises are but blatant lies..

SIMPLY NO ONE CARES...NO ONE DARES...

villiamor calventas

# Who I Am?

touch not  
my sky  
leave my mind  
for it does not fit  
for your imaginations  
i am just a breeze  
passing by  
smell not  
my heaven  
leave my soul  
it is not for your dreams  
i am just a wind  
retracing my steps  
here and beyond  
enter not  
my hideaway  
leave my footprints  
it is not for your consumption  
i do not dwell here  
i am bound  
where i can only hold  
my stars and my heaven  
or maybe my hell?  
with my solitudes?  
with my happiness?  
i had to exorcized  
my devils to be me...

villiamor calventas

# Why? ?

why cry? ?  
if you can laugh...  
why be sad? ? ?  
if you could be happy  
..this world is not i need  
of self pity..  
no lonegr believe..  
in the madness of tears..  
no way for losers..  
no palce for dreamers...  
this earth..  
had known how to fight..  
for itself..  
he is now known to ignore  
the fantasies of men..  
he firhts and says  
..you cannot destroy me  
i am not your ownn..  
rather i am your KIng..  
do what ou can..  
after all i can exist without you  
you can't with out me

villiamor calventas

# You And Me

you intrude  
the silence of my solitude  
with your charms and beauty  
then you gave me smiles  
and i was lost  
you captivated me and  
locked me in a prison  
i did not complain  
i completely surrender  
my all my everything  
but i was just happy for a while  
i thought you are true  
you are real  
but then you left me  
with a broken heart  
and shattered dream  
i did not know that  
you just played a trick on me  
you laughed at my discomfort  
you sneered at my tears  
yet i do know too  
that the sun always shine  
and i believe i did not lose you  
but you loses me  
you have all the time now  
you can gather stones  
but believe me  
you lose a diamond.

villiamor calventas